By HONRE DE BALZAC

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.) Eugenie said nothing, and raised her

thought had been harshly checked as it had arisen. Outwardly this evening passed just as thousands of others had passed in their monotonous lives, but for toll and sweat, and all for his amuse the two women it was the most prinful that they had ever spent. Eugenie sew room at the head of the worm eaten ed without raising her head; she took staircase in the old house at Saumur; it nonotice of the work box which Charles tickled his sense of humor. had looked at so scornfulyl yesterday evening. Mme. Grandet knitted away at

gray-painted rafters.

blanched diamonds. There is no call for them to go," an-

golden sea.

all, and see if he wants anything." outside her room door to hear what her of them; they should come to him. That worthy husband might say to Charles. very evening the comedy should begin. Eugenie, bolder than her mother, went a step or two up the second flight.

Well, nephew, you are feeling un as an object of admiration all over the happy? Yes, cry, it is only natural, a father is a father. But we must bear our troubles patiently. Whilst you have en crying I have been thinking for you; am a kind uncle, you see. Come, don't lose heart. But you are all in the dark," Grandet went on. "That's bad-that's bad. One ought to see what one is coing. What, a wax candle! Where have they fished that from? I believe the wenches would pull up the floor of my house to cook eggs for that boy."

Mother and daughter, hearing these words, fied to their rooms and crept into their beds like frightened mice.

vine grower, walking into his wife's another, rooms.
"I am saying my prayers, dear," fal-

tered the poor mother.
"Very well. Good night. To-morrow

morning I shall have something to say to

CHAPTER IX.

Mme. Grandet betook herself to sleep like a schoolboy who has not learned his essons and sees before him the angry face of the master when he wakes. Sheer ferror led her to wrap the sheets about er head, but just at that moment she elt a kiss on her forehead. It was Euenie, who had slipped into the room in he darkness and stood there barefooted a her nightdress.

'Oh, mother-my kind mother!" she "I shall tell him to morrow morning that it was all my doing."

'No, don't. If you do, he will send you away to Noyers. Let me manage it. will not eat me, after all." "Oh, mamma,

crying still." "Go back to bed dear. The floor is damp; it will strike cold to your feet.

So ended the solemn day, which had rought for the poor wealthy heiress a lifelong burden of sorrow. Never again would Eugenie Grandet sleep as soundly or as lightly as beretofore.

The trouble and excitement of the day disturbed her rest; she woke again and again to listen for any sound from her cousin's room thinking that she still seard the moans that all day long had vibrated through her heart. Sometimes she seemed to see him lying up there, dy ing of grief; sometimes she dreamed that was being starved to death. Toward rning she distinctly heard a terrible cry. She dressed herself at once, and in the dim light of the dawn fled noiselessly up the stairs to her cousin's room. The or stood open, the wax candle had burned itself down to the socket. Nature had asserted herself; Charles, still dressed, was sleeping in the armenair, with his head fallen forward on the bed; he sleeping in the armchair, with had been dreaming as famished people dream. Eugenie admired the fair young It was flushed and tear-stained; the eyelids were swollen with weeping; he seemed to be still crying in his sleep. and Eugenie's own tears fell fast. Some dim feeling that his consin was present awakened Charles; he opened his eyes and saw her distress.

"Pardon me, cousin," he said, dream-Evidently he had lost all reckoning of time, and did not know where he

on, cousin, and we thought that you aight perhaps want something. You hould go to bed; you will tire yourself out if you sleep like that."
"Yes," he said, "that is true."

"Good-by," she said, and fied, half in onfusion, half glad that she had come. An hour later she went to her mother's

to help her to dress, as she always Then the two women went downthe anxiety which freezes or burns. The cooper came downstairs, spoke in an absent-minded way to his wife, kissed ed to have forgotten last night's

What has become of my nephew? The hild is not much in the way."
"He is asleep, sir," said Nanon. h the better; he won't want a

ex candle for that," said Grandet, fa-His extraordinary mildness and satirnor pussled Mme. Grandet; she

arnestly at her husband. He

---1 miration of Saumur.

During the night this excellent man's eyes to heaven. Her generous instincts, ideas had taken an entirely new turn; so long repressed and dormant, had been bence his unusual mildness. He had awakened, and every kindly been weaving a web to entangle them in Paris; he would envelop them in his toils, they should be as clay in his hands; they should hope and tremble, come and go,

ment, all for the old cooper in the dingy

He had been thinking about his

nephew. He wanted to save his dead Grandet sat twirling his brother's name from dishonor in a way thumbs, absorbed in schemes which that should not cost a penny either to should one day bring about results that his nephew or to himself. He was about would startle Saumur. Nanon was spin- to invest his money for three years, his ning; the whirr of her wheel was the mind was quite at leisure from his own only sound in the great room beneath the affairs; he really needed some outlet for his malicious energy, and here was an Our tongues don't go very fast," she opportunity supplied by his brother's said, showing her large teeth, white as failure. The claws were idle, he had nothing to squeeze between them, so he would pound the Parisians for Charles' swered Grandet, roused from his calcu- benefit, and exhibit himself in the light of an excellent brother at a very cheap He beheld a vision of the future he rate. As a matter of fact, the honor of aw eight millions in three years' time the family name counted for very little -he had set forth on a long voyage upon with him in this matter; he looked at it from the purely impersonal point of view Let us go to bed. I will go up and of the gambler, who likes to see a game rish my nephew a good night from you well played although it is no affair of his. The Cruchots were necessary to Mme. Grandet stayed on the landing him, but he did not mean to go in search

> town, and his generosity should not cost him a farthing! He returned in time for the midday meal, which he took standing. Then the keeper, who had not yet received his promised reward, appeared from Froidfond, bringing with him a hare, some

the main outlines were decided upon al-

partridges shot in the park, a few cels, and a couple of pike sent by him from the miller's. "Aha! so here is old Cornoiller; you come just when you are wanted, like salt fish in Lent. Come, Nanon, look alive

Just take this, it will do for dinner today; the two Cruchots are coming." "Mme. Grandet, you have a lot of Nanon opened her eyes with amazemoney somewhere, it seems," said the ment, and stared first at one and then at

"Oh! indeed," she said: "and where are the herbs and the bacon to come

from?" "Wife," said Grandet, "let Nanon have six france."

"Well, then, M. Grandet," the game keeper began (he wished to see the question of his salary properly settled, and was duly primed with a speech) Grandet-

"Tut, tut, tut," said Grandet, "I know what you are going to say; you are a good fellow, we will see about that tomorrow, I am very busy to-day. Give him five francs, wife," he added, and with that he beat a retreat. The poor woman was only too happy to purchase peace at the price of eleven francs. She knew by experience that Grandet usually kept quiet for a fortright after he had made her disburse coin by coin the money which he had given her.

"There, Cornoiller," she said, as she slipped ten francs into his hand: "w will repay you for your services one of

"Madame," said Nanon, who by this time had a basket on her arm, francs will be quite enough; keep the rest. I shall manage just as well with three.

"Let us have a good dinner, Nanon, my cousin is coming downstairs," said Engenie.

"There is something very extraordinary going on, I am sure," said Mme. Grandet. "This makes the third time since we were married that your father has asked any one here to dinner." It was nearly 4 o'clock in the after-

noon; Engenie and her mother had laid the cloth and set the table for six persons. Charles came into the dining room looking white and sad; there was a pathetic charm about his gestures, his face, his looks, the tones of his voice; his sor row had given him the interesting look that women like so well, and Eugenie only loved him the more because his features were worn with pain. Perhaps too, his trouble had brought them near er in other ways. Charles was no longer the rich and handsome young man who lived in a sphere far beyond her ken; he was in deep and terrible distress, and sorrow is a great leveler.

Charles and Eugenie understood each other without a word being spoken on either side. The poor dandy of yesterday, fallen from his high estate, to-day was an orphau, who sat in a corner of the room, quiet, composed and proud, but from time to time be met his cousin's eyes, her kind and affectionate giance rested on him, and compelled him to shake off his dark and somber broodings, and to look forward with her to a future full of hope, in which she loved to think that she might share.

The news of Grandet's dinner party caused even greater excitement in Sanmur than the sale of his vintage, al though this latter proceeding had been a crime of the blackest dye, an act of high treason against the vine growers interest.

It was not long before the des Gras sins heard of Guillaume Grandet's violent end and impending bankruptcy. They determined to pay a visit to their client that evening, to condole with him in his affliction, and to show a friendly inter est; while they endeavored to discover the motives which could have led Gran det to invite the Cruchots to dinner at such a time.

Precisely at 5 o'clock President C. de Bonfons and his uncle the notary arriv ed, dressed up to the nines this time. The guests seated themselves at table remarkably good appetites. Grandet was solemn, Charles was silent, Eugenie was dumb, and Mme. Grandet said no more than usual; if it had been a funeral re-past, it could not wall have been leas lively. When they rose from the table. Charles addressed his aunt and uncle: "Will you permit me to withdraw? I have some long and difficult letters to

When Charles had left the room, and his amiable relative could fairly assume that he was out of earshot, Grandet gave his wife a sinister glance.

Mme. Grandet, what we are going to say will be Greek to you; it is half past o'clock (you ought to be off to bed by this time. Good night, my daughter." He kissed Eugenie, and mother and daughter left the room.

CHAPTER X.

Now, if ever in his life, Grandet displayed all the shrewdness which he had acquired in the course of his long experience of men and business, and all the cunning which had gained him the nickname of "old fox" among those who had felt his teeth a little too sharply.

"M-m-monsieur le P-p-president, you were s-s-saying that b-b-bankruptey---" Here the trick of stammering which it had pleased the vine grower to assume so long ago that every one believed it to be natural to him, grew so unbearably tedious for the Cruchot pair, that as they strove to catch the syllables they made unconscious grimaces, moving their lips as if they would fain finish the words in which the cooper entangled both himself and them at his pleasure.

The present business required more deafness, more stammering, more of the mazy circumlocutions in which Grandet was wont to involve himself, than any previous transaction in his life; for, in the first place, he wished to throw the responsibility of his ideas on some one some one else was to suggest his own schemes to him, while he was to keep himself to himself, and leave every

in the dark as to his real intentions. "Mon-sieur de B-B-Bonfons, you were s-s-saying that in certain cases, p-p-p-proceedings in b-b-bankruptcy might be

s-s-stopped b-b-b-by-"At the instance of a Tribunal of Commerce. That is done every day of the year," said M. C. de Bonfons, guessing, as he thought, at old Grandet's idea, and running away with it. "Listen!" he said. and in the most amiable way be prepared ready, to-morrow he would be held up explain himself.

"I am listening," replied the older man meekly, and his face assumed a demure expression. He looked like some small boy who is laughing in his sleeve at his schoolmaster while appearing to pay the most respectful attention.

"When anybody who is in a large way of business and is much looked up to, like your late brother in Paris, for instance, is likely to find himself insol-

"Ins s solvent, do they call it?"

"Yes. When his failure is imminent, the Tribunal of Commerce, to which he is amenable has power by a judgment to appoint liquidators to wind up the business. Liquidation is not bankruptcy, do you understand? It is a disgraceful thing to be a bankrupt, but a liquidation reflects no discredit on a man.

"It is quite a d-d-different thing, if only it d-d-does not cost any more," said Grandet.

"Yes. But a liquidation can be privately arranged without having recourse to the Tribunal of Commerce," said the president. "How is a man declared bankrupt?"

"Yes-how?" inquired Grandet. have n-n-never thought about it."

"In the first place, he may himself file a petition and leave his schedule with the clerk of the court; the debtor himself draws it up or authorizes some one else to do so, and it is duly registered. Or, in the second place, his creditors may make him a bankrupt. But supposing the debtor does not file a petition, and none of his creditors make application to the court for a judgment declaring him bankrupt-now let us see what happens

Yes-let us a-s-see

"In that case, the family of the deceased, or his representatives, or his residuary legatee, or the man himself, if he is dead, or his friends for him, liquidate his affairs. Now, possibly, you may intend to do this in your brother's case?" inquired the president.

"Oh, Grandet!" exclaimed the notary. That would be acting very handsomely! We in the provinces have our notions of honor. If you saved your name from dishonor-for it is your name-you would

"Sublime!" cried the president, interrupting his nucle. (To be continued.)

FIRST PAPER EVER MADE

Early New England Journal Cuts Its Circulation to Conform to Supply. Zenos Crane was the first papermaker in the United States, and it is

recorded in the archives of Massachusetts that he spent his first night in Berkshire at a little wayside inn, within a stone's throw of where the handsome residences and thriving mills of his descendants now stand and almost on the identical spot where his grandson, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, superintends the vast machinery of the famous mill where all the paper for the United States money is manufactured. But the ploneer, weary from the long journey on horseback and without any capital save brains and an independent spirit, could scarcely have prophesied the proportions to which he seed he was about to plant would grow. In fact, it was not until two years later that the money was raised and partners secured with which to start a little one-vat mill.

At the time the establishment of a nanufactory in any part of America was considered a bold and dangerous experiment and halled by press and copie as a patriotic act. Skilled worknen were rare and it was more difficult to reach a market a few miles distant than it now is to encircle the globe. There were only a few paper milis and these were obliged to shut down frequently for lack of operators or of raw material. There was no systematic method of collecting rags and much of the product of the mills was carted about the country and exchanged for rags and a little money. While the colonies were under English rule it was the policy to repress colonial manufactures. The few that grew up were forced to their full capacity during the revolutionary war and threatened with extinction when the peace of 1783 permitted the importa-

ion of foreign goods. About six months after the ceremony bride begins to wonder if her husband is really the man she married.



Higher Education Silas-So you sent your two daughrs to different colleges?

Cyrus-Yeas. I sent Mabel to a colge that had a cooking school attached an' I sent Molly to one that was famous for its gymnasium. When Mabel comes home on vacation she can go in the kitchen an' Molly can turn the grindstone an' beat the carpets.



reformer, "why in the world do you biography?" wear such a preposterous revolver as

sich a purposterous plug hat, cuily, raphy to pay for 11?" It's handy to take up collections with." Chlengo Tribune.

Fatal Oversight. "Young Watkins and his bride have already quarreled," remarked the society reporter, "although they have only been married two weeks."

"What's the trouble?" asked the sperting editor.

"It seems." explained the pencil shover, "that the wedding presents were at the bottom of it. He wanted to take two or three of them to his office and she objected."

"Serves 'em right," growled the sporting editor. "They should have signed an agreement as to the division of the gate receipts before the match was pulled off."

Sure Cure. Philanthropist-What are you cry

ing about, my little man? Little Man-A big fellow came along and knocked me off the sidewalk into the gutter.

Fhilanthropist-I can't heal your bruises, but I can knock some other distructions and proceeds with he boy into the gutter.

Little Man-Thank you, sir; I to relieve me of my pain. Boston ring lying upon the sink. The son Transcript.

Just for Himself.

"Did you understand Bragg to say "My good man." said the traveling Caton & Co. were printing his auto-"Yes.

"For goodness' sake! Who could be "Fer the same reason as you wear sufficiently interested in his autobiog

"Bragg, apparently."-Phildelphia

A WIDE-AWAKE SERMON.



Rev. Samson Poundet-Well, Sistah Napper, 1 think mah sermon last Sabbath opened the eyes of de congregation a little bit. Sister Nappor-Yassir! Fo' de Lord, yo' pounded dat desk hard 'neff to

He Wasn't Dangerous. "Yes," said the pretty girl, "ma is

awfully particular about the young men who call on me." "But she doesn't object to me, hope?" remarked the youth who was holding a chair down in the parior.

wake de seben sleepers!

"Oh, no," answered the fair one. 'Ma says you are one of those harmless creatures that it isn't necessary to muzzle"



"Do you notice the rosy cheeks daughter Susie has lately? I wonder what causes it."

"I suppose you have failed to notice but her best fellow is raising a

Court Jesting.

"Your majesty," said the prime minister, leading the culprit forward, "this is the page who has been so loose in his habits-

"Aha!" exclaimed the king, "he must be brought to book." "Tehee!" giggled the page; "a royal jest, I'll be bound."-Catholic Standard and Times.

The Objectionable Part. "He's forever building air castles." "I wouldn't mind his building them if he weren't forever talking about true. "I see; you object to his hot-air

castles."-Philadelphia Ledger. As Others See Us. Palette-Brushleigh is painting an ingel and his wife is posing as his

De Auber-That's just like Brushleigh. He always was a hypocrite.

Barnes-Yes, Charley's a good sort of fellow, but he is so eccentric, you Howes-I never thought him to be

so; in what way, please? Barnes-Oh, in lots of ways; for in stance, he always has ten for breakfast and always cats breakfast food at tea.-Boston Transcript.

Modern Improvements. Day-I find there is a \$2,500 mort gage on the property you sold me You never said anything about it.

Gay-Certainly I did. Didn't I distinctly tell you it had all modern inprovements?-New Yorker. Diplomacy.

Bangs Henderson tells me you invariably give in to your wife in argument with her. Bings-That's all right; that's diplomacy, you know. It is the only way I manage to have the last word.-Boston Transcript.

What Would Happen. Jones-Wonder what would happen if politicians always told the truth. Brown-There wouldn't be any politicians. - Boston Transcript.

Popular Belief. Teacher-Willie, what is the meaning of Easter Sunday. Willie-It's the birthday of spring hats. - Detroit Free Press.

"Naw," said the incorrigible youth, "I sin't goin' ter take no more writin lessons. I don't need writin' in me

Prescription Specialist.

"What business do you expect to engage in?" asked the teacher. "I'm goin' tee be a doctor." the future prescription specialist.

Cause and Effect.

Hungry Hawkins-I got de worstest

beadache wot is. Weary Walker-Mebbe yous slept too long. Hungry Hawkins-Dat's wot dreamed dat I wuz workin' an' I wuz eriraid ter wake up fer fear it wur

Why She Was in It. Phyllis Charlie Short told me the other day that he preferred blonde

Isabel-You must be mistaken. He proposed to me last week and I am a decided brunette. Phyllis-True, dear, but then you

have a fair income

WOMEN IN SLEEPING CARS.

acy Do Not Take to These Conventences of Travel with Good Grace. When a woman passes her first ght in a sleeping car she experiences timidity that is most disagreeable," marked a member of the gentler sex ho travels considerably. "Her first upuise is to remain up the entire ight, but as latoness approaches she

ecomes so fatigued and her eyes grow heavy that she decides to retire, he goes to her berth and, after drawng the curtains carefully, starts to renove her clothing. Fearing that some of the other passengers may be able o penetrate with their inquisitive eyes soth the dim illumination of the car and also the curtains, she becomes ervous with alarm.

"Thoughts of train robbers likewise lit through her mind, and she hesiates again and again about turning n. Nature at last conquers and she removes a few more of her wraps. out still refrains from undressing and simbs beneath the blanket. Then omes the terrifying thought that someone might by mistake enter her shelf, and really her mind is thrown pto a state bordering upon hysterics. At last she quiets down and gradually falls into a troubled doze. Glad the night is over, she is awake at the first streak of dawn and hurriedly replaces a few garments she mustered up nough courage to remove.

Then she seeks the tollet departent and awaits her turn at the washowl. After fooling some time with the oddly arranged fancet she asks for crimping She always finds she had lost her comb or brush and usually couldn't ask for anything more timely forgets and leave, her engagement s not the kind she is accustomed to. and between all these dreadful things nd the borrid lumbing of the train he is certainly relieved when destitustion is reached. After a few such experlences, however, she becomes acustomed to travel and rather likes it." Pittslang Dispatch.

GOPHERS MAKE BLACK LOAM.

Industrious Little Animal Keeps the

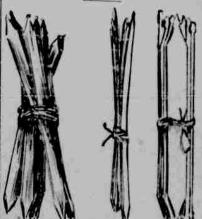
Soil Thoroughly Mixed. I have visited nearly every State and province west of the Mississippi, I have availed myself of the researches of the Agricultural Department made under Dr. C. Hart Merriam's careful biological survey of the West, indeed, tr all sources of information, and I am satisfied that the ordinary earthworms are not native to any part of America bouth of the Saskatchewan or west of the Mississippi valley, exclusive of the narrow hunded belt along the Pu-ific

There exists, nevertheless a fine Stratum of humas in all parts of the country where there is mordure enough to produce annual vegetation. The black earth in Manitoba is from me foot to two foot thick, an amount probably not exceeded over any large rea eisewhere in the world. This is not a solid bed of decayed vegetation, but is thoroughly mixed with the upper formation, and forms the black loam,

There is no doubt, then, that in the done by a number of species of hurrowing animals, but by far the most important of these are the Geomyldae, or pocket-gophers.

Gophers are found in the whole of the region west of the Mississippi valley, as far as the Pacific coast, south well into Mexico, and north as far as the Saskatchewan. In other words, their distribution is general over the whole region that is without earthworms, though it is not likely that the rodents had to do with this limitation. Ernest Thompson Seton in the Cen-

FIRST MATCHES.



The first sulphur matches, now upward of a century old, appear very awkward according to our modern ideas of convenience. They were known as "spunks" and varied in length from five to seven inches. These were generally packed in bundles of a tozen, tied together with bits of straw, The matches illustrated herewith were made in 1830, and are preserved in York Museum, England. They were even less satisfactory than they appear since the sulphur refused to strike

Franz Abt at Dinner.

Several letters written by Franz Abt, the famous composer, were recently discovered, and in one of them the following story was found; As he was strolling home one afternoon Abt met I friend, who said to him: "You seem very happy, dear fellow. Have you heard any good news?" "Oh, no; I've just taken dinner," was the reply. "You evidently enjoyed it. What did you have to eat?" continued the friend, "A turkey," replied Abt. "And how many were at table?" asked the other, There were only two of us," said Abt. Who was your companion?" inquired

the friend. "The turkey," replied Abt. The incubator relieves the old test of a lot of responsibility.