

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

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

"How should I know?" answered his sister, pettishly. "How provoking you are!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That will be quite enough," Mrs. Champion agreed. "One thinks of giving parties in the country at this time of year, and a ball will be quite a boon to the young people. I prophesy your entertainment will be a great success."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

Poor Winifred! It was only the day before that Errol Hastings had sat with

liked me, and all afraid of that, for you have been so kind in your ways to me, which you wouldn't have been if you hadn't meant as I did."

"How dare you say I know what you meant or gave you encouragement?" she exclaimed, passionately.

"Because you did!" he returned, with temper. "If you didn't mean anything by your smiles and tricks, and ways, you must be as false as fair."

"Enough of this!" cried Winifred, imperiously. "Understand, once for all, that I never had and never shall have, the remotest feeling of love for you; and if you wish me to entertain the slightest regard for you, you will never again adopt such a tone to me as you have done to-day."

"So," he said, in an insolent tone, "you could be all very well to Tom Fenner, the farmer, until your fine new lover came along; but you must turn high and mighty directly you've been seen with a London swell. But I can tell you one thing, Miss Winifred," he added, with an insulting air that was indescribable, "Hastings of Hazell Court don't mate with farmers' daughters."

"You insolent, mean-spirited coward!" she cried, stamping her foot; "leave this place immediately, and never presume to enter it again!" and she turned into the house and shut the door. Then she ran up to her room and, throwing herself on her knees by her bedside, she sobbed and cried passionately.

At last she rose and went to her piano. She sat there until it grew quite dark, singing low, sweet songs to herself, until at last the cloud was chased away from her face, and bright thoughts began to flash in place of tears.

"He must care a little for me," she thought, "or he would not have held my hand so long, and looked into my face as he did."

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a ring at the bell, and she paused in her playing.

"Some books for Miss Eyre, with Mr. Hastings' compliments," said a man's voice, to the servant who answered the door.

When it was closed again she jumped up and called:

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes, miss."

"Give them to me, and bring the lamp, please."

And she began with eager delight to examine the handsomely bound volumes. It was a happy evening; her new occupation chased all unpleasant memories away, and when she went to bed she had even forgotten the existence of Mr. Fenner.

But the next day poor Winifred was plunged into the depths of sadness again, for Mr. Hastings passed, bending over his saddle to talk to her stately cousin, and had never once turned to look for her.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSPORT IN RUSSIA.

You Cannot Move About the Country Without the Document.

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

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

DREADS FIRST INHALATION.

A Cigarette Victim Describes Effects Caused by the Habit.

"Sometimes I wonder if all cigarette smokers have the same symptoms as myself," said a rather robust young man, according to the Philadelphia Record. "I put off the lighting of my first cigarette to as late an hour in the day as possible; often it is evening before I begin to smoke. And this I do because I dread the day's first inhalation. For that introductory whiff, going down into my lungs, gives me an instant and unbreakable sensation of unhappiness and of weakness—almost of collapse. Soon it passes away, but it is horrible while it lasts, and day after day it must be endured before I get properly, so to speak, into my smoking harness."

"Another thing I suffer from is a cold perspiration of the palms of my hands, a sure sign that I am exceeding my temperate allowance of eight cigarettes daily."

"At times I give up smoking for a week or two. My appetite then becomes immense. I can eat a square meal every three hours, and in one week, without smoking, I have often gained as much as eight pounds. My spirits, too, get very high when I don't smoke. I want to take lots of exercise, and I feel extremely happy and inauspicious. But it is impossible for me to give up cigarettes altogether, though I have no doubt that they do me a great deal of harm."

Regular Thing Now.

Stranger (in Pacific coast photograph gallery)—Why have you got this enormous stuffed fish hanging here?

Photographer—That is for the use of persons who wish to send to their friends in the East a picture of the 350-pound sea bass they have just caught with a hook and line.—Chicago Tribune.

Gaiety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.—De Genlis



THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. DECORATION DAY, MAY 30th, 1903.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

"Ho, here comes old Waddy with his drug store boys; let's have some fun out of him!"

More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy tests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant looking, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped.

"Hello, Waddy! what grade, grand medicine have you got in your basket to-day?" "How's yer liver, Waddy?" "Why don't you swallow some of that stuff and cure yourself, you old quack you?" were some of their questions.

He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Balm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuralgia, lumbago, gout, pleurisy—"

"O, give us a rest, we've heard all that before; haven't you anything else?" "And here are the miraculous Electric Pads. By their use paralyses are cured, club feet straightened—"

"Well, I guess we won't take any to-day, as none of us are paralyzed or club-footed. Just give us one of your wonderful exhibitions of ventriloquism and then dance a jig!" and the poor, simple old man tried to do as they asked, and when he had ceased the curious guffawing and shrill calls, he accepted their boisterous ridicule and almost deafening shouts for honest applause. "Now the jig, Waddy," they cried, and setting down his basket, he began hopping briskly around on the ground. The wind carried away his hat and blew his long hair about his face, but he was interested and did not pause. "Let's dance, too," cried the boys, and they began capering around, bumping against the old man and each other with such force that three of them were knocked down and fell in a heap on the basket. There was a sound of smashing glass and loud hurrahs from the rolling, struggling boys.

"O, you have broken my bottles and spilled my precious medicines; even my basket is ruined," said the poor old fellow, and he began to cry like a child.

"Ho, he's blubberin' like a baby; I'd be ashamed," said some of the boys. A few of them looked ashamed of themselves. Just then, around the corner came Herbert Page, one of the tall high school boys. He stopped at sight of the crowd and seeing his own brother Charlie there, asked: "What's the trouble, youngsters?"

"O, nothing, only old Waddy's basket got smashed," said one. "We were helping him dance a jig and fell on it," said another.

"Yes, I think I understand. Here, Mr. Wadsworth, let me see your basket. How many bottles were broken? Four? Worth two dollars, eh? Well, you youngsters can raise two dollars to pay for your mischief, I guess."

"Pay old simple-minded Waddy! I guess not," "Mr. Wadsworth, indeed," said one boy, scornfully.

When Herbert had pressed the basket into shape and placed the "Electric Pads" in it, he said, "I've only a half dollar with me. Will it pay for Charlie's share in this mischief?"

The old man took it thankfully, and went away with a sad face.

The boys were very quiet as Herbert looked soberly at them. They began to see that they had been rude and thoughtless.

"Do you know who that poor old man is?" asked Herbert.

"Why, old Waddy, of course; he's simple-minded. I've known him all my life."

He is Barton Wadsworth, a veteran soldier, and at Gettysburg he received the injuries that made him what he is now. He gets a small pension, but it will hardly keep him in the plainest food and clothing, and keep a shelter over him, so he tries to earn a little money by selling those medicines you boys have destroyed. I noticed some of you fellows taking part in the exercises on Decoration Day with great enthusiasm. Now it strikes me in showing honor and respect to living soldiers as to dead ones, and I'm perfectly sure that I would as soon die for my country as to have my mind so injured that every boy I met would make fun of me."

Then Herbert went on and left a thoughtful group of boys instead of the noisy, heedless crowd he had found.

"I say, fellows," said one lad, looking up from the hole he had been digging with his toes. "Old Waddy—Mr. Wadsworth, I mean—does show signs of having been a gentleman once. Ever notice how neat and clean his hands and clothes always are?"

"Yes," said Charlie Page, "and he never forgets to lift his hat when he meets a lady he knows, mother says."

"Let's pay him for those bottles we smashed," said another.

The old fellow was as grateful when the boys went to his poor room to pay what they owed as if they had made him a magnificent present.

They had had a taste of doing right and relished it. It was "About face," with a right good will. Instead of following him with jests and ridicule and making a joke of his infirmities of mind and body, they took pains to treat him with respect and kindness.

After a while some of the fathers of these boys began to notice the great change in their treatment of the old man, and then to feel an interest in him themselves. Then the necessary steps were taken to procure for him an increase of the pension, and now he no longer carries a basket of medicine to sell, and he would almost lay down his life to serve one of those boys.—Normal Instructor.

Memorial Day.

Gathered once more in the "City of Silence," comrades and friends, with our flags and bright flowers.

Uncovered heads, as a token of homage, Honor we give these dead heroes of ours.

Heroes, who fought on the land, or the water, Soldiers, who came at their country's first Shoulder to shoulder, they marched to the conflict, Leaving their loved ones, their homes and their all.

Years have passed by since the soldiers from battlefields, Marched to their homes, with the flags floating gay.

Once more they meet, in the "City of Silence," Sedately, to keep a Memorial Day.

Year after year, as our country grows older, Stronger their love for the Red, White and Blue.

Deeper the feeling of appreciation For our brave soldiers, so loyal and true.

Comrades are gone, who were with us last May time, Tape wound all for the last bivouac, Over the river our soldiers are gathered, Safe into camp, they may not come back.

Though the Grand Army may lessen in numbers, Footsteps may falter and veterans grow gray, Homage is theirs from a thrice grateful Nation, Lovingly keeping Memorial Day.—Margaret M. Darling, in Des Moines News.

When Antislavery Was Red with Blood.

Doubly sacred to the hearts of many western families are the waters of Antislavery, because those waters were crimsoned by the blood of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons during one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War. The skeletons herewith given will be of special interest to the veterans of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Twentieth and Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry; the Seventh, Fourteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Indiana volunteers, and the Second, Third, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin volunteer infantry, for they were all most terribly mixed up in the many bloody encounters of the 16th and 17th of September, 1862, along the Antislavery from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg.

God alone knows who owned the good right arm, that was found in the corn field, but it probably belonged to one of Gen. Sedgwick's commands, who made their famous charge through the cornfield just north and east of the historic Dunker Church, for it was plowed up in this field five years after the battle, and has been since that time in the office of Dr. D. Fahney and son of Hagerstown, Md. Its wonderful state of preservation cannot be accounted for as a chemical analysis of the soil in which it was found shows no preserving or mummifying qualities.

The old mill and falls near the stone bridge were the scene of a bloody conflict between the Federals, who were defending Hagerstown, and the Confederates, who were endeavoring to gain possession of the town. It is said the slaughter of horse and men was such at this cavalry fight that the Antislavery ran blood for several hours below these falls. The ground in this locality, especially along the banks of the stream, is almost solid

SHEAR NONSENSE

She-Jack wants a quiet wedding. Her Chum—Well, let him have it. It's the last quiet day he'll ever have.—New York Journal.

Anxious Mother—Tell me, doctor, is it a dangerous case? Physician—I fear it is. He has breakfasted in in an advanced stage—Judge.

Miss Stayler—Everybody says I don't look my age. Miss Pertleigh—Of course you don't, dear. It would be impossible.—Boston Transcript.

"And so Professor Gustavus has at last discovered the missing link! Where did he find it?" "Under the bureau, I understand."—Baltimore News.

Father—Are you and this Mr. Stupson congenial, daughter? Daughter—Oh, yes, pa, he likes to hear me talk about myself, and I like to hear him talk about himself.

Miss Whyte—I wonder if that Jones woman is married or single. Miss Notice—Oh, she is married; for two Easters she has had the same hat.—Woman's Home Companion.

Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill? Applicant—Well, I just finished lookin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall.—St. Louis Star.

Point of View—"See here, young man," said the minister, "you never paid me that fee for marrying you." "You're mighty lucky I haven't sued you for damages."—Tit-Bits.

Judge—You deny persistently that you committed the act, and yet the description fits you exactly; a beautiful face, youthful appearance, pretty little foot. Woman Defendant—Judge, I confess all.

Ernie—Why are you crying, dear? Edith—He just said I was all the world to him. Ernie—But that is very affectionate. Edith—Yes, but a year ago he said I was all the universe to him.—Philadelphia Record.

Quite Unlike—"Why, George, what an enormous pile of letters!" exclaimed the bride of a week; billets doux, I suppose. "No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch; "they are bills overdue."—Chicago News.

A Query: He—Here's a puzzle for you. She—Let's have it. He—Give a woman a bunch of photographs to examine, including one of her own, which one will she look at the longest, and why?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kitty—You didn't look a bit pleased when Fred told you he was the best girl in all the world. Esther—Had I shown how pleased I was, it would have so tickled his vanity that he'd be saying the same thing to every girl he met.

Tenant (angrily)—The cellar of our house is full of rats. What are you going to do about it? Landlord (calmly)—Nothing. What do you expect for seventeen dollars a month, anyway—a cellar full of white mice?—Chicago Daily News.

His Miscue—"I would be happy if I might just sit and look at you all day," he said. "That's nothing," she replied; "I know people who would be glad if they might just sit around and stare at nothing all day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Positively Brutal: She—Just see how much your little wife loves you. She made this cake for you all by herself. He—Yes, darling, and now if you will eat it all by yourself I shall possess indisputable proof of your devotion.—Chicago News.

Young Lady Customer—I don't know just what I want. Can't you suggest something? Clerk—Here's a book I think it might please you. It starts out with the scene laid in England and— Customer—Oh, I don't care how it starts. How does it end?—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes," said the man from Georgia, reminiscingly, "I remember the time when slaves were worth three thousand dollars a head." "Oh, that's nothing," sneered the New York sexton; "what do you suppose the slaves of fashion in my church were worth per head on Easter?"—Judge.

Appreciated: There was a very small audience present, and it was rapidly dwindling away. On the stage, the hero and heroine are holding a rapturous. Hero (to heroine)—Are we alone? Heroine (thinking of the audience)—Not yet. There are two fellows near the door who look as if they might be able to sit through another act.—Illustrated Bits.

Rural Sport: "Yes," remarked the citizen of Sandy Lane, "our parson claims that those here racing automobiles are keeping some of his flock away from meeting." "You don't mean to say any one owns a racing automobile around here?" asked the drummer, in surprise. "No, they don't own them, but they sit on the fence all day Sunday and throw stones at those that pass."—Chicago Daily News.

Some one tells us of a dudu in a horse car, who, seeing a young lady whom he thought to be impressed with his personal charms, crossed over and took a seat beside her, and said: "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" To which she replied, in a voice heard by the other passengers: "I'm not quite sure, but I think you are the man that stole our spoons." The passengers laughed and the dudu left the car.

Love Not Necessary to Existence. Any man or any woman may, contrary to received opinion, live to this age without loving or being loved in the romantic sense. We are no more predestined to romantic love than we are to the smallest pox or any other disease.

Mrs. Stubbs—They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, my dear Mr. Stubbs—Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?

If you would predict a man's future get the proper focus on his past.