

# TIOMANE.

BY JACQUES VINCENT.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.



CHAPTER XXIII.



**L**AST THE great, decisive, day dawned, and long before the hour for the concert the hall of Eden was filled to overflowing. Tiomane! Tiomane! That singular name seemed to have a charm in itself. The audience chattered as only an excitable Parisian audience can chatter. Each one furnished his quota of information with regard to the new star which had risen in the musical firmament. The pupil of the celebrated Desgoffes was a great artist—an artist that appears, perhaps, only once in a century.

The musicians take their places. There is a silence that can be felt—profound, almost oppressive. A door opens. All the loggnettes are directed to the stage. A murmur runs through the hall. "It is she! It is Tiomane!" Clad in her robe of white cashmere—the traditional robe of Marguerite—the young debutante advances—very pale, trembling. The audience, predisposed in her favor, thinks her very beautiful and very distinctive, with her tall, graceful figure and her wealth of blonde hair falling in heavy braids on her shapely shoulders. It is the ideal face of the role, of a noble and harmonious beauty, sparkling with youth and freshness. She has reached the footlights. She is indeed charming in her modest grace, and a low murmur of admiration runs through the aristocratic, critical audience.

Her eyes are turned eagerly to the box where she knows loving hearts are beating in sympathy with her own; but she can not see the dear faces; her eyes are veiled with unshed tears. The



"IT IS TIOMANE."

orchestra begins the overture. It is Marguerite's turn. To the first hesitating, stifled, trembling strains succeed notes pure, passionate, vibrant, clear as crystal. The dictum shows rare skill and the magnificent voice unites wonderful power with an incomparable charm. The audience with difficulty restrains its admiration; and when the first stanza is completed, the pent-up enthusiasm breaks out. Marguerite bows—trembling, frightened at the ovation she receives—and turns again, involuntarily, to the box where her dear ones are seated, as if to offer them all this glory. They are all standing, clapping their hands enthusiastically, their faces radiant with joy.

"Bis! Bis!"

"This cry comes from all parts of the vast hall. The leader of the orchestra prefaces the first measures of the air. Marguerite begins the encore, and now with what increased perfection! Emboldened with success, such splendid success, her voice has recovered all its amplitude, all its delicacy, natural and acquired. It is indeed the perfection of nature and art. The magnificent role is ended. Marguerite sustains the promise of the beginning to the end. Never did cantatrice delight an audience more fully, more irresistibly. But the real fete was the one that awaited her on the other side of the curtain. The maestro was the first to congratulate her. She had far surpassed his expectations. He promised her a fortune and a European, nay, a world-wide reputation. Madame de Sorgesne kissed her affectionately; then Maritza and Natalia. Guillaume alone did not approach her.

"What!" she said, laughing, "you have not one word to say to me?"

"I can find nothing to say, you are so grand, so admirable."

Sancoede congratulated her in a charming way all his own. He took both her hands in his and kissed them, without speaking.

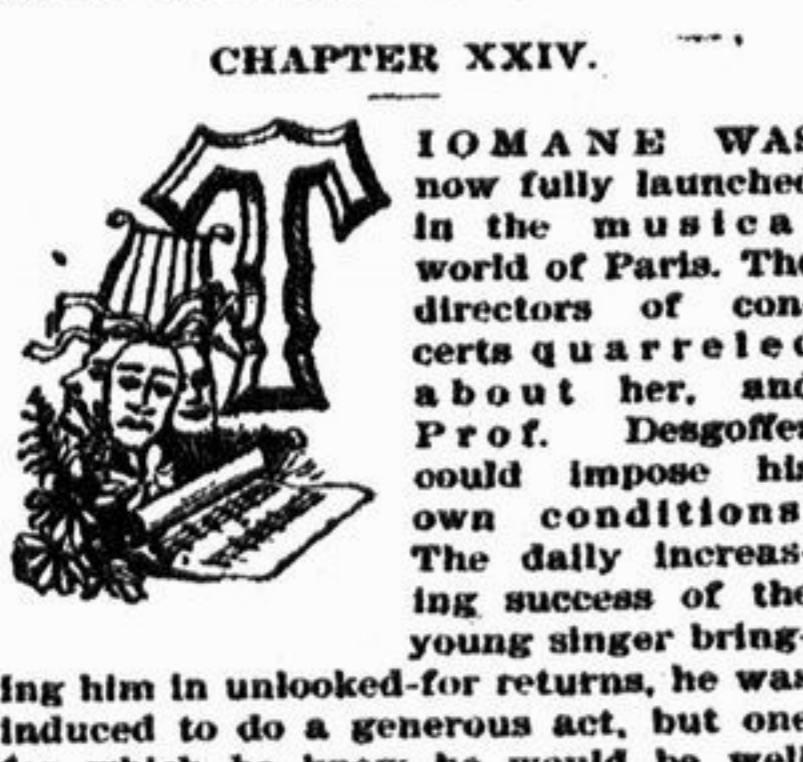
They were all invited to supper at the Desgoffes.

In honor of her friend Natalia had covered the table with margarites, and there were margarites everywhere—on the piano—on the mantle—wherever a vase could be placed. The feast was brilliant with joy and gaiety. The host was in his happiest mood, seemed oppressed by his drink, as he called Tiomane, and the stars, and indeed the stars, would attract anyone; so reasoned Ti-

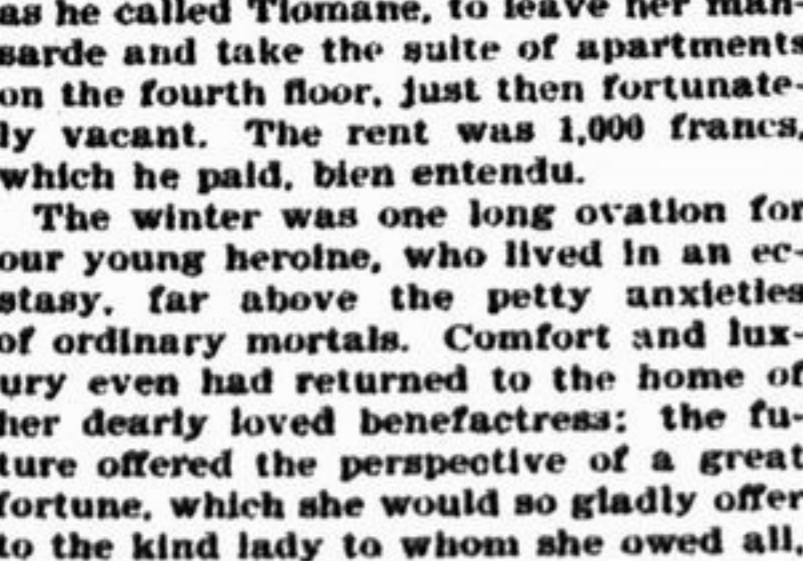
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CHAPTER XXIV.



**T**IOMANE WAS now fully launched in the musical world of Paris. The directors of concerts quarreled about her, and Prof. Desgoffes could impose his own conditions. The daily increasing success of the young singer bringing him in unlooked-for returns, he was induced to do a generous act, but one for which he knew he would be well as he called Tiomane, to leave her mansard and take the suite of apartments on the fourth floor, just then fortunately vacant. The rent was 1,000 francs, which he paid, bien entendu.

The winter was one long ovation for our young heroine, who lived in an ecstasy, far above the petty anxieties of ordinary mortals. Comfort and luxury even had returned to the home of her dearly loved benefactress; the future offered the perspective of a great fortune, which she would so gladly offer to the kind lady to whom she owed all, and she was indeed supremely happy.

But, strange to say, Guillaume did not appear to share the general happiness. As their fortune increased, he grew more and more gloomy. His gay, ringing laugh was no more heard, but, silent and pensive, he seemed to be suffering from some hidden sorrow.

"Take care, you are getting to be a melancholy dreamer; you will end by being a confirmed misanthrope," Tiomane said laughingly to him one day.

No reply.

The next Sunday they found themselves alone in the drawing room—he leaning in melancholy attitude on the piano, she practicing for the next evening.

She stopped suddenly and said, "What are you thinking of, Guillaume?"

"I am listening to you."

"Oh, not at all."

"Yes, indeed!"

"No, indeed! Your thoughts were at the other end of the world. Come! confess that you were dreaming of liberty—of pleasure. You are really too good; you do not even take a walk except under the guardianship of mother or sister. These long Sundays, en famille, must be very wearisome to you, as you have not, like Cato, a pair of bewitching brown eyes to attract you."

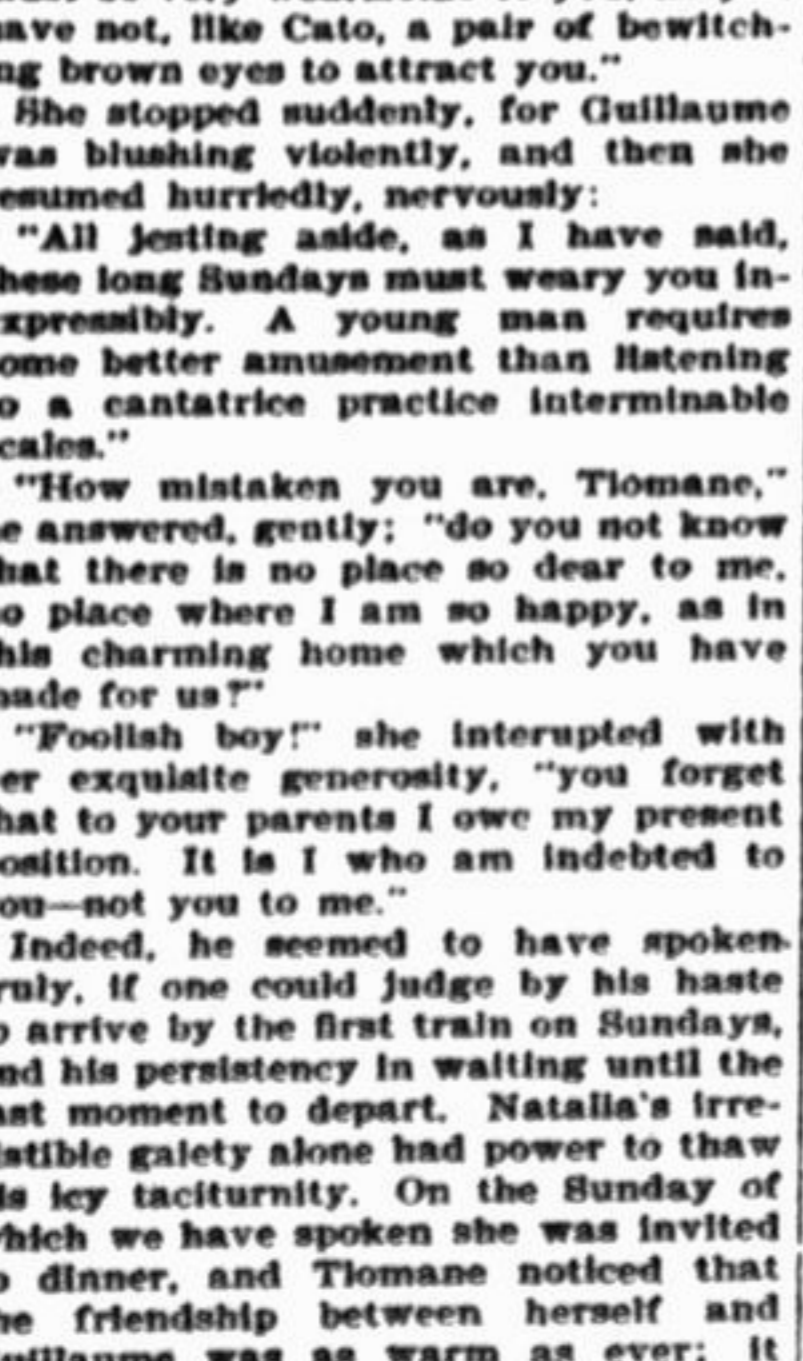
She stopped suddenly, for Guillaume was blushing violently, and then she resumed hurriedly, nervously, "As I have said, these long Sundays must weary you immensely. A young man requires some better amusement than listening to a cantatrice practice interminable scales."

"How mistaken you are, Tiomane," he answered, gently; "do you not know that there is no place so dear to me, no place where I am so happy, as in this charming home which you have made for us?"

"Foolish boy!" she interrupted with her exquisite generosity, "you forget that to your parents I owe my present position. It is I who am indebted to you—not you to me."

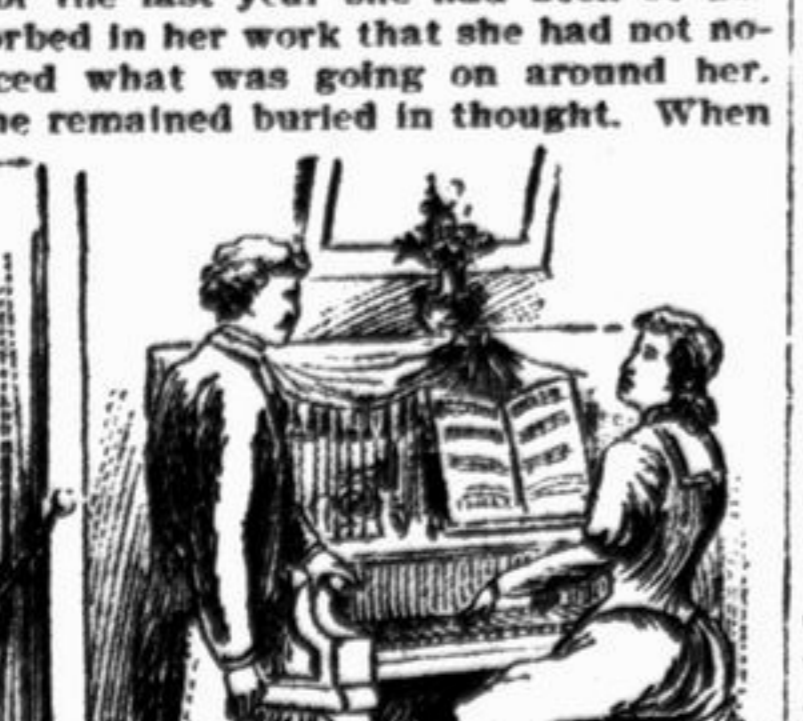
Indeed, he seemed to have spoken truly. If one could judge by his haste to arrive by the first train on Sundays, and his persistency in waiting until the last moment to depart, Natalia's irresistible gaiety alone had power to thaw his icy taciturnity. On the Sunday of which we have spoken she was invited to dinner, and Tiomane noticed that the friendship between herself and Guillaume was as warm as ever; it seemed, indeed, to have been increased by a little tone of confidence which it had not had before. Immediately after dinner they retired to a nook in the drawing room, partially shut off by curtains, and began a very animated conversation. Tiomane felt a little pinching at the heart, which was very like jealousy. As by a lightning flash the truth was revealed to her: the reason of Guillaume's extraordinary love of the little home; his melancholy, apparently wretched, state of mind, his bitter regrets of his inability to make a high position, with the wealth to sustain it.

Natalia was rich! She asked herself why she had not seen this love, developed day by day before her very eyes. And nevertheless, was it not natural? For the last year she had been so absorbed in her work that she had not noticed what was going on around her. She remained buried in thought. When



"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF, GUILLAUME?"

Guillaume took leave of Natalia she noticed the pressure of the hand, and again she felt the little pinching at the heart. There was now a frightful void in Tiomane's brilliant life, but she tried to reason with herself. After all, was it not quite natural? Natalia could be charming when she chose, and possessed qualities of mind and heart calculated to win the love of a warm-hearted, impulsive boy like Guillaume. Full of talent, very accomplished, generous to a fault, her sparkling wit, her untiring amiability, her lively imagination, would attract anyone; so reasoned Ti-



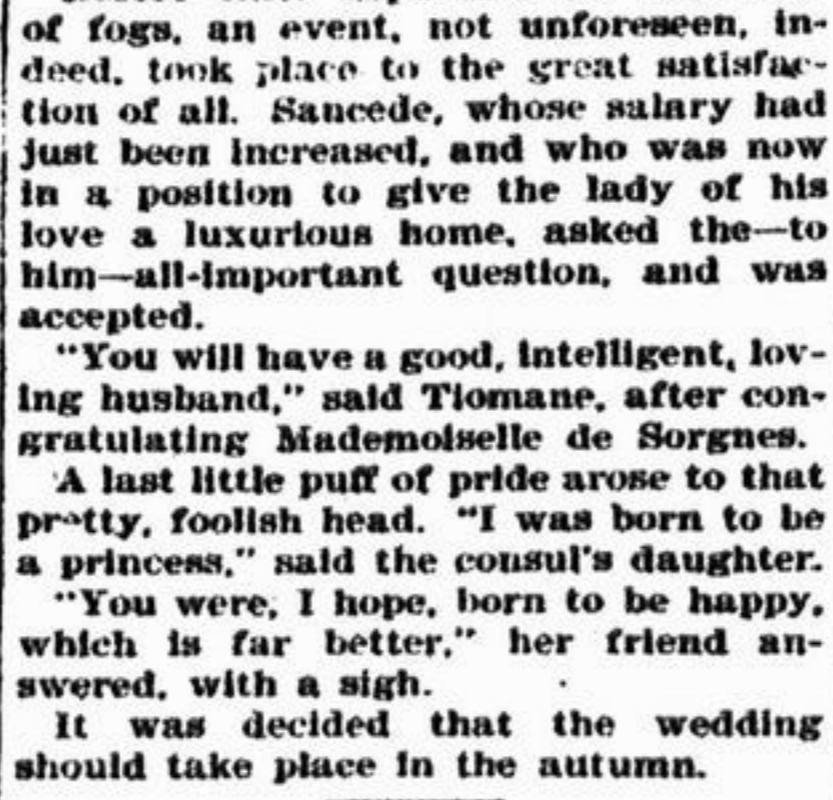
Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met." "How was that?" chorused the others. "She was the only woman I ever met who would have me," and there was a burst of applause.

When a man stops smoking, and begins again, he feels mighty sheepish.

## LATEST IN WARFARE.

**EDISON'S INVENTION MAY REVOLUTIONIZE METHODS.**

Would Destroy an Opposing Army with a Few Electric Volta—Biographical Sketch of the Greatest Inventor of Our Times.



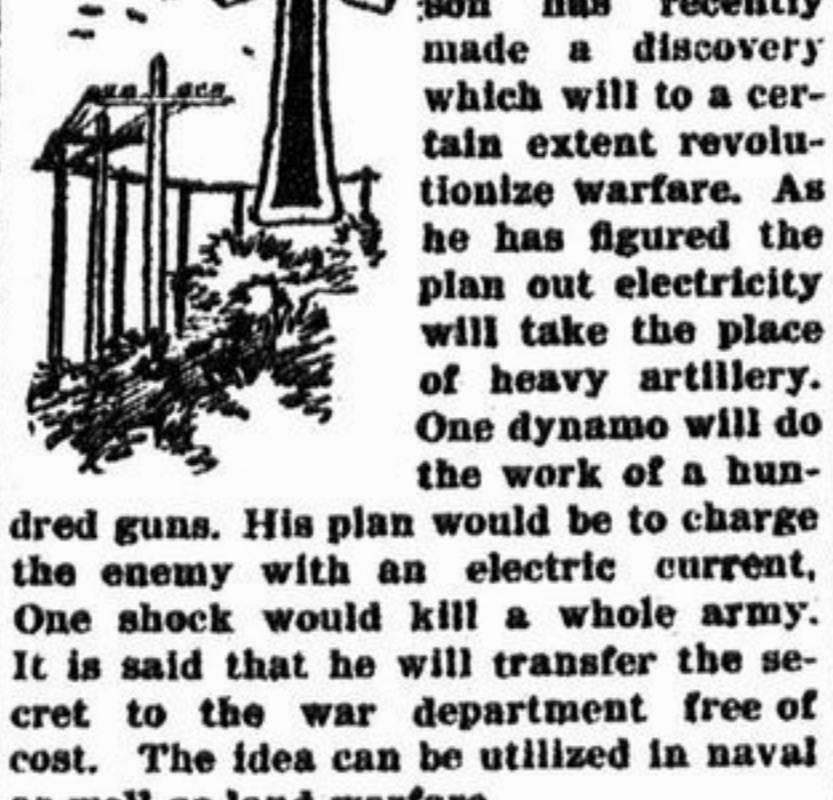
**HOMAS A. EDISON** has recently made a discovery which will to a certain extent revolutionize warfare. As he has figured the plan out electricity will take the place of heavy artillery. One dynamo will do the work of a hundred guns. His plan would be to charge the enemy with an electric current. One shock would kill a whole army. It is said that he will transfer the secret to the war department free of cost. The idea can be utilized in naval as well as land warfare.

Mr. Edison enjoys the honor of many achievements and it may truthfully be said that the history of the century will contain no brighter page than that made necessary by his genius. Edison first saw the light of day at Alva, Ohio, February 11, 1847. The study of chemistry engaged his attention from early boyhood. He attended the common school until at the age of 15, when he became a "news butcher" on a railroad train. About this time he became interested in electricity. He used to sit up all night at the railway station where he had access to the telegraph instruments. So persistent was he in the pursuit of knowledge that in a remarkably short time he became an expert operator. He worked at his trade in a number of places, and while at Adrian, Mich., opened

## LONDON'S TRIBBY.

Miss Baird is said to satisfy the most Knacking Critics.

Miss Dorothea Baird, who is to take the role of Du Maurier's heroine at the London Haymarket next winter, brings to it a personality that is wonderfully in keeping with the picture of Tribby as we are all familiar with it. She is tall and fair, as the accompanying illustration shows. Her eyes have a merry look, that, however, hints of an easy change to "wistful and sweet," while the contour of her face, the expression of her mouth, and the generous pose of the figure are all in harmony with our ideal of the fascinating goddess of the Quartier Latin. Miss Baird is a sister of Mrs. E. T. Cooke, wife of the editor of The Westminster Gazette. Another of her sisters is a noted Oxford wit, and is the wife of A. L. Smith, fellow and tutor of Balliol. Although



**MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD,**  
The New London Tribby.

very young, Miss Baird has been long enough on the stage to win recognition in Shakespearean parts, her Rosalind being especially mentioned.

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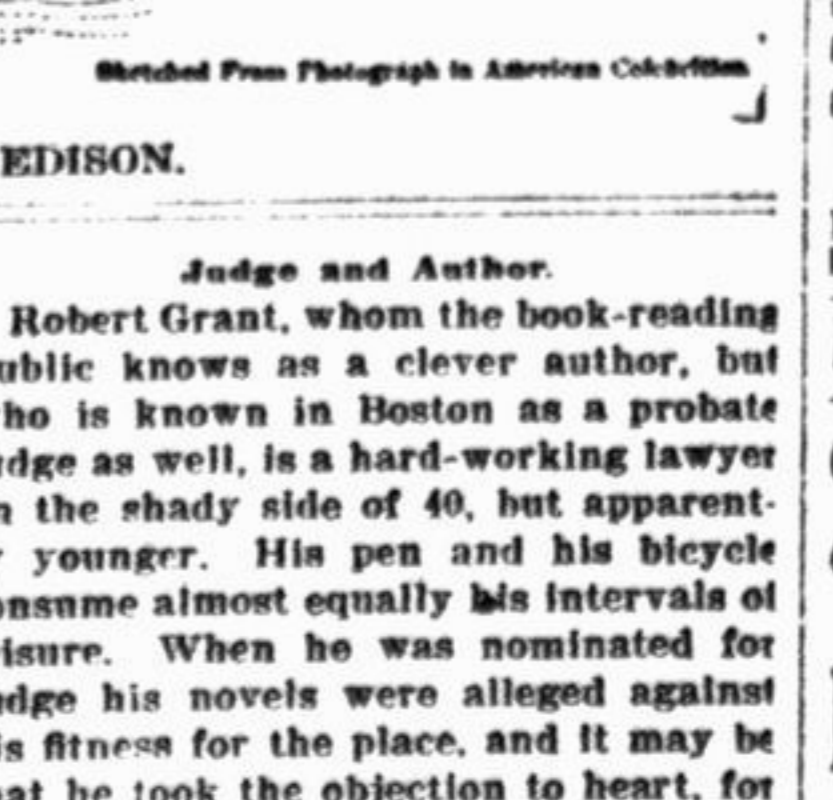
THOMAS A. EDISON.

**Judge and Author.**

Robert Grant, whom the book-reading public knows as a clever author, but who is known in Boston as a probate judge as well, is a hard-working lawyer on the shady side of 40, but apparently younger. His pen and his bicycle consume almost equally his intervals of leisure. When he was nominated for judge his novels were alleged against his fitness for the place, and it may be that he took the objection to heart, for his later writings are in a somewhat more serious vein.

**Miss Douglas, Attorney.**

Miss Belle Douglas is the newest woman attorney in Chicago. She has just been admitted to the bar and has already tried a case. She thinks her



BELLE DOUGLAS.

**Why Not This Year, Grandma?**

A woman 53 years old, Mrs. Martha White of Unadilla, N. Y., recently took a trip on a bicycle with her two granddaughters. She says she likes bloomers and will have a pair herself next year.

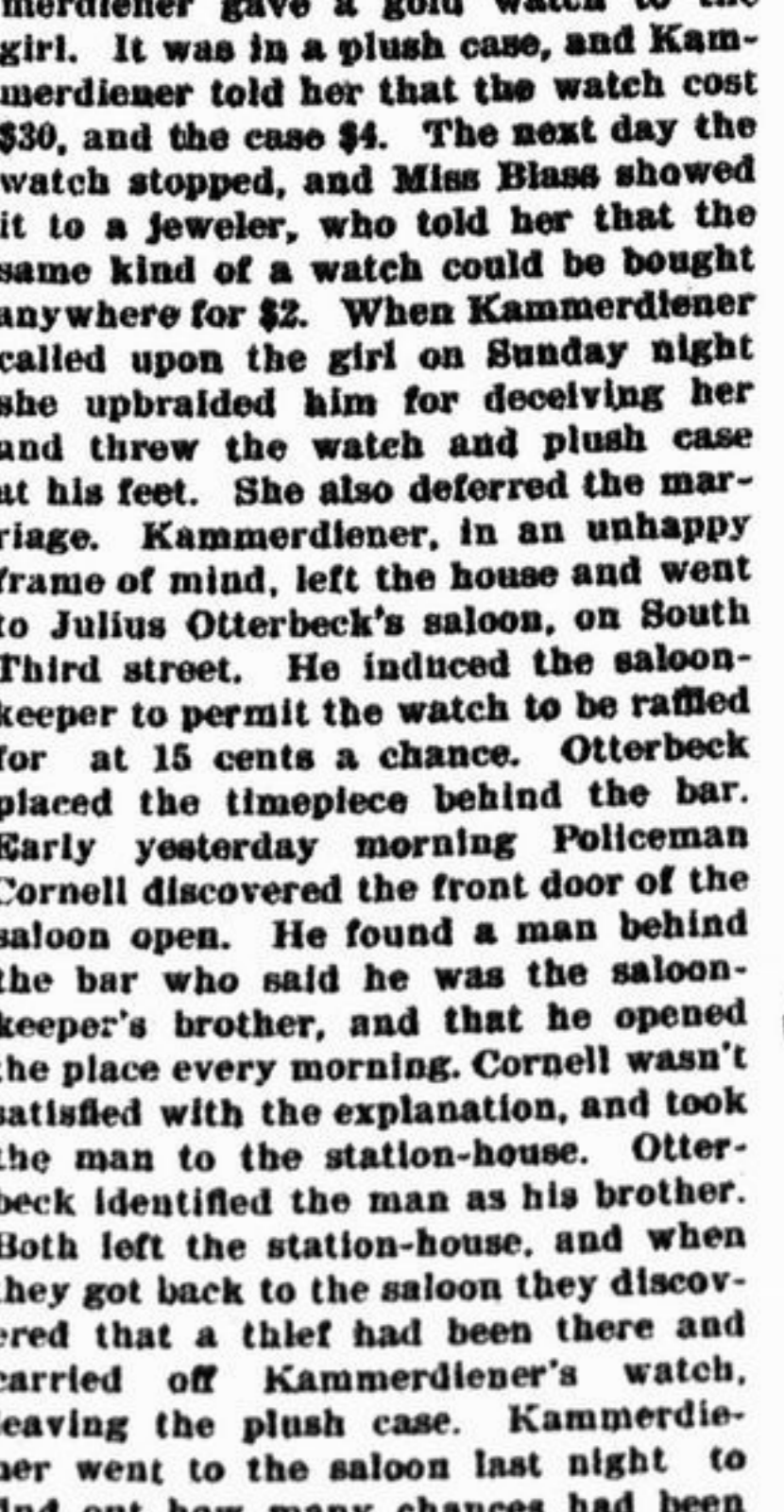


MISS DOUGLAS BAIRD.

## ALL ABOUT A \$2 WATCH.

It Causes a Quarrel Between Lovers, Is Put Up to Be Ruffed and Be Stolen.

Henry Kammerdiener, a fruit dealer in Stanton street, has been keeping company with 20-year-old Annie Bliss, of 113 Clymer street, Williamsburg, says the New York Sun. They usually met in the house of Mrs. Schnitzer, a distant relative of the girl, who lives in South Third, near Hooper street. A month ago the young folks became engaged, and one night last week Kammerdiener gave a gold watch to the girl. It was in a plush case, and Kammerdiener told her that the watch cost \$30, and the case \$4. The next day the watch stopped, and Miss Bliss showed it to a jeweler, who told her that the same kind of a watch could be bought anywhere for \$2. When Kammerdiener called upon the girl on Sunday night she upbraided him for deceiving her and threw the watch and plush case at his feet. She also deforced the marriage. Kammerdiener, in an unhappy frame of mind, left the house and went to Julius Otterbeck's saloon, on South Third street. He induced the saloon-keeper to permit the watch to be raffled for at 15 cents a chance. Otterbeck placed the timepiece behind the bar. Early yesterday morning Policeman Cornell discovered the front door of the saloon open. He found a man behind the bar who said he was the saloon-keeper's brother, and that he opened the place every morning. Cornell wasn't satisfied with the explanation, and took the man to the station-house. Otterbeck identified the man as his brother. Both left the station-house, and when they got back to the saloon they discovered that a thief had been there and carried off Kammerdiener's watch, leaving the plush case. Kammerdiener went to the saloon last night to find out how many chances had been sold. When told that the watch had been stolen he became greatly excited and wanted to know how he could get back his \$2, which, he said, the watch cost him.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD.

**Origin of Canada's Name.**

The word Canada is the common name in Spain of rather narrow valleys having precipitous sides, the same word in fact as canon. This use of the word can be seen from the names of several localities in California. As is well known, the valley of the St. Lawrence fully answers the description of a canada or canon. Especially along the north shore is it abrupt and precipitous, and this peculiarity continues to a greater or less extent up to Lake Ontario. Those who have sailed along the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior will remember that the rocky shores there will also justify the use of the word canada as applied to that region. The French very aptly applied the term to the newly discovered country from the physical peculiarities just mentioned.

**Reformed.**

Editor—Here, this joke on the sleeping policeman won't go.

Funny Man—What's the matter with it? That's one of our standbys.

Editor—Maybe it is in other towns, but it is no joking matter in New York anymore.

Quicksilver poured in a glass will not fill it to the brim, as it forms a convex surface, and is higher in the center than at the brim.

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