

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VI.

Most of the guests had left Hazell Court; and only Lord Harold Erskine and Mr. Le Marchant remained. It was the fourth day after the ball, and Mr. Hastings was alone that evening. At seven o'clock he strolled toward the woods. He told himself he hoped he should not meet Miss Eyre; it would be so awkward, so unpleasant; and yet he went in the direction that she always took on her return from the cottage, and at the very hour he knew she should pass. When Errol saw Winifred coming along slowly and sadly through the woods he could no longer conceal from himself the delight he experienced at seeing her again.

Winifred appeared unconscious of him until she came close to the gate, and then she looked up with an air of cool indifference that might have befitting the best-bred woman in Europe. Errol did not open the gate, but put his hand across to her. She affected not to see it. "Miss Eyre," he said, "will you not even take my hand?"

"No, I thank you," answered Winifred, coldly; "I do not choose to be known one day and unnoticed the next."

"What do you mean, Miss Eyre? I do not understand you."

"I mean this, Mr. Hastings; we have met several times, and I was foolish enough to imagine that it was on equal terms until you reminded me by passing me unnoticed with your high-born friends, that you were the lord of the manor, and I only a farmer's daughter."

"Miss Eyre," he said, quickly, "it is impossible you should attribute motives so false and mean to me."

"Why impossible?" Winifred asked. "I know nothing of you, Mr. Hastings."

Her self-command in this speech was wonderful, for her heart was fluttering tumultuously, as a woman's heart always does when she is saying a bitter thing to the man she loves. There was silence for a moment, and then she said quietly: "Will you let me pass, Mr. Hastings?"

"No," he cried suddenly and passionately, "you shall not pass until you have recalled those words."

"Then I must retrace my steps," Winifred said, looking at his defiantly.

He seized her hand.

"You shall not go until you tell me why you are so bitter and angry with me to-day."

"I am not angry or bitter," she quickly replied, forcing back the rebellious tears. "Only—"

"Only what?"

"Do not torture me, Mr. Hastings," exclaimed Winifred. "It is cruel, unmanly of you. Let me go! I will not tell you."

"But you shall tell me," he said, still keeping hold of her hand, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes that made her half afraid of him.

"I do not wish to tell you—you force me to it," she cried.

"I will not stir from here except you tell me."

Winifred's voice was half choked with excitement as she answered: "Then hear it. I hate you! You have been cruel, inconsiderate, unjust to me."

"I?" said Errol.

"Yes, you. You tried to make a simple, inexperienced, country girl care for you, with your refinement and fascinations; and when you succeeded you despised her for her folly, and turned away from her contemptible simplicity to the woman who, from her birth and station, was worthy of your real love."

"Winifred! Miss Eyre!" exclaimed Errol, "how can you have mistaken me so? Do you imagine there is anyone in the world but yourself for whom I care?"

"Yes, for your betrothed, Miss Champion, Mr. Hastings."

"I am neither betrothed to Miss Champion nor yet to any other woman," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Do not attempt to deceive me any further," Winifred said, with a flush of anger. "Your relations with Miss Champion can scarcely be doubtful, after your opening the ball with her before all your grand friends."

"Miss Eyre," he said, gravely, "will you accept my solemn assurance that I have not asked Miss Champion to be my wife, and that I have no intention of doing so? There is only one woman in the world that I love, and I love her with all the passion of my soul. Because she is so dear to me, I am going to leave my country, and the home for which I have longed, and I am going to be a wanderer again on the face of the earth."

"You are going away?" cried Winifred, in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, I am going away from country, home and friends, because, being near her, I cannot control my passionate longing for her; I cannot tear my thoughts from her, or bring myself to look with love or admiration on any other woman."

The gate was open now, and Mr. Hastings had taken Winifred in his arms.

"My darling," he whispered, "do you know who that woman is?"

Winifred was confused, surprised, ashamed, and yet with a tumultuous joy overshadowed her whole being. Then this fairy tale was true, after all, and this splendid, gallant knight was at her feet in all truth and sincerity.

"Winifred," he said, passionately, "look into my eyes, and tell me that you love me."

She raised her beautiful, shy brown eyes to his, and he bent down and kissed her so fondly, so tenderly, that she could no longer doubt his truth. And then there was a silence, a long silence, for the spell of the day dream seemed too sweet to be broken by words.

"Miss Eyre," he said finally, "I cannot marry you. I dare not ask your forgiveness, but you must listen to me for one moment. The first time I saw you I loved you, and every time that we have met since I have loved you more and more, until at last I almost felt as if existence without you was impossible. I resolved to leave England—to go abroad, somewhere where I should

be removed from the temptation of seeing or hearing of you. But to-day, when I saw you coming toward me, all my strength failed me. Do you know that for centuries back my race have suffered for one rash vow? Time after time they have sacrificed their love, their hopes to it, and I dared not be the first to break it by marrying one who, though my equal, nay, my superior in all else, was beneath me in rank. I must go away. I must forget you."

"Beneath you?" cried Winifred, with flashing, indignant eyes—"beneath you, Mr. Hastings? You deemed Flora Champion a worthy bride, and am I not equally the granddaughter of Sir Howard?"

"The granddaughter of Sir Howard?" Mr. Hastings said, scarcely believing he heard aright.

"My mother was his daughter!" and with a proud, passionate gesture, Winifred said: "He felt as if brain, heart and limb were paralyzed by what he had just heard."

Sir Howard's granddaughter! Then that accounted for the breeding which had so puzzled him, and there was in truth no reason why he should not make her his wife. If he could only have known that before, And Flora Champion and Reginald? They knew it, and concealed it from him all the while. Lady Grace Farquhar must have known it—all his servants, and everyone who lived in the neighborhood; and yet some strange fatality had conspired to keep him in ignorance of a fact it would have sealed his happiness to know. It was too late now. He knew her pride; he knew that if he had the crowns and the wealth of India to offer her, she would reject him in scorn now.

And she had loved him dearly, he knew that, or she would never have suffered his kisses on her lips, or looked lovingly into his face with those sweet brown eyes. He felt maddened by his thoughts, by the recollection of what was, and what might have been. And he turned his steps homeward, not lingeringly, not hopefully, as he had come, but swiftly, half mad with crushing despair.

CHAPTER VII.

The next evening just as Errol Hastings and his friends had finished dinner a servant brought in a note to the master. It was from Winifred Eyre, and read as follows:

"You will perhaps guess that only very urgent need induces me to hold communication with you after—after what passed last night. Your words were overheard by Mr. Fenner, an intentional spy, whom a short time since I refused to marry. He came to me this afternoon, and threatens that if I still persist in my refusal to become his wife he will publish the story to the neighborhood. I ask of you to find some means of action that will insure the silence of this man, and protect me from a marriage which I dread more than death. Mr. Fenner insists on my answer being given in three days. If you have one impulse of generosity left, you will help me."

As Errol read the note an imprecation burst from his lips that made both his friends look up suddenly.

"Why, Errol?" exclaimed Mr. Le Marchant, "what is the matter?"

Mr. Hastings recovered himself in a moment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling; "I was rather annoyed at the moment. A letter from a refractory tenant."

"Ah!" said Arthur Le Marchant, with a smiling glance at the envelope which lay on the table; "lady tenants are always the most troublesome."

All the evening Mr. Hastings seemed absent and unusually silent, and when the two other men went out for a stroll on the terrace he did not join them.

"Excuse me for half an hour," he said. "I have some business to transact, and will follow you."

When they were gone he rang the bell. "Send Letson to me at once," and a minute afterward the old servant came hurrying.

"Letson," said Mr. Hastings, "do you know anyone of the name of Fenner hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," answered Letson. "There's a farmer of that name lives two miles from here, up at Chalk Farm."

"What do you know about him?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I know much, but I have heard more lately being in conjunction with Miss Eyre. It was Hawkins as told me; he was that angry one night because he heard as Fenner was a-courtin' Miss Eyre. 'I'll spoil his sport, if I hear any more,' says he; 'but I'm not afraid that a lady like Miss Eyre 'ud demean herself to such as him.'"

"What did Hawkins mean when he said he'd spoil Fenner's sport if he wanted to marry Miss Eyre?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir; but he seemed quite mad about it, and talked like as if he knew something bad about Fenner. I thought perhaps it was only talk, though, because he sets such a deal on Miss Eyre."

"Send Hawkins to my room at ten o'clock to-morrow," said Mr. Hastings; "I want to ask him about the partridges;" and Mr. Hastings rose and went to join his friends on the terrace.

The following morning there was a low tap at the door, and Hawkins, the gamekeeper, entered Mr. Hastings' room. A long conversation followed, as a result of which Mr. Hastings sent the following note to Fenner:

"Sir—Be good enough to call upon me this afternoon, at three o'clock. I have to speak to you on important business."

ERROL HASTINGS.

"Hazell Court."

At half-past three Mr. Fenner rang at the door of Hazell Court. It was opened immediately, and he was escorted through the grand hall, along a corridor, and up some steps into Mr. Hastings' private room. Errol was sitting at his writing table when Fenner entered. He merely looked up and continued his letter. Tom

Fenner felt very savage; he would have liked to throw himself with a swagger into one of the chairs, but he did not dare. There was something in Errol's look, and something in his own servile fear of rank, that made him afraid to take a liberty.

Presently Mr. Hastings looked up and said:

"I have sent for you to tell you that I object to the line in which you have annoyed Miss Eyre lately, and to request that you will discontinue it."

Tom Fenner felt he was getting very savage.

"And suppose," he remarked, insolently, "that I say I shan't, what then?"

"Very well," said Mr. Hastings, quietly, "then I will order my horse, and go round to Mr. Lennox, and tell him you are the scoundrel who shot Tom White, the gamekeeper, three years ago in the Holton woods."

Fenner started convulsively, he turned ashen white and trembled in every limb.

"Oh, sir!" he cried, in agony of fear, as soon as he could speak, "don't do that!"

And then all of a sudden he recovered himself, and looked at the man who had confronted him with an air of dogged defiance.

"I didn't know what you meant at the minute," he said, pale to the lips; "I thought it was something else. I don't know anything about Tom White's affair—that was the poachers' doing."

Mr. Hastings did not answer for the moment; but his eyes were fixed on Fenner's face. The miserable coward took courage from his opponent's silence, and tried to force a sneer.

"I suppose you thought to trump up some lie against me," he continued; "but a fine gentleman's word isn't quite enough in these days to transport an honest man."

"No," acquiesced Errol, quietly; "it wants proof."

"Yes," echoed Fenner, "it wants proof."

"Shall I give it first to you or the magistrates?" asked Mr. Hastings, coolly.

"I know nothing about it; it's a trump-up lie. I defy you!" cried the farmer, savagely.

Mr. Hastings kept his temper admirably; he did not even raise his voice.

"Stop a moment," he said. "I have something to tell you; if any of my details are wrong, you can correct me. The gamekeeper, White, had a very pretty sister called Sophy, who was a seamstress, and worked for your mother."

Fenner started uneasily.

"You promised to marry her," proceeded Errol, coldly. "She appealed to you to keep your word, and you laughed in her face. She turned in her misery to her brother, and he met you and thrashed you in the lanes. Is it not so?"

Fenner's teeth chattered, but he did not speak.

"You told me one of your meetings," Errol went on, "but you remained in bed, and said you had an attack of rheumatism. One day when you knew White would pass alone through the Holton woods, you hid yourself, with your gun, and waited for him."

The wretch was brought to bay at last, through the information which Hawkins had imparted to Errol.

"Have mercy on me, sir!" he gasped, almost inarticulately. "I'll do anything you tell me."

"Sit down on that chair, then," said Mr. Hastings, sternly, "and copy what is on that piece of paper."

Fenner walked trembling to the table, and sat down. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pen that was thrust into it. He leaned back for a moment, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and began:

"I apologize to you, Miss Eyre, for the anxiety and annoyance I have caused you, and I solemnly swear never again from this time to molest or injure you in any way, either by word or deed."

"THOMAS FENNER."

"I have just one word of caution to give you before you go," said Errol, in a quick, rasping tone of contempt. "The wisest thing you can do is to be off from those parts as soon as you can settle your affairs. I am not the only person who knows the cowardly assassin of poor White, and as long as any trace of you is left you are at his mercy and mine. And now, you spying, murderous hound, begone, while I still have power to restrain myself from kicking you out of the house!"

(To be continued.)

Cormorants as Signals.

An incident of a peculiar nature occurred recently at the Bell Rock Light-house, says the Scotsman. At 11 one night the keeper on watch was startled by the sound of a steamer's whistle in close proximity to the rock. On going out on the balcony the steam tug Alexandria of Arbroath was observed in the clear moonlight within hailing distance.

A strong westerly wind and the beat of the sea against the base of the tower made conversation somewhat difficult, but it was understood that the tug had been sent out from Arbroath in response to signals which were reported to have been shown from the rock that day. On being assured that all was well, and as no landing could be effected at the time, the tug returned to Arbroath.

The solution of the mystery is as follows: When signals are made from the rock, two-foot disks are run out on poles, which project horizontally from either side of the balcony. Daily observations are taken by the keeper on shore duty in Arbroath (a distance of twelve miles from the rock) by the aid of a powerful telescope, and what appeared to him to be two disks on the southwest pole, which mean "Send boat immediately," were in reality two cormorants, which, tired out at fishing, had made the signal pole a resting place.

Near Enough.

Teacher—Now, Susie, you may construct a sentence in which the word "literary" occurs.

Susie (after much thought)—Little Willie's hands were literary black with dirt.—Philadelphia Press.

The Greeks, after exercising, always anointed their bodies with perfumed oil, sometimes performing this anointing three or four times a day.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Isthmian Canal.

REMARKABLE change of opinion has taken place in regard to the best route for the Isthmian Canal. Fourteen months ago, when the House passed the Nicaraguan bill, the Panama route had few advocates; only one newspaper in New York championed it, and the state of feeling at the time is further illustrated by the fact that this champion was actuated by a desire to thwart the building of any canal. Now, however, there is hardly a voice raised to mourn for abandoned Nicaragua, and we have engaged to spend millions, hundreds of millions, on Panama. We have agreed to pay the Panama Canal Company \$40,000,000 for its rights, unfinished work, and other property; we have agreed to pay Colombia \$10,000,000 and an annuity of \$250,000, and in addition to this outlay there is the cost of construction, which is estimated at \$250,000,000, but may, and probably will, be much more. As much as this has already been sunk in the fourteen miles of ditch already completed by the old Panama company, and thirty-three miles of more difficult work remains to be done. Fourteen years and \$250,000,000 are plainly very scant estimates of the time and money which will have to be expended before the isthmus is crossed by a navigable waterway. But the rewards will equal the expenditure.—Public Opinion.

Interesting Wheat Experiments.

EXPERIMENTS in Colorado and Wyoming point to the development of a species of hard wheat that will yield bountifully in the arid regions. In 1896 a Coloradoan, Mr. Robert Gauss, planted some improved five wheat and left it to take care of itself. The harvest gave barely enough wheat for seed the next year. The crop from this seed was much better, and each year since the grain has gained in productiveness. In 1902 Fred Bond, State engineer of Wyoming, planted half a pint of this acclimatized seed near Cheyenne at an altitude of 6,050 feet, and another half-pint at Buffalo, altitude 4,700 feet. The first lot threshed 9½ pints and the second 21½ pints. No water was artificially given to either plantation, and the rainfall at Cheyenne was only 6.38, and at Buffalo 4.90 inches. If experiments on a larger scale are equally successful, Mr. Gauss, as the Geographic Magazine says, has reclaimed nearly 400,000 square miles of land. The whole arid and semi-arid West will eagerly await further experiments.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Minimum Wage.

INDIANA has a minimum wage law, enacted in 1901. It provides that no one employed on work done by or for counties, cities or towns shall be paid less than twenty cents an hour. The act was passed at the demand of organized labor, and the purpose, of course, was to establish a standard minimum rate of living wages. While it was not believed that the State could enact any law making a minimum wage in private business, it was imagined that municipal corporations could be required to pay a minimum wage or more for work done which would become a common standard. The Supreme Court of the State has pronounced the law unconstitutional, as being an improper interference with the liberty of contract. If the Legislature has the right to prescribe and enforce a minimum rate of wages, it also has power to prescribe a maximum rate, and need not confine itself to wages, but proceed to fix the prices of corn and potatoes. The court concludes that counties, cities and towns stand upon the same footing as private or quasi-public corporations, and cannot be compelled to pay more than its market value for any property or labor.—Boston Herald.

The Cause of Good Roads.

ONE of the most striking evidences of the civilization reached by Rome are the remains of her great highways. It is said that 50,000 miles of roadways were built by the Romans, structures which in their decay are the envy of the modern road builders. It is a reflection on the American name that in the older States, which have been organized communities for more than two centuries, there are thousands of miles of roads that are practically in no better condition now than they were in the early days. In Pennsylvania there are thousands of miles of roadway maintained in no better fashion than they were at the beginning of the last century. The value, convenience and pleasure of good roads are admitted. They improve social conditions in the countryside and invite

HAS MUNICIPAL ICE FACTORY

City of Wolverhampton in England Successfully Conducts One.

The first municipality in England to establish a municipal ice factory under the approval of the local government board is Wolverhampton, says the Municipal Journal and Engineer. The board has authorized the council to make ice and sell it to its customers and will allow any surplus to be purchased by other traders. Despite the many objections that were raised against this undertaking, on the ground that it was too doubtful for any municipality to assume, the officials went ahead with their plans.

The council fortunately decided to incorporate with the ice factory cold stores and this union of interests yields better results than if the cold stores were undertaken alone. In fact the men interested in the work felt that to cut out the manufacture of ice from the scheme would absolutely ruin it from a financial standpoint.

The estimated demand for ice in Wolverhampton is about 1,500 tons a year and a manufactory producing seven tons a day could meet this consumption; but to provide for any possible increase in the city, a plant of ten tons output per day was installed and arrangements were made so that this could be increased to twenty tons if necessary. The cost of the buildings and insulating was estimated at \$28,500 and for this necessary machinery and appliances \$18,750, making a total of \$47,250. It is estimated that the running expenses will be \$10,905, which includes 2½ per cent allowance for depreciation and sinking fund and interest on the loan. The cold stores have a capacity of 22,500 cubic feet, which if let at 20 cents per foot will produce \$4,500, and calculating on four months, 1,300 tons of ice at \$6.25 per ton, would bring in \$8,125, a total of \$12,625 and a profit of \$1,630.

The borough engineer, after considering the different methods of com-

residence there. The condition of the roadways in any neighborhood is an unfailing sign of its progress. The organization of good roads associations, local, State, national and international, is doing excellent work in spreading information, exciting interest and securing needful legislation respecting the movement.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Alien Invasion.

ISN'T it a little foolish for us to talk of "the American race" and "the American character" as if they were established and recognizable facts, in the face of a movement which is vastly altering the population of our land? Within the last forty years 16,000,000 of aliens have come to our shores. There never was a race movement like that before. The Norman Conquest of England was microscopic; the invasion of England by the Jutes, Saxons and Angles was insignificant; the descent of the barbarians upon the Roman Empire was a small affair, compared with the invasion of the United States now going on. In the retrospect, all the great movements of population recorded in history are seen to have profoundly altered the characters and affected the careers of the countries to which they moved, and we may be certain that the national character and the national destiny will be no less materially affected in our own case now. In the nature of things, the effect will not appear at once; the newcomers are poor and of slight consideration; does any one expect that they will remain so for many generations? Doesn't every one who will take the trouble to think about it know that in the worlds of business, politics, and even "society," the sons and daughters of those who fought for American independence already in many cases have to give way to the descendants of those who were coming ashore, with their packs on their backs, out of the steerage, a generation or two ago?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New England Thrift.

THE proportion of men and women who retire on small competencies is doubtless greater in Massachusetts than in any other State in the Union, unless it be Pennsylvania, which is the other State of Dr. Benjamin Franklin's residence. But a man who has even the most robust respect for the thrift of the people of Massachusetts must be surprised to learn from the report of the State's Bureau of Labor Statistics that there are more than 45,000 such persons—28,000 men and 17,000 women. Two-thirds of them are native born, too.

These persons who have retired on competencies are apparently not, as a rule, the owners of large fortunes. Indeed, most men of large fortunes, it is safe to say, do not retire till physical infirmities compel them. In the list are an amazing number who are farmers—more than 3,500—whereas less than 3,800 were merchants. Even the retired blacksmiths number 359, and there are 1,076 "laborers" on this list.—World's Work.

Save the Big Trees.

THE giant sequoias of California form a natural wonder and beautiful scenic feature absolutely unique. How far the rumor that their existence is in danger may be true is not quite apparent, but it seems certain that the Calaveras Grove at least is threatened with extinction. It must be remembered that there are at least five hundred trees in California which are really entitled to be called giant trees, and that these are found in many rather widely separated groups. The Mariposa Grove, near the Yosemite Valley, is owned and cared for by the State of California, while the United States holds at National parks two tracts of land on which big trees stand. The Calaveras group, the first to be discovered, contains about a hundred very fine giant trees, and has been well maintained and preserved. It is private property, and, of late years at least, has not yielded a reasonable profit on the price paid by the present owner, \$100,000. There is, therefore, great danger that the trees may be cut down and sold—it is said that a single sequoia might yield 50,000 feet of lumber. It seems evident that California should have purchased the Calaveras Grove at the very moderate price named above, but the State authorities have hoped that the United States would buy the tract as a National park; Congress, however, has seemed averse to this, and has refused an appropriation for the purpose. It is now suggested that a public subscription should be made, or that an individual benefactor should present the famous grove to the nation. In one way or another the destruction threatened should be averted.—New York Outlook.

THE NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE DESTROYER.



This is the type of the new submarine boat destroyer which has been approved by the British navy. In addition to carrying the regular torpedo tube and projectile in the bow, the strange craft is equipped with an "outrigger" torpedo, charged with thirty-five pounds of gun cotton, which is pushed against the submarine or other ship to be destroyed.

cially producing cold, such as cold air, liquefaction, vacuum, absorption and the compression systems decided on the one in use. This was the one in which the cold is produced by an ammonia compression machine. The three principal methods of transmitting the cold were the direct expansion system, in which ammonia is directly expanded into a series of tubes hung from the ceiling; the brine circulation system; and the cold air current system, in which the tubes, whether dry or wet, are placed in a chamber and air is caused to flow over them. Mr. Bradley chose the last as the most preferable system.

The cold is produced by the evaporation of anhydrous ammonia in a series of wrought-iron coils submerged in a rectangular tank containing brine. In the brine are the molds in which the ice is formed. The cold brine congeals the water in the tanks and the clear ice is produced by the use of hydraulic agitation gear, by means of which the small quantity of air in the water is extracted. After the ammonia has been evaporated in the ice tank coils the vapors are drawn back into the compressor and delivered into an ammonia condenser on the roof of the engine house, where they are liquefied.

The work of cooling in the cold rooms is produced in a similar manner, but instead of the evaporator coils being submerged in a tank they are built up in the form of a battery. This is placed in a duct which is so arranged that air is drawn in at one end by means of an electrically driven fan, and being cooled by the coils, is distributed from the other end to the various storerooms. The advantage of this system is the entire absence of moisture on account of the cold, dry air used, and a further advantage is the fact that the whole power of the plant may be concentrated in any one place if it is desired to cool such room rapidly.

Electricity in the Boat.

In England the Sunderland town council has decided to supply electricity for the lighting of the workmen's dwellings owned by the municipality on the penny-in-the-slot principle, one penny to pay for an eight candle power light lasting five and one-fifth hours.