CHAPTER XXL-[CONTINUED.] "Oh, sir! oh, sir!" she murmured,

"how can I thank you?" "Besides, I will allow you 200 francs month, for you must eat well, and not kill yourself with housework. Your idopted mother will sign a paper, in which it will be stipulated that you owe me two years of your talent, after you have acquired it, bien entendu-for a mother to make you work very hard When I think proper you will make your debut at the Eden, and from that day you will owe me, I repeat, all the money y tu make. Do you understand? You will have no compensation whatever but the 200 france a month for your support. Do you accept my offer? Tiomane was half suffocated with

"How shall I ever repay you, sir?" she said, happy tears raining down her cheeks.

"Oh! do not trouble yourself about that," he answered, laughing; "that is my business. Do not imagine that I am a philasthrofist. Not at all! I have said so already. But I relieve you from your trouble. To-morrow morning. I repeat, I will hand you 6,000 france, as soon as the engagement is signed, and 300 france a month will be paid you to keep the pot boiling."

Before teaving the professor's apartments, Tiomane begged him not to reveal her brother's guilty folly. He gave her his word of honor.

How shall we describe Guillaume's gratitude and confusion when Tiomane told him what she had done? At first be declared he could not and would not accept such a sacrifice, but she imposed it upon him as something which she, his "sister," had a right to do, and which he, without shame, Auld accept. She knew that the tender words in which he thanked ber were not idle promises.

The lesson had been severe, but effieactous. Guillaum was one of those sable souls that gratitude binds irre-

The day which had opened so sadly. ended most happily. In the afternoon, Thomane received a long telegram from Sancede, handed her privately by the wife of the consterge, who, with a woman's instinct, felt a storm in the ifr. The good fellow had guessed all. and forestalled any evil consequences. Having noticed Guillaume's absence the evening before, after the train from Paris had arrived, and receiving no telegram from him explaining his absence, he had feared some foolish boyish exploit, and had taken it upon himself to excase his triend to his uncle, who was very rigid in the observance of rules himself, and who required his employes to be equally so. He had told his uncle that the sudden and dangerous illness of Madame de Sorgnes was the cause Tiomane to send the descrier back to his post of duty as soon as possible. Guillaume was saved.

Madame de Sorgnes was not undepelved. The next morning she signed the paper which Tiomane presented to er without bertaying much surprise that so grave a determination had been reached without possulting her, and thought only that her adopted daughter was very ambitious.

"Bo we intend to be a great artist." she said; "oh! how well I understand it! We want to be applauded, admired! What, indeed, is more to be desired in this world?"

Tiomage, knowing theaddress of Guilsame's creditor, sent him, the \$,000 france, land then she wrote her "brother" a long letter, telling him they were all free again.

CHAPTER XXII.



toffes was considered, in the little world of the Conservatoire, a man who understood avaricious - hardhearted to his confreres who might be unfortunate, piti-

es to mapfis who had not very derided talent: But no one disputed his ability. med, above all, the tact and ceived an ovation at her entrance. essary to communicate his e he was an accomplished When he met a pupil of real alent be devoted himself to its cultiration with tyrannical zeal, expecting elory and profit as his reward-Tiomane could not have falinto better hands. He devoted one every evening to her after her ting labors during the whole in the areat drawing-room, she tanding before him, that he might girls this pleasure. Her rare blonde beau's, in its setting of widow's weeds, he acquaintance of Mademoiselle The professor had often to her of his love for his only gave her indescribable pleasure. and the was not a little curlnd was already considered a

e middle of the les

ings, without seeing you, and I could not resist the temptation of making your acquaintance. Ah! your face

At twenty-two, Natalia Desgoffes loving kiss. was, in appearance, a tom-boy of seventeen. Her short, curly chestnut hair stood up like an aureole around her small head; a face quite pretty from its arch expression, large brown eyes; a very inquiring, retrousse nose; a smile that was most charming in its warmtn and heartiness. Approaching the plane, and holding out both hands to Tiomane,

"My father has told me your history. You are a noble creature. May I kiss you?"

"Most certainly," said Tiomane, whose heart was quite won by this friendly greeting.

"We shall be friends," continued Natalia. "I know it-I feel it. Papa, intend to play all her accompaniments at the concerts."

The laughing face became suddenly grave-she seated herself near the instrument and listened with delight to the difficult exercises of the young cantatrice.

The next Sunday Natalia rang un moniously at Madame de Sorgnes door. Guillaume and Sancede had already arrived. Mademoiselle Desgoffes introduced herself very prettily to the mistress of the house, and then stood in speechless ecstasy before Maritza's dazzling beauty. Cato loved her from that moment. She appeared to all of them just what she was-a warmhearted girl, without any feminine pretensions whatever, devoted to her father and to her art, spontaneous in her sympathies, incapable of disguising single thought which passed through her busy brain, a little given to ridiculing her friends-but always in their presence-thoroughly good, without cant or hypocrisy. In the easy fashion which was peculiar to her, and one of her greatest charms, she told them the story of her life.

Having lost her mother when quite young, she found herself, still a mere child, the mistress of her father's house. An old woman, who had been her mother's maid, directed the servants, and accompanied her when she went out She was looking forward eagerly to her twenty-third birthday, when she intended to announce that she was twenty-five and emancipate herself forever from this unnecessary tutelage. She suggested many plans of neighbor-



ly companionship and amusement There mas a musicale every Thursday evening in her father's drawing-room of his friend's absence, and he begged a reunion of some of the most noted artists in Paris. Would not the ladies do them the honor of coming to their entertainments? She promised Maritza many conquests—un succes fou. Cato's smiling face grew hard and cold.

However brilliant may be the talents of a young artist, there is no royal road to musical perfection. Nevertheless, thanks to her rare intelligence and her untiring application, at the end of three months Tlomane had the satisfaction of receiving the congratulations of her professor.

"If we go on in this way," he said, "at the end of a year we shall make

ourselves heard." Natalia, who was interested in everything that interested her father, and admiring Tiomane's wonderful voice as much as he, often came up to assist her in her studies. Her presence brought joy to all-smiles followed her footsteps. Even grave Cato laughed white as milk. They are good, though, at her lively sallies. She had adopted, with the two young men, the easy ways of an old friend, teasing them in turn; attacking, replying, but always ga, and amiable. Sancede soon gave up the war of words, but Guillaume was not so easy a conquest, and nothing was more amusing than these skirmishes, each trying to drive the enemy into a corner-talking the sheerest nonsense-perpetrating the most atroclous puns anxious only for the last word, which was usually Natalia's. So on Sunday, after breakfast, if she did not come up at the usual time. Guillaume went down to seek her, and she re-

"What a good, kind audience you are," she would say. "Ah! if I could have this warmth at the Salle Erard!"

"Is that a pun?" asked Guillaume. "No, it is not a pun. I am in sad, sober earnest. I am sometimes frozen there-frozen in my heart as well as in my feet."

The three ladies returned her visits by going down every Thursday evening Then—the two, master and pupil, to the Desgoffes musicales; Madame de Sorgnes could not refuse the young at of her mouth and throat- always produced a murmur of admirastruggle against the bad habits tion, and Maritza was declared a little under an inferior professor goddess. Their comparatively easy On the fifth evening, Tiomane circumstances had allowed her to indulge in the luxury of a lovely gown of pink crape; this charming tollet

"And I can not see you in that beautiful gown," said poor Sancede, with a ung, received many prizes in sigh, when she showed him her treas-

> "Well, some Sunday I will wear it for you for you alone; there; are you con

which she graciously condescended to WAS IN THREE WARS wear at the musicale.

Tiomane had already worked sery hard, and, appreciating more and more the professor's method, her zeai redoubled. Music creates for its votaries a world apart—a world essentially ideal. Little by little, hope and joy returned to Tiomane's sad heart. She looked forward eagerly to the future, which her friend Natalia painted for her in glowing colors—the bravos, the frenzied acclamations, the adulation, the incomparable prestige of a cantatrice of talent.

"Really, you no longer seem to dwell on this planet," said Maritza to her one day, with a little grimace.

"Everything is going on so very well for us on this planet now," was the affectionate reply, accompanied by

Indeed, life had become very easy and pleasant to Madame de Sorgnes and her daughter-the income from Smyrna, that received from Professor, Desgoffes, and Guillaume's salary. He surprised Tiomane one day by handing her 500 francs in excess to his salary money, which he had made by working at night. He was indeed keeping his promises loyally. Every Sunday he came directly from Blinville to the Rue d'Assas. The little home seemed dearer than ever since his terrible folly. Formerly he was in the habit of leaving them before the hour for the train; now he seemed to be jealous of every

How happy Tiomane was! Alone, and in secret she tasted the joys of this complete conversion.

The summer passed happily in this fever of hope and work, and the autumn came.

One evening, early in October, M. Desgoffes told his pupil that he thought the time for her debut had come, and that he intended to introduce her to the director of the Eden. In spite of her terror in singing before this supreme arbiter of her fate, she acquitted herself entirely to the great man's satisfaction, and it was decided that the young artist should make her debut, in six weeks, in Faust. No one knew better than Professor Desgoffes how to excite curious, music-loving Paris. Tiomane's name soon appeared on every wall, for the cunning metteur en scene had retained this original appellation. Well-written articles appeared in the leading newspapers, giving the most romantic details of the young artist's life; and for more than a month her name was in every mouth in the most aristocratic salons. All this time Tiomane, in her enforced solitude, was studying the role of Marguerite. Everything in her life was effaced by the one absorbing thought-her debut. If she succeeded, she would be able to put her loved ones at ease; and, at the same time, the young girl looked forward with the natural pride of an artists to the realization of the triumph which the professor and her friend Natalia promised her confidently. With what mingled emotions of fear and hope Tiomane went through the preparatory rehearsals! The unfeigned delight of her very critical master could not but encourage her, and Natalia was a tower of strength-she was unshaken in her faith in her friend's success.

> ( TO BE CONTINUED, SOME NUTMEG ALBINOS.

White Swaltow, White English Sparrow. and White Cocumbers.

Hartford special: Some curious albines have been reported lately in the Nutmeg state. At Wallingford a small boy had noted for several days an oddlooking bird, as white as milk, skimming about the shady streets in company with a flock of swallows. Now the lad, who is an expert stone thrower, wanted that beautiful white bird, both because it was an oddity and because it was difficult to wing with a pebble. The other night he skilfully dropped the scudding bird with a missile. The snowy little fellow proved to be genuine chimney swallow, perfect in every way, and the purest albino specimen ever taken in the state, perhaps, In North Stonington a farmer killed an English sparrow that was entirely and uniformly white, except that its bill and slender legs and toes were of a clear, transparent pink. Norris E Hamilton of Danbury has albino cucumbers. Last spring he bought some seed from a Philadelphia house and planted it in four hills. The seed sprouted very quickly and the vines it produced were unusually thrifty, vigorous, and healthy looking. Presently they were thickly set with tender cucumbers, and Mr. Hamilton was surprised to find that each one was as of good size, as crisp and well flavored as the best fruit of the kind in the world. When the cucumbers are first set they are cream colored, but the color changes in a few days to a chalky hue, and when they are fit for the table they are as white, nearly, as snow. They are at no time green in color.

"Revised "America."

In one of the Buffalo public school examintions the pupils were required to write a stanza of "America." Some of the verses submitted were remark able. Here is one of them:

My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of number three, Of thee I stand. Land where my fathers die, Land of the pilgrim's pie, From every mountain sigh Let freedom ring.

Another pupil started off in this way My country, 'tis of three, Sweet land of libert tea.

Curious answers were given to other questions in the examination. For instance: Question-"Who is the chief executive of the nation?" Answer-"Chief Cleveland." Question-"Tell all you know about him." Answer-"He has two babies." Another question was : "What becomes of the water in Lake Erie?" and to this one youngster replied "We drink it," while another said: "It washes out the Hamburg canal."

A man with a future isn't as interest ing to people as a woman with a past

SOME REMINISCENCES. Fifty Years Ago He Walked the Chalk Line With Grant and Others at West Point-Friend of Thomas and Lin-

coln.

MAN WHO IS hale and hearty at 80 is always an interesting figure, but when a man has reached that age after a life passed in his country's service, when in him are preserved the traditions and realities of three

great wars, his personality is doubly interesting. The other afternoon the writer was driven from the railway station at Red Bank, N. J., several miles along the maple-shaded country road and up to the broad porch of a charming country house, which stood in the middle of well-kept grounds. On the veranda was a ruddy-faced old gentleman, seated-in an old-fashioned rocker built solely for comfort.

General Stewart Van Vleet advanced to greet the reporter with a step almost as martial as when, over half a century ago, he marched at the head of the cadet corps at West Point. And yet only a month ago he celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth.

inch shells passed between us, but did not explode. Vinton fell to the ground dead; the concussion had killed him. GEN. VAN VLEET RELATES I had the shell transported to Newport, where it still rests on the top of Capt. Vinton's grave. When the shell was opened 320 musket balls were found in it. After my service in Mexico I was made quartermaster, with headquarters

at Denver. "Time has passed since then, and al of my old comrades have gone. Gen. Getty and I are the only ones left of that class of '42, and we, too, must soon answer the roll call with them."

"Who was the greatest general of the war?" asked the reporter.

"I would not dare say," answered the old soldier. "There were many great men. McClellan was one of the greatest of our generals, but he had to suffer because he was required to take a dismembered and disheartened body of raw, undisciplined men and turn them into trained troops. But he was successful in this, and gave over to the United States one of the fluest armies in the world, every man in it a seasoned veteran. Grant was a great man. He had an indomitable will, unflinching courage and an unyielding determination. He was also a master tactitian. Sherman and Thomas were two others of our greatest leaders."

Dartmouth's Oldest Graduste. Dr. Claudius B. Webster, for many years United States consul at Sheffield, England, and prior to that time principal of a young ladies' seminary in Norwich, Conn., is now the oldest sur-

GEN. STEWART VAN VLEET.

left his home at Fishkill, N. Y., and having been graduated in 1836 in the entered the military academy; and of same class as ex-President S. C. Bartthe class of '42, which was graduated lett. Dr. Webster is now, on this acfifty-five years ago last June, only Gen- count, president of the local alumni aseral George Getty of Washington and sociation in Concord, N. H. The vener he survive. Stewart Van Vleet was re- able doctor's name was recently mentired from the army twelve years ago, after he had reached the age of sixtyeight, with the rank of brigadier-general. For forty years his life was filled women of Atkinson, N. H., demanded with adventures. He passed safely through five wars, was repeatedly honored by his country was a companion of Sherman, Grant and Thomas; was that place. Among them was Elizaalso greatly esteemed by Lincoln, and beth Knight, who not only struck a is now highly valued as a friend by blow for co-education of the President Cleveland.

military experience?" asked General three men who became prominent in Van Vleet, "Well, it's a dry subject various ways-John Calvin Webster, an at the best but I am always ready to anti-slavery agitator; Dana Webster, oblige my friends, the newspaper men. General Grant's chief of artillery at only I don't want you to make what I Shiloh, and Dr. Claudius B. Webster. say too personal.

"I was born," he began, "in Addison county, Vt., on July 21, 1815. When I was a boy my father removed to Fishkill, N. Y., and at the age of twentyone-in 1836-I entered West Point.

"General Ulysses S. Grant entered the school three years afterward," he lars. He is 51 years old, and he was continued, "and for a year he, as well a humble Yorkshire mechanic when he as General George H. Thomas and Geaeral W. T. Sherman, were comrades of mine. I was successively first corporal. first sergeant and during the year with Grant first captain of the cadet corps. Years afterward President Grant used to say to me: 'General, during my cadet days I didn't know which was the greatest man-Napoleon, Wellington, or old Van Vleet." The general leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily at

the recollection. "At the end of the Seminole war I was stationed at Savannah, but when the Mexican war began my company was ordered to Monterey, where Gen. Taylor was in command. I was in company B. Third artillery, Captain Vinton commanding. We were in the final assault on the fortifications. We then joined General Scott at Vera Cruz, and lought for twelve days before the city was surrendered.

"At Vera Cruz poor Vinton was killed. We were in command of a mortar battery, which, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, was firing teninch shells into the city. We were only a few hundred yards from the Mexican fortifications. So near were we, in fact, that we could hear our shells force their way through the roofs and floors of the houses and explode in the cellars. The Mexicans had fifteennch mortars, and, while Vinton and I vere talking, separated by a distance of only a few fest, one of these fifteen-

It was in 1836 when young Van Vleet | viving graduate of Dartmouth College tioned by the Boston Journal in connection with an interesting bit of history. In May, 1791, several young and secured permission to pursue the same studies and use the same text books as the boys in the academy of sexes more than a century ago. "You want to know some facts of my but afterward became the mother of

The "Nitrate King."

The fortune of Colonel John T. North, the "nitrate king" of Peru, and probably the wealthiest man in England, exceeds one hundred millions of dotwent out to the little town of Huasco



COL. JOHN T. NORTH.

in Peru, 28 years ago, to find employment at laborer's wages. His fortune has found an entrance for him into the charmed circle of the Prince of Wales, and his magnificent lavishness of expenditure made him the most talkedabout rich man in the kingdom.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the And clothes the mountain in its agure

Campbell

REBECCA FREAM'S JEST.

Cots a Glass of Hoer from a Saloso and

Offers It to a Policeman. Miss Rebecca Fream, the east-side crusader, and two men and two women were out from 1 a. Mauntil 6 p. m. yeaterday for the purpose of looking for a young woman who had written them threatening self-destruction. Incidentally they observed how the excise law was being enforced, says New York

"We found many saloous open," said Miss Fream yesterday, "and seeing a policeman in front of a place I went in and brought him out a glass of beer. He was astonished, and at that moment one of the saloon-keeper's friends attempted to take the glass of beer from my hand. He called me a busybody. and I let him have the full contents of the glass right in his face. I will get out a warrant for the saloon-keeper to-day."

Miss Fream and her friends did not find the young woman they were looking for, although they kept up the search all day.

Did it for Pay Only.

A witty and popular New York clergyman, whom everybody knows by reputation, had a laughable experience recently. One Sunday not long ago he was going up the steps of his Fifth avenue church, when he was asked by an old lady (who, of course, did not know him) to help her up the steps. With his usual courtly grace he complied with her request. On reaching the top steps she halted, breathlessly, and asked him who was going to preach that day. "Rev. Mr. Blank," he replied, giving his own name. "Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the old lady; "help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sharpening a saw. Please help me down again. I reckon I won't go in." The clergyman smiled and gently assisted her down the stairs again, remarking as he reached the sidewalk: "I wouldn't go in either, if I wasn't paid for it."

Cause and Effect.

"Oh, my!" cried the woman who was reading the paper. "Here's the ship Golden Eagle arrives at New York from Africa, and they find several large snakes in her hold. How strange."

"I'd like to know what you'd expect," retorted the president of the temperance society. "Isn't that the ship that sailed for Africa last season with a cargo of rum?"-New York Recorder.

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Possibility of Roosters. At the gardener's: Lady-What are these little green

Gardener-Egg plants, mum.

Lady-Well, now, if I should buy some and set them out are you sure they'll lay?

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