

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

## CHAPTER XII.

Silence reigned once more in the house. The rattle of the wheels in the streets of sleeping Saumur grew more and more distant. Then it was that a sound seemed to reach Eugenie's heart before it fell on her ears, a wailing sound that rang through the thin walls above—it came from her cousin's room. There was a thin line of light beneath his door; the rays slanted a gleaming bar along the balusters of the crazy staircase.

"He is unhappy," she said, as she went up a little farther.

A second moan brought her to the landing above. The door stood ajar; she thrust it open. Charles was sleeping in the rickety old armchair, his head drooped over to one side, his hand hung down and nearly touched the floor. His breath came in quick, sharp jerks that startled Eugenie. She entered hastily.

"He must be very tired," she said to herself, as she saw a dozen sealed letters lying on the table. She read the addresses—M. Farry, Broilman & Co., carriage builders; M. Buisson, tailor; and so forth.

"Of course, he has been settling his affairs, so that he may leave France as soon as possible," she thought.

Her eyes fell upon two unsealed letters. One of them began—"My dear Annette . . ." she felt dazed, and could see nothing more for a moment. Her heart beat fast, her feet seemed glued to the floor.

"His dear Annette! He loves, he is beloved! . . . Then there is no more hope! . . . What does he say to her?" These thoughts flashed through her heart and brain. She read the words everywhere, on the table, on the very floor, in letters of fire. "Must I give him up already? No, I will not read the letter. I ought not to stay. . . . And yet, even if I did read it?"

She looked at Charles, gently took his hand in her hands, and propped it against the back of the chair. He submitted like a child. Like a mother, Eugenie raised the drooping hand, and, like a mother, laid a soft kiss on his hair. "Dear Annette!" a mocking voice shrieked the words in her ear.

"I know that perhaps I may be doing wrong, but I will read the letter," she said.

Eugenie turned her eyes away; her high sense of honor reproached her. For the first time in her life there was a struggle between good and evil in her soul. Hitherto she had never done anything for which she needed to blush. Love and curiosity silenced her scruples. Her heart swelled higher with every phrase as she read; her quickened pulses seemed to send a sharp, tingling glow through her veins and to heighten the vivid emotions of her first love.

"My dear Annette—Nothing should have power to separate us save this overwhelming calamity that has befallen me, a calamity that no human foresight could have predicted. My father has died by his own hand; his fortune and mine are both irretrievably lost. I am left an orphan at an age when, with the kind of education I have received, I am almost a child, and, nevertheless, I must now endeavor to show myself a man, and to rise from the dark depths into which I have been hurled. If I am to leave France as an honest man, I have not a hundred francs that I can call my own with which to tempt fate in the Indies or in America. Yes, my poor Anna, I am going in quest of fortune to the most deadly foreign climes. So I shall not return to Paris. Your love—the tenderest, the most devoted love that ever ennobled the heart of man—would not seek to draw me back. Alas! my darling, I have not money enough to take me to you, that I might give and receive one last kiss, a kiss that should put strength into me for the task that lies before me. I have thought seriously over my position. I have grown much older in the last twenty-four hours. Dear Anna, even if, to keep me beside you, you were to give up all the luxuries that you enjoy, your box at the opera, and your toilet, we should not have nearly sufficient for the necessary expenses of the extravagant life that I am accustomed to, and besides, I could not think of allowing you to make such sacrifices for me. To-day, therefore, we part forever."

"Then this is to take leave of her! What happiness!"

Eugenie started and trembled for joy. Charles stirred in his chair, and Eugenie felt a chill of dread. Luckily, however, he did not wake. She went on reading.

Eugenie laid down the letter that seemed to her so full of love, and gave herself up to the pleasure of watching her sleeping cousin; the dreams and hopes of youth seemed to hover over his face, and then and there she vowed to herself that she would love him always. She glanced over the other letters; there could be no harm in reading it, she thought, she should only receive fresh proofs of the noble qualities with which, womanlike, she had invested the man whom she had idealized.

"My dear Annette," so it began, "by the time this letter is in your hands I shall have no friends left. I am commissioning you to settle some matters of business. I have nothing, and have made up my mind to go out to the Indies. I have just written to all the people to whom any money is owing, and the enclosed list is as accurate as I can make it from memory. I think the sale of my books, furniture, carriages, horses and so forth ought to bring in sufficient to pay my debts. I only mean to keep back a few trinkets of little value, which will go some way toward a trading venture. You might send my guns and anything of that sort to me here. And you must take 'Briton'; no one would ever give me anything like as much as the splendid animal is worth; I would rather give him to you, you must regard him as the mourning ring which a dying man leaves in his will to his executor. Farry, Broilman & Co. have been building a very comfortable travelling carriage for me, but they have not sent it home yet; get them to keep it if you can, and if they decline to have it left on their hands, make the best arrangement you can for me, and do all you can to save my honor in the position in which I am placed."

"Dear cousin," murmured Eugenie, looking the sheet full, and reading one of

the lighted candles, she hastened on tip-toe to her own room.

Once there, it was not without a keen feeling of pleasure that she opened one of the drawers in an old oak chest. From this drawer she took a large red velvet money bag, with gold tassels, and the remains of a golden fringe about it, a bit of faded splendor that had belonged to her grandmother. In the pride of her heart she felt its weight, and joyously set to work to reckon up the value of her little hoard, sorting out the different coins. Imprimis, twenty Portuguese moldores as new and fresh as when they were struck in 1725, in the reign of John V.; each was nominally worth a hundred and sixty-five francs. Item, five Genoese, rare Genoese coins of a hundred francs each, the current value was perhaps about eighty francs, but collectors would give a hundred for them. These had come to her from old M. de la Bertelliere. Item, three Spanish quadruples of the time of Philip V., bearing the date of 1729. Mme. Bentillet had given them to her, one by one, always with the same little speech: "There's a little yellow bird, there's a buttercup for you, worth ninety-eight francs! Take great care of it, darling; it will be the flower of your flock." Item, a hundred Dutch ducats, struck at the Hague in 1750, and each worth about thirteen francs. Item, a few coins dear to a miser's heart, three rupees bearing the sign of the Balance, and five with the sign of the Virgin stamped upon them, all pure gold of twenty-four carats—the magnificent coins of the Great Mogul. The weight of metal in them alone was worth thirty-seven francs forty centimes, but amateurs who love to finger gold would give fifty francs for such coins as these. Item, the double napoleon that had been given to her the day before, and which she had carelessly slipped into the red velvet bag.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Eugenie clasped her hands in exultation at the sight of her riches, like a child who is compelled to find some outlet for overflowing gladness. Father and daughter had both counted their wealth that night; he in order to sell his gold, she that she might cast it abroad on the waters of love. She put the money back in the old purse, took it up, and went upstairs with it without a moment's hesitation. Her cousin's distress was the one thought in her mind; she did not even remember that it was night, conventionalities were utterly forgotten; her conscience did not reproach her, she was strong in her happiness and in her love.

As she stood upon the threshold with the candle in one hand and the velvet bag in the other, Charles awoke, saw his cousin, and was struck dumb with astonishment. Eugenie came forward, set the light on the table, and said with an unsteady voice:

"Cousin Charles, I have to ask your forgiveness for something I have done; it was very wrong, but if you will overlook it, heaven will forgive me."

"What can it be?" asked Charles, rubbing his eyes.

"I have been reading those two letters. Do you ask how I came to do it? I went on, 'and why I came up here? Indeed, I do not know now; and I am almost tempted to feel glad that I read the letters, for through reading them I have come to know your heart, your soul, your plans—the difficulty that you are in for want of money—'

"My dear cousin—"

"Hush! hush! do not let us wake anybody. Here are the savings of a poor girl who has no wants," she went on, opening her purse. "You must take them, Charles. This morning I did not know what money was; you have taught me that it is simply a means to an end, that is all. A cousin is almost a brother; surely you may borrow from your sister."

Eugenie, almost as much a woman as a girl, had not foreseen a refusal, but her cousin was silent. The silence was so deep that the beating of her heart was audible. Her pride was wounded by her cousin's hesitation, but the thought of his dire need came vividly before her, and she fell on her knees.

"I will not rise," she said, "until you have taken that money. Oh! cousin, say something, for pity's sake! so that I may know that you respect me, that you are generous, that—"

This cry, wrung from her by a noble despair, brought tears to Charles' eyes; he would not let her kneel, she felt his hot tears on her hands, and sprang to her purse, which she emptied out upon the table.

"Well, then, it is 'Yes,' is it not?" she said, crying for joy. "Do not scruple to take it, cousin; you will be quite rich. That gold will bring you luck, you know. Some day you shall pay it back to me, or, if you like, we will be partners; I will submit to any conditions that you may impose. But you ought not to make so much of this gift."

Charles found words at last.

"Yes, Eugenie, I should have a little soul indeed if I would not take it. But nothing for nothing, confidence for confidence."

"What do you mean?" she asked, startled.

"Listen, dear cousin, I have there—"

He interrupted himself for a moment to show her a square box in a leather case, which stood on the chest of drawers.

"There is something there that is dearer to me than life. That box was a present from my mother. Since this morning I have thought that if she could rise from her tomb she herself would sell the gold that in her tenderness she lavished on this dressing case, but I cannot do it—it would seem like sacrilege."

Eugenie grasped her cousin's hand tightly in hers at these last words.

"No," he went on after a brief pause, during which they looked at each other with tearful eyes, "I do not want to pull it to pieces, nor to risk taking it with me on my wanderings. I will leave it in your keeping, dear Eugenie. Never did one friend confide a more sacred trust to another; but you shall judge for yourself."

He drew the box from the leather case, opened it, and displayed before his cousin's astonished eyes a dressing-case replete with gold—the curious

skill of the craftsman had only added to the value of the metal.

"All that you are admiring is nothing," he said, pressing the spring of a secret drawer. "There is something which is more than all the world to me," he added, sadly, and he took out two portraits, handsomely set in pearls.

"How lovely she is! Is not this the lady to whom you were writing?"

"No," he said, with a little smile; "that is my mother and this is my father—your aunt and uncle. Eugenie, I could beg and pray of you on my knees to keep this treasure safe for me. If I should die and lose your little fortune, the gold will make good your loss; and to you alone can I leave those two portraits, for you alone are worthy to take charge of them, but do not let them pass into any other hands; rather destroy them. Well, 'it is yes, is it not?'"

As the last words were spoken, she gave him for the first time such a loving glance as a woman can, a bright glance that reveals a depth of feeling within her. He took her hand and kissed it.

"Angel of purity! what is money henceforth to be to us? It is nothing, is it not? But the feeling which alone gave it worth will be everything."

"You are like your mother. Was her voice as musical as yours, I wonder?"

"Oh, far more sweet."

"Yes, for you," she said, lowering her eyelids. "Come, Charles, you must go to bed; I wish it. You are very tired. Good night."

Her cousin had caught her hand in both of his; she drew it gently away, and went down to her room, her cousin lighting the way. In the doorway of her room they both paused.

"Oh! why am I a ruined man?" he said.

"My father is rich, I believe," she returned.

"My poor child," said Charles, as he set one foot in her room, and propped himself against the wall by the doorway, "if your father had been rich, he would not have let my father die, and you would not be lodged in such a poor place as this; he would live altogether in quite a different style."

"But he has Froilfont; there is Noyers, too. He has vineyards and meadows—"

"They are not worth talking about," said Charles scornfully. "If your father had even twenty-four thousand francs a year, do you suppose that you would sleep in a bare, cold room like this? That is where my treasures will be," he went on, nodding toward the old chest, a device by which he tried to conceal his thoughts from her.

"Go," she said, "and try to sleep," and she barred his entrance into an unsteady room. Charles drew back, and the cousins bade each other a smiling good night.

They fell asleep, to dream the same dream, and from that time forward Charles found that there were still roses to be gathered in the world in spite of his mourning. The next morning Mme. Grandet saw her daughter walking with Charles before breakfast. He was still sad and subdued. He had been brought very low in his distress, and the thought of the future weighed heavily upon him.

"My father will not be back before dinner," said Eugenie, in reply to an anxious look in her mother's eyes.

The tones of Eugenie's voice had grown strangely sweet; it was easy to see from her face and manner that the cousins had some thought in common. Their souls had rushed together while perhaps as yet they scarcely knew the power or the nature of this force which was binding them to each other.

Toward 5 o'clock that evening Grandet came back from Angers. He had made fourteen thousand francs on a gold, and carried a government certificate bearing interest until the day when it should be transferred into rent. He had left Cornille also in Angers to look after the horses, which had been nearly fendered by the night journey.

"I have been to Angers, wife," he said; "and I am hungry."

Nanon brought in the soup. Des Grassins came to take his client's instructions just as the family were sitting down to dinner. Grandet had not as much as seen his nephew all this time.

## WATER POWER IN MEXICO.

### Enormous Amount of Hydraulic Force Going to Waste.

Modern Mexico has often had occasion to call attention to the fact that, though fuel is very scarce in Mexico, still the country is supplied with an abundance of power for the movement of prime movers. We refer, of course, to water power. The construction of electric plants for the purpose of furnishing light and power has hardly begun in proportion to the demand and the water power available.

Mexico, which undoubtedly stands in much greater need of electric power than either France or Switzerland, on account of the higher price of fuel, is supplied with an almost unlimited amount of hydraulic force. In the central mesa of the republic, which averages 6,000 feet above sea level, rises a great number of rivers and streams, the Balsas, Lerma, Tamesi and Panuco being but a few of the more important. While no accurate estimate has been made of the available water power, it is probable that at least 15,000,000 horse power are running to waste at the height of the dry season. Less than one-half of 1 per cent of this amount, or say, 75,000, is being utilized for motive power, including that used directly by flour mills, and absorbed by electric plants for transmission to distant points. In the City of Mexico, under present conditions, it probably costs at least \$190 a year, Mexican money, per horse power to produce power from steam, and even in the most favored districts, where fuel is cheap, it will reach \$125.

The coal barons of the United States are, perhaps, her most solid aristocracy, and those who get control of "La Huille Blanche" (the white coal) of this country will hold in the near future a much more important position. The power is here, on top of the ground. It does not have to be mined or transported. It will carry itself with but a wire to go on, and Mexico is a country that offers many conditions favorable to gigantic industrial enterprises.—Modern Mexico.



## WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

### STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

#### Some of the Summer Dresses Are Indeed Elaborate Creations—Corsets Are Changing in Shape and Departing from the Straight Front.

**Egg Croquettes.**  
Four hard-boiled eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cream, butter the size of a large nutmeg, a heaping saltspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper. When the eggs are very hard and perfectly cold, rub through a fine wire sieve, add the cream, salt and pepper, beating in gradually. Melt the butter and stir in. As eggs sometimes vary in size, a little thickening may be needed to give the right consistency. Use the finest cracker dust, adding a little at a time until the mixture can be moulded into very soft balls. Roll in cracker dust and drop into a deep kettle of hot fat to fry. When they are brown, strain on a wire sieve and serve with lettuce salad. For this purpose the croquettes should be cold. When hot, serve with crisp bacon.

**Baked Eggs.**  
For six eggs take four tablespoonfuls of good gravy free from fat. Put the gravy in a shallow pie-dish and break the eggs into it, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and season over them a handful of bread crumbs. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes; take the eggs up carefully and place each on a round of toast on a hot dish. Keep hot while the gravy is boiled up in a saucepan with some chopped parsley, and, if liked, a little shallot; pour over the eggs and serve.

**Corn Sautéed in Cream.**  
Take six ears of juicy, tender corn, and cut from the cob. Place in a saucepan with a gill of hot white sauce, half a cupful of cream and half a tablespoonful of butter; season with half a teaspoonful of salt, dusting of white pepper, and saltspoonful of nutmeg. Cook gently for ten minutes on back of range; place in hot dish and serve.

**Precaution in Case of Fire.**  
Should a fire break out in the chimney a wet blanket should be nailed to the upper ends of the mantelpiece, so as to cover the opening entirely. The fire will then go out of itself. In order to be able to fix the blanket two knobs should be permanently fixed in the upper ends of the mantelpiece, on which the blanket may be hitched.

**Canned Peas.**  
Shell the peas and lay in cold water for a half-hour. Drain and boil in salted water until tender but not broken. Drain out the peas and pack into heated fruit jars, returning the liquid to the fire. Boil up this liquid and while still boiling fill the jars to overflowing with it, sealing immediately. Stand on their heads in a cool, dark place.

**Rice Soup.**  
Wash four ounces of rice, put it on the fire with three pints of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Boil for ten minutes, drain, and pour cold water through it. Put the rice back in the saucepan with three pints of good soup; let it cook gently twenty-five to thirty minutes. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

**Buttermilk Pie.**  
Buttermilk pie should be prepared as follows: Beat two eggs to a froth with half a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of flour, one pint of buttermilk and a tablespoonful of butter. Whisk all the ingredients together thoroughly and bake with one crust, as you would a fruit pie. Add any spice or flavoring desired.

**Almond Custard.**  
One pint of milk, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth pound of almonds, blanched and pounded fine, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of rosewater. Stir over the fire till thick as cream, then set in oven till firm. Just before serving cover with whipped cream, tinted delicately with strawberry syrup or red currant jelly.

**Virginia Corn Muffins.**  
Three eggs, well beaten; two heaping cups Indian corn meal and one of flour; sift into the flour two teaspoonfuls baking powder; add one tablespoonful melted lard, three cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt; beat well; bake quickly in rings or small patty pans; serve hot.

**Sugared Squash.**  
Select a firm, sweet squash, a Hubbard by preference, and break into neat serving pieces. Parboil for fifteen minutes. Place in a baking pan, sprinkle each piece thickly with grated maple sugar, place a small nut of butter on each, and run into a slow oven to finish cooking.

**To Remove Scorch Marks.**  
Bake an onion, then squeeze out the juice and mix it with an ounce of fuller's earth, a wineglassful of vinegar, and a small quantity of shredded soap. Heat together till the soap has melted, leave till cold, and then apply to the scorched linen. Let it dry on, and then wash in the usual way.

**Lettice Cake.**  
One teacup sugar, two eggs, one-fourth teacup butter, one-half teacup sweet milk, one and one-half teacups flour, in which you have thoroughly mixed two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half nutmeg, or one teaspoonful lemon essence. Bake very carefully. Nice in layer or loaf.

**Broiled Beef and Mushroom Sauce.**  
Stew the mushrooms you have for use in butter in a saucepan, and when done put them in the center of a ring of mashed potatoes. Place around the potatoes slices of cold beef boiled over a clear fire. Season with pepper and salt, and serve with brown gravy.

#### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

**CORSETS** are changing again. The new shape departs only a little from the straight front in vogue, but that little takes away from the straightness women generally have been admiring for two seasons, and the wonder is that makers have dared to depart from the out and out straight front. Yet much as many women will deplore this change, the cloud has an appreciable silver lining. For one thing, it will bring us into greater conspicuousness. Women of large figure will not fancy this, but those of finely drawn lines will bid it welcome. Even more women will like the new figure because waists are thereby made to



WHITE IN GOWNS AND SEPARATE WAISTS

look smaller, departure from the straight line being accompanied by closer draping of the figure.

Only suppressed liking for free trimming. To realize how many are taking advantage of such opportunity, look about you and likely you'll be surprised at the display of subdued elaborateness.

What ordinarily are styled warm browns are to have a run for the remainder of summer and early autumn. Of course they may not be spoken of as warm, for they do look that, so call 'em soft. But their warmth is as nothing to that of orange, which is current in established shades and has new sorts besides. They seem hardly suitable for hot weather, yet as sparingly used on gowns and millinery are free of offense. As cooler days approach they doubtless will be employed fearlessly. Likely the woman who chose the warmest of these shades for her dress are days when you may suit yourself almost regardless. The abundance of white dresses is proof of



STYLISH MANAGEMENT OF COLORS.

this. At the opening of the season it was announced that white would lack stylish endorsement, since it was so nearly the whole thing last summer. But first a few and then many women declared for white, and by the middle of July it was to be found in the finest company, in dresses of the most elaborate sort and the best taste, though not nearly so numerous as last season. Selections for the first three of the accompanying pictured models were made from this white array. The initial sketch was of a gown of white tulle, with trimming of Mexican

drawn work and green silk bands. Side by side in the next picture are a white China silk trimmed with white passe-monte and blue silk bows, and a white linen finished with guipure lace insertions. This last of the three was most like the whiteness of last summer. The touches of blue and green in the other dresses were distinctly marks of this season.

Separate dressy waists are an alluring showing in the shops, but the way some salesfolk refer to this product as simple is distressing when at the same time they quote prohibitive prices for garments not elaborate of scheme, but finished with novelty trimmings. The embellishment may not be very rich nor need its arrangement be complicated nor highly ingenious, but if it is not duplicated in the showing, the figure it is likely to fetch is high. Yet the judicious shopper can get around these high prices and by care in selection from less costly grades can come out away ahead. So, too, she who can manage the trimming herself of such bodices as the two at the right in the second of these pictures—she can accomplish wonders at little outlay. To such these two models should be helpfully suggested. The first was white tulle and heavy white fagoting, and the other was white dotted silk and white embroidery and fringe. Collar sets for the embellishment of such waists are to be had, and here is the same trouble as with the trimmed waists—the novel sorts often are away up in price. But there are big stocks to select from, and usually a satisfactory choice can be made.

Blues and greens have possessed marked favor ever since the warm weather opened, and the liking for them is unduly



finished, standing now as one of the more marked preferences of the summer. It has seemed at times as if the combination of blue and green was the most swagger color scheme, but there are so many others that it is impossible to accord first place to any one. When these combinations were first taking hold, the use of greens alone was well to the fore, and since then the standing of blue with the green has increased. The color situation offers a choice of many things but the output of new ideas in color schemes is none the less active for this, and your stylish dresser should watch these new fancies closely. At the left in the concluding picture is shown one of the newer tricks with blue. This dress was blue liberty silk, and the bows and the rosettes holding the shirrings were satin ribbon. Next this is a blue and green striped silk, with green velvet trimmings and white cloth vest. The third model of this sketch showed a new finish for gray, which all summer so far has had many advocates. The gray veil

was finished with white satin bands embroidered with silver beads. Other color touches that have endorsement employ bright red and orange. Bits of these in velvet are much liked as dressing for dark fabrics.

Novel and pretty are the tongueless shoes of perforated leather, laced with beautiful ribbons tying in a big bow.

The feminine world is quite given up to the wearing of silk and in more shades than have been dreamed of hitherto.