



CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).

Neither Madame de Sorges nor Maritza offered any assistance, accustomed as they had become to trust for everything to her. But Guillaume did rebel. Tiomane imposed silence on his revolts. He longed for the time when he could rid her of these disagreeable duties, and put his mother and "sisters" at ease. In the meantime, he would work like a galley slave. Tiomane was only at the beginning of the struggle. Day by day, the difficulties, far from lessening, seemed to multiply, and even harder to bear than her wearisome household labors, were the unreasonable requirements of her two companions. During the first week after their removal to the apartments in the Rue d'Assas, they had been almost cheerful in their feeling of relief at their escape from the dull pension, and the enjoyment of the comforts of their little home. But the complaints were heard again. Ennuil, the ennuil of the idle, overwhelmed them. On no consideration would Madame de Sorges consent to see any of her old Parisian friends; indeed, she could not be induced to go out at all, fearing to meet some of them, and she had inspired Maritza with the same fear. The young beauty could no longer be persuaded to walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, all perfumed now with the lilacs in bloom, whence the strains of the military band came to the little drawing room on the fifth floor, filling her with inexpressible sadness. Tiomane succeeded, however, after much coaxing, in inducing them to go out sometimes very late in the afternoon, when they would not run the risk of meeting any acquaintances. But walking soon fatigued these indolent orientals. By an anomaly of her childish character, Madame de Sorges, who had decided to flee from society, went out, accompanied by her daughter, one fine morning in May, and taking a carriage drove to the Champs Elysees, and the Bois de Boulogne, an amusement which cost 5 francs—more than the expenses of a whole day. Tiomane chided her gently, but was at once told by Madame de Sorges that she could never think of entering an omnibus. In a few days she repeated her drive twice, and went to dine at the Restaurant de la Cascade. The mother and daughter always returned from these excursions more excited and more dissatisfied than ever. The view of this Parisian luxury, the carriages, the toilettes, the shops revived all their regrets. They seemed like two lost souls, who, from the infernal regions, see the joys of the blessed in heaven. The days soon came when they yielded to temptation. They purchased bonnets, gowns, and the thousand-and-one costly trifles of the feminine toilette. In vain Tiomane implored, protesting at the warring abyss to which they were hastening. They were deaf to her prayers and entreaties. This third month was most disastrous. The follies and extravagances of the mother and daughter could no longer be counted. What barrier could Tiomane interpose between them and certain ruin? Her pleadings irritated them, without doing any good. They treated her as an impertinent, tiresome person, from whom one escapes as quickly as possible—whose warnings are ridiculous and despised. She spoke to them on the subject only once again. One morning after breakfast she begged Madame de Sorges to listen to her. Of her little capital, very necessary to add to the small and very uncertain income from the railway shares, there remained only 400 francs and if Guillaume did not succeed in getting a position as an engineer what were they to do?

"I beg, Tiomane, that these daily jeremiads may cease," Madame de Sorges answered petulantly, putting her fingers in her ears.

Tiomane removed the breakfast things and left the room to hide the tears she could not restrain. After her household duties were finished she went out for a walk, feeling the need of solitude—the solitude of a crowd—where one can at least think undisturbed. She walked on, weary, discouraged, angry, saying to herself that, perhaps, after all it was useless to struggle any longer—nothing could save this thoughtless, self-indulgent mother and daughter; that they were of the number of those who run headlong, eyes open, to the precipice at whose base is certain death. And yet how could she abandon them to their impending fate?

Self-sacrifice has its intoxication—the superhuman longing which sustains the martyr. She reproached herself for momentary weakness and resolved again to try to protect them—to save them from themselves. She tried to think what she would do to add to their slender resources. Her time was almost all taken up in household cares, and even if she could spare a few hours a day to give lessons in languages or in music what mother would choose her in preference to a diploma? As to her music, had not her fingers lost their skill?

Thus communing sadly with herself, she reached the Bon-Marche, and, still reflecting, still questioning, she stopped mechanically before the shop windows. She started, surely she recognized those exquisite embroideries on silk, jewelry, the most elegant arabesques, the Sevres porcelains—just now the latest fashions in Paris. She had learned it during her stay at Bourneville and she had seen very beautiful designs in her own shop. Tiomane crossed the street and

shop. In a few moments she came out, her face radiant. Certainly, they would accept her embroideries and pay her well for them.

That evening she began her new labors, working until after midnight. Madame de Sorges wept at this new proof of Tiomane's energy and devotion and promised to abide by her advice in future.

"What!" exclaimed Guillaume the following Wednesday, when he came to visit them, on finding Tiomane bending over her embroidery frame; "this is sheer madness—you will be ill." And he repeated for the fiftieth time, "Oh, when can I put an end to this?"

In a fortnight Tiomane carried her first piece of embroidery to the Bon-Marche. It procured her at once more than she could fill. By working all the time that she was not occupied in household labors she could make 3 francs a day.

July came. Guillaume graduated the fiftieth of his class. Tiomane's fears were fully realized. The young man could not hope to obtain any place under the government.

CHAPTER XIX. WEEK LATER. Guillaume fell like a bomb into his mother's little drawing room.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we are rich; I have a position!"

apparition Henri Sancede rose instantly, the grave face showing the greatest emotion. Guillaume enjoyed his friend's embarrassment and concealed a smile by pulling an incipient mustache, of which he was not a little proud. Maritza seated herself opposite the visitor, who tried to turn his eyes from his charming vis-a-vis, but they came back involuntarily, and when their eyes met Henri's face became crimson.

"Really, I never suspected that Cato was made of such inflammable material!" cried Guillaume when his friend had taken leave. "My beautiful little duchess only could work such a miracle on grave, cold Cato."

Maritza, no, all displeased at the impression she had made, deigned to say that she thought Cato very agreeable.

The next Sunday Sancede was invited to dine in the Rue d'Assas. The same emotion, the same embarrassment, "She is his fate," murmured Guillaume in Tiomane's ear.

Monsieur Sancede was seated at table between Madame de Sorges and Maritza, and, having recovered his sangroid, made himself very agreeable.

Far from being the cold philosopher that his college friends considered him, Cato was endowed with the keenest wit and in his skirmishes with impulsive Guillaume the sharpest arrows came from his side of the table. In short, Sancede won golden opinions from the three ladies. Madame de Sorges invited him to come every Sunday, but, to his great regret, he could promise only every alternate Sunday, his uncle claiming half his leisure.

Youth is the great magician. These fortnightly dinners were real fetes. The two young men came quite early. When the weather was fine they all went to Luxembourg. Sometimes the little mamma preferred remaining at the fireside. Then the four young people started out, Guillaume giving his arm to Tiomane and Henri offering his to Maritza and walking proudly like a king. On these walks the "duchess" was very gay and amiable, chattered like a magpie, pouring out all the trifles with which her head was filled, and Cato drank in her words as if they solved the most important problems.

If it rained they remained indoors, and the little nest was filled with animation and joy. Tiomane sang and Guillaume never wearied of listening to her music. As for Sancede, no music to him was comparable to Maritza's silvery laugh.

WOMAN AND HOME.

UP TO DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Mirror of Fashion—Some of the Latest Styles for the Season—Some Useful Hints for the Household—Current Notes of the Modes.



ASHION is not of ten kind to the poverty stricken ones in her domain, but this season she has made a decided move in our favor by smiling upon the old-fashioned alpaca gowns. For this material means much to us. It has that soft, shimmering effect sought after these days and is very serviceable, also, since it does not crush or wear rough. In fact, it is an ideal material for one who must look well to the wherewith she will be clothed. If you wish a charming gown get one of white alpaca, with perfectly plain skirt and tight-fitting waist. Have it made with a plain stock collar. Have made also a jacket as shown in illustration, of blue serge. The jacket is shorter than those worn last year and is gored below the waist line. It has peculiar square revers—the upper ones of white alpaca—which are slashed and edged with braid. The hat worn with this costume is of rough blue straw. Into the trimmings is introduced that combination of blue and green which is so fashionable. If, however, you wish to wear the gown on a dressy indoor occasion you may cross the bodice with a Marie Antoinette fichu of some delicately colored chiffon or you may wear a broad sailor collar and with it a front of soft, lacy material, and so on. Given such a good founda-

tion, it is unnecessary for me to tell the ingenious American girl what she may do with her gown.



AUTUMN GOWNS.

front pair of bands shorter than the side ones is essential to the effect, unimportant as it may seem at first thought. The blouse overhangs the belt in front, and at the top there is a tiny plastron of blue satin with draped collar to match. A huge butterfly bow of the dress goods is placed in front and is tied with dark blue. The latter color, too, appears in sleeves and belt. Double skirts are occasionally worn, and though often so ungraceful as to be undesirable, the one whose description follows is an exception because it adapts itself so well to the remodeling of a gown to whose front breadth some disfiguring accident has befallen. Only its front is double, an apron piece a little shorter than the skirt being set on over the front breadth. Its joining with the skirt proper is made as nearly invisible as possible to well over the hips. Then the apron piece is allowed to swing free of the skirt. Its edge is bound with a bright braid from the place where the attachment to the skirt stops, a line of the same braid is carried down the side seam of the skirt, and the edge of the apron part is attached to this side seam by three or four drooping straps of braid. The apron piece may be of material contrasting with the rest of the skirt, and the injured part of the original skirt is thus concealed. An adaptation of the design meets the difficulty of a skirt with the back badly frayed at the foot by the droop a skirt will have there even when the front may be all right. A short length of skirt material contrasting with the skirt will combine and make a new effect according to this model. Make a full back and attach it to the front of the old skirt. The scant residue of the second material will make the short apron front, which will fall over the good front of the first skirt.

Decrease of Dame Fashion. Panama hats, with a plain velvet band are very much worn. For home wear or more dressy occasions the gowns are all extremely light this season. Ribbons are used still in the greatest profusion, and are measured by the mile instead of the yard. The ruffled skirts have caught the popular taste just now, and several of the new models show them. An English straw hat is trimmed with killed ribbon of black and white, fastened on with a rhinestone buckle. A very odd skirt, circular in shape, is laid in inch tuoks, encircling the figure from waist to hem. It is more strange than graceful. The pinks, purples and mauves, so much used of late, are a little out now, and light blue and lime-blossom green have taken their place. Pretty combs and pins add greatly to the beauty of the hair, and never before was there such a wealth of these ornaments displayed.

Mohair's the Staff. Mohair reigns, but there are many kinds and the sort that glazes with a stove-blackening brilliancy and folds in a crackly way is the mohair you must not get. The right kind has a heavy weave and a soft, silk-like luster; it takes the present organ-pipe folds as gracefully as silk does, and it outwears a silk three times, and always looks well. No matter how many other dresses one has, one of this stuff in black will not be missed. Make the skirt full, just clearing the ground, and absolutely plain. Let the bodice fit perfectly, a single box-pleat being applied front and back, the front ones loosened a little. Have a wide belt that fastens at the side with a big jet button, a corresponding button being on the other side, and a collar of the same design apparently fastening at each side under a big jet button, and let a pair of silk-lined tabs or straps, finished with a point and a jet button, hang loosely from either side front of the belt. Corresponding tabs should hang from the

collar in the bust line. Then let the sleeves be finished at the wrists with bands fastening under jet buttons. Such a dress will serve in any place. Added dressiness can come by setting four buttons down the front box-pleat. Wear a large, black rough straw hat trimmed with a pair of knots of white mull and two upright cock's feathers, white gloves, with black stitching, and carry a white silk parasol. A really faultless rig for ordinary street wear will result. Mohair, by the way, is surprisingly cool, and sheds dust as a duck's back sheds

water. The accompanying illustration presents another model for the employment of mohair; the godets of its skirt being especially adapted to this fabric because of their unusual depth. The bloused waist has jacket pieces of embroidered batiste let in at the side-seams, and straps of the same extend across the shoulders in back and front as far as the waist line, where they meet an embroidered belt. There are a great many acceptable models for this material, and its present popularity is so great that the danger of going wrong is lessened.

Helpful in Make-Overs.

There is shown below a handsome indoor dress of pink crepon figured with



pale and dark blue. Here the godet skirt has unusual trimming, four wide bands of ribbon ending in four-loop bows upon its sides and front. This ribbon matches the dark blue of the dress goods' figure, and making the

Cowardice of a Large Eagle. The claim of the eagle to the title of king of birds seems to be slightly clouded by an incident reported from Stafford County, Virginia. A gentleman down there was watching an unusually fine bald eagle grandly sailing around in the air a few days ago, when he noticed a little blue martin rise in the air and make straight for the eagle. He wondered what the martin's object could be, and was surprised to see it sail in boldly to tear the feathers out of the big eagle. But he was amazed to see the eagle, after a few moments of effort at beating off the little bird, sail away in full flight, making every effort to escape from the martin. The martin followed up closely for awhile, making a savage jab at the eagle every few yards, but was finally left behind through the superior retreating power of the big eagle.

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