

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montelieu. Lady Grace was sitting there, too. She kissed them both. "You bring the outer air in with you, my child," said the old French lady; "you are as fresh as a new picked rose."

"We have had a good canter across the common, dear madame—it makes one feel fresh. Did you both have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I find you have got the ponies into such order that they are as quiet as lambs. At least Evans gives you all the credit."

"He wants to see you drive them in the park," resumed Lady Grace; "he says with a new set of harness, and you in the front seat, there would not be a more elegant turnout in London."

"Fancy such honor and state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half grave, half ironical.

Lady Grace took her hand and drew her toward herself.

"My dear, what ails you to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you say these things before. Has Mr. Hastings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever offend you?"

"Offend me? Lady Grace—how should he? He was far above me when we met before."

But her voice trembled, and she hurried from the room.

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know if anything ever passed between them that should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"

Madame de Montelieu hesitated.

"I should not feel justified in telling this to anyone else; but you have her interest as much at heart as I have. The summer before last, when he first came home, they met by accident. He was handsome and fascinating, and I believe, the first man of my age and breeding she ever met with. No wonder, then, the poor romantic child fell in love with him. Somehow they met again, and he made an excuse to call at the farm, and she was at home alone. I dare say she took a fancy to her large-eyed, graceful child as she was, and flattered and talked to her as men of the world will. She mistook it for love—for a romantic devotion, no doubt, such as her foolish little brain had conceived might be possible between a great gentleman like the master of Hassell Court, and her own humble self. I warned her—I wanted to spare her the heartache—the misery that such a delusion might cause her; but, poor child! she was so honest, so true herself, she could not believe the man she worshipped as a hero could be capable of what she deemed baseness, and at last, by a cruel lesson—I am not at liberty to tell you how—the found that, while he was feigning love for her, he was, in truth, detesting his great attention to her cousin Flora. It was a cruel blow. Perhaps his presence brought back a bitter remembrance, and she involuntarily remembered what she deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."

"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace said. "Twice to-day I saw him look at her as if I should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet you are right, for I remember fancying there was a tinge of regret in his expression."

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Harold Erskine had never been to stay at Endon Vale since Winifred had lived there, and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—it kept the nephew whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed heavily as she laid it down. Winifred understood what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they were alone and said:

"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me."

"I do not think, my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that he fears his presence may be unwise to you."

"Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "why should you—why should he think of me? Am I not here from your kindness and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me; but he will have forgotten me now, and why should we meet as if such a thing had never happened?"

"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and she wrote to him that very day, begging him to come.

The next day he arrived, to his aunt's great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected. The restraint wore off, and they relapsed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.

Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Errol Hastings was at the Court he betook himself at once to see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.

"I shall most likely sleep at the Court to-night, aunt, and we will ride over together to-morrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"

"Of course, my dear," and Lord Harold rode off. The day seemed a little dull to Winifred after he had gone. She dreaded seeing Mr. Hastings again, particularly before Lord Harold; and then she wondered if her name would be mentioned between the two men, and if so, what she would say about her. Mr. Hastings had an unpleasant recollection of Mr. Clayton's remarks about Miss Eyre's flirtation with Lord Harold Erskine, and an uncomfortable sense of the latter's present golden opportunities; and Lord Harold remembered uneasily that something had been said about Hastings and Miss Eyre wandering together in the Hassell woods. By common consent, then, her name was avoided as much as possible, and the two men had plenty of other topics for conversation, until the next day. The following morning Lord Harold betook himself of calling on the Champions, and Mr. Hastings volunteered to accompany him. They found Lord Lancelot and his sister playing croquet with Flora and Reginald Champion, and on invitation joined in the game. It was curious enough that, although Flora looked handsome, and used all the arts that had once thought of as the arts that men contrasted her unfavorably with her cousin.

The two gentlemen did not arrive at Endon Vale until it was time to dress for dinner, and only just appeared in the drawing room as the gong sounded for the second time. Mr. Clayton gave

He redoubled his attentions on scenes that they annoyed her. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not," cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of Fee's singing, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."

"My dear Miss Eyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I am afraid your temper is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's example; mine has suffered already from her baneful influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them.

(To be continued.)

MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA.

They Are Many and Active, and One Is a Monster in Size.

"You may talk about your mosquitoes up here in the North," said a resident of Bayou Sara, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bayous you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture."

There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noisome swamp bayous, and no matter which kind samples you will wish it had been some other kind, for it will seem that no other kind could bite quite as bad as that one. There are gray mosquitoes—long, gaunt, wolfish-looking fellows—reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is one we call a gallinipper down there, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spread of wing an inch wide, and a bit in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.

"This fearfully equipped insect monster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and a suction pump. As he can bore through your boot and puncture your foot with ease and dispatch, you may well imagine how much protection clothing or gloves are against his assaults. Fortunately, though, this giant mosquito isn't poisonous. The damage he does to your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for days."

All the remaining eight varieties are full of venom and vim to get it where it will do the greatest harm to the smallest one of the lot. This is a gray mosquito, not more than an eighth of an inch long, but every place that he stinks his stinger in on you will instantly rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn as red as fire and pain like a hornet's sting. As the reservoir containing that insect's venom cannot possibly be larger than a fly speck, the virulence of it may be imagined.

"The experienced person never goes fishing in those mosquito-infested bayous," continued the Louisiana, according to the New York Times, "unless he has his head and face incased in netting, fixed on a light steel frame, and with thick gloves on his hands. Gloves, though, are no bar to the big gallinipper mosquito's kit of tools."

"Why does any one go fishing in those noisome places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bayous of Louisiana. Parrot, bass, jackfish, as the pickerel is called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark, sluggish, root-tangled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his hook and line."

ADVENTURES OF YOUNG LADS SMITTEN WITH A DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD.

A HEROIC attempt to have a vacation at all cost was made by a certain boy, whose experience is related in CHINA. He joined a circus with the intention of becoming a lion-tamer; but there was no vacancy in that department, and before he made up his mind what else he would like to do, the circus people worked him in as "rent man." He had to help to put up and take down the great tents at each stopping place. Incidentally, he worked all the rest of the time at odd jobs. The circus men, in fact, found him so useful that they locked him up in an empty leopard cage each night, in order that, after having been kept at work all day by a rope's end, he might not have a chance to abandon his circus career after dark. Ultimately, the boy hid for twenty-four hours in a disused lime-kiln in one of the towns he visited, and finished his outing by giving himself up to the police authorities in order to be sent home.

Not long ago an American boy, thinking that a vacation spent on his uncle's farm was likely to be without adventure, stowed himself away and journeyed a long distance on the buffers of a freight train. He thought he had done a rather fine thing, but the railway people held a different opinion.

"It's our turn now," they said.

Then they explained to him that to send him back again would cost three dollars, and he already owed them three dollars for the trip down. So he was taken to the machine shops and directed to earn six dollars by filing tubing smooth. A watchman was deputed to keep a fatherly eye on him after hours.

The new hand managed to write to his people; but, very wisely, they agreed that to "serve his time," might teach him a useful lesson, so they paid no ransom. It took the boy nearly three weeks to file his way to liberty. At a harbor of Continental Europe, in which a submarine war vessel was undergoing tests, a third young adventurer was smitten with a desire to become a "stowaway." He was continually begging one of the crew, whom he knew, to smuggle him on board. At last, after a quiet little talk with the boy's father, the sailor consented.

In the dusk of evening the boy arrived at the meeting place appointed, close to the sea. "We must blindfold you," said the sailor. This was done, and then the boy was led about here and there for some time, between two grinning mariners, and watched by a grinning parent. When he was thoroughly dazed, he was pushed into a narrow, cold metal apartment, and cautioned to keep perfectly still until some one came for him.

"And mind you keep that bandage on till you're told to take it off," added the sailor.

The boy waited—for hours, it seemed to him—hardly daring to breathe, but trying to think that he was having a great time. Then he took off the bandage, he was in total darkness. Hours went by, and no one came back for him. He was now not only hungry, and cold, but also frightened. No sound reached him. Was he really alone in the submarine boat in the depths of the sea?

No he was not. At 1 o'clock in the morning his father, still smiling, rescued him from an old ship's iron cistern, in which he had been imprisoned on the beach. The submarine boat and her crew had, in the meantime, been towed away to another seaport; but the boy was no longer interested in a seafaring life.

FRIGHTENING A STRANGER.

Scheme of a North Carolinian Failed to Work as He Expected.

Between two towns in North Carolina I met a man driving an ox to a cart and on the straw in the cart was a young man who appeared to have met with an accident. Of course, I inquired what happened and the father said in reply:

"Wall, stranger, that's my son Ben and I reckon I kin give it to ye straight. Me and Ben was up to Grovesville this mornin' to git a pair o' butes. We went into a stoh and asked fur butes and in that stoh was a humbly-lookin' critter who was entin' crackers and cheese and askin' the way to Pineville. He was a humbly-lookin' critter, wasn't he, Ben?"

"He was, pop."

"It wasn't none of Ben's business about the critter," continued the old man, "but he was feelin' kinder colty and wanted to do somthin' smart. He looks the man over and then he says: 'Pop, I'm goin' to skerr that kuss outer this town and half way up the mountain.' 'As how?' sez I. 'By yellin' in his ear,' sez he. 'Mebbe he'll skeer and mebbe he won't,' sez I. 'He looks powerful lonesome and down-hearted, but yo' can't allus tell how a critter will perform.' 'That's what you said and I said, wasn't it, Ben?' 'That's what we said,' sighed Ben. 'I didn't want you to yell, but yo' felt colty and wouldn't take my advice.' 'I jest wanted to skeer him, pop.' 'Yes, yo' wanted to skeer him. Yo' got around behind him and drewed a long breath and let'er go. It was a mighty yell, Ben—the powerfulest yell I ever heard. I'm braggin' about that yell, Ben.' 'Thankee, pop.' 'But it didn't skeer nobody like yo' thought it would. The stranger jest ris up slow and drawed back his fist and let yo' hev it on the nose, and yo' didn't know nuthin' for the next fifteen minits. When yo' cum to be said yo' could hev me' if yo' wanted it. He said that, didn't he?' 'Yes, pop, he said that,' whispered Ben.

"But he didn't want no me'," continued the father as he turned to me. "He got all he wanted and some to spare, and so we put him in the cart and are takin' him home for the doctor to work at. Mebbe he'll die and mebbe he'll git well. If he dies I shan't blame that humbly-lookin' critter 'tall. If he gets well he won't never do no more yellin' in anybody's ear, unless that's a handy hill to dodge be hind."

"That's all—and the pureshun will move on."

TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.

Figures of 1902 Show Decline in Some Imports from the United States.

The latest available commonwealth statistics throw some light on the course of trade between America and Australia during 1902 and indirectly indicate the possibilities of 1903.

The largest increases were in railway and telegraphic materials, the demand for which will be well maintained during 1903, as will that for flour and grain stuffs, as Australia will remain largely dependent on outside supplies until the early part of 1904. There will, however, be a decrease in the imports of arms and ammunition.

Many of the decreases were unquestionably a result of the imposition of the federal duties, while others were occasioned by the uncertainty with respect to the final shape of the imports of organs, harmoniums and pianos shows the extent to which the spending power of the residents in the rich state of the commonwealth has become reduced.

The heaviest decrease was in boots and shoes, but this was occasioned largely by the heavy stocks caused by overimports in 1901. The total value of the American imports during the first ten months of 1902 was £1,553,710, as against £2,115,106 during the corresponding period of 1901, a decrease of £561,396.

The decrease in Australia exports to America was extremely marked, the value falling from £2,140,064 in 1901 to £1,161,885 in 1902, a decline of £978,679, or nearly 50 per cent. This was occasioned by the short supplies of various descriptions of pastoral produce, caused by the ravages of drought, the exports of grass wool, for instance, falling from £22,581 in 1901 to £7,400 in 1902.

A considerable portion of the American goods shipped to Sydney are re-exported to the United States, the quantity consigned to ports other than Sydney being comparatively small. Brisbane is the nominal terminal point of the bulk of the trade with Sydney, to which port the vessels proceed after leaving Brisbane.

The course of trade between the commonwealths and Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries has been affected in precisely the same manner as that with America, says a correspondent of the New York Times, and it is estimated that the total falling off for the year will amount to several million pounds. Whether 1903 will show an improvement remains to be seen. At present the outlook is none of the brightest and it is evident that a time of trouble is in store for the infant nation.

WITH THIS TRAINED OSTRICH HE HAS A WINGED STEED.



Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, recently visited the Hot Springs ostrich farm, and had the experience of riding behind one of the largest ostriches in the country. The ostrich is known as "Black Diamond," who is big and fleet, and docile as a well-trained horse. Black Diamond was hitched to a runabout, and Secretary Hitchcock had the novel sensation of riding behind this bird that trotted as fast as a horse can run.

"LUXURIES" ON BATTLESHIPS.

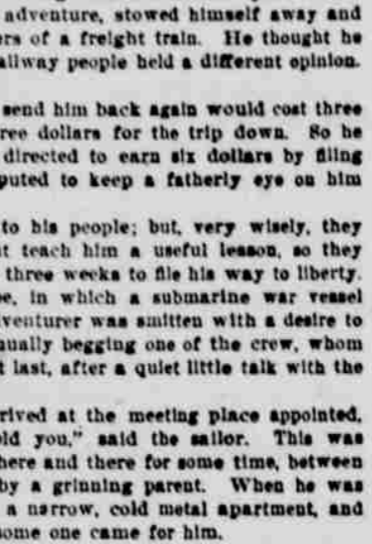
Modern Vessel Carries 350 Tons of Unnecessary Articles.

Rear Admiral Bowles, chief of the Bureau of Construction, has made a calculation based on investigations made by officers of his bureau of the weight of "luxuries" carried on a battleship of recent construction. In the preparation of plans and designs for war vessels there is almost a constant contention between the several bureaus in regard to the weights that should be carried, each branch contending for the installation of machinery and devices deemed essential. These controversies are usually settled by a compromise, in which something is yielded by each, but the result is often unsatisfactory, and not infrequently has proved detrimental to the efficiency of the vessel.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Construction Admiral Bowles declared that on each battleship there were 350 tons of luxuries, a statement which startled the members of the board. Included in these so-called luxuries are materials of every description that cannot be classified as necessities, such as furniture, ice machines, refrigerators, radiators and the machinery required for them.

It is pointed out that flagships are supplied with two bathrooms and appliances for the flag officer, while one bath tub is deemed sufficient for the ward room, in which fifteen or twenty officers live. There will be undoubtedly a protracted discussion as to what constitutes luxuries, but officers generally believe that much of the weights which Admiral Bowles de-

ODDEST COUNTY JAIL IN THE UNITED STATES.



Graham County Jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments, lewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars. Here and there in the rocky walls holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of the rock-hewn jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade, and in the winter it never goes below 40 degrees.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

The term "blue stockings," as applied to women with literary tendencies, is not now considered either elegant or appropriate, although as first used there was some warrant for its employment. Its origin is traced to the days of Samuel Johnson, and was applied then as now to women who cultivated learned conversations and found enjoyment in the discussion of questions which had been monopolized by the men. About 1750 it became quite the thing for ladies to form evening assemblies, when they might participate in talk with literary and ingenious men. One of the best known and most popular members of one of these assemblies was said to have been a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and when at any time he happened to be absent from these gatherings it was usually remarked that "we can do nothing without blue stockings," and by degrees the term "blue stockings" was applied to all gatherings of a literary nature, and eventually to the ladies who attended the meetings.

NO LONGER BENT.

He's bent on marriage now, but when he married life advances he'll find himself, like other men, in straitened circumstances.

—Philadelphia Press.

UNCLE RASTUS.

"Sudder huntin' fer trouble," said the sable philosopher, "take de number of yo' door, so's he can't find whar you at w'en he look in de directory."—Atlanta Constitution.

84,000,000 IN LICENSES.

Ohio collects over \$1,000,000 licenses from 10,739 saloons.

When you are in the company of runners, a trot won't do.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS.

Based upon a romantic legend of his native land P. W. E. Hart has written "Jason—Nova Scotia," a story of love and adventure on sea and shore.

Mrs. G. R. Alden, the creator of the famous "Fanny" books, has written a novel for fiction readers which the Lothrop Publishing Company is bringing from the press. Its title is "Mara."

News comes from Rome that the Pope has blessed Ben Hur. This blessing, it seems, has not been bestowed ceremonially, but it will be none the less welcome on that account to the venerable author and his publishers.

The Lothrop Publishing Company announces the early issue of a novel by H. G. McVicker and Percy Collins. Its title is "A Parish for Two" and the story will be told in the form of letters between a clubman and a clergyman.

Charles Battell Loomis, author of "The Four-Masted Catboat" and also well known as a humorous reader, will issue shortly through Henry Holt & Co. a new book entitled "Cheerful Americans." This volume will include his stories of "Americans Abroad" and a number of other tales.

Charles Major's new novel is now nearly completed. It is an entirely different style of a story from "Dorothy Vernon" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and those who have seen the book believe it will greatly enhance the author's already wide reputation and great popularity.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish this year a new book by Herkiah Butterworth under the title of "Brother Jonathan." It will have as its central character Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut. All of Mr. Butterworth's stories have served as backgrounds for pictures of great historical characters.

Two years ago Alice Brown's novel, Margaret Warren, was one of the best of the year. Her new book, "The Mannerings," is, so far, only surpassed by "Lady Rose's Daughter" in this season's fiction. It is at once an entertaining story and a thoroughly satisfactory presentation of a number of interesting characters.—Life.

George Ade is thoroughly representative of the men who have entered literature by the highway of the newspaper office. His first appearance in print was made at the tender age of 12 years, when he contributed an essay to his "home paper," the Gazette, of Keokuk, Ind. It was called "A Basket of Potatoes," and, oddly enough, was in the form of a fable.

Anna Chapin Ray's new novel has for its hero "Cotton Mather Thayer," whose father was a Boston blueblood, and whose mother was a Russian musician. The latter gave to him his musical temperament, and the title of the book suggests the author's main motif—the warring strains, "Puritan and Slav," in her hero. The central idea is the mistake a woman makes who attempts to reform a man after marriage. Beatrix Dane, the heroine of the book, discovers during her engagement that Lorimer, her lover, has an inherited appetite for drink, but from a mistaken sense of duty does not break her troth, and her intimate friends shrink from any interference. Much of the novel has a decidedly musical atmosphere, and the attitude of some portions of New York society toward musical people is well described.

GILL-NET FISHING.

It is a Precarious, Perilous, Hard-Tolling, Fascinating Occupation.

A gill net is merely an immense strip of web a quarter of a mile long by thirty-five feet deep, floated in the water by cork buttons fastened along the upper edge. The tides carry it down to the sea and back again, the men following and watching in the boat, day and night, rain or storm, during the fishing season, visiting the shore only occasionally for supplies or to mend their nets. They sleep in a little tent at the end of their clumsy boat, boil their coffee over a bit of a kerosene stove and fish without cooking. Salmon, swimming against the tide, thrust their heads through the meshes of the net and are caught at the gills. A cork on the surface sometimes gives sign of their struggles, and the men in the boat either come immediately, pull up the net at that spot, and with gaff hook bring the big fellow flopping and bloody into the boat, or else they wait until many fish are entangled and pull them all in together with the net. Sometimes, when the run is large, they catch scores, even hundreds, of fish in a day, but sometimes they travel up and down with the tide for days and take nothing. At slack tide they bring in their fish to the scow of the company, and are credited with the tally of their catch. So season by season they earn \$200 or \$300.

Though fishing in a river, dangers constantly beset the gill-netters, and every season crane flies from many a fisherman's door. Most of the accidents occur at the mouth of the river, where the waves sweep in, white-capped, from the open Pacific. Here the fishers, seeking to set their nets out to sea in order to get the first of the run of fish, are sometimes capsized, losing their lives, sometimes their nets, and even their heavy boats. At other times storms, driving in from the ocean, overwhelm them in their fishing in the river itself. Snags catch and tear their nets, and great yesss run them down, and sometimes, carrying off their entire nets, sweep away the savings of years. It is a precarious, perilous, hard-tolling occupation, and yet the occasional large earnings, glittering before their eyes like the winnings of a gambler, lure them always onward.—Century.