

# TIOMANE

BY JACQUES VINCENT.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Yes, Maritza has a warm heart and such a rare devotion could not fail to touch it."

"And what a happy fellow he is!" resumed Guillaume, holding out to her some of the choicest roses on the table, with a hand that trembled in spite of his efforts to appear calm. "How fortunate to be able to offer everything to his wife! To take her poor, to take her for herself alone, and bring ease and luxury to the life which she devotes to him!"

"And is not that the duty of a husband?" said Tiomane sharply.

"Yes," he answered with emotion, "you are right, it is indeed a husband's duty—his privilege. And how much to be envied are those who are able to fulfill this duty of nature—this desire of the heart! But to love a woman richer than oneself is a bitter sorrow, Tiomane."

"I should think so," she answered, boldly.

There was again a painful silence. She continued to choose carefully the most beautiful flowers, apparently thinking of nothing but her loving task.

He resumed, in an agitated voice: "So it is your opinion, also. You do not admit that, in spite of the strength, the sincerity, the irresistibility, if I may say so, of his love, a man may not dare to aspire to such a union? You do not admit that he may hope in the future that he may have a right to be confident that his efforts, inspired by so holy a motive, will be crowned with success. To raise himself to her level! That is his ambition. You do not admit that the wife might find her happiness in the power of the sentiment she inspires; that the greatness of the love may make her forget the mediocrity of the position; that she may have pity on—"

"No!" she interrupted harshly, "inasmuch as these repeated protestations of a love which she believed was spoken of another, and taking pleasure in plunging the sword deeper and deeper into that suffering heart; 'no! Were I that woman, the thought would come to me that my poverty would have been less sought than my wealth. I should despise a man who would consent to take this inferior place in the household. I should think that if he had any dignity, any nobility of character, he would have concealed a love which after all was profitable to him: yes, profitable, I repeat, I should think that he ought to have concealed his love, and waited until he had conquered a position equal, if not superior, to that of the woman of his choice. In short, my opinion is that a self-respecting man is never dependent on his wife.'"

Guillaume had become deadly pale at these implacable words.

He rose, his eyes sparkling with grief and rage.

"Be it so," he said. "You have become wretchedly severe of late. I hope that all women are not so hard-hearted."

"I hope not," she answered with cruel irony.

The next day, at the wedding, Guillaume was as gay as in his happiest days at Smyrna. He answered Natalia's brilliant sallies, and to a careless observer, seemed overflowing with happiness. On this day, which brought such joy to all other members of the little family, Tiomane suffered a thousand deaths. She thought of another woman which would doubtless take place. But she resolved that she would live to the end of the world to escape St. Madame de Sorbonne was very lonely after the departure of her daughter, who was to reside at Blinville. Tiomane tried, by loving attentions, to make her forget her loss, and sincere and continuous effort always began healing fruit. By degrees she learned to accept her broken life with resignation, and devoted herself passionately to her beautiful art. She was engaged at the Eden for the whole season and to interpret some of those great conceptions of Wagner's, which seem too sublime to be the work of human intellect.

A certain outward calm was established. Natalia never visited them. Guillaume appeared at the house as rarely as possible, and when he did come, which was but a few times, he was usually to take a letter to Tiomane, which would have been equally fatal to both. Madame de Sorbonne must frequently pass a few days with her children at Blinville. Saneede's increased labors sometimes making the Sunday visits to Paris impossible. The great singer, obliged to remain in the city in consequence of her engagements, was necessarily excused from accompanying her benefactor.

The winter passed and time, as ever, did its kindly work. Tiomane kept hidden in her heart the most bitter sorrow that a loving woman is called to bear, but so she guarded her secret, and this thought was so far from her wounded pride.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—  
SPRING CAME. One Sunday Monsieur and Madame Saneede were at home. Guillaume came to breakfast in the Rue de la Paix. He had just returned from his journey, and he was so tired that he fell asleep on the sofa. He was awakened by the sound of a bell. He looked at his watch. It was 10 o'clock. He waited for him in the little drawing-room, her heart oppressed with a nameless grief. All was ended between them! To-morrow he would be far away! Oh, how brightly she was away from her! Now she was able to measure the depth of her love, forgetting all her petty bitterness, all her jealousy. Was he not the first being

bankers were to furnish the capital. These gentlemen, old friends of Monsieur de Sorbonne, offered his son the position of chief engineer, with a salary of 20,000 francs and a share in the earnings of the road. This godsend seemed to Madame de Sorbonne the realization of a dream. She pictured the winter there, under the beautiful Ionian sky, breathing the perfume of the orange blossoms, sailing on the blue sea, and the summer in France in the pretty village where Maritza was the happy mistress of a beautiful home, set in a velvety lawn, and surrounded by venerable trees.

The young engineer seemed irritated by the general enthusiasm and listened coldly to their rose-colored plans for the future. At last, breaking the silence, he said brusquely: "I am attached to Paris. I have many friends here. Why can I not be left in peace where I am?"

That afternoon he accompanied the family to the concert at the Eden. After the concert Henri and Maritza went to pay a visit in the Boulevard Haussman and Guillaume escorted his mother and Tiomane home.

When Madame de Sorbonne went to her room to take off her wraps Guillaume followed Tiomane to hers.

Astonished at the intrusion the young girl remained standing, waiting for an explanation, without removing her bonnet.

"Pardon me, Tiomane," he said in a resolute tone, "if I annoy you, but in this important decision I feel the need of your counsel, and, as in the happy days long ago, I beg you to be my guide. Will you refuse me this favor?"

The young girl did not speak for several minutes; then she said in an agitated voice: "In what can I serve you?"

"I repeat—by advising me."

"On what subject?"

"On my duty," he said humbly. "I find myself placed in an exceedingly difficult position. Must I obey the dictates of my heart or the dictates of duty? I can not hide from myself that my duty as a man, as the head of a family, imposes upon me this voluntary exile, which will secure ease and luxury for my mother."

"Certainly."

"Well! It is this cruel separation that terrifies me," he resumed, his eyes full of love, fixed on hers. "On one hand I see fortune offered to me; I see the opportunity of climbing the first rounds of the ladder which will lead me higher—when I can hope to obtain, perhaps, that consideration, that pity, which you one day so cruelly denied me."

In spite of her efforts to control herself these words troubled Tiomane strangely. His imploring attitude, his agitated manner, surprised and touched her.

"Come," he said gently, "be my friend again, my sister, as in the old happy days in Smyrna—will you?"

She smiled sadly.

"I am ready to serve you," she answered, making a great effort to speak calmly. "You ask my advice. Well, I will give it without any circumlocution. Whatever interest of the heart, as you say, may make you wish to remain in Paris; however painful this separation from those you love may be, you have not the right to seek to escape the duties of a son. And then, for yourself, believe me, conquer your independence—before all—in spite of all."

She was sadly sincere at this moment, trying to think only of the best interests of her "brother," and responding loyally to what he expected from her.

He held out his hand to her. She gave him hers.

"I will obey you," he said gravely.

Guillaume's acceptance having followed his decision, a second letter from M. de Riez was received, containing the contract, signed, on the part of the company, and notifying him to be in Smyrna in a month.

Tiomane had deceived herself. She was not so strong as she had believed.

In view of the near and irrevocable separation, her heart was plunged in a sorrow which took away all her courage. Their last conversation had dissipated the constraint, the coldness, which had marked their relations for some time, and restored, in a degree, their intercourse to its former pleasant, confidential footing. She saw Guillaume rarely, however, as he was very busy in initiating his successor at the manufactory in his duties, and in visiting certain important stockholders in Paris, previous to his departure. Her jealousy, which she had believed moribund, if not quite dead, was again revived.

One Sunday evening, Monsieur and Madame Saneede and Guillaume being at the home in the Rue d'Assas, Natalia had accepted the invitation to join them. The conversation naturally turned on the approaching departure of the son and brother.

"Be easy about him, he will return to us," said Mademoiselle Desgoffes, with a triumphant smile.

The pinching in the region of Tiomane's heart was sharper than ever.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

HAVE OF GUILLEUME'S departure had arrived. He had bid a final adieu to his sister and her husband, and to his mother, who was spending a few days with her daughter.

Madame de Sorbonne was to join her son in the autumn.

Tiomane had seen Guillaume at a moment of his arrival, but he asked permission to come and pass the evening with her, after all the last preparations for his journey were completed.

It was 8 o'clock. She waited for him in the little drawing-room, her heart oppressed with a nameless grief. All was ended between them! To-morrow he would be far away! Oh, how brightly she was away from her! Now she was able to measure the depth of her love, forgetting all her petty bitterness, all her jealousy. Was he not the first being

(THE END)

she had ever loved? Was he not the brother who had consoled her, sustained her, protected her?

She had thought her heart would be lightened by his absence. How readily one can be mistaken about oneself!

The room had grown almost dark. Seated at the open window, she listened mechanically to the ticking of the clock on the mantel; every minute brought the supreme, the last, interview nearer. Suddenly she recognized his step in the antechamber. She trembled from head to foot. The door opened. He entered.

For a moment he stood on the threshold, hesitating. Then he came forward and, without speaking, seated himself beside her.

Emotion paralyzed both. Both were very pale, motionless, not finding a word to say to each other, their hearts were so full.

The silence was prolonged until it became oppressive, and yet it seemed impossible to break it.

The ticking of the clock seemed weird and solemn, giving a poignant eloquence to this voiceless communion. Guillaume's eyes were fixed on the floor and he seemed to be studying mechanically the pattern of the carpet. Tiomane looked out into the great deserted garden. Suddenly she heard a sob. She turned her head and saw that Guillaume had buried his face in his hands and was weeping bitterly.

"Guillaume, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

He had risen and left her side, rage and despair written on his face.

"A beg," she continued, agitated with a nameless sorrow, "that you will answer me. What is the matter?—tell me, what is the matter?"

"You ask me?" he answered, "you do! Do you not see that the sacrifice is beyond my courage? Yes—at the last moment—inspire of my resolutions I can not—no, I can not—leave you!"

"Me! me!" she stammered, weeping. "What are you saying?"

"Blame me, ridicule me," he continued bitterly. "If you will, I may be weak, cowardly, unmanly, but the suffering is too great, now that the hour has come for our separation—our eternal separation, perhaps. In these last few weeks hope had returned. I felt within me the power to conquer fortune, to make for myself a name, that I might come and lay it at your feet, begging you to have pity. But I was insane. Why should I hope to win you? Why should you ever think of linking your life with mine? Have you not declared it clearly enough—you wish great wealth, a famous name; you dream of your carriage emblazoned with the arms of a noble family; you hope to wear the coronet of a duchess on your

beautiful brow. Natalia has told me all. Ah! Tiomane, how hard, how pitiless, you are, and what a loving heart you have tortured and rejected."

She listened, stupefied, thunderstruck, by this revelation—hardly daring to understand. Trembling from head to foot, she leaned on an easy chair.

"What does this mean, Guillaume?" she stammered. "Is it possible you do not love Natalia?"

He looked at her with such unfeigned surprise that the truth flashed on her mind, clear as noon-day, and she murmured, "Oh, how deceived I have been!" while happy tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Guillaume, my brother, pardon me." He, too, at last, understood the truth, and he seized her hand in a transport of happiness.

"Tell me that I am not dreaming. Tiomane, tell me that you did not mean to drive me away from you; tell me that you did not hate and despise me. Oh, speak! I implore you!"

He had forced her to seat herself, while he, kneeling at her side, held both her hands in his, his face transfigured with happiness. Their eyes met. Each penetrated the secret so long concealed. Each read clearly the heart of the other.

Night came, and the servant, entering with the lamp, drew them from their ecstasy. When she had left the room Guillaume led Tiomane to a sofa near the light and seated himself beside her.

"I must look at you, darling. I must look into your honest blue eyes and feast on your dear smile."

Yes, she smiled upon him as one smiles on awaking from a frightful dream and finding a delightful reality.

"Ah! cruel girl," he said, "so you doubted me—you accused me—you would not see, when the truth was so clear."

"I was so jealous, Guillaume," she answered. "I thought you loved Natalia. You always seemed to seek each other's society; to understand each other so well."

"My poor foolish darling, Natalia was my confidant. She guessed my secret, and thought she was working for the happiness of both. How angry she was with you for your cruel words. She thinks you utterly heartless."

The dual confession was ended. As in the old days in Smyrna, the days of their childish friendship, the words welled up from their happy hearts, simple, without disguise. Each recalled in detail the sad story of their foolish mistake.

They separated when the clock on the mantel struck twelve. Before Guillaume took leave, it was decided that he should take his wife with him when he returned to the East, and a telegram was sent to Monsieur de Riez in the morning. A reply was received granting him several weeks' leave of absence from his post.

Some days before her marriage Tiomane made a full confession to Guillaume's well-meaning but most injudicious confidant.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Desgoffes. "Jealous of me! Am I a woman?"

(THE END)

## 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.

THE September report of the statistician of agriculture shows a decline in the condition of corn to 96.4 from 102.5 in the month of August, being a falling off of 6.1 points.

The prospects of the corn crop have suffered from drouth during the month of August in the surplus-producing states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and in a portion of Nebraska. Reports from Indiana, Iowa and Ohio indicate that though there have been rains during the latter part of the month, they have been generally too late to be of any great benefit. Drouth has also injured the crop in the eastern states, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Much more encouraging reports come from the south, which indicate that in that section the crop will be larger than ever before produced. Too much rain is noted in certain sections of South Carolina, Alabama and Missis-

sippi, and drouth seems to have unfavorably affected certain localities in Texas. Reports, however, from this section are generally favorable.

The averages in the principal states are: Kentucky, 106; Ohio, 83; Michigan, 85; Indiana, 86; Illinois, 97; Iowa, 96; Missouri, 111; Kansas, 86.

The general condition of wheat, considering both winter and spring varieties when harvested, was 75.4, against 83.7 last year and 74 in 1893. The reported conditions for the principal wheat states are as follows: Ohio, 64; Michigan, 70; Indiana, 53; Illinois, 59; Wisconsin, 85; Minnesota, 107; Iowa, 107; Missouri, 75; Kansas, 40; Nebraska, 74; North Dakota, 105; South Dakota, 74; California, 75; Oregon, 93; Washington, 79.

Condition of oats when harvested was 86; rye, 83.7; barley, 87.6; buckwheat, 87.5; potatoes, 90.8.

### Success in Farming.

I am of the opinion that one of the greatest factors in the improved condition of farming and stock-raising is the taking and reading of our agricultural and live stock journals which are printed by the thousand and spread broadcast over the face of our whole country, and at such reasonable prices that almost every farmer can afford to take one or more. The day is certainly not far distant when our farmers will all take and read the papers and periodicals pertaining to their calling with as much interest as the professional man, merchant or manufacturer looks after

his individual profession or business. I do not mean newspaper farming, but by these means we are enabled to get in a nutshell the interchange of ideas, experiments and practical operations in five years that we could not get otherwise in a lifetime. Take the seven to ten millions of farmers of this country who do not make on an average 3 per cent on their investment and ask yourself why this is the case and what is the cause. Is it not a want of more reading, thought, intelligent exchange of ideas and manipulations of brain power, combined with steam and horse power, intelligence in breeding and feeding stock, in plowing, mixing and combining the proper fertilizers with the varied kinds of soil of our farms? This is a subject that demands the attention of our most profound and deep thinkers of our agricultural schools; it is a subject that should be more generally studied, and taught and understood, not only by our chemists and scientific men, but by every farmer in our country. These things would assist in making farming a desirable and paying business. I will venture to say that there is no business pursued by man for a livelihood that requires, in order to be successful, more thought, study and a more scientific education than that of farming in its various departments.

### Potatoes for Stock and Profit.

The rapid increase in potato production by the use of potato planters and diggers should soon give us potatoes enough for home consumption and a surplus for the stock. Potatoes are healthy and fattening for the stock, and relished by all kinds of stock when off the pasture. A few acres increase

Tilden's Umbrella.  
Abram S. Hewitt, who was a great friend of Samuel J. Tilden, one day brought into his office an old cotton umbrella, with a broken rib or two and a few holes. It could not have cost over fifty cents. He placed it in the accustomed corner, beside a fine \$10 silk umbrella belonging to J. L. Haigh, his partner. When starting home in the afternoon, he walked off with Haigh's umbrella, leaving his own, which Haigh had to use as it was raining hard. On opening the old cotton affair Haigh noticed a piece of white tape sewed on the inside near the top, and on going to the light read: "Samuel J. Tilden, Gramercy Park, New York." The next day he returned it to the same corner and said to Mr. Hewitt: "This is Mr. Tilden's umbrella you forgot last night." "Oh, yes," said Hewitt, rising and going after it, "I am very glad to get it back. Mr. Tilden is extremely careful about his umbrella." "But where is my silk one that you took away last night?" Haigh asked. "Oh, I don't know anything about that," was the reply, and that was all the satisfaction that Haigh ever got.

### Rust on the Wires of a Piano.

The appearance of rust on the tuning-pins and the steel wires of a piano is a sure indication that the piano has been exposed to moisture or dampness. The time of year or the age or quality of the piano has nothing to do with it, as rust may appear in a night. The fact that the room is heated by a stove just outside of it will probably account for the rust, as the chances are that after the usual cooling of a fire over night its heating in the morning would be likely to cause condensation on the metal, and rust would immediately appear. Do not use oil or any greasy substance to remove it. It will probably not do any harm unless it causes the strings to break, in which case they will have to be replaced. Most pianos require tuning twice a year. The only important care to be given a piano is to keep it in an even, dry temperature.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### DAUCUS CAROTA (WILD CARROT.)



On this page we illustrate the wild carrot. This biennial vegetable is so well known in its cultivated state in gardens as to hardly need any special description. It belongs to the order Umbelliferae, which is distinguished by having its small flowers in clusters, called umbels, so named because the flower stalks all start from one point at the extremity of a branch and spread out like the ribs of an umbrella. These stalks, or rays, as they are called, are in most species again divided into smaller umbels called umbellets. In the carrot these rays are very numerous and form together a close, flat-topped cluster, becoming concave in fruit. The leaves are divided and subdivided into numerous fine segments. The wild carrot is abundant in several of the central and eastern states, and is spreading into new localities. It is not troublesome on cultivated land, being confined chiefly to meadows and the roadsides. It is usually introduced in grass and clover seed. The umbels curl up when ripe and hold the seeds into winter, when they are gradually scattered; sometimes the umbels break off and are scattered over the snow, carrying the seeds to neighboring fields. Fifty thousand seeds have been counted on a plant of average size. Carefully cutting the plant for two years will eradicate most of them.—Farmers' Review.

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