

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Nanon, we are alone, you and I."  
"Yes, mam'selle; if I only knew where he was, the charming young gentleman, I would set off on foot to find him."  
"The sea lies between us," said Eugenie.

When the poor lonely heiress, with her faithful old servant for company, was shedding tears in the old, dark house, which was all the world she knew, men talked from Orleans to Nantes of nothing but Mlle Grandet and her seventeen millions. One of her first acts was to settle a pension of twelve hundred francs on Nanon, who, possessing already an income of six hundred francs of her own, at once became a great match. In less than a month she exchanged her condition of spinster for that of wife, at the instance and through the persuasion of Antoine Cornouiller, who was promoted to the position of bailiff and keeper to Mlle Grandet.

Eugenie was a woman of thirty and as yet had known none of the happiness of life. It seemed hardly probable that she would marry while she still wore mourning. Her sincere piety was well known. So the Cruchot family, counseled by the astute old Abbe, was fain to be content with surrounding the heiress with the most affectionate attentions. Her dining room was filled every evening with the warmest and most devoted Cruchotins. M. le President de Bonfons was the hero of the circle; they lauded his talents, his personal appearance, his learning, his amiability; he was an inexhaustible subject of admiring comment.

"M. le President" had striven to get up to the part he wanted to play. He was 40 years old, his countenance was dark and ill-favored, he had, moreover, the wizened look which is frequently seen in men of his profession; but he affected the airs of youth, sported a moustache, and went to Mlle Grandet's house arrayed in a white cravat and a shirt with huge frills. He called the fair heiress "our dear Eugenie," and spoke as if he were an intimate friend of the family. The pack was still in pursuit of Eugenie's millions; it was a more numerous pack now; they gave tongue together, and hunted down their prey more systematically.

If Charles had come back from the far-off Indies, he would have found the same motives at work and almost the same people. Mme. des Grassins, for whom Eugenie had nothing but kindness and pity, still remained to vex the Cruchots. Eugenie's face still shone out against the dark background, and Charles, though invisible, reigned there supreme as in other days.

Yet some advance had been made. Eugenie's birthday bouquet was never forgotten by the magistrate. Indeed, evening he brought the beautiful "6N." It had become an institution; every evening he brought the heiress a huge and wonderful bouquet. Mme. Cornouiller ostentatiously placed these offerings in a vase, and promptly flung them into a corner of the yard as soon as the visitors had departed.

In the early spring Mme. des Grassins made a move, and sought to trouble the felicity of the Cruchotins by talking to Eugenie of the Marquis de Froiddond, whose ruined fortunes might be retrieved if the heiress would return his estates to him by a marriage contract. Mme. des Grassins lauded the marquis and his title to the skies; and, taking Eugenie's quiet smile for consent, she went about saying that M. le President Cruchot's marriage was not such a settled thing as some people imagined.

"M. de Froiddond may be fifty years old," she said, "but he looks no older than M. Cruchot; he is a widower, and has a family, it is true; but he is a marquis, he will be a peer of France one of these days, it is not such a bad match as times go. I know of my own certain knowledge that when old Grandet added his own property to the Froiddonds, he meant to graft his family into the Froiddonds. He often told me as much. Oh! he was a shrewd old man, was Grandet."

"Ah! Nanon," Eugenie said one evening, as she went to bed, "why has he not once written to me in seven years?"

## CHAPTER XX.

While these events were taking place in Saumur, Charles was making his fortune in the East. His first venture was very successful. He had promptly realized the sum of six thousand dollars. Crossing the line had cured him of many early prejudices; he soon saw very clearly that the best and quickest way of making money was the same in the tropics as in Europe—by buying and selling men. He made a descent on the African coasts and bargained for negroes and other goods in demand in various markets. He threw himself heart and soul into his business, and thought of nothing else. He set one clear aim before him, to reappear in Paris, and to dazzle the world there with his wealth, to attain a position even higher than the one from which he had fallen.

By dint of rubbing shoulders with many men, traveling in many lands, coming in contact with various customs, his code had been relaxed. His notions of right and wrong became less rigid when he found that what was looked upon as a crime in one country was held up to admiration in another. He saw that every one was working for himself, that disinterestedness was rarely to be met with, and grew selfish and suspicious; the hereditary failings of the Grandets came out in him—the hardness, the shiftness, and the greed of gain. He sold Chinese coolies, negro slaves, swal-

low nests, children, artists, anything and everything that brought in money. He became a money lender on a large scale. Long practice in cheating the cautious authorities had made him unscrupulous in other ways.

During his first voyage Eugenie's pure and noble face had been with him; he had attributed his first success to a kind of magical efficacy possessed by her prayers; but as time went on, adventures in many lands completely effaced all recollection of his cousin, of the old house, of the bench, and of the kiss that he had snatched in the passage. He remembered nothing but the little garden shut in by its crumbling walls where he had learned the fate that lay in store for him; but he rejected all connection with the family. His uncle was an old fox who had fleeced his jewels. Eugenie had no place in his heart, he never gave her a thought; but she occupied a page in his ledger as a creditor for six thousand francs.

Such conduct and such ideas explained Charles Grandet's silence. In the East Indies, on the coast of Africa, at Lisbon, in the United States, Charles Grandet the adventurer was known as Carl Sopher, a pseudonym which he assumed so as not to compromise his real name. Carl Sopher could be indefatigable, brazen and greedy of gain; could conduct himself, in short, like a man who resolves to make a fortune no matter what way, and makes haste to have done with villainy as soon as possible, in order to live respected for the rest of his days.

With such methods his career of prosperity was rapid and brilliant, and in 1827 he returned to Bordeaux on board a fine brig belonging to a Royalist firm. He had nineteen hundred thousand francs with him in gold dust, carefully secreted in three strong casks; he hoped to sell it to the Paris mint, and to make eight per cent on the transaction. There was also on board the brig a gentleman-in-ordinary to his Majesty Charles X., a M. d'Aubriou, a worthy old man who had been rash enough to marry a woman of fashion whose money came from estates in the West India Islands. Mme. d'Aubriou's reckless extravagance had obliged him to go out to the Indies to sell her property. M. and Mme. d'Aubriou were now in straitened circumstances. They had a bare twenty thousand francs of income and a daughter, a very plain girl, whom her mother made up her mind to marry without a dowry. It was an enterprise the success of which might have seemed somewhat problematical to a man of the world, in spite of the cleverness with which a woman of fashion is generally credited. Perhaps even Mme. d'Aubriou herself, when she looked at her daughter, was almost ready to despair of getting rid of her to any one, even to the most besotted worshiper of rank and titles.

Mlle. d'Aubriou was a tall, spare demoiselle; she had a disdainful mouth, overshadowed by a long nose, thick at the tip, sallow in its normal condition, but very red after a meal. From some points of view she was all that a worldly mother, who was 38 years of age, and had still some pretensions to beauty, could desire. But by way of compensating advantages, the Marquis d'Aubriou's distinguished air had been inherited by her daughter. Her mother had taught her how to dress herself. Under the same instructor she had acquired a charming manner, and had learned to assume that pensive expression which interests a man and leads him to imagine that here, surely, is the angel whom he has hitherto sought in vain.

Charles became very intimate with Mme. d'Aubriou; the lady had her own reasons for encouraging him. People said that during the time on board she left no stone unturned to secure such a prize for a son-in-law. It is at any rate certain that when they landed at Bordeaux Charles stayed in the same hotel with M. and Mme. d'Aubriou, and they all traveled together to Paris. The hotel d'Aubriou was hampered with mortgages, and Charles was intended to come to the rescue. The mother had gone so far as to say that it would give her great pleasure to establish a son-in-law on the ground floor. She did not share M. d'Aubriou's aristocratic prejudices and promised Charles Grandet to obtain letters patent which should authorize him, Grandet, to bear the name and assume the arms of the d'Aubriou, and to succeed to the property of Aubriou, which was worth about thirty-six thousand livres a year, to say nothing of the titles of Comte de Buch and Marquis d'Aubriou. They could be very useful to each other, in short; and what with this arrangement of a joint establishment, and one or two posts about the court, the hotel d'Aubriou might count upon an income of a hundred thousand francs and more.

"And when a man has a hundred thousand francs a year, a name, a family and a position at court, the rest is easy. You can be secretary to an embassy."

She fairly turned his head with these ambitious schemes. He never doubted but that his uncle had paid his father's creditors. He resolved to strain every nerve to reach those pinnacles of glory which his egotistical would-be mother-in-law had pointed out to him. His cousin was only a dim speck in the remote past; she had no place in this brilliant future, no part in his dreams, but he went to see Annette. That experienced woman of the world gave counsel to her old friend; he must by no means let slip such an opportunity for an alliance; she promised to aid him in all his schemes of advancement. He had grown very at-

tractive during his stay in the Indies; his complexion had grown darker, he had gained in manliness and self-possession; he spoke in the firm, decided tones of a man who is used to command and to success. Ever since Charles Grandet had discovered that there was a definite part for him to play in Paris, he was himself at once.

Des Grassins, hearing of his return, his approaching marriage, and his large fortune, came to see him, and spoke of the three hundred thousand francs still owing to his father's creditors. He found Charles closeted with a goldsmith, from whom he had ordered jewels for Mlle. d'Aubriou's corset, and who was submitting designs. Charles himself had brought magnificent diamonds from the Indies, but the cost of setting them, together with the silver plate and jewelry of the new establishment, amounted to more than two hundred thousand francs. He did not recognize des Grassins at first, and treated him with the cool insolence of a young man of fashion who is conscious that he has killed four men in as many duels in the Indies. As M. des Grassins had already called three or four times, Charles vouchsafed to hear him, but it was with bare politeness, and he did not pay the slightest attention to what the banker said.

"My father's debts are not mine," he said coolly. "I am obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have been good enough to take, but I am none the better for it that I can see. I have not scraped together a couple of millions, earned with the sweat of my brow, to fling it to my father's creditors."

"But suppose that your father were to be declared a bankrupt in a few days' time?"

"In a few days' time I shall be the Comte d'Aubriou, sir; so you can see that it is a matter of entire indifference to me. Besides, you know even better than I do that when a man has a hundred thousand lives a year, his father never has been a bankrupt," and he politely edged the deputy des Grassins to the door.

## CHAPTER XXI.

In the early days of the month of August, in that same year, Eugenie was sitting on the little bench in the garden where her cousin had sworn eternal love, and where she often took breakfast in summer mornings. The poor girl was almost happy for a few brief moments; she went over all the great and little events of her life before those catastrophes that followed. The morning was fresh and bright, and the garden was full of sunlight; her eyes wandered over the wall with its moss and flowers; it was full of cracks now, and all but in ruins, but no one was allowed to touch it. The postman knocked at the door, and gave a letter into the hands of Mme. Cornouiller, who hurried into the garden, crying, "Mademoiselle! A letter! Is it the letter?" she asked, as she handed it to her mistress.

The words rang through Eugenie's heart as the spoken sounds rang from the ramparts and the old garden wall.

"Paris! It is his writing! Then he has come back!"

Eugenie's face grew white; for several seconds she kept the seal unbroken, for her heart beat so fast that she could neither move nor see. Big Nanon stood and waited with both hands on her hips; joy seemed to puff like smoke from every wrinkle in her brown face.

"Oh! why does he come back by way of Paris, Nanon, when he went by way of Saumur?"

"Read it; the letter will tell you why." Eugenie's fingers trembled as she opened the envelope; a check fell out of it and fluttered down. Nanon picked it up, Eugenie read the letter through. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Cousin—You will, I am sure, hear with pleasure of the success of my enterprise. You brought me luck; I have come back to France a wealthy man. My dear cousin, the day of illusions is gone by for me. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. You are free, my cousin, and I, too, am free still; there is apparently nothing to hinder the realization of our youthful hopes, but I am too straightforward to hide my present situation from you. I have not for a moment forgotten that I am bound to you. I have always remembered the little wooden bench—"

Eugenie started up as if she were sitting on burning coals, and sat down on one of the broken stone steps in the yard.

"—the little wooden bench where we vowed to love each other forever; the passage, the gray parlor, my attic room, the night when in your thoughtfulness and tact you made my future easier for me. Yes; these memories have been my support; but I cannot deal insincerely with you. Your bringing up, your ways of life, and your tastes have not fitted you for Parisian life, nor would they harmonize with the future which I have marked out for myself. I possess at the time of writing an income of 80,000 livres. With this fortune I am able to marry into the d'Aubriou family; I should take their name on my marriage with their only daughter, a girl of nineteen, and secure at the same time a very brilliant position in society. I will assure you that I have not the slightest affection for Mlle. d'Aubriou, but by this marriage I shall secure for my children a social rank which will be of inestimable value in the future. When I tell you plainly that my marriage is solely a marriage of suitability, and that I have not forgotten the love of our youthful days, am I not putting myself entirely into your hands, and making you the arbitress of my fate? Is it not implied that if I must renounce my social ambitions, I shall willingly content myself with the simple and pure happiness which is always called up by the thought

"Tra-la-lan-ta-ti!" sang Charles Grandet, as he signed his name. "That is acting handsomely," he said to himself. He looked about him for the check, slipped it in, and added a postscript. (To be continued.)



### Handy Farm Gates.

Wm. Scott, a Manitoba farmer, contributes to the Montreal Herald and Star illustrations of two forms of gates which are used with satisfaction on his farm. The gate represented in Fig. 1 is used over the farm, while Fig. 2 represents the small garden gate. Mr. Scott has five of the larger gates, three

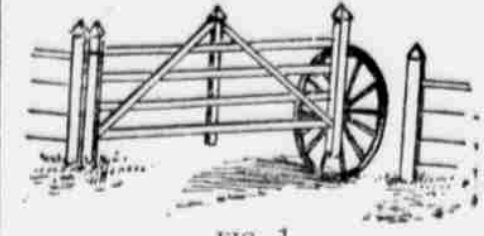


FIG. 1.

of which have permanent wheels, and when harvest is over the wheels of the horse rake are attached to the remaining two. The gate rests on the wheel, whether closed or open, the revolving wheel carrying the gate around whether opening or closing. The gate rests at the back end on a block of wood, in which there is a socket, and in this a gudgeon at the foot of the gate head rests and turns. Mr. Scott says his 3-year-old boy can open an 18-foot gate of this sort with ease.

The garden gate shown at Fig. 2 swings across the open end of a fixed V-shaped enclosure. To pass through

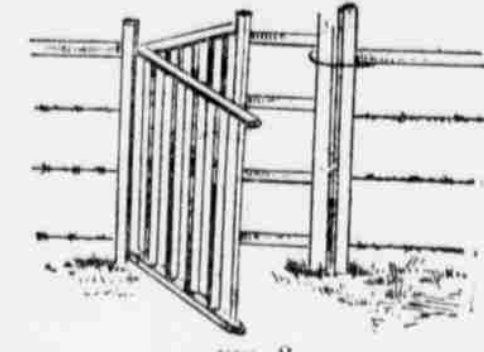


FIG. 2.

one steps into the enclosure, draws the gate past himself and passes out on the other side. Mr. Scott remarks that whenever this gate is opened it shuts in the same operation.

### Early Plowing for Wheat.

While all wheat growers recognize the necessity for late sowing of wheat to avoid, as far as possible, the ravages of the hessian fly, all do not see the necessity for early preparation of the soil. It is generally believed that much of the loss from winter freezing might be avoided by the early plowing of the ground for winter wheat.

Early preparation of the seed bed is easier than late plowing; it gives one a chance to get rid of the weeds more effectively, the seed bed may have one or more extra harrowings or rollings and, altogether, put in much better condition than when the plowing is done late. Then, too, should the ground be not in the best condition at seeding time, the thorough preparation previous will count for a great deal, enabling one to catch the ground for the final harrowing and rolling whenever it chances to be right for such working.

The question of varieties should also receive more consideration than it does and an excellent way is to look up the best wheat fields in your county on similar soil and ascertain what varieties are grown. In addition to this every wheat grower, large or small, should have a test ground for new sorts. It will pay for its cost in giving one accurate knowledge of sorts on their own grounds.

### General Farm Notes.

Drive slowly the first hour after a meal.

Light and dryness destroy fungus growths.

Thorough grooming cleanses the hides as well as the hair.

Droppings deprived of the urine lose the larger share of the potato they contain.

It is always ruinous to dispose of any branch farming when prices are unsatisfactory.

Generally the smaller the farm the better the cultivation and the greater the profit for the expenditure.

The dirt and sweat which accumulate on the horses during the day should never be allowed to remain on over night.

There are two things a farmer can never have enough of—one is feed, the other is manure. Feed makes manure if fed to stock on the farm.

Plants have greater need for their eyes and can be more easily killed in the growing season than when partially dormant.

The pure bred animal is the more valuable simply because of its greater capacity to appropriate favorable circumstances. The pure bred animal from scrub conditions no more the scrub does.

Sores or bruises on horses should be healed up as soon as possible.

Add to the capacity of the farm by adding to the strength of the soil.

Clover is richer than grass in muscle formers and is the best for young stock.

Next to old horses old sheep are among the most disappointing animals which are kept for profit.

In breeding be sure to select a male that is from a family better in your line of dairying than your herd.

### Value of Root Crops.

There has been much controversy of late years concerning the relative values of root crops and silage. This seems to be one of the questions that ought not to be discussed, inasmuch as the two crops, in the writer's opinion at least, are essential and one will not take the place of the other except in the sense that either provides succulent food for stock.

When we commence to compare the cost of raising either crop we get into interesting figures. Those who have tried it know that it is hard to sow the seeds of root crops by hand, and they also know that until the plants are large enough to hold their own it is hard work keeping the weeds down. As to the feeding values of the two, unquestionably the silage is the most valuable, and if called upon to decide between the two I would select silage every time.

If one has a good silo the root crops will have their greatest value in furnishing a variety in the menu, but it is where the silo is unknown that the root crops ought to be extensively grown as furnishing a succulent food and a digestive at comparatively small cost, as well as a crop which may be stored for winter use at small expense.

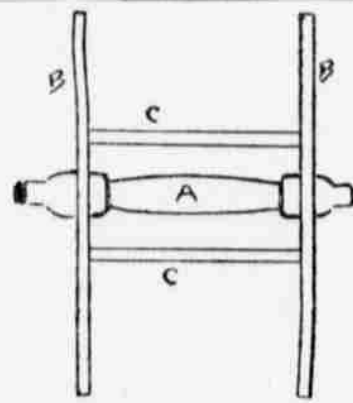
### To Preserve Fence Posts.

In some sections of the country the division of fields by fences is something no longer done, but the majority of farmers still feel that they should divide their fields. The work involved in fence-building is so great that one does not care to do it very often, hence it will pay to go to some trouble to preserve the posts, these being the parts of the fence which need renewing first.

While there are many preservatives recommended, all of them doubtless more or less valuable, the old plan of smearing the end of the post with gas tar is about as good as any. Of late years a strong solution of copper sulphate has been used for this purpose, with considerable success. It takes time and trouble to prepare the fence posts with either preservative, but on as it should be, but it pays to do it, for the posts will last double the number of years.

### Handy Wire Reel.

Here is shown a very good wire reel which can be used to move an old wire fence. This device is very handy for moving the wire on, as well as reeling and unreeling it. It is made



HANDY WIRE REEL.

of a couple of old wagon wheels of the same height, which are wedged onto the ends of a short stick about thirty inches long which leaves the wheels about eighteen inches apart.

Then nail five or six cross-pieces between the spokes, close to the hub cross-pieces form the frame upon which the wire is reeled. A—axle; B—wheels; C—cross-pieces.

### Cotton-Seed Meal for Cows.

Dairymen find it difficult to carry the cows along properly during the droughty days of summer on pasture alone, and all proper grains have been tried with varying results. One of the best summer grains is cotton-seed meal, for while feeding it will not materially increase the milk flow it will keep it nearly to the standard and will keep up its quality, which is quite an important. The feeding of it also makes better butter at all times, and particularly during the summer. While the quantity fed varies according to circumstances, from two to four pounds per cow daily is about a fair ration and will give results which will warrant the expense at any season.

The dairy cow should not be obliged to travel a long distance for water. If she does she will go without until she gets very thirsty and feverish, and then drink until she is painfully uncomfortable. Both conditions are unfavorable for milk secretion.

Keep a close watch over the suckling colts. A blemish or an injury now may ruin the value of the future horse.

Anything less than full feeding at any period is a sacrifice of net profit