

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VI.

Most of the guests had left Hazel 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 belittled 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 defiance.

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 Champlain, Mr. Hastings."

"I am neither betrothed to Miss Champlain 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 Champlain 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 Champlain 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 withal 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 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 word? 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, say, 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 Champlain a worthy bride, and am I not equally the granddaughter of Sir Howard?"

"The granddaughter of Sir Howard?"

—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 trumped-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 no one of your meeting," 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 Hooton 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 these 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.)

MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR POLITICIANS IN POSITION OF UNITED STATES SENATOR.

J. INGALLS, of Kansas, once stated that the office of United States Senator was the most attractive post under the government—the supreme prize of American politics—the Presidency not excepted. Mr. Ingalls was not the only man who held that opinion. In the cloakroom of the Senate a few days ago the reasons why the office of Senator was such a desirable position were subject of an animated discussion between a group of Senators.

"One of the reasons that the office is so much sought after," said a Western Senator, "is that its comparative fixity of tenure gives service in the upper branch of Congress a powerful charm for men of ambition. Its desirability may be inferred from the action of many of the Legislatures in the last few months which have had Senators to elect. Within the last few weeks Platt, of New York; Fairbanks, of Indiana; Spooner, of Wisconsin; Teller, of Colorado; Platt, of Connecticut, and Allison, of Iowa, were re-elected for the term beginning this year."

"The only instance known of a man resigning his seat in the Senate to enter the House was that furnished by Henry Clay. The relative attractiveness of the two branches of Congress has radically changed since that time, however, and there are several reasons why the post of a Senator is far more desirable than that of a Representative, although the salary is no greater."

"The post of Senator carries with it a social prestige which is wanting in that of a Representative. The term is much longer, the chamber is smaller, and, therefore, each of its members is able to command a greater share of the country's attention than falls to the lot of the average Representative. In addition to this the scope of the Senate's activity because of its power over treaties and Presidential nominations is broader than that of the House; it has been able to usurp, through its power of amendment, the prerogative primarily belonging to the House of originating revenue bills, and the freedom of debate which it enjoys gives a chance for all of its members to assert themselves. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why lawyers of the first rank, like Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, enjoying a lucrative practice in their respective States, have been willing to give up their large private income to accept a seat in the Senate, which pays but a small fraction of the money they could undoubtedly earn on the outside."

"It may also account for the fact that men of the very highest talent and reputation have been anxious to accept Senatorial honors in cases where their private income is sufficient to place them above the ordinary struggles of life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MINGLING OF DELICATE AND AUSTERE EFFECTS IN THE HIGH TURN-OVER COLLARS.

A mingling of delicate and austere effects shows in the new high turn-over linen collars which are ornamented with embroidered or woven-in dots in white or color and a single or double row of hemstitching about the edges. Other linen turnover collars come in uncompromising plainness. Some of the models have a perpendicular buttonhole near the edge of each flap in front. Through these buttonholes a link chain is slipped. Low rolling Byron collars are popular for sporting costumes, as they permit perfect freedom for the throat and at the same time have a neat, trim appearance. A linen collar which has attained popularity in Paris is a stiff, clerical band, fastening with two studs at the back. The scarf is tied about the base of the collar. The tie which is, as a rule, worn with the stiff linen collar is the long scarf of soft silk crape or the new linen gauge. Long scarfs are the prevailing neckties. There are, indeed, comparatively few stiff mannish ties to wear with linen collars. Even ascots are softly crossed or the ends merely looped over each other. The Windsor tie, with its loose, free bow or soft knot, is a favorite.

NO RACE SUICIDE IN THIS FAMILY.

MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WEBER AND CHILDREN.

Oscar Weber, of Atlantic City, proves his belief in the "Rooseveltian theory" by striving to pound out a living as a cabinet maker for a family of thirteen children, ten of whom are boys. By strict attention to detail and indomitable ambition Weber has succeeded in giving all of them educational advantages and none of them has gone to bed hungry. The oldest child has reached the advanced age of 25, and the youngest is half past three. Weber was born in Saxony and his wife is a Bohemian, but neither of them is worrying on that account. In fact they are both well satisfied with the institutions of their adopted country. The accompanying picture of the family is a chip shy, as one child was away from home when the camera was trained on the group.

No Street Car Seats for Her.

"Lots of funny things happen right along these cars," said a conductor on the Fourteenth street line to a passenger, one day last week. "See the large woman standing inside?" he continued, using his index finger. "Well, she boarded my car at the Treasury, and unless somebody leaves the car I'm of the opinion she'll be standing when we reach Mount Pleasant, and all for her treatment of a poor, timid little man who failed to resign his seat to her, a space that she could not have occupied to save her life, and she knew it; but some women, in order to make men occupying seats feel uncomfortable, will do anything from smothering them with their aggressive bundles down to standing on their feet, all of which this woman had tortured the little man with, and she finally was the cause of sending the whole car into roars of laughter. With the woman, standing in front of him and swinging on to a strap, the little man tried to get up, and as the large woman thought, to offer her his seat at last. Quite loud enough for every one to hear, she said, 'With complete satisfaction and in a tone calculated to freeze anything: 'Oh, I insist that you keep your seat, sir. I have stood for ten squares, and I guess I can stand the rest of the way,' and he was fairly shoved back into his seat. Very soon he tried to get up again. 'I explained to you, sir, that I am perfectly able to stand, and would not have your seat.'"

"But," cried the little man, "I want to get off, and everybody laughed but the large woman."—Washington Post.

Stockings.

How many readers are familiar with the history and origin of the most common articles they daily use? We eat, drink, wear without thinking whence or wherefore. Stockings were known among the Romans more than 1,800 years ago, as is proved by paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii.

They were considered more ornamental than useful. In the colder climate of northern Europe they became a necessity, and the manufacture of them became a recognized employment in the twelfth century, when they were fashioned chiefly of cloth. In the reign of Edward II. they assumed a resemblance of those now worn. At the courts of Spain and Italy they were fashioned of silk and were made enormously large.

Lessons from the Bee.

The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work. He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.

They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time if he can help it. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.

They show much sympathy or kind fellow feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him. They are very early risers. They delight in fresh air. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.

Potatoes in Manitoba.

The Manitoba potato crop amounted to 3,450,325 bushels and the root crop to 3,230,995 bushels. There are 1,824 thrashing outfits in the province.

Indiana Men Are Taller.

The men of Indiana are taller than those of any other State or nation in the world. This is shown by army records.

"You are too good for me," a woman says, in the first days of their engagement; and after a while he begins to believe it, and looks further.

We have noticed that in a shooting affray one doesn't have to run far to come across the word "foxy."

Topic Times

The Texas Legislature has passed a law providing for the extermination of prairie dogs.

Tobacco smoking has been recommended by some doctors in the treatment of consumption.

Five years' abstinence is said to be required if the lubricate cure is to be absolutely permanent.

A full-sized farm horse at work will require twelve pounds of crushed oats and thirty pounds of hay a day.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

Out of every 1,000 pounds of beef consumed in Great Britain in 1901 at least 700 pounds were home produced.

An obdurate screw nail may be drawn if a piece of red-hot iron is put on the head of it for a minute or so and the screwdriver immediately afterward applied to draw it.

Marriageable young ladies in China usually wear their hair in a long single plait, in which is entwined a bright scarlet thread. The thread indicates that the maiden is awaiting a consensual partner.

There are 140 members of the North Dakota Legislature, and of them fifty-one are farmers and only two are lawyers. Norwegians and their descendants are very largely represented in the politics of North Dakota.

The various boards of guardians in Lincolnshire, England, are considering a scheme for converting tramps into respectable and industrious citizens. The main idea is the establishment of tramp settlements in the neighborhood of several of the towns.

The New York Tribune observes that the new animal houses in the Central Park Zoo give wild beasts a wider range of comfort than the tenement dwellers in the crowded districts of the East Side of Manhattan have known for generations.

In Lynn, Mass., 24,000,000 pairs of shoes were made last year; in Brockton, 17,000,000 pairs, and in Haverhill, 12,000,000 pairs. These three cities, therefore, turned out enough shoes to supply one pair for two-thirds of the population of the country.

Of those taking civil service examinations for appointment in federal departments last year 99 per cent received the required percentages and 31 per cent fell short of it. Of those who passed the examinations 25 per cent were and 75 per cent were not appointed.

The cries of sea birds, especially sea gulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster together on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near land. Some years ago in the Isle of Man there was a fine for shooting such birds.

A strange tale is told of a hawk at the menagerie in Central Park, New York. Two birds live in the same cage, and some time back one of them developed a tumor in the leg. The other bird thereupon attacked the tumor with its claws and succeeded in lancing it.

The Greek government annually imports silkworm eggs from foreign countries, distributes them gratuitously, and has experiments made in its agricultural stations to learn the best methods of silk culture from the kingdom. No other food than the mulberry leaf is given to silkworms in Greece.

Long-distance telephony makes good progress. St. Martin's de Grand has just succeeded in ringing up Nice on the telephone and speaking through. The distance is 900 miles. Telephone lines will soon be opened between London and Brussels and between Paris and Rome. On the latter line the charges, it is understood, will be 3s 4d for three minutes' conversation from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., and 1s 8d after.

The age of a tree is determined by the number of rings of wood its trunk contains. The woody fiber is slower in growing in winter than in summer, and consequently distinct rings are formed, each representing a year. By means of these rings the gigantic cross-section of a California tree, 1,341 years old, is used at the New York Museum of Natural History as a history chart, and as such it shows in a novel way the sequence of events in the last thousand years.

ly into mine. Of course I might have crushed his skull with a blow, but my admiration for his courage deterred me. I threw away the spade, and called him by his familiar name, "Rit," whereupon he trotted up and rubbed his head in the most confiding manner against my knee.

When Rittenbenk joined Lieutenant Greely's pack at the Greenland town from which he was named, a huge dog known as "Disco King" was the ruling spirit among his companions, which were confined in a large wooden pen located on the main deck of the Proteus. The battle for supremacy was fierce and prolonged, and Disco King, divested of his royal authority, was ever afterward a broken-hearted, mean-spirited outcast, who lived a melancholy life, apart from his former subjects. He had not recovered from his humiliation on the northern trip, although several months had elapsed since his downfall, and he would discourage the friendly approach of the members of our party, or of his associates, with a churlish snarl which soon gained him the appropriate name of "Howler." He never engaged in Rittenbenk's midnight predatory raids on our commissary department, but would frequently warn us of the conspiracy on foot to rob our larder. For this and other reasons he was not popular with his companions; and Rittenbenk encouraged his subordinates in their constant attacks upon his former enemy.

OSTRICH FARMS IN AMERICA.

About 800 Birds Now Owned by California Ranchmen.

A recent shipment of forty ostriches to Nice, on the borders of Italy and France, from California directs attention to this growing California industry—the culture of the African ostrich in America. About fifteen years have elapsed since the American ostrich farmers gave their first serious attention to this subject, according to Town and Country. Now the ostrich industry is well established in the United States, some 800 birds existing in the country, and these will doubtless form the nucleus of that immense number that one day will cover the meadows of Northern California, the meadows of Arizona, the vast plateaus of Texas and the everglades of Florida, as their kind do the African veldt to-day.

The ostrich has come to stay. He costs little to keep—more than the ordinary sheep—and yields an annual value of \$50 to the proprietor. One man can take care of a hundred ostriches. The creature is hardy and of a careless appetite. The average increase to the stock each year is between fifteen and twenty ostriches to a pair. Some have been known to produce as many as thirty-seven in a year. The birds are kept in pens in California, and a source of revenue has been found in exhibiting them to many tourists who are attracted there. Incubators showing the various stages of ostrich life are also on view. A growth from the size of a duck to a height of six feet is a question of only six months.

When the birds are a year old their feathers are ready for the market. The cropping is accomplished by covering the ostrich's head with a hood and playing a pair of shears. This process takes place every eight months. The feathers on the large side wings are cut off near the roots, the smaller feathers on the tail are pulled out without injury to the bird, for on the care now bestowed depends the future health of the coming feathers. In the course of three weeks the stems left start to fall out and a new feather begins to grow, which in due time is taken off for the benefit of the ostrich farmer. These feathers are graded and sent to the feather manufacturers of New York, who make them up into those beautiful articles of dress so dear to the hearts of those who wear them. When the American women can buy only the ostrich feather of the American ostrich, the most sanguine hope of Edwin Cawston, the pioneer California ostrich farmer, will have been realized. Two million dollars each year will then remain in the country, instead of going to London and another magnificent industry will have been added to the vast resources of the nation.

The Kind of a Man He Is.

"Quinine was never cheaper than it is now," remarked Mr. Bowersox as he laid down his newspaper. "It can be obtained in a wholesale way at twenty cents per ounce. Some years ago the price was in the neighborhood of a dollar."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Bowersox.

"Well, I ought to know if anybody ought. Many an ounce of quinine have I taken, for I was a terrible sufferer from ague in my younger days, I can tell you."

"Well, that's just like you exactly, Benjamin Franklin Bowersox."

"What is just like me?" asked Bowersox in some surprise, for his wife's tone was one of severity.

"Why, it was just like your extravagant nature to contract the ague when quinine was very expensive, and now that the drug is cheap enough to place the shakes within the reach of all you are as free from it as if there wasn't any such thing as malaria in the world. Benjamin Franklin Bowersox, if there is a more aggravating man than you on this foot-stool I wish some one would pick him out to me. That's what I wish."

At this point the aggravating man put on his hat and went down street.

Giant Palms.

One of the wonders of South American vegetable life is the huge wax palm which flourishes on the Andes. It grows to a height of 200 feet, and thrives not only on the plains, but on the mountains. The wax, which is yellow or grayish white, is as pure as beeswax, and is used for making candles. A "peon" climbing the tree can gather from 20 pounds to 30 pounds from each.

You really don't know enough about a chafing dish to boast about it, unless you are familiar with the use of paprika.