

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER I.

Marie Antoinette de Montolieu was a true aristocrat of the old French noblesse, with fine features and clear, pale complexion. There had been vivacity and brightness, too, in those brown eyes, but the luster was gone now, and there was left only the calm expression of resignation which follows a life of troubles nobly borne. She had lived sixty-four years in the world.

Her father and mother, the Marquis and Marquise de Montolieu, had been in high favor at the court of Louis the Sixteenth. They were proud, handsome aristocrats, and when the Revolution came with its fearful horrors, they were forced to fly for their lives. When they reached England they were penniless and compelled to earn their bread.

The marquis gave lessons in singing, and the marquise made a little money by selling her paintings. A kind-hearted nobleman, who had known them in former days, allowed them fifty pounds a year; and with this, and the fruit of their own exertions, they managed to exist. Three years later a daughter was born to them, whom they named Marie Antoinette, in affectionate and reverential memory of their martyred queen. From her earliest infancy she was deeply imbued with the sad spirit of the time; and the unvarying melancholy of her parents produced a strong effect upon her. She was naturally bright and vivacious, but the atmosphere of constant sadness was infectious.

When she was seventeen years old her beloved father died, and from that time all her energies were strained to provide for her heart-broken and widowed mother. Five years later the marquise died also, and Marie was thrown on the world, literally penniless and friendless. Then all at once the nobleman who had befriended her parents came forward and offered her a home in his house, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife, who was keenly alive to the imprudence of bringing a beautiful young girl under the same roof with her crown-up son-in-law.

For a time Marie Antoinette was happy, and she made the most bitter trial of her life. She went out again as a governess, and traveled abroad. At the age of thirty-five she went into Sir Howard Champion's family, to educate his daughters, and remained with them twelve years. The elder daughter made a brilliant match, and the younger eloped with a gentleman farmer. There being thus no further occasion for her services, she was dismissed; but Sir Howard, being a liberal although arrogant and despot, man, settled an annuity of a hundred pounds on her for life. On this, and the interest of what she had saved during her long years of teaching, she lived; and small as was her income, she gave away much. Hers was a grand life of love, of charity and of self-abnegation. Unaware by her loneliness, she was the true picture of a gentle, sympathizing and patient woman.

Sir Howard cursed his younger daughter solemnly on the Bible—from which he erased her name, and commanded that it might never be uttered in his presence again. The whole household were awestricken, and crept about silently and fearfully. Madame de Montolieu was heart-broken.

Winifred bitterly regretted her false step. She loved the world and the fashion, and so the comparative obscurity in which she now lived was galling and wormwood to her. Her husband was fond of her, but he chafed under her constant fretful regrets; she quarreled with his family, refused to notice them, and made him bitter, contemptuous little speeches, which drove him in anger from her presence! The only link left to her between the present and the past was Madame de Montolieu, who came to live in a small cottage near her, and who was with her constantly. But poor Winifred fretted night and day at her loss of caste, and became thin and ill; and when her little girl was born she died.

For some years little Winifred was brought up and taken care of by her father's sister; but when she was eight years old Miss Eyre married, and her father was somewhat perplexed what to do with her. Madame de Montolieu offered to educate her, and Mr. Eyre gladly accepted the offer.

She received a complete education from Madame de Montolieu, who loved her as a daughter, and had brought her up with tender care and watchfulness. She spoke French perfectly, was a good musician and sang as sweetly as a nightingale. Madame de Montolieu had devoted great time and care to perfecting her accomplishments, hoping that, when she grew up, Sir Howard might relent and give her an opportunity of entering into a marriage for which she was eminently fitted. But the baronet and his whole family sternly persisted in ignoring her, and it was a very bitter grief and humiliation to poor Winifred.

It seemed so cruelly unjust. Why should Flora Champion her cousin, and favored, and received everywhere, while she, who longed so ardently for the same advantages, was compelled to live in obscurity in a farm house? Her father had given her a pretty little pony and carriage, in which she took great pleasure. She would have liked to ride as well, but her father could not afford, he said, to keep two horses for her, and had given her a chance of riding or driving; she preferred the former, but chose the latter, remembering that it was a pleasure which her dear madame could share.

Mr. Eyre was very fond of his daughter. He desired intensely for her the advantages of wealth and station, personally indifferent though he was to them. His greatest trouble, his most bitter mortification in life, was that her grandfather would not acknowledge her. For himself he did not care, he had no wish to rise from the position which his forefathers had been contented to occupy. His indignation, Madame de Montolieu had mentioned Winifred to Sir Howard. An angry flush darkened his brow as he said, sternly:

"Madame, I feel no interest in hearing of Miss Eyre, and I beg in future you will spare me all allusion to the issue of a disgraceful connection."

The gentle old Frenchwoman had conveyed the result of her attempt to Mr. Eyre with characteristic delicacy, but he set the limits of the refusal keenly. It was his only hope for Winifred, for his own relations were not in position to be so nice to her. Always in the evening she used to play or read to him; and sometimes, when he had watched her with a proud delight, he would say to her:

"He turned to accompany her, but she bowed with an air of decision, saying: 'My path leads away from Hazeil Court.'"

"I hope," he said, lingering a moment, "that my presence to-night will not tend to frighten you away from these woods for the future. May I rely on your making use of them as usual?"

She thanked him again, and, bowing, turned away. He stood, hat in hand, before her as she might have done to a princess; and as she went on her way home, he gazed after her slight, graceful form with a look of tender admiration such as might have befitting a man who watched the woman he loved.

CHAPTER II.

In a very elegant drawing room, with French windows to the ground, leading out to a velvet sward gemmed with flowers, sat Mrs. Champion and her daughter. The mother was employed on an elaborate piece of woodwork, while Miss Champion half reclined upon her silken couch, reading. She looked up from it to answer her mother's interrogatory.

"Do you think Mr. Hastings will be here this afternoon, Flora?"

"I cannot tell, mamma; Reginald has gone over to the Court to lunch, and look at some new horses, and he said he should probably bring Mr. Hastings back to dinner."

"He is very handsome," remarked Mrs. Champion. "Indisputably the best match in the county."

"Except Evelyn Vane," remarked Flora.

"Evelyn Vane?" echoed her mother. "Evelyn Vane has nothing until his father dies; and even when he becomes Lord Lancing, his income will not be much more than half that of Mr. Hastings."

"But there is the title," said Miss Champion; "Lord Lancing cannot last much longer, and I would rather have a title, even if I were obliged to sacrifice half the income."

Which was not true, for Flora Champion was rather in love with Errol Hastings, and utterly indifferent to the Honorable Evelyn Vane. She and her mother were much attached to each other—at least as much as was possible for two such selfish and indifferent natures to be—and they were wont to indulge in mutual confidences. At this moment Reginald Champion, the only son and brother, entered the room.

"Have you just returned from the Court?" inquired his mother.

"Yes; Hastings left me at the door not five minutes ago."

"I thought he was going to dine here."

"I thought so, too; but I suppose he changed his mind, for when he arrived here, and I pressed him to come in, he declared he had a previous engagement. It was all a lie, though, I could see; but I think I know what the counter attraction was."

"Indeed!" said Flora, disdainfully, "and may we inquire the result of your penetration?"

"It is nothing that will please you, Flo, I can tell you."

"Don't be provoking, Reginald!" uttered his mother, sharply; "tell us at once what you mean."

(To be continued.)

AN ISLAND PRINCIPALITY.

Chocolate Menier's Domain at the Mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Having inspected the exhibit of Menier chocolates and the other sights at the Pan-American, and shaken hands with Lord Minto, and "done" two or three of the principal Canadian cities, M. Henri Menier, of Paris, betook himself to his island of Anticosti.

This island lies in the estuary of the St. Lawrence. It is twenty-five miles long, and every square inch of it belongs to M. Henri Menier, of Paris.

His purchase of the island made a stir among our good neighbors of the Dominion. Some of their papers were pretty sure that it meant mischief. Their doctrine was that the French flag follows French chocolate men. They warned their government carefully to consider whether it would be safe to permit the establishment of the tri-color in perpetuity in the laws of the St. Lawrence. When the new proprietor's agent evicted some Wesleyan squatters of the fishing persuasion from his island religious excitement was superadded to the political. But all that seems to have quieted down.

M. Menier paid a round price for his island, but it is now thought in Quebec that it was a sound business investment. He has a small fleet of steam and sailing vessels in the nearby waters. His agent shipped \$40,000 worth of lobsters to Paris a fortnight ago—the product of two months' canning. He is going to extend the fisheries and the canneries on a grand scale. He is going to put up a vast pulp mill. He is going to develop the other resources of his island. He is stocking it now with the silver fox and the beaver. Their pelts will presently swell the profits of the chocolate man. Meanwhile moose, caribou and deer abound on his island, bears shuffle under his trees, the little rivers are full of salmon and sea trout. No monarch could ask better shooting or fishing. M. Menier is having the time of his life, and all those forests and little rivers are his own. They will be there all the time, awaiting his visits.

Which one of our Yankee arch-millions owns an island like that? They never thought of buying Anticosti. They let the chocolate man get the start of them. And the supply of purchasable islands 135 miles long, 40 miles wide in spots, stocked with game, and affording first-class salmon fishing is limited.—Hartford Courant.

Called Dog Through 'Phone.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio, now lays claim to an exceptionally clever dog, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. The other afternoon, Mrs. Edward Brauns, the owner of the dog, had recourse to telephone to her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Burekhardt, nearly a mile distant. During the conversation Mrs. Brauns stated that she was going out calling, but intended to leave her dog Bing at home. At this point Mrs. Burekhardt asked Mrs. Brauns to hold Bing's ear to the telephone and she would invite him to spend the day at her house, to be the guest of her little son Edward, Edward and Bing being the greatest of friends.

More for a joke than anything else, her request was granted, and in less than one can tell the dog jumped from the arms of Mrs. Brauns, made for the door and began to bark. The door was opened, and in a short time Mrs. Brauns was informed by telephone that Edward and Bing were hugely enjoying themselves in the back yard.

NOTED AFRICAN EXPLORER AND AUTHOR, DISCOVERER OF GORILLA, WHO IS DEAD.



PAUL DU CHAILLOU.

Paul du Chailou, whose explorations, covering thousands of miles of Africa, added greatly to the world's knowledge of the dark continent and its inhabitants, died recently at St. Petersburg, where he was making preparations to start on a tour of exploration in Siberia. He was the first to tell the world about the gorilla. He was 45 years old, was born in New Orleans, and had his home in New York. On his first expedition he sailed from New York to the French settlement at the mouth of the Gaboon River, in west Africa. At his own expense he traveled 8,000 miles with only native companions, and covered much previously unexplored country. After several subsequent trips to Africa, Du Chailou turned his attention to northern lands, Lapland was explored from end to end, and he embodied his experiences in a book, "The Land of the Midnight Sun." Recently he had been making a study of the Muscovite races.

The portrait is from a photograph Mr. Du Chailou sent to Mrs. Robert L. Gifford, 277 East 46th street, Chicago, who had known him for a number of years, and at whose home he was a guest whenever he came to Chicago. Mrs. Gifford last night confirmed the statement cabled from St. Petersburg that Mr. Du Chailou had no living relations.

IDENTITY OF DICKENS' SQUEERS. Quoted Renewed by Reprint of Old "Ad" in London Times.

The quest for the identity of Mr. Wackford Squeers has been revived by the reprint by the Times of an advertisement from its issue of Jan. 7, 1833, says the London Chronicle. A Mr. Simpson, of Woden Croft, near Barnard Castle, thereby announced his attendance at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, to receive "young gentlemen," and a contemporary jumps to the conclusion that this person was the prototype of the infamous Squeers. As a matter of fact, Dickens had only too many originals for his pitiful story, and an extraordinary parallel to the tale told in "Nicholas Nickleby" may be found in the biography of James Abernethy, the father of marine engineering. This work was published by his son in 1837, and reviewed in the Chronicle of Dec. 28, of that year, the facts as to the miserable school life being reproduced from the late engineer's diary, this portion of which was written in 1834, or about four years before the novel made its appearance in monthly parts.

The reviewer thus tells the story, and draws the parallel: "The school to which James and his brother George were sent was kept by a ruffian named Smith, at Cotherstone, near Barnard Castle, in North Yorkshire, and there is something quite remarkable in the facts that there was a Mrs. Smith, who appears to have been the counterpart of Mrs. Squeers; that the arrangements for placing the boys were made while Smith was advertising his attendance at a well-known coaching house in London; and that the amount to be paid for the two lads was £20 a year each, the exact sum in consideration of which Mr. Sawley made over his two wretched little stepsons to the only Squeers. . . . The description of the awful den at Cotherstone, with its wolf-eyed 'pupils' starving on putrid meat, and clad in workhouse clothing, with wooden clogs; the tyranny and ill-usage, the utter absence of moral control—all this is pathetic in the extreme." The brothers, after spending two years in this hopeless misery, were rescued owing to the casual visit of an uncle. It is interesting to recall that James, who was taken as pupil by his father, who was then resident engineer at the London dock works, and had as a new companion Biddler, the Calculating Boy, became president of the Institution of civil engineers in 1881.

HABITATS OF THE MOST PREVALENT DISEASES IN THE UNITED STATES.

AN official death map has been prepared under the direction of the Census Bureau. It shows that causes of death are largely a matter of geography, and the twenty-one districts into which the country is divided mark the limits of different regions where various diseases are most ravaging.

The most sensational deaths occur in the Pacific coast district region, in the State of Washington. This is the only district in which gunshot wounds are reported as a prevalent cause of death. Heart disease, suicide, and apoplexy show there the largest number of victims, and the record is held for the greatest number of deaths from alcoholism.

Lung troubles appear to be most numerous along the Atlantic coast from New York to Virginia and along the Mississippi River from New Orleans to the Ohio River.

Typhoid fever and malaria come far down on the list in mountainous districts, but appear at the top in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Indian Territory.

Although only three out of every 100 die of old age, there are a few fortunate districts where old age rivals consumption and malaria as the cause of death. Among these favored spots are the Catskills, Adirondacks, Green Mountains, parts of Michigan and Wisconsin, and the region on either side of the Missouri River.

Croup and whooping cough appear to be most dangerous in the districts which have the least population and where, presumably, medical aid is most difficult to obtain. Cancer, heart disease, and apoplexy are more to be expected in mountainous parts of the country than in the level districts.

In eight of the twenty-one districts rheumatism reaps a large harvest of death, noticeably in the thinly settled States, where the inhabitants are most exposed to the sudden changes of the weather.

Generally speaking, it appears that the majority of deaths in the country are caused by climatic conditions, while those in the cities are caused by social conditions. The farmer on the Dakota prairie, for example, needs to guard against rheumatism, but not against malaria or heart disease.

Czar Is Not Omnipotent.

Henry Labouchere, the noted English publicist and journalist, in a recent article in his London periodical gives an instance of the manner in which even a definite command of the Czar may fail to be carried out by reason of the complicated system of administration in Russia. It seems that somewhere in Finland the peasants were very much wanted to have certain roads opened so as to give them more direct communication with St. Petersburg. A petition was therefore circulated and largely signed pointing out the value of these roads as a means of unifying their country with Russia. The Czar read the petition "with that minute attention characteristic of all he does," and with his own hand wrote on the margin of it: "I command that these roads be made at once."

Not satisfied with that, he sent the petition and command to the Minister of Public Works, who discovered that his department could not possibly carry out the making of the roads. After a delay of some time he made the further discovery that the only person who had the authority and means was the governor of Archangel. A Finland declares that when the governor of Archangel asks for money with which to carry out the imperial order he will be sent to the Minister of Finance, De Witte, who is an almost fanatical economist and never has any money whatever for new undertakings. It is now three and a half years since the Czar ordered the making of these roads, and not one step has yet been taken to carry out his command.

Joke Was on the Whites.

A Wichita boy serving in the Philippine army writes to his mother in the greatest indignation over a gigantic joke played by a colored regiment in the far-away islands. This regiment is the Forty-ninth Infantry. They were stationed at Sipa, one of the interior provinces. They told the natives that the colored race predominated in

Natural Gas.

The origin of natural gas is the action of water upon aluminum carbide by which methane is evolved.

Tell a man he doesn't look well, and he begins to reflect that he is looking interesting.



JOLLY JOKER.

"I confess I can't understand what your baby's saying." "It is a queer language, isn't it?" "Yes, sort of early English."

Snake Charmer—So the fat lady took too much analfat. How is she now? Sword Swallower—Oh, in reduced circumstances.

"And so you ran away from your wife to enlist in the army. What did you do for that?" "I'm a lover of peace."—Life.

Visitor (at insane asylum)—My! these are bad cases, aren't they? Guide—Yes, sir. This is the ping-pong ward.—Town Topics.

Customer—Have you anything that is good for falling hair? Factious Clerk—How would a waste-basket do?—Chicago Daily News.

Father—in choosing a wife one should never judge by appearance. Son—That's right. Often the prettiest girls have the least money.

"There is one thing certain," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "if we all have to use soft coal, it will seem hard."—Yonkers Statesman.

He who has offended her—Won't you look up at me? She—If I did, you'd kiss me again. He—No, honest, I won't. She—Then what's the use?—Life.

Sammy—What is political harmony, Uncle Sam? Uncle Sam—Political harmony, Sammy, is any period in politics when there is nothing doing.—Puck.

She—You must not kiss me until we are formally engaged. He—Do you mean to say that you always insist upon that rule? She—I've always tried to.—Judge.

Lawyer—The jury has brought in a sealed verdict in your case. Prisoner—Well, tell the court that they needn't open it on my account.—Glasgow Evening Times.

The Lady—Did any one call while I was out? The Maid—No, ma'am. The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an "at home day" for.—Moonshine.

She—But most elegantly turn out so disastrously. He—Yes; but everybody expects them to. You save all that trouble of keeping up appearances after the ceremony.—Judge.

Mrs. Blobs—I quite thought you had forgotten us, Miss Gusher. Miss Gusher—Well, I have a bad memory for faces as a rule, but I should not be likely to forget yours.—Punch.

Visitor—Young man, I hope that when you are free you will turn over a new leaf. Convict—Sure I will. The lawyer I hire the next time will be a better one.—Chicago Daily News.

On the piazza: Ethel—Oh, Max! I'm in such a quandary! Old Mr. Rose has proposed to me and I don't know whether I love him or not. Mae—Why not look him up in Bradstreet?—Judge.

Friend of yours seems to have a clear conscience. "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "not a clear conscience; merely a bad memory—which with some people answers the purpose much better."—Washington Star.

"Kape alive, Mike; we're rescuin' ye!" Voice from the Debris—Is big Clancy up there wid ye? "Sure he is." Voice from the Deep—Ast him wud he be so kind as t' step aft the roolins. I've enough on top av me widout him.—Tit-Bits.

"Kentucky is one of the liveliest States in the Union," remarked the young man. "It is," answered Colonel Stillingham, "beyond a doubt. When I was last there every man I met was running for office or for his life."—Washington Star.

Principal—Well, did you get that money owing by Smith? Collector—I'm sorry to say I did not. There were a number of Smiths at that address, all of whom denied being your debtor. One even threw me overboard. Principal—That's the one. Call on him again.

Mrs. Benham—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Benham—Then half the world must be unmarried men. Mrs. Benham—What makes you think so? Benham—If they were married men their wives would find out and tell them.—Brooklyn Life.

"Say," remarked the impatient passenger on the New York cross-town car, "don't you ever go any faster than this?" "Don't get any," snapped the conductor, "if it don't suit yer kin git out 'n' walk." "Oh, I'm not in such a hurry as all that," replied the passenger sarcastically.—Philadelphia Press.

Sir Augustus Lackash (to tailor)—My son tells me that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have, therefore, come.—Tailor—Oh, pray, Sir Augustus, there is really no hurry. Sir Augustus Lackash—I know that, and, therefore, I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you, too.—Tit-Bits.

A New Breakfast Food.

"Do you know the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Mr. Thinkham?" asked a lady of her host at a rural dinner party.

"Well, really, now, I don't know," he replied. "We've tried so many of them breakfast foods I can't keep track of 'em. Maria," he called to his wife across the table, "have we ever tried the water-cracker of the breakfast table?"

If you have never tried to make any one happy you have no idea of what you have missed.