CHAPTER XXV .- [CONTINUED.] "You will do well to keep your promise, my dear." There was a little harshness in the sweet voice about which all London was raving. The time which was not spent in study and rehearsals was passed by the two young girls, under the guardianship of the old governess, in exploring the metropolis and its environs. Tiomane was delighted with all she saw and learned, her active mind enjoying with keenest zest the acquisition on knowledge; and her gainty deceived Natalia completely, who accused her laughingly of having forgotten la belle France and the friends were pining for her return, in her love of new scenes and new places.

"Well, my dear, you will be able to enjoy your fondness for travel. You belong to papa for more than a year yet, and he will have time to show you the whole of Europe."

The concerts at Covent Garden took place twice a week and the money-loving professor, yielding to urgent requests of many members of the nobil-My, produced his wonderful pupil at many aristocratic receptions. She had even the honor of singing in the presence of royalty. The noblest in the land did homage to the charming woman ly. "I will retire." and the great artiste.

One morning Prof. Desgoffes received a visit from a young Irish gentleman of great wealth, who had seen and heard for breakfast," and she left the room. Thomane but once, and on this very stight sequaintance, if acquaintance it deigning to notice that she was now could be called, asked her hand in marstage. Desgoffes, on presenting the re- proached her and said gently: quest, added that the sultor belonged to an old family, was very handsome and please you?" very well bred, too, in spite of his heavy purse. He was overwhelmed with jests ly.

at his expense, and shouts of laughter. fog at the idea," said Natalia when she ner to me comes, I do not know. Even had recovered her breath, "if I were in before you left Paris I thought I reyour place I should be very proud of marked it, but here you are absolutely my Ceitie conquest.

name, aggressively; "I assure you you better than this icy silence." have no meason to envy me. It is the and at a distance, as you see,"

in the fler stays after this occurrance. some, the second only since her arriv- excitement of my present life. The proal in England, for she had not deigned fession of an artist-brilliant as it may to reply to the first.

He complained bitterly of his loneli- me."



the English newspapers brought ifm, indeed, the echo of their double enems: but he envied the privileged the Bulls who could see and hear them and ended by speaking of the brilliant Mer of marriage which she had refused.

"What sunshing she would have count to the Isle of Saints, for three medred years wrapped in sorrow and local How had she been able to say ity to the suft of the impulsive son

This badinage, innocent as it was, ed her; and, far from appreating the loving regrets which the ther contained, she was incensed gainst the writer.

"What a chatterer you are!" she said Matalia when they met at dinner.

Do you send a journal of all our saynes and doing to Paris?" "Oh, yes, my dear; our poor solitary

at Bilinville lives on our successes and mend him a daily account of them." "Oblige me by speaking in future only your own," said Tlomane, almost ely. "As for myself, I wish perfect

lence, so please confine your glowing me to your own triumphs." Matalla appeared rather amused than did not see Guillaume. shed and Tiomane's ill humor was

mby increased by this mute raillery. A few mys after this conversation the miles made an excursion to Kew. returning to their lodgings, what the surprise of both to find "the officery of Blinville.

ne!" Natalia exclaimed quite time the "monsieur," which had s preceded the Christian name. This familiar mode of address struck ble with eyes swollen with weeping. as new proof of their rela-

nume rose, a little embarrassed. ant his face radiant with happiness. stedly, at is not the ghost of our sche. s the channel," said Nata-

to see you both," he said, sectionately the hand which on, the house is fright ce you left us—to wait o see you again was imdaring to risk the brotherly kiss with which he had been wont to greet her.

"Indeed, you think little of fatigue," she said, in a careless tone: "you are ly. paying a great price for the pleasure of

"I do not think so," Natalia replied

Then, when Guillaume told them of the efforts he had been obliged to make to obtain this short conge-his mother's objections, those of Sancede, who thought it a needless expense; those of Maritza, who now saw everything through Cato's spectacles-Tiomane, no longer able to restrain her annoyance, said in her iciest tone: "They were all right—this journey is

most absurd." She did not see the tears which rose

to Guillaume's eyes at these harsh Natalia approached the young man

and said affectionately; "You have given me great pleasure, Monsieur Guillaume, so you must not

regret the trouble you have taken." Prof. Desgoffes was indeed a very singular man, for he attended to his own affairs alone and never made any comments on those of others. Guillaume's presence did not concern him; therefore he welcomed the young traveler politely, and, at the concert in the evening, seated him in a box near the

At the supper which followed, Gulllaume, who had been persistently snubbed by Tiomane, devoted himself exclusively to Natalia, whose conversation was always gay and charming.

Immediately after supper, Tiomane, pleading fatigue, retired. The next morning when she entered the little drawing room she found Guillaume and Natalia tete-a-tete. At her appearance the conversation ceased. "Ah! I disturb you," she said sharp-

But Natalia had already risen.

"No, do not go," she said; "stay and entertain our guest. I am going to dress Tiomane had opened the plane, not alone with her "brother." He ap-

"Tiomane, what have I done to dis-"To displease me!" she answered cold-

"What could you have done?" "I do not know. I question myself in what a weather-cock you are!" "All the same, although I am laugh- vain. Whence this change in your manharsh. Speak! tell me what I have done. "In my place, you say," replied Tio- Pour out your reproaches anything is

"I assure you I have no reproaches to ger, not the woman, who is admired make to you," she repiled coldly. "I am very much occupied, absorbed, indeed. in my art. If I have shown any illcommo received a letter from Guil- humor unconsciously, it is owing to the seem-is sometimes very trying, believe

> The excuse seemed Blausible. He was silent, while she turned over the leaves of her music books with great apparent

"So," he resumed timidly, "that brilliant offer of marriage did not tempt you?"

"Not at all. Why should it?" "Why," he repeated, as if he sought

anxiously some explanation, "fortune, independence, is always tempting." "The independence of an artist satisfies me. It is better than any fortune. Now," she added, seating herself at the

piano, "I shall be much obliged to you f you will allow me to study, and, in order to study, I must be alone." Deeply wounded, Guillaume left the from instantly without a word.

They met at breakfast, each showing a very decided aversion to the other, although Guillaume was to start on his homeward journey at the conclusion of

On taking leave of Tiomane, however, all his resentment vanished. "Come back soon," he said, with his affectionate smile. "If you do not, I may make this journey, this 'absurd journey,' as you call it, again."

CHAPTER XXVI.



LEAVING England, where Tiomane received one continued ovation, Prof. Desgoffes' stay in Parpossible. They spent three days and in the middle of the week Tlomane showed a fe-

verish haste to begin the concerts arranged for the summer in the provinces and at the watering places. "What ardor! what sacred fire!" crie

the maestro admiringly. Natalia tried, but in vain, to prolong their stay until Sunday, but her father and Tiomane seemed to be in league and thirsting for new triumphs. They

The jealous girl was obeying a very singular, but alas! very human feeling. She enjoyed a bitter satisfaction in separating Guillaume and Natalia.

Sometimes, however, she fancied that keen-sighted Natalia read her heart. and she felt deeply humiliated. One morning at Aix-les-Bains, after receiving, the night before, a magnificent ovation, she appeared at the breakfast ta-"What is the matter, ma cherie?" said

Natalia, with real anxiety. "Are you Tiomane pleaded a frightful head-

On leaving the table Natalia slipped what in the world did her arm into that of her friend and said affectionately: "Have you not some secret serrow

> This pity revolted the sensitive girl and, drawing herself up proudly, she

"A secret sorrow! What surrow could "Listen," resumed Natalia gently, pressing her arm, "I am afraid you are sighing for the handsome young Irish

lover, who no doubt is as sad as your-

FARM

Tiomane disengaged herself quickly, and answered with some asperity; 'My dear, you jest very agreeably, but I am not in a humor to listen to lests today. I am a little nervous, which is perfectly ridiculous, I know, but nevertheless true."

Natalia followed her to her room, and, without paying any attention to the cross looks of her friend, seated herself on the sofa beside her.

"Yes, I wager that I can guess your sorrow," she exclaimed, gaily; "you are weeping for your Apollo of the Green Isle; you regret your rigor; like all women, you think tenderly of the absent."

"Be silent," said Tiomane imperious-

"No," continued the imperturbable Frenchwoman; "no, I will speak in spite of you. Well, ma mignonne, you seem to be possessed by imps, which in the foggy land we have just left are called blue devils. From morning till night you are in the most frightful humor."

"I am in the humor that suits me." "Doubtless! You are nervous, you say. That is very serious. You seem to have taken a dislike to the whole human race-even your best friends-from whom you flee."

Tiomane started at this direct attack. "What an imagination you have!" she said, shrugging her shoulders; "I am perhaps a little capricious-a little oldmaidish, for I do not like my ordinary routine to be disturbed. I have become imperious, if you will."

"Well! let me give you a little friendly advice, ma cherie-the resume of all my love and all my wisdom-do not be an old maid; and if another descendant of Brian Boru, or some other devoted lover, should present himself---" Tiomane interrupted her

"How mistaken you are," she said with a little nervous laugh. "How mistaken you are, in spite of your penetration of which you boast. Listen, Natslia, while I make a confession—a sincere

"Ah! now you are talking like yourself," said Natalia, triumphantly.

"I am changed, I know-transformed. Success has intoxicated me. I consider myself made of very different clay from ordinary mortals. I believe in my future. I have millions in my throat, your father says, and I have visions of splendor, and grandear. I love my position, my independence as an artist. To give it up, Natalia, I ask something more than great wealth. Kings have married shepherdesses-und I, a great artist, dream of a coronet with strawberry leaves,"

Natalia had listened in speechless astonishment. Tiomane had played her part so well that her keen-witted friend was completely deceived.

"How strange you are!" murmured Mademoiselle Desgoffes. "Who could have imagined such a change in so short a time! Ah! woman, woman,

CHAPTER XXVII.



FORTNIGHT BEfore Maritza's marriage, which was to take place in the middle of September, Prof. Desgoffes and the two young artistes returned to the stue d'Assas Tiomane took upon herself all the preparations for the wedding, but in-

sisted on yielding her place as maid of honor to Natalia, Guillaume being best

'It is not kind to my brother," Maritza

"Oh, they are such good friends," Tiomane answered gally, "it is giving a double pleasure."

Natalia's visits had become few and far between. Repulsed by the coldness and ill-humor of the diva since the conversation which we have related just before their return to Paris, the planist seemed to avoid her companion, but nevertheless took pleasure in discharging many a barbed arrow at the ambitious girl when they did meet.

"A palace without love!" she said, one evening, "How tastes differ! To me it would be worse than a prison!" Again, she took pleasure in celebrat-

ing the feats of brutality of the noble foreigners, with unpronounceable names, ending in ski and stol, who had married celebrated singers and showed their devotion by petting them with a

"Titled foreigners," she said, "often fall in love with beautiful voices and they always treat their wives even worse than their serfs. It is just what the vain, ambitious creatures deserve, however. I do not plty them."

Far from being offended at these at tacks, Tiomane was delighted, for she felt that her secret was safe; her keensighted friend had not guessed it.

Henri Sancede's uncle had granted his two young engineers three days' vaation for the wedding festivities. Guillaume, very sad and very cross, spent these days as much as possible out of the house. Tlomane attributed his Illhumor to Natalia's absence, for, as we have said, she no longer visited them

on her old familiar footing. However, the evening before the ceremony, Guillaume lingered in the drawmg room after dinner, with the lovers and Madame de Sorgnes. Tiomane had remained in the drawing room to arrange the flowers for the next morning. Through the open door the young man watched her busy fingers, and, seized with an irresistible desire to speak to her, he rose and passed into the next room, closing the door gently behind him. Standing at the table, which was covered with hot-house treasures, the young girl was arranging the marriage bell of pure white roses. Had she heard him enter? She did not raise her eyes: not a muscle of her face betrayed any

consciousness of his presence. He looked at her, very much agitated "What beautiful flowers!" he said. to break the silence, which had become painful.

She did not answer. "It does one good to see two people so happy, does it not, Tiomane?" he said, approaching the table. "This marriage is a fete for all of us, is it not?"

"Certainly," she answered in the most

indifferent tone, without raising her

eyes, apparently quite absorbed in her pretty work. "Yes," he continued, trying to master his emotion, "It is a beautiful dream realized! This spoiled little duchess of ours will, I hope, make grave Cato a good wife. I think she loves him very

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

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



WRITER in Stock man and Farmer, in' describing the methods of growing buckwheat, says: "It is a question

if buckwheat will pay on all kinds of soil, and the scorching suns of July and August are very hard an the crop.

It wil flourish best in moist weather. The soil here is clayey, with occasional gravelly patches, and on the creek bottoms black leam, but always a clay subwheat should be of medium richness; if | acre. too rich, will go mostly to straw and lodge so as to be difficult to cut, besides not filling properly.

"The ground should be plowed in the fore part of June and harrowed after field to be sown is ready for the plow showers until the 4th of July. No danger of getting too mellow or fine. Drill tention is given to it. Plow as soon as in about one bushel to the acre of the possible, and harrow as fast as plowed silver gray or old-fashioned black hull. | no matter how hard and dry the soil If you sow the Japanese variety you will is. Usually early plowed land can be need a little more seed, as the kernel harrowed effectively better than that is larger and does not stool so much. which lies to the sua until August, or

surface, then putting on a light litter of straw and driving from three to ten horses abreast over the ground, describing a circle all the time. After the horses have thoroughly packed the ground the straw is raked off and the floor is leveled with a large mall, then swept with a broom and allowed to stand a couple of days, when it is ready for use, and is nearly as hard as a wood floor. This floor is usually about fifty feet in diameter, although many are much larger. The beans are then hauled to the floor to the depth of about three feet, and the horses put on the same as when building the floor. The vines have to be turned a couple of times and shaken up, then tramped again, when they will be clean. The beans are screened by throwing them up against the wind. They are usually put in sacks of eighty pounds each, and sell by the pound, the price ranging from one and one-half to four cents, according to kind and quality. The southwest portion of San Luis Obispo county is devoted almost entirely to this crop, and the yield runs from ten to forty sacks per acre, and good bean soil at various depths. Land for buck- land readily sells for \$200 to \$300 per

> Early Plowing for Wheat .- It is hardly possible to plow too early for wheat, and the sooner this is done after the the better for the crop if proper at

The ferrice Feasca of Movele Wherever you go among the summer retreats the average woman is sure to be found with a 25-cent paper-covered novel in her hands, trying to kill time by reading it. As a rule the worthlessness of these stories is their chief characteristic. Most of them are so trashy that the only chance of their securing a reading is in the form of cheap novels for the warm days of the summer season. At the hotels this literature is an exclusive. Nothing else sells. It has no rivals, and the publishers, accurately gauging the public taste, bring out nothing else till September. At other times the novel has to run the gauntlet with serious publications, but now, in reverse proportion to its worthlessness, it has the field all to itself. Even the magazines have caught the infection, and are chiefly filled with short stories for the summer months, because these are most in demand. Came to Himself.

A negro brother while expostulating on that clause of the prodigal son where it says, "And when he came to himself he said," etc., explained it in this way: "Broders, after being long in want and hunger de son at last takes off his coat and sells it. When this fund has disappeared he takes off his vest and sells that. When this is gone he next sells his shirt, and then, broders, he came to himself."-Ruth C. Kloster, Rib Lake, Wis.

Medicine

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Botanical name, Spartiva cynosu- throughout the entire west. It is the roides. Stems upright, stout, becoming most common of the slough grasses. hard and woody, three to seven feet and is of considerable value as a high, from very large, scaly, perennial hay root-stocks; leaves two or three feet too long, involute, pointed, tough and rigid, yields a poor quality of hav. rough on the margins; spikes five to when cut in proper season it twenty, usually from one and one-half readily eaten by stock. The stems to three inches long, upright at first, contain a considerable amount of sugbut becoming somewhat spreading at ars, and hence are quite palatable, even maturity; spikelets nearly half an inch though hard and tough. A specimen long, one-flowered, flattened, sessile dried in the air analyzed as follows: and crowded closely together in two Water 6.45; ash 3.81; ether extract 1.13 rows: glumes awn-pointed with mi- crude fibre 36.03; crude protem 4.95; extract free of nitrogen 47.63. Total ni-

nute bristles along the back. This grass is common in low places trogen .79; albuminoid nitrogen .58. The richer the ground the less seed needed. You can sow broadcast, but in a dry season it is better to drill quite deep, so the roots will be of uniform depth and will hold the moisture. will be easier to harvest the crop if the

land roller is used once after sowing. When two-thirds of the grains are brown it is time to cut, which can be done best with side-rake reaper, though the binder can be used, leaving out the twine, or can be cut with grain cradle.

"After cutting, roll the bundles carefully and press the tops together, cone shaped and set firmly on the ground. In about a week or more of dry weather it will do to thresh. It is hauled from the field directly to the separator, and if dry will thresh very easily. Care must be taken not to have many spikes cial concave having about a dozen tried everything recommended spikes for buckwheat. per acre is anywhere from 8 to 40 bushels, according to conditions, paying crop every season. crop of buckwheat the ground is in from weeds.

Harvesting Beans.

A San Luis Obispo bean grower gives an exchange his idea of bean harvesting in this way: Pull the beans after they shed their leaves. Instead of leaving them six or eight days exposed to the weather, they should be threshed the second or third day. This is usually done by selecting a piece of smooth, sandy ground and wetting the the liver and produce sleep.

the first of September. After a field is plowed it should be harrowed at intervals as the weeds start, and this will make a seed bed that is just what wheat needs. We once knew an old gentleman whose rule in harrowing was to harrow twice as much as necessary, and then all the time that could be given to it afterward, and he hardly ever failed of a crop of wheat or oats,-

Leaf Mold,-if you want healthy, bloominfg plants for winter, start your slips this month and pot them in leaf mold. We never had finer house plants than we have now, and it is all due to our using the "leaf mold." tried it first on our fuchsias, and worked like a charm. Heretofore we have had no success whatever with our in the concaves, as the grain cuts very fuchsias. We tried sandy loam dirt easily. Most threshermen have a spe- | mixed with manure, etc., in fact we The yield fuchsias, but all to no purpose, ground would bake, and smother the roots or we would get it too wet and the It can hardly be classed as a leaves would drop off. We were about to give up in despair when we heard hot suns' blight and early frosts of the "lenf mold." We decided to try often kill or injure it; one season the it as a last resort. So we took the grasshoppers destroyed the crop, and fuchsias from the old dirt, put them in heavy rains are a source of waste. A | the nice fluffy mold, and I defy anyone bushel of dry buckwheat will make to show finer fuchsias than we have from 20 to 27 pounds of flour. After a now. We keep them in a shady place (on a north porch), give them plenty good condition for the succeeding crop. of water morning and evening, protect as it will be mellow and generally free them from the sun and wind by screen made for that purpose, and set them where they can catch the de at night.-Belle S. Langdon, in Epito-

mist. Apples as Brain Food.-Apples are now recommended by many physicians as brain food, because they contain a quantity of phosphoric acid and are easily digested. When eaten at night some little time previous to retiring. they are said to excite the action o