

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Within a few weeks of the close of the season a very beautiful Frenchwoman came to London, and was received at once into the best society. Her story was a strange one, and one that excited a great deal of interest. She had been married at fifteen to a Russian prince, many years older than herself, and of dissolute character. At first he had loved her passionately; then, as he found it impossible to overcome her coldness and indifference, he had come to dislike and treat her with harshness. He had taken her away to Russia, very young, very friendless, and intensely unhappy. There he had neglected her. She had two children—boys; and all her love seemed bound up in them. Then they died; the cold of Russia killed them, and she almost died of the grief.

The physician at St. Petersburg insisted that she should return at once to Paris. "It is the only way to save her life," he said to her husband. So after three years' weary absence, she returned to her birthplace, and there, after a time, she recovered. At the French court she was greatly admired and sought for. A young man of high rank conceived a wild passion for her. He was so handsome, so distinguished, no one believed she could resist the devotion he constantly and so openly offered her. It could scarcely be affirmed that she was utterly unmoved by his passion, but all she would say was that she never gave him any undue encouragement. Still, Prince Zerkoff became jealous. One evening the princess dropped her bouquet; Monsieur de Ligny picked it up, bowed over it, and returned it to her. Prince Zerkoff chose to imagine the accident was prearranged, and that de Ligny had taken the opportunity of concealing a note among the flowers. He snatched the bouquet violently from his wife's hands. In her surprise she made some resistance; he grasped her arm and pressed the sharp-pointed diamond bracelet unthinkingly into the flesh. A little jet of blood spurted forth. The enraged de Ligny beheld it, and in a moment Prince Zerkoff lay stunned and bleeding on the ground. A crowd collected round them at once; with some difficulty the angry men were separated, but, of course, only blood could wipe out such a stain. A meeting was arranged; the second made the customary formal attempts at a reconciliation without success.

Valerie de Zerkoff knew well enough what the end of such a quarrel must naturally be. She knew her husband's fierce, indomitable temper, and she guessed the rage that filled de Ligny's heart at seeing her treated with violence and indignity. Her heart was torn—very truth she cared more for the handsome accomplished man who loved her so desperately, than for her dissolute, gray-haired, indifferent husband. But her religion had taught her faithfully the duty of sacrificing everything to right.

The morning of the duel arrived, no one was on the ground but the seconds, a doctor and his assistant. The doctor stood near de Ligny. Prince Zerkoff was known as a deadly shot. One, two, three, two flashes, two reports, a wild shriek, and a fall. And yet neither of the duellists was harmed or scathed. At the moment of firing the doctor's assistant had lunged himself in front of the prince, had turned up the hand which held his pistol, and received de Ligny's shot through his shoulder. De Ligny, the seconds, and the doctor rushed toward him; the prince had already raised his head, and recognized Valerie de Zerkoff. He was the wife of the family; she had gone to him and besought him to allow her to be present at the duel, urging that she believed herself able to prevent it, and after much hesitation he had yielded. The wound was not a serious one; many a woman would have been glad to purchase the reputation for heroism that came undesired to Valerie de Zerkoff at so small a price of pain.

The action was thoroughly French, and as such intensely appreciated by Paris. It was a crown of glory to her husband, and flattered his vanity to a degree that made him love her again as in the olden days. Great as the triumph was to Zerkoff, was the defeat to de Ligny. His amour propre could not recover from such a terrible blow; he had been prepared to risk his life to a well-known deadly shot to avenge an insult on the woman he loved, and she had received his bullet in her own tender shoulder to save the husband who had so grossly wronged her. He went away until the affair had blown over, and then returned to Paris with a very young, fair wife, who had been taken from a convent to marry him. She adored him; he was cold and indifferent to her; nay, he almost hated her, when, six months later, Prince Zerkoff died of a fever, and the beautiful Valerie was left a widow at twenty-two. She passed a year in seclusion, then she again went into society, and, as has been said, came to London a few weeks before the close of the season. She was staying in the house of Lady Dora Annesly, Mr. Hastings' cousin, and her greatest friend.

Mr. Hastings saw a great deal of the beautiful Frenchwoman, and admired her exceedingly. She was not like any Frenchwoman he had met before—she did not talk much, or gesticulate, or seem to desire admiration. She was pale, large-eyed, essentially spiritual. The chief fascination she possessed for him was the low, musical tone of her voice.

"I wish you would come more often to us, Errol," his cousin said; "we see so little of you. I am so anxious that Madame Zerkoff's visit to us should be a pleasant one, and she always seems happier, brighter, when you are there."

"You do me too much honor," Mr. Hastings said, mockingly.

"It is no empty compliment, indeed, Errol," returned Lady Dora. "I am sure she likes you much better than any one else who comes here. You ought to feel flattered; the Princess de Zerkoff's coldness and indifference to men's attention has almost become a proverb in Paris. I am surprised you do not prefer a high-bred, graceful woman of the world, to an uneducated, simple country girl like that Miss Eyre. You see I have discovered your secret."

"Some men are foolish enough to prefer innocence in women to a knowledge of the world, Dora," Mr. Hastings answered coldly.

"Some men are foolish enough to prefer anything," retorted Lady Dora, pettishly.

CHAPTER XVI.

More than once Sir Howard Champion had met his granddaughter, and she had

echo as he turned the massive key in the lock. He stood aside a moment for her to pass, and then she heard the heavy door close behind them. A feeling of fear crept into her heart. She dared not turn; a dim consciousness of what was passing in his mind seemed to overshadow her. One by one she gazed at the portraits on the wall, at the beautiful, graceful-looking women and the stalwart men, to none of whom the great Mr. Hastings bore such a striking likeness. Presently she dropped her eyes from the wall and turned to him. She began a sentence and then paused abruptly blood-red with confusion at the intensity of his gaze. He put his hand on hers and said: "Do not turn away from me, but stay where you are, and I will tell you what I think."

"My love, my darling," he cried, in a deep, strong voice, "do not let me misunderstand each other any longer. You loved me once; you do love me still, a little, I believe. Why should there be mistrust and constraint between us?"

His words were very sweet in her ears, but the false pride that had tormented her so long would not let her be happy even now, at the crisis of her life. She drew herself away.

"You have seen the wives that all the former Hastings have chosen—some noble, all fair. I swear before heaven none of them have loved and revered as you shall be if you will be the last of the race! O, my darling! do not let a false pride make all our lives one long bitterness."

Tears came into her eyes—large tears that gathered and brimmed over, running down the fair face and making it sad.

"I loved you once," she half sobbed— "loved you with all my heart, as I could never love again. I was only a poor, little country girl then; you were a hero and a god to me, something different from any one I had seen before, and because I was simple and ignorant, and—loving, you despised me, and you treated Miss Champion with honor and courtesy because she was a true lady, and—and you thought I was only a farmer's daughter."

And Winifred sobbed with passionate indignation at the remembrance of her wrongs. Mr. Hastings was fairly angry. He turned toward her in impatient exclamation. "Have I not told you enough? Have I not humbled myself before you as I believe in truth none of our race ever humbled himself before? Once for all, Winifred, will you take the love I offer you or do you reject me now and forever?"

"I reject you."

He was gone even before the better impulse, surging quickly into her heart, moved her to call him back, crying: "I did not mean it!"

She felt then she had thrown away her own life, her own happiness, and she crouched down by the window uttering great, gasping sobs of remorse and anguish.

From that time Mr. Hastings' manner to her was changed. He was courteous but in no wise different in his behavior to her than to the other ladies who attended the Court. And when she thought he no longer cared for her, her love for him revived ten-fold and she almost broke her heart for him.

(To be continued.)

WHY NEW BREAD IS HURTFUL.

Bakery Products Fresh from the Oven Are Not Well Masticated.

It is a commonly accepted opinion that new bread is hurtful to people generally because of the gases it contains. A well-known writer disputes this and claims that bread fresh from the oven is no more injurious than that which is stale, provided it is masticated as thoroughly. He says stale bread when broken between the teeth resolves itself into gritty particles, which, if they were not softened with saliva, would be next to impossible to swallow, consequently man thoroughly masticates stale bread, and in doing so impregnates it with saliva, which partially digests and adapts it to the alimentary tract.

But new bread, being soft and plastic, is more apt to be swallowed without mastication, or, in other words, bolted. It is in this act, he thinks, that the injury exists and not in the character of the bread. Hot rolls would be just as digestible as stale ones if they were properly masticated. He refers in this connection to the dog as a teacher of an important physiological lesson. This animal bolts meat, but eats bread because the moist parts are able to do little toward the digestion of meat beyond reducing it to a convenient form for swallowing. He, however, seems to overlook the fact that the dog's teeth are illy constructed for chewing, and that is the most likely reason for his expeditious bolting of meat.

Another curious fact which he calls attention to is that stale bread is not more dry than new. This is shown by submitting stale bread for a short time to a high temperature. Under such conditions it became soft and plastic, regaining its newness, and this despite the fact that some moisture must be driven off in the operation. He thinks this is explainable on the supposition that in new bread there is free water present, but that in stale bread, while it is still there, it is in a state of true chemical combination. In general, he concludes, it is a sound physiological plan to thoroughly masticate every morsel of food before swallowing it.

Any Excuse in a Storm.

"Only a few weeks ago," said a man who does collecting for a big business house in the city, "I had to call on a delinquent. He was a man of standing. I made bold to venture that he was something like three months tardy. I noticed his right hand was in a sling."

"Why," he began, "do you know I am very sorry, but I've had an accident to my hand, and here he made a great show of his wounded member, and I haven't been able to sign any checks lately."

"Now, of course," the collector continued, "I get all kinds of excuses from all kinds of people. Some say they are very busy, some say they are temporarily pinched and confidentially plead for mercy, but if any one had advanced any such excuse as a wounded hand I'd have taken it as a bit of irony—I had not heard the man and seen from his face that he expected that the excuse would be good. Well, it was good. There was not enough of me left to ask him if that hand had held him up for three months from making payments. At any rate, it detained him three weeks more."—Boston Herald.

Goose Stabby Himself.

"They say he makes little more than a bare living for himself."

"No wonder. Look at the clothes his wife has."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big garrison with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company had they been forced to drop the sword and shoulder the Krag-Jorgenson. Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the soldiery, but she had made up her mind secretly that she couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only 19, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking, Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Captain Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not uncommon among American girls not old enough thoroughly to understand that Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of

Englishman and English army officer. "The colonels are younger over there," said Betty to herself, "and they are all of aristocratic family, and, oh, well, Englishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen was unusually large that season. There were bunches of swell doctors, the slangy Yale cousins of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Miss Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the evidence clearly, and how she did wish that the president would retire some few hundreds of superior officers so that Roy Lanyard could tack the abbreviation "Col." to the front part of his name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calumet had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with them at their summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calumets' two guests. Twenty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for spreading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in his majesty's service, and young and good looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At last," she murmured to herself.

The next afternoon Betty met the Englishmen at the Dexter Country Club. Her heart fluttered a little as the younger of the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was introduced to her. Colonel Reginald Southcote was his name. It fairly rang of aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Englishman all right enough because of his name, his accent and his clothes—which didn't fail.

For the next week Colonel Reginald Southcote was Betty Rawlins' shadow. Captain Roy Lanyard looked on and was miserable. Betty gave him two dances and about three words during the whole week.

"No show for one of Uncle Sam's poor artillerymen when there's one of King Edward's men with a drawl and a monocle about," sighed poor Captain Roy.

Colonel Reginald Southcote was not long in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a pot of money and that she adored the military. Betty asked him one day what his regiment was, and he replied promptly: "I am the colonel of the Royal Yorkshire Regiment," he said.

Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough, and the girl was half ashamed of herself when she went to a library in the city and took down a British military gazette from the shelf and looked for Royal Yorkshire Regiment. She found it all right, and with the name of Reginald Southcote set down as colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Boer war, expecting to hear some deeds of daring modestly told, but the colonel

THE MANTLE OF CHARITY.

Men who are unable or unwilling to work are disintegrating elements in society. How to care for these physical, mentally and morally weak ones is perhaps the greatest social problem of the present time, and one which no country can be said to have solved, unless we accept the theory of Mons. Augustin Monnier, professor of Arabic at Oran, who thinks that persistent pauperism has been overcome in Morocco by indiscriminate almsgiving.

Our neighbors in Morocco, he writes in "Le Maroc Inconnu," without shedding one drop of blood, have reached the ideal so long dreamed of by the economists and philanthropists of all ages and all countries. By private charity alone, by almsgiving, by friendliness to the poor, they have solved the great problem of the well-being of the majority.

In that land the toilers, the poor, the unemployed, are contented with the help they derive from private benevolence, and have never dreamed to commit the folly of attacking private property—from which, on the contrary, they expect to receive the relief of poverty.

They expect, and they are perfectly certain that all wealth, all capital will come to their aid, unmenaced, unconstrained, solely with the view of obeying the solemn injunction of the Koran.

You must see with what eagerness, what scrupulous fidelity the capitalists of Morocco discharge their legal aim, the tenth of their income, which they distribute themselves among the poor without state intervention—conscience and God being their only judges.

This strict observance of the Muslim law is good evidence of a truth to which the skeptical moderns pay too little attention; that man, when he fears God, is more likely to be good than when he only fears the policeman. Where is the true believer, however avaricious, who dares to incur the formidable maledictions of one of the shortest and most stringent of the chapters written by the Prophet? Here it is, and I translate it almost word for word:

"In the name of God, merciful and compassionate! Do not know who discharges religion? He who harshly reprimands the orphan; who dissuades men from feeding hungry. Curses on those who let their minds wander in prayer! who pray for show! who refuse to give alms!"

OLD MASON AND DIXON LINE BEING RESURVEYED

The work of restoring and remarking the Mason and Dixon line is rapidly nearing completion, under the supervision of competent engineers appointed jointly by the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania. In April, 1901, each State appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose.

No question of territory is involved in the reconstruction, but the historic

Interest in this imaginary division of North and South, warranted a remarking of the line marked out by Mason and Dixon in 1763.

Rock and earth mounds used at that time are still in existence to demonstrate the thoroughness of the original survey. An erroneous impression obtains that the line is thirty feet wide, but the fact is that the line is imaginary.

The false idea is due to the fact that the original survey necessitated a thirty-foot path through the wilderness, signs of which still remain.

A Boy that I Knew.

A boy that I knew when the skies were all blue
And fields of the morning were sparkling with dew,
With a smile on his face and a smile in his heart,
He walked from the phantom of trouble
And his laughter was sweet as the lilt of a song,
For he knew not the care of the world or its wrong;
The past and the future might bury their rue—
The day was enough for that boy that I knew.

A youth that I knew as he stood where the way
Leads down to the mists and the toll and the fray
Bore a smile on his face and kept faith in his soul,
And Hope, with her promise, "For you is the goal!"
Though others were crushed and though others might wear
On their foreheads the emblems of doubt and despair;
He would win in the strife, standing stalwart and true,
For "Achieve" was the word of that youth that I knew.

A man that I know, worn, weary and old,
Looks backward on years that his failure have told;
Looks backward to hope, with a promise no more;
To the faith, like a wraith from the country of yore;
To the visions that faded, the faltering feet,
The wall of the bugle that called to retreat,
And 'tis O for the morning, the sheen of the dew,
And O to go back to the boy that I knew!

When any one is very far behind the times, we always imagine that one of his most cherished possessions is "The Letter Writer's Friend."



CAPT. ROY LANYARD LOOKED ON AND WAS MISERABLE.



ON THE BOUNDARY LINE.