

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

"Mamma," she began, "he will never be able to bear the smell of a tallow candle. Suppose that we buy a wax tandle?"

She fled, lightly as a bird, to find her purse, and drew thence the five francs which she had received for the month's expenses.

"Here, Nanon, be quick!"

"But what will your father say?"

This dreadful objection was raised by Mme. Grandet when she saw her daughter with an old Sevres china sugar basin which Grandet had brought back with him from the chateau at Froidfond.

"And where is the sugar to come from?" she went on. "Are you mad?"

"Nanon can easily buy it when she goes for the candle, mamma. Is it a right thing that his nephew should not have sugar if he happens to want it? Besides, he will not notice it."

"Your father always notices things," said Mme. Grandet, shaking her head.

While Eugenie and her mother were doing their best to adorn the room which M. Grandet had allotted to his nephew, Mme. des Grassins was bestowing her attention on Charles, and making abundant use of her eyes as she did so.

"You are very brave," she said, "to leave the pleasures of the capital in winter in order to come to stay in Saumur. But if you are not frightened away at first sight of us, you shall see that even here we can amuse ourselves." And she gave him a languishing glance, in true provincial style.

Women in the provinces are wont to affect a demure and staid demeanor, which gives a furtive and eager eloquence to their eyes. Charles was so thoroughly out of his element in this room, it was all so far removed from the great chateau and the splendid surroundings in which he had thought to find his uncle, that, on paying closer attention to Mme. des Grassins, she almost reminded him of Parisian faces half obliterated already by these strange, new impressions. He responded graciously to the advances which had been made to him, and naturally they fell into conversation.

Mme. des Grassins gradually lowered her voice to tones suited to the nature of her confidences. Both she and Charles Grandet felt a need of mutual confidence, of explanations and an understanding, so after a few minutes spent in coquetish chatter and jests that covered a serious purpose, the wily provincial dame felt free to converse without fear of being overheard, under cover of a conversation on the sale of the vintage, the one all-absorbing topic at that moment in Saumur.

"If you will honor us with a visit," she said, "you will certainly do us a pleasure, my husband and I shall be very glad to see you. Our salon is the only one in Saumur, where you will meet both the wealthy merchant society and the noblesse. We ourselves belong in a manner to both. My husband, I am proud to say, is very highly thought of in both circles. So we will do our best to be the sedium of your stay. If you are going to remain with the Grandets, what will become of you? Your uncle is a miser, his mind runs on nothing but his vine cuttings; your aunt is a saint who cannot put two ideas together; and your cousin is a silly little thing, a common sort of girl, who spends her life in mending dishcloths."

"It seems to me that you mean to monopolize the gentleman," said the big banker, laughing, to his wife, an unlucky observation, followed by remarks more or less spiteful from the notary and the president; but the Abbe gave them a shrewd glance, while he gave expression to their thoughts, "Where could the gentleman have found any one better qualified to do the honors of Saumur?" he said.

Adolphe des Grassins spoke at last, with what was meant to be an offhand manner. "I do not know," he said, addressing Charles, "whether you have any recollection of me; I once had the pleasure of dancing in the same quadrille at a ball given by M. le Baron de Nuvigen."

"I remember it perfectly," answered Charles, surprised to find himself the object of general attention. "Is this gentleman your son?" he asked of Mme. des Grassins.

"Yes, I am his mother," she answered. "You must have been very young when you came to Paris?" Charles went on, speaking to Adolphe.

"We cannot help ourselves, sir," said the Abbe. "Our babies are scarcely weaned before we send them to Babylon. You must go into the country if you want to find women not much on the other side of thirty, with a grown-up son a licentiate of law, who look as fresh and youthful as Mme. des Grassins. It only seems like the other day when the young men and the ladies stood on chairs to see you dance, madame," the Abbe added, turning toward his fair antagonist; "your triumphs are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened yesterday."

"It looks as though I should have a great success in Saumur," thought Charles. He unbentoned his overcoat and stood with his hand in his waistcoat pocket, gazing into space, striking the attitude which Chantrey thought fit to give to Byron in his statue of that poet.

Meanwhile Grandet's preoccupation during the reading of his letter had escaped neither the notary nor the magistrate. Both of them tried to guess at the contents by watching the almost imperceptible changes in the worthy man's face. The vine grower was hard put to it to preserve his wonted composure. His expression must be left to the imagination, but here is the fatal letter:

"My Brother—It is nearly twenty-three years now since we saw each other. The last time we met it was to make arrangements for my marriage, and we parted in high spirits. Little did I then think, when you were congratulating yourself on our prosperity, that one day you would be the sole hope and stay of our family. By the time that this letter reaches your hands, I shall be no more. In my position, I could not survive the diagnosis of bankruptcy; I have held up my head above the surface till the last moment, hoping to weather the storm; it is all my own fault, I must thank now. There! there he is, just coming downstairs to see after the provisions—"

But Eugenie had escaped into the garden; the sound of her father's footsteps

on the creaking staircase terrified her. She was conscious of a happiness that shrank from the observation of others, a happiness which, as we are apt to think, and perhaps not without reason, shines from our eyes, and is written at large upon our foreheads.

For the first time in her life the sight of her father struck a sort of terror into her heart; she felt that he was the master of her fate, and that she was guiltily hiding some of her thoughts from him. She began to walk hurriedly up and down, wondering how it was that the air was so fresh; there was a reviving force in the sunlight, it was as if a new life had begun. While she was still thinking how to gain her end concerning the cake, a quarrel came to pass between Nanon and Grandet, a thing rare as a winter swallow. The good man had just taken his keys, and was about to dole out the provisions required for the day.

"Is there any bread left over from yesterday?" he asked Nanon.

"Not a crumb, sir."

Grandet took up a large loaf, round in form and close in consistence, shaped in one of the flat baskets which they use for making in Anjou, and was about to cut it, when Nanon broke in upon him with:

"There are five of us to-day, sir."

"True," answered Grandet; "but these loaves of yours weigh six pounds apiece; there will be some left over. Besides, these young fellows from Paris never touch bread, as you will soon see."

Having cut down the day's rations to the lowest possible point, the miser was about to go to his fruit left, first carefully looking up the cupboard of his storehouse, when Nanon stopped him.

"Just give me some flour and butter, sir," she said, "and I will make a cake for the children."

"Are you going to turn the house upside down because my nephew is here?"

"Your nephew was no more in my mind than your dog, no more than he was in yours. * * * There, now! you have only put out six lumps of sugar, and I want eight."

"Come, come, Nanon! I have never seen you like this before. What has come over you? Are you mistress here? You will have six lumps of sugar and no more."

In spite of the low price of sugar, it was, in Grandet's eyes, the most precious of all colonial produce. But every woman, no matter how simple she may be, can devise some shift to gain her ends; and Nanon allowed the question of the sugar to drop, in order to have her way about the cake.

"Mademoiselle," she called through the window, "wouldn't you like some cake?"

"No, no," answered Eugenie.

"Stay, Nanon," said Grandet as he heard his daughter's voice; "there!"

He opened the flour bin, measured out some flour and added a few ounces of butter to the piece which he had already cut.

"And firewood! I shall want firewood to heat the oven," said the inexorable Nanon.

"Ah! well, you can take what you want," he answered ruefully; "but you will make a fruit tart at the same time, and you must have the dinner in the oven, that will save lighting another fire."

Grandet got the fruit and set a plateful on the kitchen table. Then, having no further order to give, he drew out his watch, and finding that there was yet half an hour to spare before breakfast, took up his hat, gave his daughter a kiss and said, "Would you like to take a walk along the Loire? I have something to see after in the meadows down there."

Eugenie put on her straw hat lined with rose-colored silk; and then father and daughter went down the crooked street toward the market place.

"Where are you off to so early this morning?" said the notary Cruchot, as he met the Grandets.

"We are going to take a look at something," responded his friend, in nowise deceived by this early move on the notary's part.

Whenever Grandet was about to "take a look at something" the notary knew by experience that there was something to be gained by going with him. With him, therefore, he went.

(To be continued.)

VICTOR ANGE GUILLAUME

"GRANDET,"

"So you are having a chat?" said old Grandet, folding up the letter carefully in the original creases and putting it into his waistcoat pocket. He looked at his nephew in a shy and embarrassed way, seeking to dissemble his feelings and his calculations. "Do you feel warmer?"

"I am very comfortable, my dear uncle."

"Well, whatever are the women after?" his uncle went on. Eugenie and Mme. Grandet came into the room as he spoke. "Is everything ready upstairs?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well, then, nephew, if you are feeling tired Nanon will show you to your room. There is nothing very smart in it, but you will overlook that here among poor vine growers, who never have a penny to bless themselves with. The taxes swallow up everything we have."

"We don't want to be intrusive, Grandet," said the banker. "You and your nephew may have some things to talk over; we will wish you good evening. Good-by till to-morrow."

Every one rose at this and took leave after their several fashions.

CHAPTER V.

Early rising is the rule in the country, so, like most other girls, Eugenie was up betimes in the morning; this morning she rose earlier than usual, her toilette was beforehand to possess an interest unknown before. She began by brushing her chestnut hair, and wound the heavy plaits about her head, careful that no loose ends should escape from the braided coronet which made an appropriate setting for a face both frank and shy.

As she washed her hands again and again in the cold spring water that roughened and reddened the skin, she looked down at her pretty rounded arms and wondered what her cousin did to have hands so soft and so white, and nails so shapely. She put on a pair of new stockings, and her best shoes, and laced herself carefully, without passing over a single eyelet hole. For the first time in her life, in fact, she wished to look her best, and felt that it was pleasant to have a pretty new dress to wear, a becoming dress, which was nicely made. She opened her door, went out to the landing, and beat over the staircase to hear the sounds in the house.

"He is not getting up yet," she thought. She heard Nanon's morning cough as the good woman went to and fro, swept out the dining room, lit the kitchen fire, chained up the dog, and talked to her friends the brutes in the stable. Eugenie fled down the staircase, and ran over to Nanon, who was milking the cow.

"Nanon," she cried, "do let us have some cream for my cousin's coffee, there's dear."

"But, mademoiselle, you can't have cream of this morning's milk," said Nanon, as she burst out laughing. "I can't make cream for you. Your cousin is as charming as charming can be, that he is. You haven't seen him in that silk night rail of his, all flowers and gold? I did, though! The linen he wears is every bit as fine as M. le Cure's surplice."

"Nanon, make some cake for us."

"And who is to find the wood to heat the oven and the four and the butter?" asked Nanon, who in her capacity of Grandet's prime minister was a person of immense importance in Eugenie's eyes, and even in Eugenie's mother's. "Is he to be robbed to make a feast for your cousin? Ask for the butter and the four and the firewood; he is your father, go and ask him, he may give them to you. There! there he is, just coming downstairs to see after the provisions—"

But Eugenie had escaped into the garden; the sound of her father's footsteps

on the creaking staircase terrified her. She was conscious of a happiness that shrank from the observation of others, a happiness which, as we are apt to think, and perhaps not without reason, shines from our eyes, and is written at large upon our foreheads.

For the first time in her life the sight of her father struck a sort of terror into her heart; she felt that he was the master of her fate, and that she was guiltily hiding some of her thoughts from him. She began to walk hurriedly up and down, wondering how it was that the air was so fresh; there was a reviving force in the sunlight, it was as if a new life had begun. While she was still thinking how to gain her end concerning the cake, a quarrel came to pass between Nanon and Grandet, a thing rare as a winter swallow. The good man had just taken his keys, and was about to dole out the provisions required for the day.

"Is there any bread left over from yesterday?" he asked Nanon.

"Not a crumb, sir."

Grandet took up a large loaf, round in form and close in consistence, shaped in one of the flat baskets which they use for making in Anjou, and was about to cut it, when Nanon broke in upon him with:

"There are five of us to-day, sir."

"True," answered Grandet; "but these loaves of yours weigh six pounds apiece; there will be some left over. Besides, these young fellows from Paris never touch bread, as you will soon see."

Having cut down the day's rations to the lowest possible point, the miser was about to go to his fruit left, first carefully looking up the cupboard of his storehouse, when Nanon stopped him.

"Just give me some flour and butter, sir," she said, "and I will make a cake for the children."

"Are you going to turn the house upside down because my nephew is here?"

"Your nephew was no more in my mind than your dog, no more than he was in yours. * * * There, now! you have only put out six lumps of sugar, and I want eight."

"Come, come, Nanon! I have never seen you like this before. What has come over you? Are you mistress here? You will have six lumps of sugar and no more."

In spite of the low price of sugar, it was, in Grandet's eyes, the most precious of all colonial produce. But every woman, no matter how simple she may be, can devise some shift to gain her ends; and Nanon allowed the question of the sugar to drop, in order to have her way about the cake.

"Mademoiselle," she called through the window, "wouldn't you like some cake?"

"No, no," answered Eugenie.

"Stay, Nanon," said Grandet as he heard his daughter's voice; "there!"

He opened the flour bin, measured out some flour and added a few ounces of butter to the piece which he had already cut.

"And firewood! I shall want firewood to heat the oven," said the inexorable Nanon.

"Ah! well, you can take what you want," he answered ruefully; "but you will make a fruit tart at the same time, and you must have the dinner in the oven, that will save lighting another fire."

Grandet got the fruit and set a plateful on the kitchen table. Then, having no further order to give, he drew out his watch, and finding that there was yet half an hour to spare before breakfast, took up his hat, gave his daughter a kiss and said, "Would you like to take a walk along the Loire? I have something to see after in the meadows down there."

Eugenie put on her straw hat lined with rose-colored silk; and then father and daughter went down the crooked street toward the market place.

"Where are you off to so early this morning?" said the notary Cruchot, as he met the Grandets.

"We are going to take a look at something," responded his friend, in nowise deceived by this early move on the notary's part.

Whenever Grandet was about to "take a look at something" the notary knew by experience that there was something to be gained by going with him. With him, therefore, he went.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER PAWNEE HER SON

Method Employed by a Woman of Mexico to Raise Funds.

That human beings can be pawnee the same as a pair of shoes has been demonstrated by a woman named Elena Davalos, who, whenever she was short of funds—and this happened very frequently—pawnee her 8-year-old son, Francisco, for sums ranging between \$5 and \$8.

For a time she used to pawnee her offspring with some neighbors, who used the little boy as a servant until he was redeemed. They paid nothing for his services, but exacted a high interest for their money invested in the operation. More recently she found a Spanish pawnbroker who lent her money on her son and also used him as a clerk in his shop.

A few days ago the woman redeemed her son from the pawnbroker, but subsequently found herself without money again, and pawnee the boy with a woman named Dolores Garcia, who loaned the mother \$10. With this Elena went to visit a number of pulque shops and taverns, and when she had spent one-half of the money she called upon Dolores and urged that her son be given back to her. A quarrel ensued, a gendarme intervened, and the whole affair was disclosed at the police station.

Now the two women are in Belem and the boy has been sent to an orphan asylum. As this offense is not foreseen in any code, it is not known what penalty will be applied to the method of the boy and to the woman who loaned money on him.—*Mexican Herald.*

Mean Man.

Ernie—Poor Miss Oide. She is nearly heartbroken.

Ida—Why so?

Ernie—George asked her to come in the dark parlor while he told her the sweetest story ever told.

Ernie—And he told her a story of love.

Ernie—No, he told her a story about honey.

THE DAY OF DAYS THROUGHOUT THE LAND.



THE DAY AFTER.

1. For a crackles Fourth of July.
For a moment of shootiveness.
When millions of boys
Would shut off the noise
And silence would follow to bless
A nation which in other ways
Is not at all dejected;
In fact, is doing quite as well
As could have been expected.

2. For some soundless powder to burn,
And for useless boys to cheer;
To show to the world
That our flag is unfurled
And our country still is here,
And just as good as it ever was,
Although its expression may not be
So bawling and booidal and shot!

3. For a bangboom-fairness
That would bring a glad release
To muscle and lung
And nerves unstrung,
And cover the day with peace;
When everybody in the land
Might pause in contemplation
Of that which, on the quiet, is
The world's supremest nation!

4. For a nonexplosive Fourth,
Just one for a change of diet,
When millions of boys,
Instead of noise,
Would raise a tremendous quiet.

5. Fourth like that would show the world,
Beyond all dubitation,
The really truly greatness of
This country as a nation.

Afterword.

But you can't make the spirit of the glorious Fourth
Celebrate the nation's day
In a style like that, to save your life,
Because it ain't built that way.
—New York Sun.

"Liberty" Bell.

By A. M. HOPKINS.

It was the morning of Independence Day many years ago—so many, indeed, that an old man can just remember what happened when he was a boy.

This is the story of a celebration that happened in a little Ohio village that was small then, and is still just a speck on the map.

On the edge of the town there was an old house hidden behind great trees, as if trying to avoid the public eye. It was, and is, the oldest house in town, and in it lived George Bell, or "Liberty" Bell, as some of the villagers called him, alone with his dog and Memory.

He was very old. Everything about the place betokened age. There was moss on the roof of his home, and the burden of years fairly made his bones creak. He bothered no one, and he had a cheerful "good morning" for everybody. He was a good citizen, but "queer," according to those who didn't understand him.

This Independence Day he came out of his house with an old musket on his shoulder.

The sun shone on his scanty white locks and face seamed with age. His hands trembled as he fumbled with his powder horn, loaded, reloaded the weapon on the fence and pulled the trigger. There was a mighty report. The robins took wing, and a flock of blackbirds swept out of the great poplar tree by the gate and gave voice to their surprise at the tumult near their home.

Thirteen times that old gun boomed, and then a quavering voice sounded, "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" and a boy who was peering with saucer eyes through the fence—puzzled, charmed, half frightened—asked, "Why do you do that, Mr. Bell, if you please?"

"Come in, Billy, lad," said the old man. "Come in and help an old fellow celebrate. I won't hurt you. Just lay your little bunch of fireworks on the chopping block, and I'll tell you a true story about times way back before your daddy was born."

Children read hearts quickly, and a boom later the beginning and the end of a century were together—yellow locks against white mane, a boy on an old man's knee; the one earnest, the other eager.

"Why do I do it, my boy? Why do I celebrate? You want to know all about it."

"It is because I love my country, and I want everybody for miles around to remember that this is the day dedicated to liberty."

"Years ago there was a young man who had more money than was good for him, Billy. He was plum worth-

less. He didn't care for a soul on earth except himself. He was selfish. He wore good clothes and strutted about like a turkey gobbler. He was puffed up. He put in all his time having fun.

"There was a war on in his country. The people were fighting a bad King who wanted to take away their liberty, and there were some terrible battles. Men went without food. They walked without shoes till their feet bled. They froze because they did not have clothes enough to keep them warm. But they wouldn't give up. They said that all men should be free and equal, Billy; that God meant that it should be so, and they were willing to die rather than go back to the old way of doing the things a selfish King wanted done.

"The idle young man didn't go to the war. He thought men were fools for fighting. He said he had all the liberty he wanted. Perhaps, Billy, if he had had a mother he wouldn't have been such a fool.

"His brothers, three of them, lad, went to the war, and two were killed. Jacob was shot down in sight of General Washington, God bless him, and Robert came home with both legs gone.

"What do you suppose he told the 'stay-at-home,' who cared most for the ruffles in his shirt and the coins that tingled in his pockets? The crippled brother said he wished he could fight for his country on his stumps of legs, because he loved it.

"And then, one day, they carried the father into the old home. It would have made you cry, boy, to have seen him. He was ragged, scrawny, and in his breast there was a great wound that made those who saw it shudder, and just before he died he called his worthless son to him and whispered, 'Don't be a coward! No man can ever pay the debt he owes to his country. It should be more to him than father or mother. Holst your colors, my boy! Don't shed a tear for me. Take my old musket and fight for the cause.'

"Billy, that young man promised. He got down on his knees and buried his face in the bedclothes, and as he cried the life went out of a brave, gentleman, and there was a smile on a dead face, and a cold hand rested on the head of one who had been a coward and was trying to be a man.

"He fought, Billy, and he learned to love the flag. He got a bullet in the hip at Monmouth and a bayonet wound at Guilford Courthouse. He found out what hunger meant. He spent his little fortune to help better men, and in his heart grew a great love for his flag, and he wondered how any man could ever forget his duty.

"One day it was all over.

"The enemy marched away, and the sun shone on a broken but happy people, and the young man praised God because he had found himself and been allowed to live to know the glory of freedom.

"Every year after that he celebrated Independence Day. He took that old musket given to him by his father and fired a salute to the 13 original States and cheered the President of the United States.

"And when this man moved away to a far place, and kept on celebrating, the people called him 'Liberty' Bell.

"The boy, that is you, Mr. Bell," said the boy.

"Yes, Billy, that is me. Now get your firecrackers off the horse block; I'll load the old musket, and we'll fire an extra salute to let the world know that the cause is as great to-day as it was in the beginning."

And they did. And they cheered the President of the United States and the flag, in the cracked voice of an old man and the piping treble of the yellow-haired boy.

"And it was all on Independence Day. —Cincinnati Post.

mountains or some other place. Instead, a holiday brings more work. The hired man must be excused from one or two milkings, or there is a declaration of war. To the wife comes the question of caring for the poultry for chickens must eat and drink July 4 the same as other days.

There are too many who feel that they cannot get away. These include the men who become so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth that they often forget the object of their pursuit and become mere machines, grinding away at the duties of life, so absorbed in the work of the day that they forget the blessings and privileges we claim as peculiar to our nation. Not alone upon the farm is this to be seen, but instead of making our nation's birthday a time of glorious memories, noble thoughts and joyous demonstration, our city brother hires a speaker to think and speak the words of patriotism and he spends the day in dealing out his wares to his fellows at exorbitant prices.

In the morning the average business man is too busy to think of patriotism and at night he is too tired. He looks upon this day as the opportunity to get back two, three or four times the amount donated to the celebration committee. The clink of dimes and the thump of silver dollars wear out what little patriotism he had at the rising sun and by ten o'clock he is so absorbed in the business of the hour that it is hard for him to live that one day and not adulterate his lemonade or cheat in making change as it is for the camel to pass through the needle's eye. Sometimes we also find farmers so engrossed by the prosperous crops and the desire for gold that they forget the importance of the day and only remember it at all by the request of the boys or hired man for a day off.

How much more pleasing is it to have a plente in some shady grove, spread a long table and all dine together? Most any community can find material for a good program, being sure to mix in plenty of music, the material for which can be found in the neighborhood and we can celebrate the Fourth with as much enjoyment as if we had imported speakers and music. Of course we will want the Declaration of Independence read by the best reader in the locality. The minister can be orator of the day. Go in together and buy fireworks and crackers, for they will be essential to the small boys and we can have a first class celebration in the country. It is taken for granted that Old Glory will be in evidence, while bunting can decorate the stand, horses and bugles.—*American Cultivator.*

Morning of the Fourth.

Uncle Rastus comes to town early to be on hand for the celebration.

The celebration begins.

The family of a dead Japanese soldier gets as a pension about one-third of a pay of his rank. This would give the widow of a private \$1.25 a month; of a 1st lieutenant, \$4.25; of a captain, \$8.25, and to the widow of a colonel, \$20 a month.

The earth's population doubles every two hundred and sixty years.