

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By  
**MRS. FORRESTER.**

**CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)**

A sharp pang of annoyance shot across Flora's face as she saw Lord Harold bending over her cousin. She had expected to find Winifred awkward and ill-dressed, and here she was, perfectly at ease, and elegantly dressed. It was in Miss Champion's heart to treat her with slighting disdain, but Lady Grace was there, and she could not forget her good breeding to gratify her spleen. So she walked straight up to where her cousin was sitting and held out her hand, as though there had never been anything else but the most casual friendship between them.

"How do you do? Did you have a pleasant drive from Hurst?"

"Delightful," said Winifred, recovering herself. "Mr. Champion was kind enough to send me in her carriage, and she prevented coming herself. She sent a message through me to you that Sir Howard was rather unwell, and she did not like to leave him, but she hopes to drive over early next week."

"I trust there is nothing serious the matter with grandpapa," exclaimed Miss Champion, feigning interest.

"Nothing more than a severe cold."

At this juncture, as she was sitting down, she saw Miss Alton, and Lady Grace introducing her to Miss Eyre, she sat down beside her and spoke in such a pleasant, winning way that Winifred thought her the prettiest, sweetest little creature she had ever seen. And then the other guests came in, and were introduced to her in turn; and when dinner was announced, Sir Clayton gave her his arm and led her into the dining room. Miss Champion's lips were curled contemptuously, and Winifred was deeply touched by the kind consideration of her amiable hostess. She was a little shy at first with Sir Clayton, but he talked so pleasantly to her, and his manner was so reassuring that she soon felt at her ease. And then after dinner Miss Alton came and sat beside her, and chatted to her of their before-mentioned excursion, and the picnic that was arranged for the following day. When the gentlemen came in, Winifred felt no longer shy; she was thoroughly enjoying her first glimpse of the world. Mr. Clayton came up and carried Miss Alton away to the piano, and Lord Harold went over to Miss Champion. Winifred took the opportunity of looking around at the different faces.

There was a handsome, melancholy looking man, who attracted her attention in particular. He had come in late, and was the only person who had not been introduced to her. He was sitting near the piano, watching Miss Alton. Winifred thought, with a tender, almost sad interest, as she sang her brilliant French chansonette. The little fairy had thrown him her gloves and fan, in that careless, peremptory way women often use to men who they know love them; and he held them gently and reverently. Mr. Clayton frowned as he saw the gesture, then he turned away to the piano and began striding the music.

When Miss Alton had finished her song she moved back to her place beside Winifred on the sofa. Mr. Clayton walked up to Col. d'Aguliar.

"I must trouble you for Miss Alton's fan and gloves," he said, nonchalantly.

"I will give them to her myself," Col. d'Aguliar said, coldly, rising.

Mr. Clayton turned away with a scowl, that reminded Winifred painfully of Mr. Fenner.

"Miss Alton," said Col. d'Aguliar, "have you forgotten that you entrusted your property to my care?"

"Oh! my fan and gloves," she exclaimed, "thank you, I did not remember them; the fact is, I was so anxious to return to my new acquaintance that I forgot you. But I will make amends for my neglect by sharing my pleasure with you, Miss Eyre—Col. d'Aguliar." And she made room for him on the sofa beside her, and she looked at him with a great deal of interest.

"I regret so much," she said to Miss Vance, "that we have lost such a charming neighbor on Mr. Fenner's departure. It is a complete mystery to every one."

"We quite thought he intended to live permanently at the Court," answered Miss Vance. "It appears he made the most complete arrangements for doing so. All his horses are still there, and I have not heard of the servants being dismissed. A friend of his is staying there now, playing host to a party of gentlemen. What reason did he assign for his sudden departure?"

"In a note I received from him a few days before he left he said he could not as yet accustom himself to a quiet country life, and felt a longing for the excitement of foreign travel. But I cannot bring myself to think that was anything more than an excuse, which he thought simple enough to repel further questioning. I wish," Lady Grace continued, turning to Winifred, "that you could have met the gentleman we are speaking of, you would have liked him so much. He is not only singularly handsome, but has a peculiar fascination of manner that renders him a general favorite. Perhaps some day he will return, and I shall have an opportunity of introducing him to you."

Winifred bent down her head in silence. Miss Champion looked up, and a glance of malicious light shot from her cold, blue eyes.

"An introduction between such intimate friends would scarcely be necessary," she remarked in her clear voice, that was heard from one end of the long table to the other. "I should think Miss Eyre and Mr. Hastings would be greatly amused at such a formality, after their ramble in the Hazell woods."

The crimson blood dyed Winifred's

Just about one o'clock Col. d'Aguliar had been away on a dinner invitation, came in, in high good humor and spirits.

"We have had a charming evening," he said, in answer to a question from Capt. Callender. "Some very jolly fellows there, and I was greatly tempted to stay the night, as they asked me. However, as I had said nothing about it to Lady Grace Parquhar, I was afraid of committing a breach of good manners by remaining. Arthur le Marchant had driven over from Hazell Court—a rare good fellow he is, too, the very life of a party."

"Did he say anything about Hastings?" inquired Reginald Champion.

"I think he mentioned the name of Hastings. If I recollect rightly it was something in connection with a yacht in Constantinople."

"I am sorry Hastings took it into his head to leave England," interposed Lord Harold Erskine. "He was one of the nicest, most gentlemanly fellows I ever met with. He entertained us in a princely way at the Court last month."

"Hastings?" remarked Francis Clayton, interrogatively. "I seem to know the name. By the way, Erskine, was not that the man Miss Champion accused Miss Eyre of being so much in the woods with?"

Lord Harold colored with passion.

"I presume they were only together just as d'Aguliar and Miss Alton might have been in the park this afternoon."

"Ah!" said Francis Clayton, quietly, but with his most disagreeable smile. "Let those laugh who win, is a capital maxim. But you've not congratulated me yet, any of you."

Col. d'Aguliar grew very pale; the hand that was on the back of his chair trembled.

"I am so hypocrite," he said, quietly, but with a curious ring in his voice. "I cannot wish your happiness when I know it entails her misery. And amidst a dead silence he left the room."

Before the party assembled at breakfast the following morning he had left Endon Vale.

(To be continued.)

## INSECT VANDALS.

**Tropical Ants that Ravage the Country Like a Fire.**

The Huns and Vandals of the insect world are undoubtedly the marching army ants. In tropical countries everything falls before these invaders; they leave nothing but ruin behind them. The author of "Tangweera" gives this description of them:

I have never found where these ants lie concealed when not engaged in foraging; but two or three times in the year, just before or after heavy rain, they come out of the forest in millions, advancing in a solid column, which may cover an acre of ground. Sometimes the column may separate in divisions, one going in one direction, one in another. Each travels in a fixed direction, in which it is guided by the guards, distinguished by enormous heads and threatening mandibles, who march ahead of the main body, as if to reconnoiter the ground.

The army follows after its officers, and rummages everything as it advances. Some swarm up the trees to considerable heights, searching in all the cracks of the bark, or among parasitical plants. Every fallen or hollow log and every stone is carefully inspected.

They destroy as if a fire had passed over the ground. Snails, beetles, butterflies, slugs, spiders, caterpillars, scorpions, centipedes—everything is devoured. Wasps' nests are rifled of the grubs; birds are driven from their nests and the young ones eaten up. Fortunately, few birds lay in the rainy season, but occasionally incursions of the army take place before the rains, when the birds are rearing their young. I have seen lizards eight inches long writhing, lashing the tail, rolling over and over, covered with ants which soon mastered and devoured them.

Twice in the middle of the night we have been roused by such incursions of the marching army ants, and had to rush out of the house and wait till the foray was over. But we were consoled by their leaving us a clean house, for the ants search the thatch through and through, plunder the wasps' nests which line our eaves, and drag from hiding every lizard, cockroach and spider.

## PLUCKING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

**Process Is Both Simple and Painless to the Bird.**

Many have wondered whether the ostrich felt pain during the plucking of his feathers, and whether the operation was cruelly performed. The process is both simple and painless. Over the head of the ostrich is placed a long bag with a breathing hole in one end. A man then holds the bird while another cuts with shears the long feathers. Only those of the wings and tail are taken. The short feathers, being ripe, are pulled out without pain, as they would soon drop in the course of nature. Great care must be taken not to injure the feather root, for if a "socket" is destroyed, a feather cannot grow again. The stumps of those that are cut remain in until three months later.

Sometimes the bird picks them out herself, and often the keeper assists her. To pluck this terrible creature is often a dangerous operation. Care is taken to stand behind it to escape its kicks. The feathers of the back and abdomen drop off and are gathered in bundles. Natural colors are black, white and drab. The black ones are kept for black entirely because of the natural shade and the fine, silky down. The Christian Endeavor World, says the most valuable. Also, those from a live ostrich are better than those from a dead one. The plumage of wild ones is held in higher esteem than of tame varieties. Those of the female birds and of the young rank as second quality. The white feathers are often very pure and beautiful. Those of the tail are dingy and inferior in quality. The various kinds of feathers are put into separate bags—tail feathers, wing feathers, white, black, gray. They are then graded, weighed and shipped to feather dressers, where they are washed, sewed together, dyed and curled into many styles.

The Embarrassed What's.

"I do not mind the notoriety so much," soliloquized the whale, after it had left Jonah on the beach, "but those smart young whales in our set will be sure to always be asking me to make something for the inner man, or to spouting around about how hard it is to keep a good man down."—Baltimore American.



## THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH.

Give us an old-fashioned Fourth in the way the patriots are putting the matter today. Give us an old-fashioned Fourth with its fun and its noise; Recollect all about it, I guess, don't you, boys?

Its speech and procession, with fireworks at the end; And the red remembrance in long draughts of delight!

The big wooden stand on the quaint village green. The flags and rosettes with the mottoes between. The gaudy Home Guards and the big country band; The drum-major marching with baton in hand; The man with a voice like a sawmill or two; Who sang of the flag of the Red, White and Blue; And the orator, well, there ever before A man who could hold that grand battle new!

What speeches he made, though, and how he'd portray The patriots who sprang with their guns to the fray; When the signal for combat at Lexington came; And they faced the awart red-coats and met the death-dance;

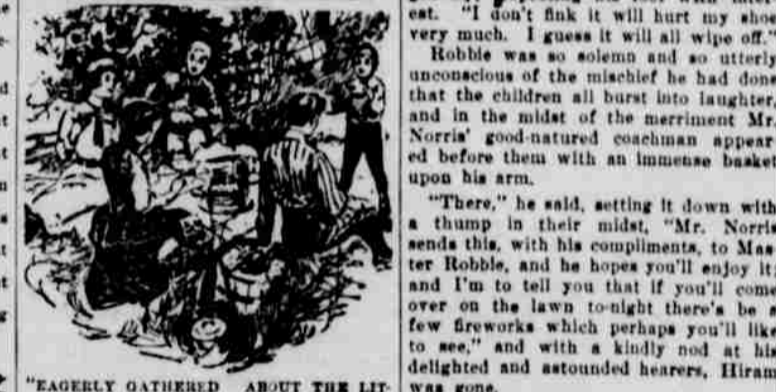
With that shot—and his fate when he told Of it with a shudder; That in the day of that ringing on round the world!

And then Bunker Hill—it was good for the blues To be him dilate on that grand battle new!

If ever the eagle had screamed, it would scream When he pictured the conflict at quaint Northampton; And then Valley Forge—and the end at Yorktown.

While the great shone upon him from the dark into crowns; As the great preparation required all his strength To bring to the climax at just the right time; Ah, the old-fashioned Fourth, and they want it now!

But I guess it's a want they'll be wanting in vain!



## AN UNEXPECTED CELEBRATION.

By Candice A. Bramble.

JACK and Nellie Foster and their three young neighbors, the Blakes, were holding a consultation beneath the great elm tree which stood just upon the line between the two dooryards.

"I'll tell you, I call it a shame that we can't go in to the city, as we always have before," said Jack Foster, discontentedly.

"Well, you know we can't, so what's the use of scolding all the time about it, Jack?" replied his sister Nellie.

"Of course father isn't to blame for being sick, and I suppose your father is calling him away just now," said Gladys Blake in her gentle voice.

"But on the Fourth of July," interrupted her brother Tom, impatiently. "It's too bad for anything. It wouldn't be quite so mean if we had a few fireworks to let off at night; but here we are, almost dead broke, with hardly enough money between us to buy a decent supply of firecrackers, let alone anything else."

"Well, never mind," answered Jack, good-naturedly. "Firecrackers will make a dreadful lot of noise if you're properly handled, and what fun to be had from noise is bound to be ours next Thursday. Eh, Tom?" and he gave his friend a poke which tumbled him over upon his back in the grass, where he chuckled a delighted "You bet it is, old chap!"

"Oh, but we've forgotten all about poor old Mr. Norris!" cried Gladys, remorsefully. "We can't go to shooting off crackers and making a whole lot of noise, because, you know, it will hurt his head and make him ever so much worse. We can't, indeed."

"Well, I like that!" shouted Tom, as he glared wrathfully at the big brick house just across the way. "What is Fourth of July for if people are not to make any noise? and, besides, what do we care if we do hurt his old head? I'm sure he's never so careful about hurting our feelings."

"Yes," chimed in Nellie, "he's a dreadful mean, cross-patchy old thing. Gladys—you know yourself he is—and I don't care if his head does ache a little, and I don't think you ought to, either, as many times he has set his horrid dog on our cats, and you know he never will let us go inside his yard, even to look for a ball or anything."

"Yes," chimed in Nellie 8-year-old Robbie, gravely, "an' he said if I peeked through the fence any more to see the peacocks he'd turn out an' spank me; an' I don't like him, too."

"Oh, Robbie!" returned Gladys, with a reproachful look. "It's a shame for you to say so. Only just think, poor Mr. Norris hasn't any little boys and girls to be good to him, or any one to love him, and he's old and lame and sick, and it's no wonder he's cross. I'm sure

## BOY'S DREAM OF AN IDEAL FOURTH.



## VERMONT'S LAST "PAINTER."

**Two Countrymen Track and Kill Him and Get \$12 State Bounty.**

"They're people in Vermont as thought that the painters was all dead," said "Black Bear Joe" of Hen Mountain to a writer in the Boston Journal, as he sat on a barrel in the back shop of a Main street store in Burlington. "But they wasn't. I heered one on 'em screech up at Hen Mountain in the middle of the night this winter, an' it friza my blood up tighter'n a drum."

"I came down by Montgomery Center way 'tother day, an' there I heerd tell on the biggest painter that I ever seen."

"Some folks call 'em painters an' some folks call 'em wildcats, an' more'n all of 'em call 'em wildcats. But the real name, I heerd tell when I was down to the sportsman's show, was a mountain lion. Them's the critters that they let the President shoot down in Arizona, an' they is scheduled to run up as far as Canada an' down across the northern end of New York an' over into Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont."

"Bakersfield mountain is 'bout the last place that you'd expect to find a real live painter. But they killed one ther' 'tother day."

"Some of the boys was out in the hills gunning an' digging spruce gum an' the like when they came upon the critter's tracks. They was big enough to be a tiger's steps an' one of the lads found where a fox had been caught and eaten. The snow was all tracked down and bloody like and the hide was torn up somewhat. Heer never tear up a hide but skin it off careful like an' roll it up on the ground."

"None of the young fellers could make out what the tracks was. But ol' Teddy Sheldon, who is now going on to 71 years, an' I suppose has killed more than seventy bear, shook his head and said to the young uns, see he: 'That's a painter, or my name ain't Theodore. I'm 70, but I'm blessed if I don't git out the old gun an' have a try at the \$12 that his hide'll bring in bounty.'

"He an' William H. Jewett polished up their guns an' set out. They found where a deer had been pulled down an' her throat bitten by the painter, but the deer had evidently shook the brute off an' got away. After running a long distance it fell and died. Prob'ly the painter was too full of his earlier dinner to follow an' so he never knew that the deer died."

"They got some of their dogs on the track of the painter, an' after a lively chase they found the trail leading down into Cold hollow. Now, Cold hollow is a valley that no one yet ever had good luck hunting in. It cal'late that they would 'a' had if they had gone there, but the name sorter gives all the Bakersfield mountain boys cold feet to hear, an' they have fought shy of it."

"The painter was lying along a log o' maple when they came up with their dogs in leash an' after letting out one or two of his bloody screeches he went on the trees and began running along an' jumping from limb to limb an' free to tree. Every now and then he would stop an' sorter turn back to fight but the dogs troubled him. I cal'late a full-sized painter will tackle a man any time, specially at night."

"At last the dogs driv' him into a tree that stood all alone an' there he turned at bay. Jewett fired at him, the ball going through the shoulder muscles. The great cat fell sprawling into the snow, but immediately ran up another tree, where a bullet, fired from the rifle of Sheldon, reached his brain."

"Old as I am I'd given a year off the fust end of my life ter have shot the last painter in Vermont, for I cal'late that's what it was. Ain't been none shot here for fifty years as I know on."

"When I was a boy they pulled down cattle an' children 'most every day, Sheldon an' Jewett took him to the town clerk of Montgomery Center an' collected \$12 bounty. Might jus' well close the account. Ain't no more coming in."

**Back to the Farm.**

After ten years as a St. Louis policeman Hugh McMahon tired of life in a great city and has gone back to the country. Like Clarence the Cop, he has been "transferred again," but this time at his own wish.

He has gone back from the force to the farm; from politics to potatoes; from courts to carrots; from station to stable; from clubs to clods; from "plug-uglies" to plows; from "pinches" to parsnips; from mud to meadows; from garbage to garden; from blood to blossoms.

He has gone back from writs to roses; from arrests to rest; from pool-rooms to cool rooms; from sunstrokes to sunflowers and sunsets; from violence to violets; from helmets to hollyhocks; from dens to daisies; from rallying crooks to running brooks; from murderers to meditation; from quick thieves to quiet thoughts, and from "green goods" men to the green things of Nature herself.

Who shall say that he has not chosen the better part of life? "God made the country and man made the town," and at the very best, it sometimes seems, man made a bad job of it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Farmers and Factories.**

Farmers in those districts that have extensive manufacturing establishments are able to pay double as much for land as those who live in the strictly agricultural districts and then realize double the profit from the crops grown. The farmers of New England, occupying a soil originally thin, in an uncongenial climate, are able to pay higher wages than the farmers of the South, although the natural fertility of the soil and its capacity for producing a great variety of crops is not half as great as it is in the South and the staples grown in the South are of world-wide demand and of paramount necessity.—Southern Farm Magazine.

**No Risk to the Dentist.**

Dentist—Will you take gas?  
Patient—Is there any risk?  
Dentist—Not for me. You'll have to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

**Tunnels Dug by Ants.**

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.