

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

And Fenella trembling and cringing like a beaten spaniel, went quickly out. Errol returned to his writing table, and commenced a letter to Winifred Erve. He had served her now; would she be more disposed to look leniently on his offense, and let her love conquer her womanly pride. "I will at least make the trial before I go," he said to himself, and then he took up his pen and wrote thus:

"I enclose you a note, Miss Erve, from the man Fenella. You will see by that that he engages to discontinue his annoyance of you, and to leave you for the future free and unmolested. And now, before I leave England on my long voyage, I pray you to hear the appeal of my heart to yours. Winifred, I love you with all my soul, with the truest, deepest strength of which passion is capable, and I come to you to decide my future. My happiness, my misery, and in your hands. It is for you to seal my perfect bliss by consenting to become my cherished wife, or to punish a fault born of love, and to condemn me to a lifelong sorrow, by driving me away from the sunshine of your presence. Do not decide hastily. I shall not leave this for a week, and if your answer is what I scarcely dare to hope it will be, I shall not leave at all. If you cannot find it in your gentle, womanly heart to forgive me, I shall go out into the world and seek to forget the only woman in the world I ever loved."

When Winifred broke the seal, and read Errol's letter, her first emotion was one of intense relief. Then, reading the avowal of Errol's love, for a moment her heart relented to him, and a sad, fond recollection of the handsome hero of her past worship made the tears start into her eyes. Then her quick pride came to her rescue. She tore the letter to atoms, and threw them from her. "I will never forgive him—never," she cried, passionately; and then she thought that that letter would have been to her if it had come a few days sooner.

It wanted but one day to the completion of the week, when Arthur Le Marchant rushed into Errol's room.

"My dear Errol," he exclaimed, "what is this I hear about your leaving the Court? It surely is not true!"

"My dear fellow," said Errol gently, "I cannot tell whether I am going or not. You shall know to-morrow. I am waiting for your verdict, and if it is adverse to me I shall go away, and try to forget my trouble."

Two days after Errol said to Le Marchant: "It's all over, and I'm going. Don't ask me any questions, old fellow—I'm hard hit."

Before Mr. Hastings left the Court he made his friend promise to play host there in the shooting season during his absence; and on the last day of August he was standing on the deck of his beautiful yacht Osone looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. His thoughts were full of tenderness to the woman who had scorned him.

"She is right," he said, "but I think, if she had known how I loved her, she would have found it in her heart to forgive me."

A fortnight later Lady Grace Farquhar, by dint of subtle diplomacy, managed to secure what she had for some time past set her heart upon, and that was to practically adopt Winifred Erve as her protegee, if not as a daughter. She was very anxious that Winifred should have an opportunity of being introduced to society and the coming shooting season at Sir Clouston's estate. Endon Vale seemed to offer Lady Grace the opportunity. Among those who would be present for the shooting, her nephew, Lord Harold Erskine, who was quite taken with Flora Champion and whom she knew that young lady, in default of becoming Mrs. Hastings, would only too gladly accept.

With this trump card in her hand, Lady Grace accepted a dinner invitation at Hurst Manor, the home of the Champions, and while there delicately, yet plainly insinuated to Sir Howard and to Mrs. Champion that unless Mrs. Champion and Flora would drive with her to Mr. Erve's farm and second her invitation to Winifred to come to Endon Vale there would be no invitation for Miss Champion. Moreover, Flora would have to bind herself to treat her cousin with at least ordinary courtesy during their stay in the same house.

Sir Howard acceded readily enough to this arrangement as long as he was not obliged to speak to his granddaughter, whom he had never spoken to or even seen in his life or in any way to recognize her father. It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Champion and Flora to swallow, but the thought that if Flora did not go to Endon Vale, Sir Harold Erskine might possibly fall in love and propose to Winifred, obliged them to give a grudging consent.

The young girl was gathering roses in the garden as the carriage from the Manor drove up the road. She turned away to the house. She could not bear the contemptuous looks the Champions cast on her as they went by. But then she heard the carriage stop, and she looked back in surprise. The footman was letting down the steps, and Mrs. Champion was descending, followed by Lady Grace Farquhar. What could it mean? The blood rushed to her face, and for a moment she hesitated. Then she went forward.

"You did not expect visitors so early, my dear," said Lady Grace, kissing her. "Mrs. Champion has come to call upon you."

Mrs. Champion came forward and shook hands with her, and uttered a few polite commonplace, which put Winifred at ease. She had a great deal too much tact to allude to the past—indeed, she behaved precisely as though she and Winifred saw and heard of each other for the first time.

Winifred soon recovered her composure, and invited them to enter the house. Mrs. Champion was struck by the taste and elegance displayed in the miniature drawing room, and while Winifred was talking to Lady Grace, she examined her keenly. She was forced to confess to herself that this girl who had been so long ignored, and so much despised, was both elegant and pretty, and that her style was unexceptionable. The conviction did not please her at all. As they were taking leave Lady Grace said:

"Remember, my dear, that next Thursday week, at three o'clock, I shall send the carriage for you."

"Pray do not think of such a thing, Lady Grace," interposed Mrs. Champion; "you have invited Flora the previous day; let her delay her visit for one day, and

accommodating genius, who was always happy to repay hospitality by making himself agreeable, and amusing the company.

These were the people whom Miss Champion found assembled at Endon Vale, and I think her first sensation on being introduced to them was a slight chagrin at finding no great people among them.

Winifred had arrived at Endon Vale, and was sitting in her room, dressed for dinner, until Lady Grace should come in, as she had promised, and take her down stairs into the drawing room.

Mrs. Champion had been prevented paying a visit to Lady Grace, as she had intended; but she, nevertheless, fulfilled her promise of sending Winifred in her carriage.

When the latter arrived she found her kind hostess alone, all her guests being away on an excursion to the neighboring woods. They had spent a pleasant afternoon together, and just as the wheels of the returning carriage were heard, Lady Grace sent her young friend away to dress, promising to call for her on her way to the drawing room. This she did, and when they entered the drawing room there was no one in it but Lord Harold Erskine, who came up immediately to be introduced.

"Harold," said his aunt, "I leave Miss Erve to your charge until dinner time, so do your best to amuse her."

Lord Harold forthwith devoted himself to being agreeable to his new acquaintance, and succeeded perfectly. She felt quite at her ease, and chatted gayly to him. Presently the door at the further end of the room opened, and a magnificent young lady, attired in sweeping lace and silk, entered. The crimson color flushed into Winifred's cheeks as she recognized her haughty cousin. They had never met since it had been agreed the farmer's daughter was to be noticed.

"What will she do?" wondered Winifred. "Will she speak to me, or will she wait until Lady Grace introduces us?"

(To be continued.)

My carriage shall take them both."

Lady Grace assented, and Winifred made her acknowledgments very gracefully. Then her guests departed, and she was left alone, wondering very much at what had befallen her.

"A fortnight ago," she thought, "and what has happened yesterday and to-day would have been the realization of one of my fondest hopes; and now—now I seem to care nothing for it. To have been recognized by the Champions, to have been invited to stay with a great lady, to be a glimpse of paradise; and now that I am wretched and heart-broken, and miserable, all these honors are thrust upon me, and I do not value them one whit. I shall like to be with that dear, kind Lady Grace, but to the rest I seem perfectly indifferent. Are we never to be happy in this world, but to go on longing keenly after something we think happiness, and when we at last attain it, to find we have lost the desire for it, and that it gives us no pleasure?"

CHAPTER VIII.

All Lady Grace Farquhar's guests had arrived, save one. That one was Winifred Erve. On the morning of the day on which she and her cousin were to have appeared at Endon Vale, a letter came to Lady Grace, saying that Madame de Montoleu was seriously ill with an attack of bronchitis, and that until she was sufficiently recovered Winifred could not leave her.

Miss Champion, of course, arrived all the same, and, if the truth must be told, she was very well satisfied with what had occurred. The idea of driving over to Endon Vale with her cousin had been most distasteful to her; and now that she was relieved from that unpleasant necessity she was radiant, and, as her brother, who accompanied her, remarked, in a most unusually good temper.

The greater part of Lady Grace Farquhar's guests were strangers to her. Those she knew were Lord Harold Erskine, Miss Alton, the Honorable Evelyn Van and his sister. As the reader will pass some time in the company of the visitors at Endon Vale, it may not be superfluous to enter into a few particulars concerning them. Lord Harold Erskine has already been mentioned; so we will begin with Mr. Francis Clayton, who from his cousinship to the host claims priority of mention.

Francis Clayton was a man who would have completely baffled the researches of those estimable people who persistently find fault in everyone. There was not an amiable trait in his character, nor a kind action in his record; and yet he passed muster in society, because he possessed a certain degree of manner, and because his income was a very large one. He was not a man to charm women, and yet there was many a one who would have been content to ignore his evil qualities and take him for the sake of his rent roll. Francis Clayton was 37, and it was his boast that he had never made any woman an offer of marriage.

Miss Alton had been at Endon Vale some days, and was a great favorite with everyone in the house. Her aunt, Lady Marion, was in Ireland, and as she was not particularly attached to her prim old grandfather and grandmother, whom her aunt visited annually, she had been very glad to accept Lady Grace's invitation to spend a month with her. Mr. Erve, or Fee Alton, as her fond aunt had christened him, was the prettiest, sprightliest little coquet in the world. Her mother and Lady Marion were twin sisters, and the former having formed an attachment for a handsome young captain in the army whom her father would not hear of running off with, and subsequently accompanied him to India with his regiment, there she died. Two years after, her handsome young husband caught a fever, which carried him off in less than a week, and then their children were sent to England. The elder, a boy, died on the passage home, and the little girl was received with open arms by her aunt as a precious charge from her dearly beloved sister.

Lady Marion was by this time married to a baronet of considerable wealth, but she had no children, and when Sir Marquise Alton died, ten years after their marriage, the title went to a younger brother. He was, however, able to leave her a handsome income for her life, and Lady Marion Alton lived in very good style. She was devoted to her niece, who she insisted should take her name; and to prevent any inconvenience from their both having the same Christian name, Lady Marion rechristened her pretty little niece Fee, and a very appropriate name it was.

At the time we write Fee Alton was 18, and just through her first season. She was small, but perfectly symmetrical; it was only envy that prompted people to say sometimes she was nothing but an animated wax doll. Everyone admired and liked her, and she liked everyone in return. She was the life and soul of a party, and she had a quick wit and a keen sense of the ridiculous, and if she was a little malicious sometimes it was impossible to be angry with her, she was always so eager to atone for it.

As opposites frequently attract each other, she was at the present time engaged in a desperate flirtation with Col. Ivers d'Agullar, a tall, dark, melancholy looking man (albeit decidedly handsome), who was very much in love with her. He had been all through the Indian war, and on his return to England, looking very thin and worn, he was made quite a hero of by all the women, and looked his part extremely well.

I suppose that if two men from the opposite poles had been brought together under one roof, they could not have differed more essentially than Col. d'Agullar and Mr. Clayton. One was generous in heart and mind, chivalrous to women, irresolute, diffident in himself, and with the courage of a lion; the other—well, we already know what Francis Clayton was. And yet these two men had something in common—a sentiment which in one was a tender, chivalrous affection; in the other a base, selfish passion. This sentiment was love of Fee Alton. For the first, absolutely the first time in his life, Mr. Clayton was, as he confessed to himself, in love—contendously in love with a pretty, little, malicious, teasing, impudent, fair, and could not help himself.

Lady Grace's guests included Mr. Fraile, a connection of her husband's, who had recently come into a very good living, but had strong sporting tendencies; Captain Culloden, of the Guards, a very plain, quiet individual, with a good income and considerably less brains; and the Monroble John Fleiden, a universal and most

attired feeling.

Too much style is apt to produce that

attired feeling.

Too much style is apt to produce that

attired feeling.

Too much style is apt to produce that

Science AND Invention

A lately tested section of the submarine cable, laid twenty years ago between Clenfuogues and Santiago, is in excellent condition, proving the durability of rubber-covered cables.

Modern science seems to show that leprosy, the loathsome scourge of many lands in the past, is among the disorders that may be easily prevented. His late investigations in South Africa and in India have convinced Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson that the disease is rarely, if ever, transmitted from one person to another, and have confirmed the theory that the cause is the eating of badly cured and poorly cooked fish. The Kaffirs, who furnish very many victims, have a depraved appetite for rotten fish.

The gradual disappearance of locusts in Rhodesia and other parts of South Africa is attributed by J. M. Orpen, a writer on the agriculture of the region, to a rapidly growing mould. The invisible seeds are scattered by the wind, and in favorable weather the growth attacks and destroys vast swarms of the insects. Since the discovery during the last locust invasion, the mould has been regularly distributed by the Department of Agriculture. The disease thus artificially spread has been very effective, but dryness has caused some failures.

A crystalline lens taken from the eye of a bullock has been found especially useful, says Prof. W. F. Watson, for photographing objects which are too small for the common camera lens and yet too large for ordinary photography. Good photographs of insects have been made with such a lens, but the manipulation is difficult. Even the composite eye of a beetle, which in some species consists of as many as 25,000 separate lenses, each producing an independent image, can be used for making photographs which are curious rather than useful. They raise the question: "What does the beetle gain by having thousands of images of the same thing projected on its retina?"

Quite astonishing is the rapidity of working of brain and nerves in modern piano-playing. At the conference of musicians in Dublin it was shown that the ordinary player must cultivate the eye to see about 1,500 signs per minute, the fingers to make about two thousand movements and the brain to perceive the 1,500 signs while issuing two thousand orders. In a part of Chopin's "Etude in E Minor," the rate of reading must reach 3,950 signs in 2 1/4 minutes. This is equivalent to about twenty-six notes per second, and as the eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions per second, it appears that in very rapid music the notes must be read in groups instead of singly.

A scientific investigation of extraordinary interest is about to be undertaken in the Philippines, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. Ethnologists aver that the various tribes in those islands represent a mixture of the blood of all the races and varieties of mankind. The white, the black and the brown have each contributed a share. In the combination of bloods are found the Negrito, the Papuan and the African; the Malay and the Polynesian; the Chinese, the Japanese and the Cambodian; the Hamite, the Semite and the Aryan; the Caucasian, and even, in a slight degree, the American Indian. The proposed research into the origin and development of this blending of races involves a study of habits, relics, prehistoric remains, tribal legends and occupations.

CONSIDERATION FOR PEOPLE.

How the President is Always Showing His Big-Heartedness.

"Here are instances of one day in President Roosevelt's itinerary which show that he has a great big heart," was the remark of a western representative the other day. "The President was passing through the lower tier of counties in Iowa. It was raining, but at every station there were thousands of people who had come many miles in their wagons to see him. Several speeches had been scheduled, and open stands erected, so that a good look at the President might be obtained. At the other towns where not even stops had been arranged, the President ordered his train to pass through at the pace of a man, and he stood on the rear platform. At a watering station where the train stopped only a minute, there was a large crowd and the President was asked to make a short speech. Mr. Roosevelt began, but all of a sudden he stopped talking. 'I will not go on until that old gentleman is given a seat,' he declared, pointing to a decrepit old man standing in the center of the crowd. Some one rushed away to a nearby house and back again with a chair, and the President concluded his little talk amid a general exclamation of approval for his act.

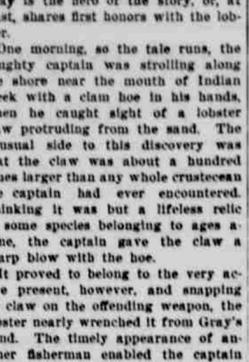
"When the town where a speech had been arranged for was reached, it was raining hard. The stand was only a few steps from the train, and the President might have stood on the train platform and have kept dry, but the people could have not seen him so well. Without hesitating he got off the train and stood in the rain and delivered his address. At the next place, where a mile and a half carriage ride was a part of the local program, and it was still raining hard, a closed carriage had been provided. 'Can't this be opened?' asked the President. 'If these people can stand out here in the rain to see me I guess I can ride in the rain to give them the opportunity.' The carriage top was thrown open and the President rode in the rain during the entire distance."—Washington Star.

MONSTER LOBSTER IS CAUGHT AFTER A FIGHT.

This fish story is about a lobster, but it's all right and its veracity is vouched for by Capt. Emery Gray, one of the most hardy and daring fishermen on the island of Vinalhaven, off the Maine coast. In fact, Capt. Gray is the hero of the story, or, at least, shares first honors with the lobster.

One morning, so the tale runs, the doughty captain was strolling along the shore near the mouth of Indian creek with a clam hoe in his hands, when he caught sight of a lobster claw protruding from the sand. The unusual sight to this discovery was that the claw was about a hundred times larger than any whole crustacean the captain had ever encountered. Thinking it was but a lifeless relic of some species belonging to ages ago, the captain gave the claw a sharp blow with the hoe.

It proved to belong to the very active present, however, and snapping its claw on the offending weapon, the lobster nearly wrenched it from Gray's hand. The timely appearance of another fisherman enabled the captain to dig up the giant beast from its hole in the sand. Securing the lobster with heavy fishline, the men dragged it home, where it immediately became the center of a group of astonished natives. The lobster was fastened to a pile supporting a dock, but the following morning there was a pile missing; also the lobster, which had been named Hercules because of its immense size. A search soon revealed the crustacean's whereabouts from the rocky water caused by dragging the heavy pile, and he was recaptured after another fierce struggle in which the fishermen's boat was nearly wrecked by the beast's tremendous struggles. The animal died soon after being recaptured, however, not standing captivity well.



CAPT. GRAY AND HIS LOBSTER.

to dig up the giant beast from its hole in the sand. Securing the lobster with heavy fishline, the men dragged it home, where it immediately became the center of a group of astonished natives. The lobster was fastened to a pile supporting a dock, but the following morning there was a pile missing; also the lobster, which had been named Hercules because of its immense size. A search soon revealed the crustacean's whereabouts from the rocky water caused by dragging the heavy pile, and he was recaptured after another fierce struggle in which the fishermen's boat was nearly wrecked by the beast's tremendous struggles. The animal died soon after being recaptured, however, not standing captivity well.

TOMB OF A KING OF THEBES.

Last Meeting Place of Thothmes IV. Unearthed in Egypt.

T. M. Davies, an American, who has for two years past been excavating in the valley of the tombs of the kings at Thebes, Egypt, has just discovered a previously unknown royal tomb, that of Thothmes IV, a pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. This king's mummy has been for some years in the Cairo museum, having been found in the tomb of Amen-hotep II, to which it had been conveyed for concealment, probably in the period of the twenty-first dynasty. Mr. Davies found in the new discovered tomb various wall paintings, a magnificent granite sarcophagus with texts from the Book of the Dead and mummified ducks, geese, legs of mutton and loins of beef—offerings made to the dead king some 3,500 years ago.

Clay seals attached to the doors show that the Egyptians of the eighteenth dynasty had to some extent anticipated the printer's art, as the raised part of the seals had been smeared with blue ink before being impressed on the clay. An inscription dated in the eighth year of King Hor-em-hub stated that the tomb had been plundered by robbers, but restored as far as might be by that pharaoh. The robbers doubtless "got away with" the jewelry and other precious objects deposited with the mummy, but much was left for the archaeologist of today. The floor was covered with vases, dishes, boomerangs, symbols of life and other objects in blue faience, nearly all of them broken. Among the rest were cups and vases of blue and variegated glass and also of opaque white glass with pieces of what looked like modern beer bottles.

There was also a piece of cloth in which hieroglyphic characters had been woven with wonderful skill. The chief "find," however, was the actual chariot of Thothmes used by the king in his daily drives at Thebes. It was of wood, covered with paper-mache and stucco, carved inside and out with scenes of the king's battles in Syria. Along with the chariot were found the pharaoh's driving gloves.—Baltimore Sun.

HOME OF A FAMILY OF TEN.

nearby house. This house was an old residence, in which lived as many people as could crowd in. The tenant occupied a room and bedroom in the rear, on the first floor above the street. The inspector knocked several times, receiving no answer. At last there was a cautious movement behind the closed door, which was followed by the sliding of the bolt. The door opened, revealing a young Italian woman. The woman understood the errand, opened the door and graciously invited the waiting visitors in. A pine box, having a cover, with leather hinges, was against the wall. On this was a tiny baby 4 weeks old. In reply to questions the woman answered without the slightest hesitancy or attempts at concealment.

Surroundings Squallid.

Two people, herself and her husband, and the baby lived there; no one else. "No room for more," she said, with a sweet smile and a bewitching shrug of the shoulders. No, she never worked before; she could not get work; she had no license. No boss would give her work. Balled tightly and pushed against the wall under the bed was discovered an extremely dirty mattress, from the ends of which protruded still more dirty bedding. A slight flush came as the woman answered that her brother, 10 years old, slept on that. The inspector went into the bedroom and took from behind the bed, covered by the bedding, two dozen pairs of unfinished trousers. For one minute the revelation appeared brutal. The woman grew old and ashen.

Snatching the shawl that covered the baby, she darted through the door without speaking. Before the trousers

CITY SWEAT SHOPS.

HOW CLOTHING IS MADE IN FILTHY TENEMENTS.

Men, Women and Children Huddled Together Like Vermin—Garments for Market Saturated with Noxious Odors—Poverty and Degradation.

The conditions under which much of the clothing is manufactured in the city of New York, demand the attention of the people because of the vital connection between these conditions and every home into which ready made garments enter, writes Lillian W. Betts, in The Outlook.

When a man or woman wishes to take work home from a shop or factory, application must be made to the factory inspection department of the department of labor, a State department, with headquarters in Albany, with a sub-office in the city of New York. This application must give the name and address of the applicant, the number of persons who will work under the license, the number in family, and the nationality of the applicant. The application is made out in due form and placed in the hands of a deputy inspector, who visits the premises, and reports, after investigation, to the chief inspector.

Visiting a Sweatshop.

The first rooms visited with the inspector were in one of the worst shops of tenements on the East Side. The only outside light or air came from the two windows in the room fronting on the street. This held three sewing machines and a long table used for cutting the men's drawers manufactured in this room. The table was high enough to permit the sewing machines to be pushed under it at night, when a folding bed and mat-



IN POVERTY'S REALM.

resses are placed on the floor. This provided part of the sleeping accommodations of the family. The kitchen back of this room was lighted by a window in the partition wall between the two rooms. Back of this was an absolutely dark bedroom, in which were the home and workshop of a man, his wife and children. The three workers running the machines the man claimed as his children. They all worked, according to the man's account, as many hours as they wished. Material for the garments, cut and uncut, was piled to the ceiling. No one in the family spoke English but the father, who said the family had been here 12 years. The man had a license. The man conceded that his family needed all the space now occupied by day as a workshop for living purposes. The rooms were dirty. This license was suspended until some changes were made as to the workroom and the halls.

DOG AMBULANCE FOR ENGLISH ARMY.

A dog ambulance is likely to be established soon in connection with the British military service. The dogs of the war ambulance are intended, when trained, to find the casualties on a widely scattered battlefield, and so shorten delays in search work. Recent trials with trained dogs proved how certain breeds can be taught to find the wounded when hidden in rocks, wood or grass, even where the scent was crossed by water, and to guide the bearers by continuous barking. In South Africa there was often difficulty in recovering wounded owing to the wide extent of front, and when night fell before the work could be accomplished, as in the case of big actions, some wounded were not recovered before dawn. The best dogs for the purpose are St. Bernards, cross-bred setters and collies, especially those of deer-tracking stock.

Show Places and Their Revenues.

Under the new regulations for admission, Windsor Castle will take the premier position among the remunerative show places of England. Its visitors number annually about 100,000, so that the fees will swell the charitable revenues of Windsor by \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year. The toll to the subterranean wonders of Welbeck Abbey yield a steady income of \$6,500, which the Duke of Portland distributes among the Notts hospitals. The Duke of Devonshire forgoes \$17,000 a year by admitting the 70,000 visitors to Chatsworth gratis.

Had Been There a Long Time.

"Where are you living now, old chap? I haven't seen you for a dog's age," asked the confirmed New Yorker of a friend.

"I have a cozy little place in Lonelytown," replied the friend. "Have you ever been there?"

"Been there? Been there?" said the confirmed New Yorker wearily. "I should say so! Why I spent a whole week there one afternoon!"—New York Mail and Express.

Frequently the Case.

"Yes," she said bitterly, "he's a bigamist."

"A bigamist?" they cried.

"Alas, yes," she said. "Although I didn't know it at the time, he was wedded to his business at the time he married me, and the worst of it is that he still deems that first wife the more important."

It serves a man right if he marries a woman because she has more sense than he has if she never allows him to forget it.