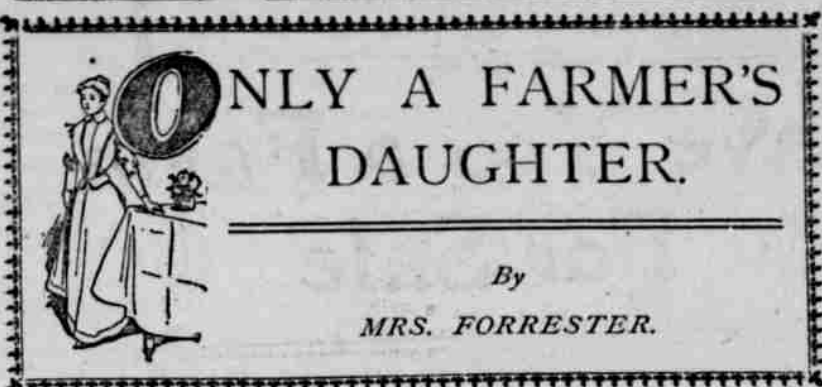




ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Had it been possible for Winifred to guess Errol Hastings' real feelings she would have been forced to confess how greatly she had misjudged him. He was for the first time in his life unreasonably, bewilderingly, in love, and his judgment was at war with his passion. Reflection did not help him, either.

"I have heard," he thought, "of men counting the world well lost for a woman's sake, but I never realized the feeling until now. Now I feel that I would give all I possess if I could raise her to my position, or sink to hers. She is only a bright, charming child yet, but what divine womanhood she will grow into when she begins to love. I cannot imagine any greater happiness than to look into the depths of those beautiful eyes, and read there, 'I love you,' or to take those little, slender hands in mine, and hear the confession from her lips. But I could not trust myself to stay here and see her often; silence would be impossible. If it were not for our cursed Hastings pride I might tell her now, this very day, how I love her, and marry her if she would have me. But that cannot be. Have all my ancestors kept their resolve in spite of everything until now, and shall I be the first to break it by my weakness or cowardice? No! no! no!" he thought, passionately—"the honor of our house first."

And so Errol made up his mind that he would see Winifred no more—he would not yield to temptation, or expose her to disappointment, and when he passed the next day with Miss Champion he kept his face steadily averted from the Farm, little guessing how bitterly the woman he loved was commenting on his apparent neglect.

Several days passed, and the house was full of guests. Everyone declared that Hazell Court was the most charming country house to stay at, and that Mr. Hastings was the perfection of a host. He and Lady Grace Farquhar made the most delightful arrangements for the general amusement; and everybody was amused and pleased in consequence, Miss Champion and her brother were over at the Court almost every day, somewhat to the chagrin of Lady Ulicia St. Ego, who had resolved to do everything in her power to win Errol Hastings. Her sister, Lady Angela, had similar intentions toward Lord Harold Erskine, who was almost as rich, though not of nearly such old family.

One day, when Errol had ordered his four-in-hand to take the party driving, he asked Miss Champion, who was sitting on the box beside him, which way they should go.

"Over the common and up the hill, I think is the prettiest," answered Flora, with the malicious design of passing the Farm, that Winifred might see them.

Just as they came up to the Farm, Winifred, who had been standing at the gate, turned and walked away to the house.

"I say," cried Lord Harold, "what an elegant woman! Miss Champion, you are the great authority in the county—please tell me who that young beauty is!"

"She is a farmer's daughter," said Flora, coldly; and Errol almost hated her for saying it.

"A farmer's daughter! I could have sworn, with that figure and tournure, she belonged to one of the best families in the county. I was just indulging a hope, Hastings, that we should see her at the ball. Do you know her?"

"Yes," said Errol, gravely, "I have that honor."

"Could you not invite her?" Lord Harold went on.

"Ask the ladies," answered Errol, with an unwelcome tinge of sarcasm, "whether they would consent to the presence of a girl who was only a farmer's daughter?"

"Indeed, I am sure I would," cried Miss Alton, who was too pretty to be jealous; but the others remained silent.

Winifred had turned away from the gate with a swelling heart.

"He may not care for me," thought the poor child; "but he need not come past so often with his aristocratic friends to show how far above me he is!"

The day before the ball, Errol had retired to his sanctum, after lunch, to write two or three letters, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," and Lady Grace appeared on the threshold.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" she said. "I have always wished to see your haunt, and a request I have to make to you has at last given me a fair pretext."

"You might have taken my consent for granted," he answered, with a pleasant smile; "but I am quite content that you should think it necessary to ask it, since your scruple brings you here."

"My request relates in a measure to one of the dearest friends I had, poor Winifred Champion."

"Champion?" said Hastings, interrogatively.

"Yes, the daughter of old Sir Howard."

"I did not know that there was another daughter than Lady Valanton."

"Yes, but she made a messalliance, and Sir Howard, who is a dreadful tyrant, has never allowed her name to be mentioned since. I was very fond of her, poor girl, although she was some years younger than I was, but I never saw her after she ran away, for I was abroad with my husband, and before I returned to England, she died. Her governess, Madame de Montolieu, was a very good and charming person, and I have always kept up a correspondence with her from time to time. I invaded your retreat this afternoon on purpose to ask if I may have the pony carriage, in order to drive over and pay the old lady a visit."

"Why not take the baroness, Lady Grace? Lady St. Ego and Lady Marion have declined driving this afternoon, and the young ladies intend to ride over to Mrs. Champion's before dinner."

"Thank you, I would rather not discon-

cert my old friend by too much state; besides, I have a great fancy to drive your pretty ponies."

"By all means, then," exclaimed Errol. Lady Grace Farquhar arrived, very quickly at the little cottage, and prepared for a long chat with Madame de Montolieu, who was very glad to see her.

"I heard," she said, "that you had arrived at the Court, but I scarcely ventured to expect you until after the festivities were concluded."

"I should have come over long ago," Lady Grace answered, gayly, "but I am doing my duty at the Court as hostess. You see, dear madame, I am getting so old that it seems quite natural for me to be acting as Mr. Hastings' mother."

"This Mr. Hastings," asked Madame de Montolieu, "do you like him?"

"I think him charming. He is so agreeable, and clever, and well bred."

"But is he good, and honest, and true?"

Lady Grace looked a little surprised at this question, the more so as it was put with an unusual degree of earnestness.

"I cannot tell, but I should think so."

She replied, "It seems to me as if his greatest failing was the hereditary Hastings pride. Why do you ask?"

"I remember his mother," remarked Madame de Montolieu, checking herself.

"She was very good and amiable."

"She was, indeed," sighed Lady Grace.

"I have been going to ask you, in so many of my letters, what has become of poor Winifred's child. She was a bright-looking, intelligent little girl."

"Ah, Lady Grace," said the old French lady, sighing, "she gives me the keenest anxiety."

"How so? Is she not turning out well?"

"Too well, too well," ejaculated Madame de Montolieu, with an expressive shake of the head. "She is all the fondest mother or friend could wish; beautiful, amiable, graceful, and accomplished—a child to be proud of. Ah, dear Lady Grace, I fear greatly that I have taught her too much, she is so far beyond her father's station; but, indeed, I did it all for the best. I hoped Sir Howard would have noticed and brought her out, but he sternly refuses to have anything to do with her; and they are all so cruel and disdainful to the poor child it breaks my heart."

"It is just like that detestable old Sir Howard," cried Lady Grace, with unusual energy. "He always insisted on sacrificing everything to his stubborn pride. Can nothing be done?"

"I fear not," replied the old lady; and then she proceeded to tell her friend of Miss Champion's treatment of her cousin.

Lady Grace was highly indignant.

"I can quite believe it," she remarked.

"Miss Champion has an air of haughty superciliousness that offends me greatly. I cannot understand how it is that Mr. Hastings seems to admire her so much."

At this moment the door opened, and Winifred entered. She drew back on seeing a stranger.

"Enter, my love," said Madame de Montolieu. "This is Winifred Eyre," she added, addressing her visitor.

Lady Grace was fairly astonished at the sight of such a graceful, elegant creature.

"Come here, my dear," she said, gently, "and let me see if you are like your mother."

Lady Grace left the cottage that afternoon perfectly charmed with Winifred.

"I will see if something cannot be done to bring her into a position for which she is fitted," she thought, as she drove slowly back to the Court. "Ah, if I could only have had such a daughter!" and poor childless Lady Grace sighed heavily.

CHAPTER V.

Winifred had just left the Farm on her way to the cottage, when she met and was accosted by Hawkins, the gamekeeper.

"I beg your pardon, miss, for making so free," he said, taking off his cap respectfully, "but I thought maybe you'd like to see some of the grand doings at the Court to-morrow."

Winifred colored painfully, and Hawkins, remarking it, was terribly concerned.

"I am sure, miss, I meant no offense—I hope you won't take what I said as a liberty." The man looked anxiously at her.

"Indeed, no," exclaimed Winifred, recovering herself; "I am much obliged to you for thinking of me, Hawkins."

"You see, miss," said the gamekeeper, eagerly, "it was in this way. I says to myself, why, the doings at the Court to-morrow will be quite a sight; there's the ballroom done up in that beautiful way as 'ud be a show in itself, let alone all the county families coming from miles round. They tell me as how the master would make everybody promise to be there by half-past nine, so thinks I, if Miss Eyre 'll just step round about ten o'clock I could let her into the little garden that the ballroom looks into, and she could see all the gay doings without a soul being the wiser."

"Thank you, Hawkins," said Winifred, gently; "it was very good of you to think of me."

As Winifred went on her way she was terribly hurt at a proposal so injurious to her dignity; but it was impossible for her to feel any annoyance with the man, who had evidently spoken from sheer good-will and the wish to afford her a pleasure. But the idea of her, Winifred Eyre, going to look in surreptitiously at a window to see the upper classes amusing themselves was a dreadful offense to her pride.

But it frequently happens that when we violently repudiate an idea at first we are all the more likely to come round to it afterward. And as Winifred walked along, insidious thoughts crept in to undermine the stronghold of her determination.

"After all," whispered Curiosity, "why should I feel so bitter at the thought of being only a spectator of this grandeur?"

I shall never be able to participate in it, and why should I refuse an opportunity I have so often coveted, of seeing a really grand ball?"

Then she fell into a train of thought. "If I had only the advantage of being Sir Howard's granddaughter, that Flora Champion has—if I could have met Mr. Hastings in society, and ridden and danced with him as she has done, I think I could have made him love me; but as a farmer's daughter, what chance have I with an admired, aristocratic beauty?"

Here words failed her, and she sat down on the bank in the lonely woods, and the tears streamed down her face. So intent was she on her misery that she did not hear foot-steps approaching her, and when a man's voice sounded tenderly in her ears, saying, "Miss Eyre, are you in trouble?" she started, blushing, to her feet.

"Mr. Hastings," she exclaimed, covered with confusion and crimson shame; but somehow the sight of his handsome face banished the memory of her sadness, and a bright smile came into her eyes.

"I am so glad to see a smile again," Errol said, with the tenderest inflection of his voice, "I could not bear to see you in distress."

"When people have not very much to occupy their minds," Winifred answered, "they are rather subject to fits of depression, without adequate cause. I envy you almost now—you are so busied in entertaining and amusing people, you have no time for regrets."

"No time for regrets!" echoed Mr. Hastings; "for the last three weeks my life has been one unceasing, haunting regret."

Winifred looked up into his face inquiringly.

"It is a trouble I cannot ask anyone to share—your least of all," he said, after a pause.

Winifred's eyes drooped beneath his gaze—it was so sad, yet so eager.

A voice was heard calling, "Hastings, Hastings!"

In an instant he had taken her hand, kissed it passionately, and was gone. Winifred turned away quickly, and went on her way to the cottage. She was trembling, confused, glad, surprised. She scarcely knew what her real feelings were. But as Hawkins' proposal recurred to her mind, she determined to accept it.

When she arrived at the cottage, she found Lady Grace, as has been described. When she had accompanied her to the pony carriage, she returned to the little drawing room.

"Dear madame," said Winifred, kneeling beside her old friend, and half hiding her face. "I want you to take me to the Court to-morrow night."

"The Court!" exclaimed Madame de Montolieu, in overwhelming surprise; "has Mr. Hastings, then, invited you to his ball?"

"Oh, no, not that," Winifred answered, quickly, with a deep blush. "To-night, as I was coming here, Hawkins met me, and asked me if I should like to see the ball. He said he would let me into the little garden under the ballroom, and there would be no one else there. At first I was angry at the idea, but I have changed my mind; and, oh, madame," she concluded, earnestly, "I do so want to go."

Madame de Montolieu looked at her with impressive astonishment. She almost failed to believe her senses, when proud Winifred Eyre made such a request.

"I know it must seem strange to you, Winifred said, imploringly; "you think I am forgetting my pride, and my self-esteem; but I have a reason—indeed I have."

"Winifred!" cried Madame de Montolieu, in a pained voice; "you are thinking too much of this Mr. Hastings."

She caressed the head that lay in her lap pitifully and tenderly while she said: "I will go with you if you wish it."

"I do wish it; thank you a thousand times."

The next evening, shortly before ten o'clock, Winifred and her companion, cloaked and veiled, appeared at the little garden gate. The faithful Hawkins was waiting for them, and, true to his promise, not another person was to be seen. He had placed two chairs for them behind a clump of laurels, and as the ballroom windows were down to the ground they could see plainly everything that took place.

Winifred saw Lady Grace Farquhar, robed in delicate satin and lace, standing with other ladies on a kind of a velvet dais, receiving the guests as they entered with stately graciousness. Then she saw something that made her tremble and turn pale. Mr. Hastings entered the room, looking more handsome and courtly than she had even imagined, and on his arm leaned Flora Champion, with the proud dignity of an empress.

A jealous pang shot through Winifred's heart at the sight, and when she saw Hastings bend down to Flora, and perceived the smile that was reflected back in his eyes, she clinched her teeth over her lips to keep back the tears of mortification. She turned to Madame de Montolieu and said, in quick, gasping tones: "It is enough—let us go!"

(To be continued.)

Mount Everest Never Climbed.

If you thirst for something really new, if you want to do something which has never been done before, here is a chance for you. Climb Mount Everest. Its height is 29,000 feet, and you will not find anything in the nature of a paper bag on its snow-capped summit, for the excursionist has not reached there yet. The highest point to which man has so far climbed is 23,393 feet. This is the height of Aconcagua, the loftiest summit of the main cordillera of the Andes. This point was reached by the guide Matthias Zurbriggen and Mr. Vines, two members of the expedition that went out in 1897 under Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald. Before this the record was held by Sir William Martin Conway's expedition, which in 1892 climbed a mountain in the Karakoram Himalayas just 22,000 feet high.—Pearson's Magazine.

Effect of Rag-Time Songs.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, what did Pharaoh say to Moses? Children—We don't know.

Teacher—Oh, yes, you do. He told Moses to go and do something. Now, what did he say?

Class—Go way back—and sit down!—Baltimore American.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Working Without System.

A MAN who does forcible work must dismiss a subject from his mind when he is done with it. This increases the grasp and power of the mind and keeps it clear for concentration upon the thing under consideration. Nothing can be accomplished with half a mind; you must concentrate or focus all your powers upon the thing you are doing. This you can never do when things by the score are half settled in your mind, continually obtruding themselves for consideration, and hindering the thought of present problems.

When you have anything in hand, settle it. Do not look at it, lay it down, then look at something else and lay that down also, but settle things as you go along. It is a thousand times better to make an occasional mistake than never to settle anything, but be always balancing, weighing and considering many things at a time.

It is vigorous thought which counts. A subject which is handled, so to speak, with the tips of the mental fingers, never amounts to anything. You must seize and grasp with all your might the thing you are attempting, and do it with vigor and enthusiasm, if you wish to bear the stamp of superiority when completed. Another defect in your work, which arises from the faults mentioned, is failure to complete things. Your work bears the impress of incompleteness, and seems always to lack something.

If you could overcome these defects, you might be successful, for you really possess great ability, but lack definiteness. Evidently your mind has not been trained to exactitude. There has been carelessness in your education somewhere. It may be partly the fault of your teachers or your parents in not calling your attention in early life to these deficiencies. If this had been done the task of correction would have been easier than it is now, but the faults may still be overcome if proper diligence be used.—Success.

Leprosy.

ONE medical surprise follows another. What seemed more unlikely than that mosquitoes are the cause of malaria and yellow fever? And yet such is the fact now universally accepted. And who would have thought that the foremost cause of leprosy, the most dreaded of diseases, is the eating of unwholesome fish? And yet, when this cause is once suspected a multitude of proofs seem to support it, and an investigation made in India brings back the report that such is probably the fact. It seems that where leprosy prevails, as in Palestine, Norway, Nova Scotia and Hawaii, fish is a large item of food. This does not mean that fish, fresh or well cured, is unhealthy, nor that leprosy is not, in a way, contagious; but merely that fish badly cured is a disposing cause of the disease. To be sure the theory has not yet become a matter of settled medical science, but it is one of those suggestions which have possible validity and which will be the occasion of very careful investigation, with the good hope that another dreaded disease will be first understood and then conquered and exterminated. That is what we have in large measure done with typhus fever and yellow fever, and expect to do with malaria and consumption.—New York Independent.

As to Climate and Character.

CLIMATE has an undoubted influence on the character. Persons take from atmospheric conditions and surroundings many of their mental attributes; they seem to absorb into their being something akin to the climate and environment. Those born and reared in a rugged, wild and bleak country are generally rugged, hardy and stern themselves, while those brought up in a rich, warm and genial climate and surroundings are themselves usually of a generous, easy-going nature. The London Evening Standard, of a recent date, discusses the subject and says: "In lands of the sun, where the earth offers the necessities and luxuries of life almost without labor, man is sapped of energy, and leads a lotos existence. No effort is demanded of him, and the capacity to do dwindles within him. He lolls sensuously in the lap of nature, a materialist and without ambition."

A temperate, bracing climate is the most healthy, both for body and mind. The strong air imparts force of character as well as power of limb. No one is superior to atmospheric conditions; it affects all, though sometimes unconsciously. Investigations in schools show that pupils are able to do their best work when the weather is cold, calm

and clear. In large factories, it is stated that an unpleasant day will reduce the output by 10 per cent. Again, continued hot weather invariably brings forth a crop of crimes of passion, while the summer is also the season most prolific of suicide. Rain seems to exert a deterrent effect on crime, and fewer deeds of violence are committed on cloudy days than on bright ones.

Whatever there may be said to the contrary, the fact is undeniable that climate influences to a remarkable degree character and conduct.—Medical Record.

Improved Country Life.

SOME of the most active and brainy business and professional men in the cities came direct from the farms, without capital save healthy minds and stomachs and strong ambition. Being eager and able, they have worked their way to the top. And yet the fact must not be lost sight of that all country boys who go to the city do not succeed. Some of the poorest of the poor in the city are from the country. In the slums will be found those who abandoned farm life under the impression that a mere move in the city would mean good living if not wealth and ease. Such persons would not succeed anywhere. They have not the capacity for success.

Life in the country, on the farm, however, is not so isolated and cheerless as in former days. Good roads, the daily newspaper, the bicycle, the rural free delivery of mail, the improved country school, the telephone, the neighborhood church, have each contributed to lightening and brightening life in the country. The farmer and his family are now enabled to keep in touch with the outside world, and as a matter of fact are generally better informed with respect to current events of the world than the average city family occupying relatively a similar position as respects income and social status. Those who live in the city often forget and forget, because there are so many things to demand their attention. And the improvement of country conditions is steadily progressing. They are much better now than they were ten years ago, and they will be better ten years hence than they are now. This ought to have the effect of decreasing the drift from the country to the city, and it no doubt will do so. Meanwhile, we say let the country boys of brains and capacity come to the city. There is room and a demand for them. No city ever had too many country boys of the right sort. They are the mainstay of the country. May the rewards of their merit never be less!—Savannah News.

As to Inherited Wealth.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT is thus quoted in a London weekly paper: "Inherited wealth is a big handicap to happiness. It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality. If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his business he has constant use for it. But the man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction and the greatest, that of building the foundation of a fortune, is denied him. He must labor, if he does labor, simply to add to what may be an over-sufficiency."

Why should inherited wealth be "a big handicap to happiness?" Why must the possessor of it labor "simply to add to what may be an over-sufficiency?" Why should a man who gets millions from his father be unable to make himself the architect of his own happiness? Great wealth implies great care. It also implies an opportunity to do good that is denied to people of more restricted means. The opportunity to do good implies the certainty of a return in the truest and most lasting kind of happiness, the happiness that is born of doing unto others even as you would that they should do unto you. Instead of being "certain death to ambition" inherited wealth ought to give to ambition the very highest and noblest stimulation. It ought to encourage men who can think at all, to think less of themselves and more of others, to invest their money not with the desire of simply adding to what may be an over-sufficiency, but to add to the sum of human happiness and contentment by lessening the sum of human misery and ignorance. The rich man who spends his money, acquired either through inheritance or thrift, entirely upon himself and upon his immediate family, deserves to feel that the hypertrophy of his bank account is "a big handicap to happiness." If he wants to feel differently he may do so through a very simple and obvious choice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pete Might Have Proved an Alibi.

"Ah doan' b'lieve in convictin' any man on submundanstah evidence," said the deacon to a New York Tribune.

"Dat's right," said Uncle Ned. "Ah knowed of a case mahself when Ah was a young man, many yeas ago, where an innocent man was sent to jail fo' stealin' chickens what was tuk by anudder pusson. His name was Pete Jackson; he was a married man an' had a fambly, an' de fambly had a appetite fo' chickens, an' a farmer in de neighborhood had de chickens. Wal, de farmer missed chickens every vunst in awhile, an' he kep' his eye peeled, but he cudn't find out jes' who tuk 'em, only he 'spected Pete, case he was de neares' niggah. But one night when de farmer kem out of his house wif a shotgun he seen a man jes' gwine away from de chicken coop, an' he chased him. But de man was spy an' de farmer didn't catch him, an' he los' sight of him somewheres in de dark, an' when he kem to de turn in de road he didn't know which way to go. But putty soon he seen a man runnin' an' he follered him along de twisht'n an' turn'n of de road till de man kem to Pete Jackson's house. De farmer kotedch him right at de door—de man was Pete Jackson—an' he yanked him along an' had him jugged. But Pete hadn't no chickens wif him when he was cotedch, an' de farmer t'ought, mebbe, he was skeered away from de coop befo' he got any."

"But when de farmer xamined de coop he made sure dey was chickens missin' from de day befo'; an' in de mawnin' he went to Pete's house an' dere was Missus Jackson gittin' a chicken ready fo' dinner. De farmer cudn't understan' how she got dat chicken so quick from Pete, case Pete

didn't have time to go into de house when he was cotedch, but dem was de fac's in de case, an' Pete was sent up. He done tried to 'stablish a alibey, but dey wudn't listen to him. So Pete did time fo' stealin' dem chickens what he nebiah stole."

"Am yo' shuah he wa'n't guilty?" asked de deacon.

"Shuah. Ah was wif him dat night, an' he didn't steal no chickens at all. He was in a graveyard gittin' de lef' hind foot of a rabbit, an' he done got it. When we was comin' home we heerd de noise of de farmer chasin' de man what stole de chickens an' we got skeered an' run, an' got sep'rated in de dark. Den de farmer mus' hab lost sight of de man he was chasin', an' den he sees Pete an' chases an' cotesch him."

"But why didn't yo' go up an' relate de real state of de fac's?"

"Wal, Ah didn't s'pose dey'd b'lieve me, an' Ah was skeered dat if Ah said Ah was wif Pete dat night Ah might be wif him fo' de nex' six mont's."

"An' how do yo' account fo' de chicken what Pete's wife was cookin' de nex' mawnin'?"

"Wal, dat chicken an' anudder one Pete stole from an entially diff'rint coop de night befo' he got in trouble, so his wife had chickens to cook fo' two days hand runnin'."

"But doan' de hull affair t'row some doubt on de prewallin' opinion dat de lef' hind foot of a rabbit an' lucky?"

"Ah doan' know as it does. De fedge only gave Pete two mont's, an' eb'rybody t'ought he'd get six."

He, Also, Could Be Frugal.

The stingiest man in the town of Bramville had sent for John Briggs to discuss a matter of importance. When Mr. Briggs entered the room it was lighted by one dim candle only.

"It's a bright starlight night," said his host, "and we don't need the candle to talk by;" whereupon he blew it out as soon as his guest had found a seat. The room was pitch-dark and the

conversation was long. When it was over the host lighted the candle again to show his visitor out.

"Well, well, sir, this is a strange sight!" he blustered, for Mr. Briggs was minus coat, waistcoat, collar and necktie.

"I'll put them on now you've lighted the candle," said Mr. Briggs, calmly. "I thought I might just as well save the wear on them as long as nobody could see."

Hot Cross Buns.

In its early days, when it is to be hoped, it was more toothsome than it is now, the hot cross bun played some part in converting the people of these islands to Christianity. Pagan England was in the habit of eating cakes in honor of the goddess of spring, and Christian missionaries found that though they could alter the views of the people in reference to religious matters they could not induce them to withhold from the consumption of confectionery. So they put the sign of the cross upon the bun of the Saxon era and launched it upon missionary enterprise which has extended through the intervening centuries and survived till now.

Curling Story.

An ostentatious curler said to the members of his rink:

"Don't you bother about cutting sandwiches. We'll take the bounce out of the other fellows. I have arranged with a farmer to send down a pot of Irish stew."

The dish, to the envy of the onlookers, arrived before the game was finished, and to keep it warm top coats were put over it. When the gun sounded "cease play" the party made their way to enjoy the special luxury, but on lifting the coats there was a hole in the ice the size of the pot, which had melted its way through the ice to the bottom of the loch.

Some people are so sensitive that they seem to have corns all over them.