

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By  
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Very well, then. I went over to lunch with Hastings, as you know, and after lunch we had a game of billiards, and then went into the stables to look at the horses. And such horses, too! Well, after we had left the stable and chatted a bit, he ordered the chestnuts round, and we started to come over here. How those horses did fret, and prance, and rear! But he took it as coolly as possible, and soothed and quieted them, until they went off like lambs. They continued very quiet for about a mile, when we came to a gate where a girl was standing, and then they shied and reared again, until I thought they would have upset us in the ditch. But Hastings was not a bit disconcerted; he held the reins with one hand, and with the other took off his hat to the girl as if she had been an empress. She was so graceful, and had such lovely eyes! I was anxious to know who she could be, and asked him. 'Gwen, Flo, who it was.' 'How should I know?' answered his sister, pettishly. 'How provoking you are!'

"Well, then, it was our cousin, Miss Eyre; and I can tell you she is nothing to be ashamed of, either. I could see how much he admired her, and was just going to tell him of our connection with her when the chestnuts bolted, and, by the time he got them in hand again, it had gone out of my mind. However, the information will keep till another time."

"Reginald," cried his sister, white to the lips with rage, "you will not dare to tell him that low-born girl is related to us?—you will not dare?"

"Reginald knows better than to do anything so foolish," interrupted Mrs. Champion. "But in case you should be tempted to do so," she added, turning to her son, "remember that not a tithe of that five hundred pounds I promised you for your last season's debts shall pass into your hands."

"Oh! very well, that's enough," responded Reginald, sulkily. "But I can tell you one thing, Flo—I believe he's tremendously cut with that girl, and that he's gone off after her now."

And having uttered this remark with the amiable intention of annoying his sister, he proceeded to quit the room.

"I think Reginald gets more unbearable every day," exclaimed Flora, angrily.

"Twenty-one is not generally a very agreeable age in a young man," remarked her mother.

And so the fates conspired to keep a secret from Errol Hastings, which, as it turned out, was very important he should know.

He called at Hurst Manor the day after Reginald lunched with him, and accepted Mrs. Champion's invitation to stay and dine.

"Mrs. Champion," he said, as they sat together in the drawing room, "I am going to beg a favor of you and Miss Champion."

"I am sure we shall be but too happy to grant it, if it is in our power," she returned, smiling.

"I think of giving a ball at the Court," Mr. Hastings continued, "and before I issue my invitations I want to secure the promise of your presence and co-operation."

"A ball at the Court; that will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Champion, with unusual animation. "Bachelors always give such charming parties; besides, which, it will gratify my long-felt desire to go over your house."

"If you really have any curiosity to see my domain, I trust you will not wait for the ball. Why not ride over this afternoon before dinner? Your brother, I have no doubt, will accompany us."

Miss Champion looked at her mother in a doubtful interrogative manner, and Mrs. Champion replied immediately:

"Certainly, my love, if you persuade Reginald. You look a little pale—a ride will do all the good in the world."

Reginald being agreeable, the horses were ordered round, and Miss Champion left the room to equip.

"Apropos of the ball," said Errol, "I am expecting an influx of visitors to the Court, and I shall beg of your charity to come and help me to entertain them. Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar are coming for a fortnight, until their place at Endon Vale is ready, and she has promised to play hostess for the occasion. Lady St. Ego and her daughters will come up from Hertfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Lady Marion Alton and her niece, and several bachelor friends, so I shall need some assistance in my novel form of host."

"When is the ball to take place?" inquired Mrs. Champion.

"I hardly think I am justified in dignifying my gathering by the name of a ball; but I mean to invite every one round for twelve miles; and as this is such a very quiet time of the year, I do not apprehend many disappointments. Indeed, I only intend giving ten days' notice."

"That will be quite enough," Mrs. Champion agreed; "no one thinks of giving parties in the country at this time of year, and a ball will be quite a boon to the young people. I prophesy your entertainment will be a great success."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hastings. "I assure you I shall spare no pains to make everything go off well."

Flora came in at this juncture, looking very handsome in her perfectly fitting habit, and they all walked out of the window to the horses, which were waiting at the door. He placed her in the saddle, mounted himself, and bidding an adieu to Mrs. Champion, they started for their ride.

Reginald usurped the greater part of the conversation on the way, much to his sister's annoyance, but she had no intention of betraying any ill-humor before Mr. Hastings. When they arrived at Hazell Court they dismounted, sent the horses to the stables, and proceeded to explore the house. Miss Champion not only expressed herself, but was in reality,

delighted with everything she saw. Flora was rather silent as she rode home. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to be the wife of a man like Errol Hastings, and the mistress of a place like Hazell Court. He was speaking to her in low, earnest tones; and as he passed the Farm did not turn to look at Winifred. And Winifred, sitting under her favorite clump of beeches, book in hand, looked with wistful eyes after them; and when he had passed out of sight, without once turning to look for her, she hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

Poor Winifred! it was only the day before that Errol Hastings had sat with her under those very beeches, and talked to her in the low, fascinating tones peculiar to him when addressing women. And she had fancied she read love in his deep blue eyes. They had met more than once since the adventure in the wood, and he had always stopped to speak to her. And the previous day, as she had been sitting reading in the garden, she had heard the prancing hoofs, and, looking up, had seen him pull up his fiery chestnuts, which had frightened her so an hour before in the lane, and, throwing the reins to the groom, jump down and enter the little gate.

Winifred's heart beat fast as she saw Mr. Hastings coming up the garden toward her.

"I have come to call on Mr. Eyre—is he at home?" Errol asked.

"No," replied Winifred; "he has been out since two o'clock, and I do not expect him until the evening."

"I am sorry," Errol had answered, looking in her face, as he always did now; "but if you will allow me to make his absence to-day an excuse for calling again, I shall not regret it too much."

"Can I say anything to him for you?" asked Winifred.

"I am afraid not," Mr. Hastings said, smiling; "it is on a question of a new method of farming, which I fear is too abstruse for me to discuss with you. But I am interrupting your reading—is your book very engrossing?"

And as he spoke he glanced at the cover of the book and observed with some surprise that it was an old French romance.

"Will you let me send you some books to read?" Errol asked, gently. "I make a point of collecting all the best works, both foreign and English, and it would be such a pleasure to me to think some one besides myself would take an interest in reading them."

"Oh, how kind you are!" exclaimed Winifred, eagerly, blushing with delight; "it would be such a treat to have something new to read."

"What shall it be?" asked Mr. Hastings— "history, novels, poetry, or theology? When you read Tennyson, look for my favorite poem, 'Oenone'; I am sure you will agree with me in admiring that. Do you sometimes indulge in romance, Miss Eyre?"

"Sometimes," laughed Winifred. "Do you?"

"Yes," said Errol. "I must plead guilty, although I am long past the age when that youthful foible is permissible. But when I am alone I like to sit and look at a beautiful landscape, until my very power of vision is absorbed in thought; and I like to go back centuries, and live in the past ages, that from their wide distance from us seem golden. Do you ever fancy you would like to have been one of the celebrities of the olden times? I should like to have been Alexander, and conquered the world; or a Leonidas, dying gloriously in battle; an undaunted hero, like Alcibiades; an emperor, like Caesar; a Mark Antony, beloved by Cleopatra; or a Launcelot, if you might have been Guinevere."

His voice had dropped while he was speaking, and as he uttered the last sentence in a low thrilling whisper, his eyes sought hers with a passionate expression of admiration.

Winifred colored deeply, and the tone of her voice was haughty as she made answer, looking far away into the woods: "I would not have been Guinevere to the noblest Launcelot who ever breathed. Had I been chosen by such a godlike knight as King Arthur, I think I could have appreciated him too well to requite his love with falseness."

"I beg your pardon, I ought to have remembered; but for the moment I did not think of her falseness. I only recollected that she was beautiful and charming."

Errol had never once taken his eyes off Winifred's face while he had been speaking. And as he watched her, he thought that of all the women he had ever known, none had such a sweet grace of womanliness as this one. He rose suddenly to flee the temptation.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Eyre; I have detained you already too long."

And Errol Hastings held out his hand to her. She put her own timidly into it, and he clasped it for a moment with a strong, passionate clasp, looking into her eyes the while with a look that brought the blood rushing to her face. Then he turned slowly, and went back to his phaeton, her eyes looking dreamily into the distance. Her reverie was diverted by seeing a young farmer, Mr. Tom Fenner, sauntering leisurely down the road, hitting off the tops of the grass viciously with his stick. She had seen him pass before, when she was talking with Mr. Hastings, and his presence annoyed her. He came deliberately in at the garden gate, and walked up to where she sat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Eyre," he said, putting out his great coarse hand to her. "I suppose I may come in now you are disengaged?"

Winifred was compelled to give him her hand, sorely as it chafed her that his coarse, heavy touch should brush off the tender clasp of Mr. Hastings' lithe fingers.

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### Magnitude of Panama Canal.

THE practical phases of the work of constructing the Panama Canal are impressive in magnitude. When operations are fairly under way, from 20,000 to 40,000 laborers will be employed. Under the law the Government, or the contractors, can draw this labor from any part of the earth, but it is expected that West Indian and American negroes will be brought in at the outset. If they cannot be secured in sufficient numbers Japanese, or even Chinese, labor may be used. The ordinary laborer's wages will not be over 50 cents a day. In case negroes are employed, accommodations for their families must be provided, as it is established by experience that these laborers will not go far from home without their wives and children. The task of maintaining a high grade of sanitation among such people in a tropical climate will prove difficult, but it must be successfully performed if epidemics are to be kept away from the isthmus. A small army of physicians, mechanics, machinists, electricians, engineers, both stationary and locomotive, firemen, masons, foremen, bosses, inspectors and so on will be required, and these positions will go almost exclusively to white men from this country. The feeding of the whole force will require a commissariat equal to that of a large army in the field, and the bulk of the food supplies will go from the United States to the isthmus, as will indeed a large amount of machinery, cement and lumber. For the transportation of all this material to the isthmus the Government will have a steamship line between New York and Colon, which will be acquired with the other property of the French company, and the Panama railroad, while, of course, New Orleans will become a great feeder through its private steamship companies. In effect, the United States Government will superintend an enterprise equivalent to maintaining an army in active operations in a foreign country; although the Government's direct work would be greatly minimized if it should make a contract with a syndicate or private construction company to do the job.—Springfield Republican.

### Why Be Good?

THE announcement to the effect that the inmates of the county jail are to be provided with facilities for physical culture brings the reader again to that paradox of modern civilization by which a young man of exemplary character gets fewer advantages and opportunities than the young man who perseveres in a disregard for law.

Take two boys in an urban tenement district as illustrations. One boy is good. He attends school regularly. He is in a room in which there are twice as many boys as there ought to be and in which the courses of instruction may have practically nothing to do with the industrial life to which he is destined. After a few years of perfunctory study he reaches his industrial majority—14—and he begins to work. He has learned no trade. His "general culture" is not exactly efflorescent. His chances of becoming anything better than an unskilled employe are slight.

How much better would it have been for him if he had been bad! First, he would have been sent to a school for truants. There he would have got much better food than at home, and, in general, much better physical conditions. Also, he would have had instruction much more adapted to his wants, because he would have been given a large amount of manual training.

After he was released from the school for truants, if he only had sense enough to keep on being bad, he would escape going to work and he would be sentenced to a school for delinquents where his education would be continued. More games! More discipline! More manual training! All supervised by experts in the sciences of pedagogy and criminology.

Having become too old for the school for delinquents, our boy now proceeds to a reformatory. The good boy, whom we took leave of some time ago, is exclaiming his

pleity in a printing establishment in which he is trying to develop his faculties by means of shoving several thousand pamphlets a day through the throat of a stapler. Our bad boy, shrewdly sticking to his reformatory, gets lots of physical exercise, plenty of reading in the library, and a final fitting for his trade in the elaborately fitted reformatory tool shop. He steps out into the world at the age of 20 a trained American workman, uninjured by excessive toil as a boy, and prepared to use his skill in some trade in which skill means large wages.

Viciousness brings its own reward.—Chicago Tribune.

### Strikes and Settlements.

A STRIKE has spectacular features. It is a declaration of war; and war always catches the public eye. But a settlement of a labor trouble, either before or after a strike, is a humdrum business affair which few outside of those immediately concerned can understand. The encouraging fact in the situation is that the compromises by which strikes are averted are in a larger percentage of the labor troubles than ever before. Both sides to the labor problem are evidently more amenable to reason than in the past and more ready to listen to argument.

Capital was never so willing to share earnings with labor as now. Labor was never so well paid. Its demands were never listened to so patiently. Its outlook was never so bright. Strikes will continue to occur, but the large percentage of peaceful compromises shows that a just and equitable basis for the settlement of the labor problem is being gradually reached.—Philadelphia Press.

### The War on Consumption.

CONSUMPTION is not only a curable and preventable disease; but it is a plague which can be wholly extirpated by the universal exercise of simple precautions. There is no need of it spreading from one member of a family to the others; and there is even less need of it being permitted to descend from generation to generation. A consumptive in a house is not a center of contagion, unless by culpable neglect the rest of the household make him so. There is only one way of communicating the disease and that is by permitting the sputum to dry and be carried into the air again; and it is the simplest thing in the world to absolutely prevent this from occurring.

The fact that consumptive sanitariums are about the safest places for people with weak lungs to live demonstrates this theory. Some statistics were published a few years ago going to prove that certain Swiss towns, in which large consumptive hospitals had been established, showed an actual reduction in the percentage of tuberculosis cases among their people after the opening of these hospitals which collected sufferers from all over Europe. If consumptives, when looked after in the cleanly manner advised by modern science, still spread the disease, these towns should have shown a marked increase. As it was, the example set by these institutions really brought about a decrease.—Montreal Star.

### Cheerfulness Brings Happiness.

TO be cheerful when the world is going well with you is no great virtue. The thing is to be cheerful under disadvantageous circumstances. If one has lost money, if business prospects fail, if enemies appear triumphant, if there is sickness of self or those dear to one, then is it, indeed, a virtue to be cheerful. When poverty pinches day after day, month after month or through the years as they pass, and one has ever to deny self of every little longed-for luxury, and the puzzle of how to make one dollar do the work of two has to be solved, then the man who can still be cheerful is a hero. He is a greater hero than the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth. Such cheerfulness is the kind that we need to cultivate.—Milwaukee Journal.

## The Fountain Pen: It Taught a Lesson.

"When you get to be my age, Davis, you'll prefer to use your head more and your legs less," said the cashier, dryly, as he slipped into his pocket the fountain pen which the young clerk had just handed him: "If you had thought at all, you would have known that I couldn't need this pen till tomorrow, and you would have saved yourself the four blocks."

"I didn't think it all," interrupted the boy, with a show of irritation. "When I've said I'll do a thing, I've done with thinking about it. I just do it."

"Then, Davis, you are a great moral genius," retorted the other, with a laugh. "I'll have to congratulate the chief that we have secured your services."

The boy felt that he was being ridiculed, and his fresh young face reddened more deeply. He surveyed the older man with open defiance.

"Just to show you, sir, that I haven't brought this pen back to make a show of being goody-goody and getting into your favor, I'll get myself thoroughly out of your favor and earn a discharge by telling you what I think of your manners!" he burst forth, hotly, and his blue eyes moistened with anger. "I think, sir, that they are—"

He wavered on the brink of an unaccustomed expletive.

"See here, Davis, I apologize," said the cashier, in a friendly tone. "I had no business speaking as I did. Hold on a minute!" The young clerk had laid his hand on the door-knob. "I am really interested, Davis, in your views on borrowing and returning," the cashier continued, in a light tone, playing with some papers on his desk. "I've been philosophizing about it myself a little."

The boy was plainly anxious to be gone. Along with the other clerks of the office, he held this sharp-tongued, smiling man in dislike.

"You walk back four blocks to fulfil a promise to which no one was holding you, and you have proved to me that you didn't do it to forward yourself in our good graces," said the cashier.

"I most certainly did not!" retorted the boy, still angry. "I don't think

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Another Effort Made to Explain Astronomical Phenomenon.

A fresh attempt has been made to explain the impressive astronomical phenomenon which, according to the Scriptures, accompanied the birth of the founder of the Christian religion, says the New York Tribune. Inasmuch as it was of short duration and exceptional brilliancy, it has often been suggested that it was a temporary star, like that which blazed out suddenly in the constellation of Perseus over two years ago. Indeed, a belief for which there never was any substantial foundation was once entertained that the Star of Bethlehem may have been identified with the star which Tycho observed in 1572.

To accept this latter theory it was necessary to assume that the object in question was in the habit of reappearing regularly at intervals of about 314 years. A few credulous people actually looked for its reappearance in 1886, although no reputable astronomer encouraged the expectation. It did not come, and nobody now takes any stock in the idea of identity with Tycho's star.

The latest suggestion, offered by Davies Forbes, an Englishman, is that the Star of Bethlehem was not only a comet, but was the same one which bears Halley's name. This comet has had a peculiar interest for astronomers, because it is the first whose return was ever predicted. After its visit to the vicinity of the sun from outer space in 1802, Halley found records of the paths followed by similar bodies in 1607 and 1531. These conform so closely to the orbit just computed that he felt justified in declaring that the dates represented three separate appearances of one comet, and that a fourth might be confidently expected in 1835.

Though Halley did not live to see it, the comet came back exactly on time, and appeared in precisely the right place. If nothing happens to it, therefore, it ought to be observed once more in 1911, or eight years hence. Mr. Forbes tries also to identify Halley's comet with one mentioned by Josephus as appearing at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, 75 A. D., and another which he says signaled Pompey's defeat of Mithridates nearly 150 years before.

## THE PASSPORT IN RUSSIA.

You Cannot Move About the Country Without the Document.

The train slows down as it crosses the frontier, and creeps gently up to the platform of the first station on Russian soil. Furtively peeping out of the window, you behold a number of stalwart men uniformed in the Russian style, and wearing the peculiarly Russian top boots. The polite conductor comes to the compartment and bids you get the passport ready. After a few minutes of waiting, during which anxiety is not diminished, an officer in smart gray-blue uniform comes along, attended by a soldier with a wallet. He demands the precious document, and, noting its foreign origin, casts upon its possessor a keen, searching glance. Then he looks for the all-important visa or indorsement of the Russian official in the country of issue; and on finding it he passes coldly on without a word. All this is very formal and impressive; you feel as a prisoner feels when the chain of evidence is tightening around him; your thoughts wander back to the past, and you wonder whether any indiscretion of your insignificant youth may not now be brought up in testimony against you.

The utmost care is taken in the study and registration of these documents; every Russian must have his passport; every foreigner entering or leaving the country must have it, too. Whether native or alien, you cannot move about the country without the document; when you arrive in a town it must be submitted to the local police; when you leave that town the police must indorse the passport with their sanction to the journey. The system gives the authorities the firmest hold over the people; and wise is the stranger who complies carefully with every part of the formalities.—Chambers' Journal.

St. Vincent's hospital of New York City has an electrical ambulance. It can travel at the rate of ten miles an hour, and cost over \$2,000. It does not differ materially from the ordinary horse-drawn ambulance.