



CHAPTER XX.

NE MONDAY morning, a few weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter, as the ladies were rising from the breakfast table, what was their astonishment to see Guillaume enter. His face was haggard, his clothing in disorder, his manner nervous and agitated. Rushing up to his mother, he kissed her again and again, in a sort of frenzy, saying: "Kiss me, little mamma; kiss me."

Then he seized his sister in his arms, embracing her in the same way. "What has happened, Guillaume?" questioned Tiomane, really alarmed. He looked at her, but did not reply. "But why," she continued, "are you in Paris to-day? You did not tell us yesterday—your place?"



"I HAVE LOST 6,000 FRANCS." "Why, no; why, no," he answered quickly, cutting short all questions. "Be easy—I have a vacation."

He accompanied the words with a glance which contained a supplication, a prayer, and she understood that he wished to speak to her—to her alone. At that moment the wife of the congrege brought in the mail from Smyrna. To the mother and daughter this souvenir of their country always brought joy, and Madame de Sorges seized eagerly the letter bearing the arms of the consulate of France. Tiomane took advantage of the opportunity. "Ah, Guillaume," she said coaxingly, "while your mother and Maritza are perusing and rereading M. de Ruer's journal, I think you ought to help me with my accounts."

"Well," she questioned, overwhelmed with a presentiment of sorrow to come. "Well, this is what it is," he answered in a husky voice. "Last evening I left you very early in order to join some young men with whom I had promised to take supper. I intended to take a night train, and be at the works at the usual hour. I drank a good deal of wine at the supper, and, half-intoxicated, went, with my companions, in the same state as myself, to a gambling-house. We played during the remainder of the night—forgetting everything. In short, I have just come out of it, and have lost 6,000 francs."

"She listened, hardly daring to understand, crushed, stupefied, under the suddenness and enormity of the disaster. "So you did not go home," she stammered; "you played—you lost." "Six thousand francs—do you not understand? Six thousand francs!" "Six thousand francs," she repeated. "Can it be possible?" "Yes, that is the sum; and the worst of it is, I can not pay—I was obliged to confess it openly, there; and my creditor is a hard-hearted wretch—an Italian who lives on baccares—a robber. He threatened me there, and he had a right to do it," he added, in a sudden transport of frantic rage. "And I had not the right to answer him. One can not answer a man to whom he owes money; one cannot expose oneself to the danger of killing him—and thus bringing oneself."

"Oh! this is horrible," murmured Tiomane bitterly. "Listen," he returned, in a tone that showed he had recovered some degree of self-control. "I wanted to tell you, but I implore you let my mother and sister remain in ignorance of it. Tell them whatever you please—only do not tell them the truth."

Maritza's voice called him from the next room. "Go to them at once," said Tiomane, in a tone of authority which he always obeyed. "Give me time to think, I will say that I have an errand in the city, and will ask you to accompany me; then we can talk without fear of being interrupted." When she found herself alone, she sank down, overcome with contending emotions and bitter thoughts. This, then, was the end of all her efforts—a catastrophe more terrible than anything she had imagined! And it was Guillaume, in whom she trusted; Guillaume, from whom she had hoped so much, was its author. A supper, a game of cards—the pleasure of a moment! He had not even thought of them. He had no love, no pity, for them. His mad folly had cast them back into their poverty—a poverty even greater than that under which they were suffering when they came to Paris, for now the last farthing of the small sum of money in reserve had been expended. They would now be obliged to live on the small income from the railway shares. Fifteen hundred francs for four persons, until this guilty, infatuated boy found another position! And, under the circumstances, when would that be?

This debt, this enormous debt, which it was impossible to pay, terrified her. There was no one to help them. Succeeded—that good, devoted Sane—could do nothing for he was poor himself. In her terror and excitement she imagined the most dreadful consequences. With Guillaume's impulsive character, would he be able to endure the insults of his creditor? Would he not, in a moment of uncontrollable anger, avenge himself on the man? Or, unable to bear the disgrace of a debt he could not pay, maddened by the degradation of his position, would he not put an end to his own life?

The entrance of the wife of the congrege forced Tiomane to affect a calm which she did not feel, and to give her orders for dinner as usual. While she was doing so, the kind-hearted woman, who had not noticed her young mistress' sad face, repeated the compliments which she had just heard from M. Desgoffes for the wonderful voice which filled the whole house with its melody. He had climbed the four pairs of stairs to hear it the evening before. She had surprised him listening on the landing-place when she came up to put out the gas. "Yes, yes, mademoiselle, he says you have 100,000 francs' income in your throat. He is sure of it."

At that moment, when all hope had abandoned her, when she knew not where to turn, these words fell upon Tiomane's ears like a revelation from heaven. Her voice was worth money; she knew not how, she did not try to comprehend; but her voice was worth money—that was all. Could it be true? Without stopping to reflect, urged on by one thought, ready to undertake anything, she begged the good woman to go down at once and ask the professor if he would grant her an interview for a few moments. She soon reappeared, the bearer of M. Desgoffes' compliments. He would be delighted to see the young lady who had given him so much pleasure.

CHAPTER XXI. IT WAS ONLY when Tiomane found herself in the large and elegantly furnished antechamber on the first floor that she began to tremble. A valet conducted her to the drawing-room, where she found a middle-aged gentleman seated at a grand piano. He rose to receive her. His appearance was not prepossessing—a bald head, long spectacles, a hooked nose, a gray beard.

"Ah! it is you, mademoiselle—the sweet singer, who fills the whole house with her music. What volume! And what do you intend to do with your beautiful talent?" All this time he was eyeing her keenly, taking no notice of her frightened face. She made a great effort to appear calm, and said, "Sir, I come to you in a moment of frightful despair."

"Indeed!" he said, still eyeing her sharply. She continued, "The wife of the congrege says you think my voice is worth money."

"She is quite right," he answered nonchalantly, at the same time adjusting his green spectacles; "and, besides, you are a beautiful girl, a very beautiful girl. What a fortune you would make on the stage!" "On the stage?" she echoed, in a tone of alarm. "Yes. Does that frighten you?" He seated himself again at the piano. "You know music very well," he said; "you sing badly; nevertheless, you are a musician—a genius. Do you read at sight?" "Oh, yes," she answered, her awe of this very plain-spoken gentleman increasing. "Come here! Bah! I am not going to eat you. This has just appeared," he said, opening the score of a new opera. "I suppose you were not present at the rehearsal last evening," he added in a mocking tone. He played the first measure. Tiomane read music very correctly, but now her voice trembled with emotion. When she had finished, the professor said, "That is bad, very bad, but it is because you are frightened. Here is Faust—you must know that, and your voice is warming up a little."

name—the death of her parents—the romantic story of her adoption by the wife of the consul-general of France—her life in Smyrna—the death of the consul—their ruin—their voluntary exile from their own country—their poverty when they arrived in Paris—the improvement in their condition consequent upon Guillaume's success—and, last of all, the irreparable ruin and despair into which they were again plunged by his folly. He owed 6,000 francs, and she feared he would put an end to his life to escape the taunts and insults of his creditor.

"The maestro listened, evidently very much interested—sometimes looking very much amused. "What a plot for a novel!" he murmured, more than once. When she ceased speaking, he said, after a silence which to Tiomane appeared endless: "If I understand you, then, what you wish at once is 6,000 francs, to pay the debt of this foolish young gambler?" "Oh, sir," she answered, clasping her hands and looking into his face appealingly. "I would give my life to obtain that sum!" The mocking smile was seen again through the gray beard. "Listen," he said. "I am quite sure that a baron would make his fortune out of you. Well, I am not a baron—neither am I a philanthropist. You are very beautiful and interesting, and what is of more consequence, you have a wonderful voice. It goes without saying that you do not know how to sing—but you can learn. You started a little while ago when I spoke of your going on the stage. Well! I



SEATED AT A PIANO. have a daughter myself, and I understand your feelings. With your education, and the society in which you have moved—it is a pity. However, I will not urge you to go upon the stage—there are concerts. Ah! what a success you will be! Well, not to make too long a story, this is what I offer you. To-day is a holiday, and the banks are closed—but to-morrow I promise to hand you 6,000 francs."

GREAT TUNNELS.

Modern Improvements and Science Have Lessened the Cost. In comparing the four great tunnels it is interesting to note that time is an extraordinary element in the cost. The oldest tunnel—Hoosac—cost \$179 a foot; Mount Cenis, the next oldest, cost \$256 a foot; St. Gothard cost \$229 a foot, and the most recent tunnel of the four—the Arlberg—cost only \$154 a foot. All four were old settled countries, with abundant labor, and the very great difference in cost per foot plainly marked the progress of science, because it was the invention and improvement of tools that made it possible to reduce the time and thus the cost. To observe the difference between the work on the three great European tunnels, built by government aid in old settled countries, it may be well to observe for a moment the work done on a comparatively small tunnel built far from civilization through the Cascade Mountains, on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. The mountain through which the tunnel is cut is 2,700 feet above the floor of the tunnel. To understand the magnitude and difficulty of this undertaking it must be observed that the site of the tunnel at the time the contract for the construction was signed was an unbroken wilderness.

At the then existing terminus of rail connection everything—men and tents, food, horses, machinery, lumber, hospitals, and in fact, the material for the army—had to be transported over improvised roads eighty-two miles through forests, through snow and mud, to the east portal of the tunnel, and eighty-seven miles to the west portal. Six months passed before all the machinery was on the spot. Rivers had to be turned aside, bridges built, camps established and men and horses collected, fed, housed and cared for nearly 100 miles from a locomotive. The tunnel is 16 1/2 feet wide and 22 feet high, and the entire distance, 3,950 feet, was bored through the mountain in twenty-two months, the rate of progress with the power drills being 4 1/2 feet a month, and the cost of the completed tunnel was only \$118 a foot, and the entire work was completed in twenty-eight months from the signing of the contract in New York City.

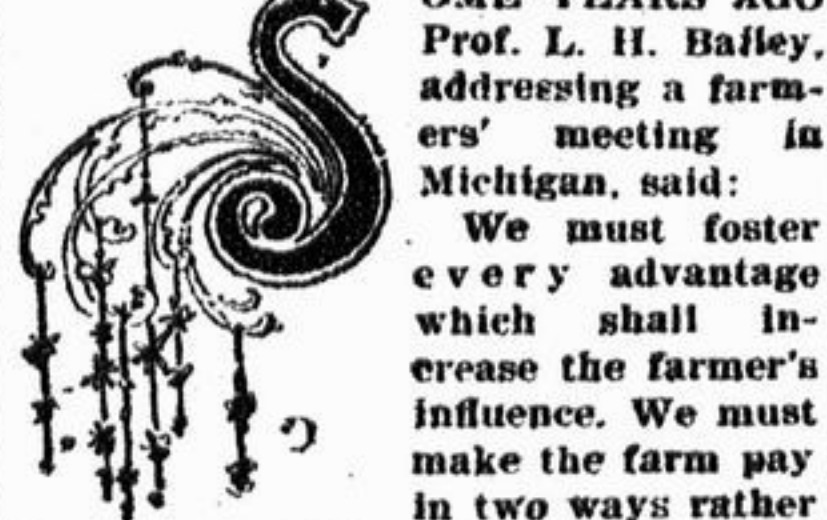
Old-Style Pipes Reappearing. A European sculptor living in this city fifteen or twenty years ago, and not successful in his own art, took to modelling clay pipes. The clay was burned a light reddish buff, and he chose for his subjects the heads of local celebrities—Boss Tweed, Peter Cooper, and other men known for various things. It was necessary that the subject should have some striking peculiarity, the more grotesque the better. The Peter Cooper pipe had a wide popularity, and so had one simulating a caricatured Irish face. These pipes were sold to view for some years, or at any rate, not made in large numbers, but they have recently reappeared. The subjects now are less local than formerly, though the work seems much the same in execution as before, and the new pipes bear the old name. They are, however, more than double the original price.

A Lot of Money for Vets. The pension agency at Topeka, Kan., paid out during the year ending July 1 very nearly \$15,000,000. Sanding Out Chick Hugs. Infected chicken bugs are fast doing up what few remain of their healthy brethren in Missouri. Died While Praying. C. E. Cole, an aged resident of Aurora, Ill., died while on his knees at prayer at his bedside.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



SOME YEARS AGO Prof. L. H. Bailey, addressing a farmers' meeting in Michigan, said: "We must foster every advantage which shall increase the farmer's influence. We must make the farm pay in two ways rather than in one. It is not enough that we demand influence. The first necessity in the demand is the desire to demand. We do not want preference until we want it. The desire must be individual, sincere. We often clamor because our neighbors clamor. We want a mouse-colored mare because Smith has one. We want more farmers in congress because it is the fashion to want them. The farm is not so isolated from the heart of fashion that it receives none of its impulses. Desire once alive, we must measure its consequences as if its fulfillment were in our own hands. Many of us would be miserable if all our prayers were answered. Our desire once trimmed and tempered, we must make ourselves worthy of it. As a rule, all men find their true level as do the waters of the sea. The ebb and the flow of influence and position are not haphazard. Our station is for the most part, if not entirely, just where it deserves to be. "The world owes me a living," says one, and he folds his hands. "But you must dun her for it," says the other as he clutches his spine. The farmer is coming to the front. It is because he deserves it. It is be-

A GOLDEN HARVEST

It is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more eastern states may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged a series of three (3) harvest excursions for August 29, September 10 and 24, for which round-trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest, and Southwest at the low rate of about ONE FAIRE. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heatford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

An Industrious Flea. At Essen, Germany, in the great Krupp Gun works, which are situated at that place, there is a hammer that weighs fifty tons. This hammer works in connection with an anvil weighing 80 tons, which, in turn, is placed on an anvil-block weighing 120 tons. Professor Schumann, a "trained flea man" of Berne, Switzerland, visited Essen and the great war machine works a few years ago. Upon returning home he set about making a model of the great hammer which should be complete in every detail, but on such a minute scale that the hammer could be raised by a flea instead of by a 100-horse power engine, as in the original. In its completed state this wonderful miniature model, frame, hammer, pulleys, etc., weighs but one and a half (1 1/2) grains! The hammer and anvil are both of solid gold, the pulleys German silver and the framework of platinum. A flea, trained by Mr. Schumann, the maker of the model, will, at the word of command, hoist the hammer to the top of the frame, where it is automatically set free, descending in precisely the same manner as the monster after which it was modeled.

CURSED CROWFOOT.

The illustration on this page shows the leaves, stem, flower and fruit of Cursed Crowfoot (Ranunculus sceleratus). It is a low herbaceous plant of the Buttercup family, with a smooth, thickish, spongy stem, much branched above. The lower leaves are one-half inch in diameter, deeply three-lobed, with lobes coarsely and obtusely toothed; the upper leaves become narrower and less divided, or almost linear and undivided. The flowers are very numerous and small, on pedicels half an inch to an inch in length. The light yellow petals are less than one-fourth inch in length. The heads of capsules or fruit are, when mature, about half



an inch long, densely crowded with the minute seeds. The plant attains a height of a foot or two. It is a native of Europe, but has been widely distributed over the world. It is found mainly in ditches and other wet places. The name was not given by reason of any extreme troublesomeness as a weed, but on account of the acid and biting character of the juice. This is so irritating that if applied to the skin it will readily produce blisters. Notwithstanding this fact, if the plant be boiled and the water thrown off, it is not unwholesome, and is sometimes eaten by the peasants in Germany as a vegetable.—Farmers' Review.

Water and Plants. Careful experiments show that immense quantities of water are thrown off by plants. An oak tree with 700,000 leaves has been estimated to throw off 700 tons of water while carrying the leaves. What must be the amount that a field of clover or corn throws off? It is estimated, on an average, 300 pounds to each pound of dry matter produced, although it varies with different species of vegetation. And where does it come from during our droughts? Even in seasons of normal moisture and rainfall the ground always seems dry in a meadow or at the roots of plants and trees. An eminent botanist advances the theory that plants and trees have possibly the power to transform gaseous elements into liquids. We noticed last season in deeply subsided ground that after the first three inches had been passed the soil was so moist that it could be packed in the hand by squeezing. This state continued downward, but after a few feet diminished, and at the depth of six feet continued the same down to the water bearing strata. If the theory above referred to be correct, cultivation and subsiding relieves the plants and trees of the tax on their powers which this transforming of gaseous elements into water would require.—Iowa Homestead.

Some of the Japanese pastimes make their rounds mounted on bicycles.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, including text about blood purification and a list of weights for British coins.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, titled "The Foundation of Good Health is Pure, Rich Blood".

Advertisement for Imperial Granum Food for Invalids, featuring a rooster logo and text about its benefits.

Advertisement for 100 Smoke "DOMINOES" cigars, offering a special price for bulk orders.

Advertisement for Farmers' Patent Mfg. Co., highlighting their products and services.

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balsam, claiming to cure various hair conditions.

Advertisement for Artificial Limbs and Blood Poison treatment, featuring a large 'B' logo and detailed text.