CHAPTER II .- (Continued.)

"Will you permit me, mademoiselle. on the anniversary of your birthday, to wish you a long succession of prosperous years, and may you for long preserve the health with which you are blessed at lid with a little thrill of pleasure; the

flowers as was seldom seen in Saumur; bright color into a young girl's face and and taking the beiress by both arms, makes her tremble with delight. Her eyes gave her a kiss on either side of the throat, a fervent salute which brought she might accept the gift; M. Grandet the color into Eugenie's face. The magistrate was tall and thin, somewhat resembling a rusty nail; this was his notion of paying court.

"Do not disturb yourself." said Grandet, coming back into the room. "Fine doings these of yours, M. le President, on ed from the heiress, who seemed to be high days and holidays."

"With mademoiselle beside him every day would be a holiday for my nephew.' answered the Abbe Cruchot, also armed with a bouquet; and with that the Abbe kissed Eugenie's hand. As for M. Cruchot, he kissed her unceremoniously on both cheeks, saying: "This sort of thing makes us feel older, eh? A whole year older every twelve months."

Grandet set down the candle in front of the brass clock on the chimney piece; whenever a joke amused him he kept on repeating it till it was worn threadbare; he did so now.

"As to-day is Eugenie's birthday," he said, "let us have an illumination."

He carefully removed the branches from the two sconces, fitted the sockets into other pedestal, took from Nauon's bands a whole new candle wrapped in a scrap of paper, fixed it firmly in the socket, and lighted it. Then he went over to his wife and took up his position beside her, looking by turns at his daughter, his friends, and the two lighted can-

The Abbe Cruchot was a fat, dumpy little man. His peculiar type of face might have belonged to some old lady whose life is spent at the card table. At this moment he was stretching out his feet and displaying a very neat and strong pair of shoes with silver buckles on them.

"The des Grassins have not come round?" he asked.

"Not yet," answered Grandet. "Are they sure to come?" put in the old notary, with various contortions of a countenance as full of holes as a col-

"Oh! yes, I think they will come," said Mme. Grandet.

'Is the vintage over?" asked President de Bonfons, addressing Grandet; "are all your grapes gathered?"

vine grower, rising and walking up and bles out." down the length of the room. He

word "everywhere." As he passed by the door that opened into the passage. Grandet caught a glimpse of the kitchen; the fire was still "I have never been so happy in my life alight, a candle was burning there, and before." big Nanon was about to begin her spinning by the hearth; she did not wish to

intrude upon the birthday party. "Nanon!" he called, stepping out into the passage, "Nanon! why ever don't you rake out the fire; put out the candle and come in here! The room is large enough | in a court of law, you shall be hard put to hold us all."

"But you are expecting grand visitors,

"Have you any objection to them? They are all descended from Adam just as much as you are."

Grandet went back to the president. "Have you sold your wine?" he inquired.

"Not I; I am holding it. If the wine is good now, it will be better still in two years' time. The growers, as you know, of course, are in a ring, and mean to keep prices up. The Belgians shall not have it all their own way this year. And if they go away, well and good, let them go; they will come back again."

"Yes; but we must hold firm," said Grandet in a tone that made the magistrate shudder. "Suppose he should sell his wine behind our backs?" he thought.

At that moment another knock at the door announced the des Grassins, and interrupted a quiet talk between Mme. Grandet and the Abbe Cruchot.

Mme. des Grassins was a dumpy, lively little person with a pink-and-white complexion, one of those women for whom the course of life in a country town has flowed on with tranquillity, and still youthful at the age of forty.

Her husband had been a quartermaster in the Imperial Guard, but he had retired from the army with a pension, after being badly wounded at Austerlitz. In ers all looked at each other. spite of his consideration for Grandet, he still retained, or affected to retain, the bluff manners of a soldier.

"Good day, Grandet," he said, holding wonted air of superiority with which he eclipsed the Cruchot faction. "Mademoiselle," he added, addressing Eugenie, after a bow to Mme. Grandet, "you are always charming, ever good and fair, and what more can one wish you?"

With that he presented her with a small box, which a servant was carrying, and which contained a Cape heath, a plant only recently introduced into Europe, and very rare. Mme. des Grassins embraced Eugenie very affectionately, squeezed her hand, and said, "I have commissioned Adolphe to give you my

little birthday gift." A tall, fair-haired young man, somewhat pallid and weakly in appearance, came forward at this; his manners were passably good, although he seemed to be shy. He had just completed his law studies in Paris. He now kissed Eugenle on both cheeks, and laid a work-

box with gilded silver fittings before her; it was a showy, trumpery thing enough in spite of the little shield on the lid, on which "E. G." had been engraved in Gothic characters. Eugenie raised the happiness was as complete as it was un-He then offered her such a bouquet of looked for-the happiness that brings turned to her father as if to ask whether answered the mute inquiry with a "Take it, my daughter!" in tones which would have made the reputation of an actor. The three Cruchots stood dumfounded when they saw the bright, delighted glance that Adolphe des Grassins receivdazzled by such undreamed-of splendors.

CHAPTER III.

M. des Grassins offered his snuff-box to Grandet, took a pinch himself, brushed off a few stray specks from his blue coat and from the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his buttonhole, and looked at the Cruchots, as who should say, "Parry that thrust if you can!" Mme. des Grassins' eyes fell on the blue glass jars in which the Cruchots' bouquets had been set. She looked at their gifts with the innocent sir of pretended interest which a satirical woman knows how to assume upon occasion. It was a delicate crisis. The Abbe got up and left the others, who were forming a circle round the fire, and joined Grandet in his promenade up and down the room. When the two elders had reached the embrasure of the window the priest said in the miser's ear, "Those people yonder are throwing their money out of the windows.

"What does that matter to me, so long as it comes my way?" the old vine grower answered.

"If you had a mind to give your daughter golden scissors, you could very well afford it," said the Abbe.

"I shall give her something better than scissors," Grandet answered,

"What an idiot my nephew is!" thought the Abbe, as he looked at the magistrate, whose dark, ill-favored countenance was set off to perfection at that moment by a shock head of hair. "Why couldn't he have hit on some expensive piece of foolery?"

"We will take a hand at cards, Mme Grandet," said Mme. des Grassins.

"But as we are all here, there are enough of us for two tables.

"As to-day is Eugenie's birthday, why not all play together at loto?" said old Grandet; "these two children could join 'Yes, everywhere!" answered the old in the game. Here, Nanon, move the ta-

"We will help you, Mademoiselle Nastraightened himself up as he spoke with | non," said Mme. des Grassins, cheerfully; a conscious pride that appeared in that she was thoroughly pleased because she had pleased Eugenie.

"I have never seen anything so pretty anywhere," the heiress had said to her.

"It was Adolphe who chose it," said Mme, des Grassins in the girl's ear; "he brought it from Paris."

"Go your ways, scheming woman." muttered the magistrate to himself. "If you or your husband ever find yourselves to it to gain the day."

Two tables were in readiness by halfpast eight o'clock. Mme. des Grassins. with her winning ways, had succeeded in placing her son next to Eugenie. The old cooper himself eyed the group with a certain self-complacency; he looked at Mme, des Grassins with her pink feathers and fresh toilet, at the banker's soldierly face, at Adolphe, at the magistrate, at the Abbe and the notary, and within himself he said; "They are all after my crowns; that is what they are here for. It is for my daughter that they come to be bored here. Aba! and my daughter is for none of them, and all these people are so many harpoons to be used in my fishing."

Just as Mme. Grandet had won sixteen sous, the largest amoun that had ever been punted beneath that roof, and big Nanon was beaming with delight at the sight of Madame pocketing that splendid sum, there was a knock at the house door, so sudden and so loud that the women started on their chairs.

"No one in Saumur would knock in

that way!" said the notary. Nanou took up one of the two can dles and went to open the door. Grandet followed her.

"Grandet! Grandet!" cried his wife; a vague terror seized her, and she hur ried to the door of the room. The play-

"Suppose we go, too?" said M. des Grassins. "That knock meant no goodit seemed to me,"

But M. des Grassins scarcely caught out his hand to the cooper with that a glimpse of a young man's face and of a porter who was carrying two huge trunks and an assortment of carpet bags, before Grandet turned sharply on

his wife and said: "Go back to your lote, Mme. Grandet, and leave me to settle with this gentleman here."

With that he slammed the parlor door, and the loto players sat down again. but they were too much excited to go on

with the game. "Is it any one who lives in Saumur. M. des Grassins?" his wife inquired.

"No, a traveler. As a matter of fact," said the notary, drawing out a heavy antique watch, a couple of fingers' breadth in thickness, and not unlike a Dutch punt in shape, "It is nine o'clock. The mail coach is not often behind time."

"Is he young looking?" put in the Abbe Cruchot

"The luggage he has with him must weigh three hundred kilos at least. It must be some relation.'

"Let us put down our stakes," said Mme. Grandet gently. "M. Grandet was traw in my shortcake, but no berry." vexed, I could tell that by the sound of his voice, and perhaps be would be displeased if he came in and found us all discussing his affairs."

traw was buried?"-Cleveland Plain "Mademoiselle," Adolphe addressed his neighbor, "it will be your cousin Grandet, no doubt, a very nice-looking young fellow whom I once met at a ball."

Adolphe went no farther; his mother stamped on his foot under the table. Aloud, she asked him for two sous for his stake, adding in an undertone, meant only for his ears, "Will you hold your Dealer, tongue, you great silly!"

They could hear the footsteps of Nanon and the porter on the staircase, but Grandet returned to the room almost immediately, and just behind him came the traveler who had excited so much curiosity, and loomed so large in the imaginations of those assembled; indeed, his sudden descent into their midst might be compared to the arrival of a snail in a beehive or the entrance of a peacock into some humdrum village poultry yard.

"Take a seat near the fire," said Grandet, addressing the stranger.

The young man looked round the room and bowed very gracefully before seating himself. The men rose and bowed politely in return, the women courtesied rather ceremoniously.

"You are feeling cold, I expect, sir," said Mme. Grandet; "you have no doubt

"Just like the women!" broke in the good man, looking up from the letter which he held in his hand. "Do let the gentleman have a little peace."

"But, father, perhaps the gentleman wants something after his journey," said Engenie.

"He has a tongue in his head," the vine grower answered severely.

The stranger alone felt any surprise at this scene, the rest were quite used to the worthy man and his arbitrary be havior. But after the two inquiries had received these summary answers the stranger rose and stood with his back to the fire, held out a foot to the blaze so as to warm the soles of his boots fear's suit he'd put the law on med and said to Eugenie: "Thank you, cousin I dined at Tours. And I do not require anything," he added, glancing at Gran det; "I am not in the least tired."

"Do you come from Paris?" Mme, det Grassins now put the inquiry.

M. Charles, for this was the name borne by the son of M. Grandet of Paris hearing some one question him, took out an eyeglass that hung suspended from his neck by a cord, fixed it in his eye made a deliberate survey of the objects upon the table and of the people sitting around it, eyed Mme. des Grassins very coolly, and said, "Yes, madame. You are playing at loto, aunt," he added; "pray go on with your game, it is too amusing to be broken off."

M. des Grassins put down a counter on his wife's card; the lady herself war not thinking of loto, her mind was full watching Eugenie and the cousin fron Paris. She saw how the heiress now and then stole a glance at her cousin and the banker's wife could easily discover in those glances a crescendo of amazement or of curiosity,

There was certainly a strange contrasbetween M. Charles Grandet, a handsome young man of two-and-twenty, and the worthy provincials, who were scorn fully studying the stranger with a view to making game of him.

CHAPTER IV.

It seemed to Eugenie, who had never in her life beheld such a paragon, that her cousin was some seraphic vision some creature fallen from the skies. The perfume exhaled by those shining locks so gracefully curled, was delightful to her. She would fain have passed her fin gers over the delicate, smooth surface of those wonderful gloves. She enviet Charles his little hands, his complexion the youthful refinement of his features.

His manners, his way of adjusting his eyeglass, his superciliousness, his affectations, his manifest contempt for the lit tle box which had but lately given se much pleasure to the wealthy heiress; ev erything, in short, which had given of fense to the Cruchots and the Grassinistes pleased Eugenie so much that she lay awake for long that night thinkin; about this phenix of a cousin.

Then there was a general stir and s wheeling movement in the direction of the fire. Eugenie left the room to hell her mother and Nanon, seized with a restless and urgent desire to see that al was right in her cousin's room, to busy herself on her cousin's account, to see that nothing was forgotten, to think or everything he might require, and to make sure that it was there, to make certain that everything was as neat and pretty was a woman there who wanted to as might be. She alone, Eugenie thought know how to spell "cat" and I told could enter into her cousin's ideas and her.—Philadelphia Telegram. understand his tastes.

Her mother and Nanon were about to leave the room in the belief that it was all in readiness; Eugenie convinced their in a moment that everything was yet to do. She filled Nanon's head with these ideas, the sheets had not been aired Nanon must bring the warming pan there were ashes, there was a fire down Philadelphia Ledger. stairs. She herself covered the old table with a clean white cloth, and told Nanoz to mind and be sure to change it every morning. There must be a good fire it the room. She ran downstairs into the parlor, sought in one of the sideboards for an old japanned tray, and from the same source procured a hexagonal crystal glass, a little gilt spoon with almost all der-necked glass bottle with Cupids en er. graved upon it; these she deposited in triumph on a corner of the chimney piece. More ideas had crowded up in her mind the world.

(To be continued.)

A man longs for hair on his bald spot as ardently as a woman dreads "Yes," answered M. des Grassins. hair on her upper lip.

Placing Him Right.

"Mrs. Grummage," said the facetious poarder to the patient landlady, "there s some mistake here. I have found a "Better consult an oculist Mr. Fizzivig." replied the landlady in her iciest "Didn't you notice that the

In Harmony. "What makes Mr. Jones screw up

lis face so dreadfully?"

"Why, that's the face that goes with tis automobile cap."-Cleveland Plain

Eternal Wrangle.

First Soubrette-I am engaged to ttar in "Beauty and the Beast" next Second Soubrette-Indeed! And who ave they engaged for the "Beauty?"

What They Overlook. Diggs-There is at least one thing to be said in favor of the "oldest inhabtant."

Biggs-What is that? Diggs-You never hear him getting iff that old chestnut about the good lying young.

An Old-Time Player.

Stringer-Moses must have been one of the originators of football. Nibbles-Why do you think so? Stringer-Doesn't the good book say ie was found among the rushes?

Two of a Kind.

Her bread, of course, is not the kind His mother used to bake; and his "dough" is far from what Her father used to make.

Harsh Announcement. Reginald-I received a spring an souncement card from my tailor. Harry-You did. Then that shows

your credit is good.

Rural Opinion.

Mrs. Crawoot-They do say that anny and her city husband have a comfortable parlor.

Mr. Crawoot-Nothing comfortable thout it. Why, when I sat in my short deeves and started to smoke Fanny ob-

War Strategy. Some one was showing the visitor tround the great navy yard.

"But where is the bottling departnent?" asked the visitor. "The bottling department?" echoed

he escort in surprise. "Yes, the modern navies are always pottling up something."



Always Together. Bobby had made an addition to his

Noah's ark. "What are those little things, Bob-

by?" asked his mamma. "Oh, they are peanuts," replied the little boy.

"But we never heard that Noah car ried peanuts on the ark." "He must have, mamma. How could

he have elephants without peanuts?" What He Learned.

Auntie (to little Tommy, who has just returned from his first day at school)-What did you learn? Tommy-Didn't learn anything.

Auntle-What did you do? Tommy-Didn't do anything. There

Merely Their Talk. Mr. Haamagan-I hear Miss Love

s quite a belle now. They say she is prettier now than she ever was-Miss Speitz-Exactly; they say she s prettier than she ever was-or is.-

An Important Personage. Caller-Well, the nerve of that! Merchant-What?

Caller-Didn't you hear that snip of boy referring to you as "Bill"? Merchant-Sh! That's our office boy.

So long as I can pretend I didn't hear the gilding rubbed off, and an old slen him it's all right.-Philadelphia Ledge

Her Air of Indifference.

"What a cool and indifferent air during that one quarter of an hour than Miss Frappay has. She acts just as if in all the years since she had come into she didn't know that anybody was looking at her."

"Yes, she inherits that. Her mother used to bake pancakes in the window of a quick-lunch restaurant"-Cleve land Plain Dealer.

Told in California.



the body. Learning this simple lesson made has many sick men and wowell. Judge A. J. Felter of 318 So. E St., San Bernardino, Cai., says: "For 18 years my kid-f) neys were not performing their functions properly. There was some backache, and the kidney secretions were profuse, containing also considerable sediment. Finally the doctors said I bad diabetes. Doan's Kidney Pills

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wrought a great change in my condi-

tion and now I sleep and feel well

The man who haz the strongest pashuns and controls them the best, iz the greatest hero.

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During the last decade commerce between the United States and Canida has vastly increased. In 1893 it amounted to \$91,0000,00 last year it was about \$185,000,000.

To gain wisdum we must studdy for fifty years, and then spend the Reginald-Hardly. He announced last twenty ov our lives in forgetthat if I didn't settle that bill for last ting a large share ov what we hav lernt.

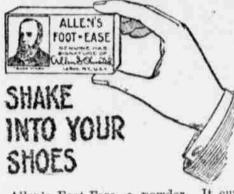
How to Keep House.

With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an offset or antithesis which we have to contend with in the form of aches and pains. In some way and by some means every one has a touch of them in some form at some time. Trifling as some of them may be, the risk is that they will grow to something greater and rack the system with constant torture. There is nothing, therefore, of this kind that we have a right to trifle with. Taken in time, the worst forms of pains and aches are easily subdued and cured by the free use of St. Jacobs Oil. No well regulated household should be without a bottle of this great remedy for pain. It is the specific virtue of penetration i St. Jacobs Oil that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure even in the most painful cases o-Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago. Scietica. You want it also in the house at all times for hurts, cuts and wounds, and the house that always has it keeps up a sort of insurance against pain.

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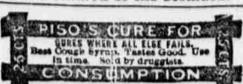
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