

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montolieu. Lady Grace was sitting there, too. She kissed them both.

"You bring the outer air in with you, my child," said the old French lady; "you are as fresh as a new picked rose."

"We have had a good dinner across the common, dear madame—it makes one feel fresh. Did you both have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I find you have got the ponies into such order that they are as quiet as lambs. At least Evans gives you all the credit."

"He wants to see you drive them in the park," resumed Lady Grace; "he says with a new set of harness, and you in the front seat, there would not be a more elegant turnout in London."

"Fancy such honor and state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half grave, half ironical.

Lady Grace took her hand and drew her toward herself.

"My dear, what ails you to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you say these things before. Has Mr. Hastings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever offend you?"

"Offend me? Lady Grace—how should he? He was far above me when we met before."

But her voice trembled, and she hurried from the room.

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know if anything ever passed between them that should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"

Madame de Montolieu hesitated.

"I should not feel justified in telling this to anyone else; but you have her interest as much at heart as I have. The summer before last, when I first came home, they met by accident. He was handsome and fascinating, and I believe, the first man of ton and breeding she ever met with. No wonder, then, the poor romantic child fell in love with him. Somehow they met again, and he made an excuse to call at the farm, and she was at home alone. I dare say he took a fancy to her, large-eyed, graceful child as she was, and flattered and talked to her as men of the world will. She mistook it for love—for a romantic devotion, no doubt, such as her foolish little brain had conceived might be possible between a great gentleman like the master of Hazell Court, and her own humble self. I warned her—I wanted to spare her the heartache—the misery that such a delusion might cause her; but, poor child! she was so honest, so true herself, she could not believe the man she worshipped as a hero could be capable of what she deemed baseness, and at last, by a cruel lesson—I am not at liberty to tell you how—she found that, while he was feigning love for her, he was, in truth, devoting his real attention to her cousin Flora. It was a grievous blow. Perhaps his presence brought back a bitter remembrance, and she involuntarily resented what she deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."

"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace said. "Twice to-day I saw him look at her as if I should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet—you may be right, for I remember fancying there was a tinge of regret in his expression."

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Harold Erskine had never been to stay at Endon Vale since Winifred had lived there, and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—it kept the nephew whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed heavily as she laid it down. Winifred understood what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they were alone and said:

"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me."

"I do not think, my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that he fears his presence might make you uneasy."

"Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "why should you—why should he think of me? Am I not here from your kindness and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me; but he will have forgotten me now, and why should we not meet as if such a thing had never happened?"

"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and she wrote to him that very day, begging him to come.

The next day he arrived, to his aunt's great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected. The restraint was off, and they relapsed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.

Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Lord Hastings was at the Court he betook himself at once to see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.

"I shall most likely sleep at the Court to-night, aunt, and we will ride over to-morrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"

"Of course, my dear," and Lord Harold rode off. The day seemed a little dull to Winifred after he had gone. She dreaded seeing Mr. Hastings again, particularly before Lord Harold; and then she wondered if her name would be mentioned between the two men, and if so, what they would say about her. Mr. Hastings had an unpleasant recollection of Mr. Clayton's remarks about Miss Eyre's flirtation with Lord Harold Erskine, and an uncomfortable sense of the latter's present golden opportunities; and Lord Harold remembered uneasily that something had been said about Hastings and Miss Eyre wandering together in the Hazell woods. By common consent, then, her name was avoided as much as possible, and the two men had plenty of other

freed, and persuade her to come to me. My husband and aunt have quarreled, and I am so terribly dull."

Mrs. Clayton received Winifred with open arms.

"I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed: "your companionship will make me forget half my troubles. We shall have a tete-a-tete dinner to-night. Mr. Clayton is in town."

Winifred had not been five hours in her friend's house before she was aware that she had made a miserable marriage; that she had bartered all her possessions for an inadequate value; and that she almost, if not quite, hated the man whose name she bore.

During the time that Winifred stayed at the Cedars, she had plenty of opportunity of observing how this ill-assorted couple lived. Francis Clayton's manner to his wife was in itself an offense, almost every word he addressed to her contained a covert sneer, and he seemed to find no greater pleasure than in thwarting her wishes and contradicting her orders.

Winifred detested him, and was systematically cold and repellent in her manner toward him. He saw it, and laughed secretly to himself.

"Little fool!" he thought, contemptuously, "she assumes these airs of virtuous indignation with huge propriety. Perhaps the simper thinks that I am in love with her!"

He rebuked his attentions on seeing that they annoyed her. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of Fee's singing, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."

"My dear Miss Eyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I am afraid your temper is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's example; mine has suffered already from her baneful influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them. (To be continued.)

MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA.

They Are Many and Active, and One Is a Monster in Size.

"You may talk about your mosquitoes up here in the North," said a resident of Bayou Sara, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bayous you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture."

There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noisome swamp bayous, and no matter which kind samples you try, you will wish it had been some other kind, for it will seem that no other kind could bite quite as bad as that one. There are gray mosquitoes—long, gaunt, wolfish-looking fellows—reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is one we call a gallinipper down there, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spread of wing an inch wide, and a kit in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.

"This fearfully equipped insect monster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and a suction pump. As he can bore through your boot and puncture your foot with ease and dispatch, you may well imagine how much protection clothing or gloves are against his assaults. Fortunately, though, this giant mosquito isn't poisonous. The damage he does to your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for days."

"All the remaining eight varieties are full of venom and vim to get it where it will do the greatest harm to the greatest number, but the worst of all is the smallest one of the lot. This is a gray mosquito, not more than an eighth of an inch long, but every place that he sinks his stinger in on you will instantly rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn as red as fire and pain like a hornet's sting. As the reservoir containing that insect's venom cannot possibly be larger than a fly speck, the virulence of it may be imagined."

"The experienced person never goes fishing in those mosquito-infested bayous," continued the Louisianan, according to the New York Times, "unless he has his head and face incased in netting, fixed on a light steel frame, and with thick gloves on his hands. Gloves, though, are no bar to the big gallinipper mosquito's kit of tools."

"Why does any one go fishing in those noisome places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bayous of Louisiana. Perch, bass, jackfish, as the pickerel is called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark, sluggish, root-tangled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his hook and line."

Pleasantry in Passing.

"Well, I declare," remarked the thin man, who was being uncomfortably crowded by a very stout person, "the trolley company ought to charge passengers by weight."

"Think so?" retorted the stout person. "At that rate it wouldn't be worth their while to take you on at all."—Philadelphia Press.

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



The Land of Goshen.

In the land of Goshen, lying between the Nile and the Red Sea, and famous in Biblical history as the region to which the Israelites were assigned by Pharaoh, the Egyptian government, is now engaged in reclaiming an immense area which has long suffered from lack of sufficient moisture, and which was, it was supposed, rendered utterly worthless by a canal, dug by the engineers constructing the Suez Canal for the purpose of supplying fresh water for the large force of workmen. The canal was not carefully constructed, and the seepage was of unusual proportions. Reaching the alkaline deposits which underlie the entire area, the water brought them to the surface in such quantities as to make the soil absolutely worthless, says the Homeowner.

The government is now constructing two canals at different altitudes. One will supply fresh water for irrigation, and the other will carry away the alkali drawn off the drains, which will be placed about four feet below the surface and 150 feet apart. During the first year it will be necessary to keep the surface saturated, and no crop can be grown but immense quantities of alkali will be washed out and into the Red Sea. The second year a forage crop can be raised, and after that the usual crops of Egypt—corn, wheat and cotton—can be grown in great abundance.

In the course of this work the surveyors discovered the well preserved remains of an irrigation canal, constructed by one of the Pharaohs, a description of which is given by Herodotus. The officers in charge are now working on the problem of restoring portions of the original aqueduct for the present use.

The Sword of the Spirit.

A youth in New Hampshire, the son of a Methodist minister, left his father's house and went to live with an uncle. He forgot the God of his father and lived a careless life. One Sabbath morning he took his gun and started out to a neighboring mountain to spend the day in pleasure and sport. On his way he met a Christian woman going to church, who looked on him with feelings of pity and tender compassion. But she did not rebuke him in her own words, well knowing that one word from the Bible is worth a hundred words of man. She recited in his hearing the warning of the wise man: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

With this she went on her way. The young man also went his way, but not to shoot or to find pleasure. That word took hold upon his heart. He went out to the mountain and spent the day in prayerful reflection. The words of Solomon kept ringing in his ears, "God will bring thee into judgment." He left off sinning and gave his heart to God.

Reasons for Being Holy.

A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated into heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory; and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips, should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—Albert Barnes.

Bread and Water.

Jesus is not a phenomenon, he is bread; Christ is not a curiosity, he is water. As surely as we cannot live without bread, we cannot live truly without Christ; if we know not Christ, we are not living, our pulse is but the stirring of an animal life. It is in this way, then, that Jesus Christ is to be preached. It is even so I would ever preach him. I would call him the water of life: I would speak of him as the true bread sent down from heaven; I would tell men that it is impossible to live without him; I would say, with brightening passion, with glowing and ineffable love, that he only, even the

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's. This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Precocious.

Her Mother—Edith, don't you think you are too old to play with little boys? Edith—No, ma; the older I get the better I like them.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Cholly's Repartee.

"Cholly is so clever at repartee!" exclaimed Clarence.

"An't he?" said Reginald. "What's his latest?"

"A great, howlid bwute said to him, 'You are the biggest fool in this state,' and Cholly answered wight off, 'I don't agree with you.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Vain Pursuits.

Miss Riche—Jack is a man after my own heart.

Cholly—Aw, what a lucky chap!

Miss Riche—Not necessarily. He won't get it.

Not a Repeater.

"These old proverbs make me weary," sighed the professor.

"What's the matter now?" queried the other half of the sketch.

"Here's one that says 'History repeats itself,'" replied the learned parson, "and any schoolboy knows that isn't true."—Chicago Daily News.

Took It Back.

"I don't believe in bleaching the hair," remarked Mrs. Oldfashion. "I think God gave us just the sort of hair he wanted us to have."

"Perhaps so," roflly replied Mr. Baldhead, "but in my case he seems to have been a sort of Indian giver."

Two Different Kinds.

"Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the meandering tinker as he entered the office.

"It would seem so," replied the boss. "She just went across the street to consult a dentist."

Base Flatterer.

She—I spent two weeks in that town last summer and didn't see a single attractive thing there.

He—That's queer. Haven't they any mirrors in that village?

Feminine Charity.

He—I wonder why Miss Overton is so sensitive about her age?

She—I can't imagine. She is certainly old enough to have got over a little thing like that long ago.—Chicago News.

Wearisome Topics.

Rodrick—Did you enjoy Mrs. Tiker's reception?

Van Albrecht—No, indeed. The men talked shop and the women shopping.

Ventnor Most Favored Place.

Ventnor has by far the most hours of real sunshine of any town in the British isles.

Artificial Teeth of Paper.

A set of artificial teeth made of compressed paper has been used constantly for thirteen years.

Uniforms Too Tight.

The tightfitting British uniform is alleged to be the cause of much heart disease among soldiers.

Half and Half.

Smart Aleck—Once upon a time there were three little children. Half of them were boys and an—

Dumb Della—Why, Aleck! could there be one and a half girls?

Smart Aleck—There weren't. The other half was boys, too.—London Tit-Bits.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."—G. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 50c. 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Starting Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 218

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.