

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lady Grace Farquhar's last guests were on the eve of departure, much to her husband's delight. In two days' time Mrs. Clayton would be the only visitor remaining. Mr. Hastings scarcely spoke to Miss Eyre. When he did, he noticed with some secret pleasure that her color came and went, and that she seemed restless and uneasy. Lady Grace was in the garden, giving directions to the head gardener, when Mr. Hastings joined her.

"I have come to ask a favor of you, Lady Grace," he said.

"I am sure I shall be disposed to grant it," she answered, pleasantly.

"When your guests are gone, I want you all to come and spend two or three days at the Court."

Lady Grace hesitated.

"I should like it very much," she said, presently; "but Sir Clayton has the greatest dislike to leaving home when he is once settled."

"If I can succeed in persuading him, will you come? I have a particular object in my request."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure; I am sure Matrim and Winifred will be delighted. But I am afraid you will have some difficulty with your husband."

Mr. Hastings was, however, more successful than Lady Grace anticipated, and won the baroness's consent without much trouble. The truth was, there was a very fine library at the Court, and Sir Clayton had for some time past been anxious to consult some old and valuable works he knew to be there.

When everything was settled, Winifred heard of the arrangements with conflicting feelings. She was almost sorry that she had been included in the invitation, her presence could but awaken unpleasant memories in Mr. Hastings' mind.

Tuesday came, the morning was lovely, and it was arranged that Mrs. Clayton and Winifred should ride, and that Sir Clayton should drive Lady Grace over in his phaeton. When they arrived at the Court Mr. Hastings and his friends were standing on the steps to receive them. This time he did not lift Winifred from her horse and whisper welcome, but went at once to Mrs. Clayton. Winifred felt the difference, a little bitterly, perhaps, and yet with a quick consciousness that she had no right to feel it. But when she was shown to her room, a glad thought blotted out the bitterness. Was it by accident that the walls were hung with her favorite prints, and that vases filled with scarlet geraniums and ferns—her favorite combination—were disposed all about the room? Scarcely. It must have been a wish to please her, and if he still cared about giving her pleasure, surely all the love he had died out.

There was a dinner party in the evening—a very gay, pleasant party, that everyone enjoyed. Afterward Winifred sang, and was brighter and happier than she had been for many weeks. Mr. Hastings had scarcely spoken to her, but yet she was conscious that he was not indifferent to her.

The next day he asked her suddenly if she would like to see her old home once more.

"Yes," she said, quietly; "will you take me?"

"If you go alone with me I will," he answered.

"I will go, if Lady Grace does not object."

"Shall I ask her?"

"Do."

And they went toward Lady Grace, who was sitting reading by the open window.

"I see no objection," said Lady Grace, smiling, "except that you always used to be so terribly troublesome. I think I must exact a promise first that there shall be no disagreement on the way."

"I promise," laughed Errol.

"And I," added Winifred, a shade more seriously.

"Then I consent," smiled Lady Grace. They went away silently together, neither speaking until they reached the end of the broad gravel drive. Then Mr. Hastings broke the silence.

"Shall we go through the woods?"

"I should like to very much," she answered. "I have not been there since—"

And then she stopped suddenly, remembering on what occasion she had been there last.

"Oh, a long time ago—more than two years."

"Do you remember that bank?" Errol asked, suddenly. "It was there I first saw you."

Presently they came to a gate; the same gate they had stood at more than two years ago—the same at which they had parted, she suffering, he stung by remorse. He had brought her here on purpose to test the strength of her love and forgiveness. He did not open it for her to pass through, but stopped and leaned against it. She stood in front of him, waiting patiently, and he looked intently at her.

"It is two years and two months since we were here together last, Miss Eyre. You are greatly changed since then."

"For the worse?" she asked, quickly.

"Not as the world would think."

"But as you think?"

"I scarcely know. They say we are all the happier when we lose our impulsiveness and warmth of heart, and become cold and indifferent. You have found it so, no doubt?"

His tone was almost harsh, and she looked up in his face sadly, and yet with infinite patience.

"I cannot be angry at your saying so, Mr. Hastings. You have the right to think it."

"And yet I would rather hear you deny it indignantly, Miss Eyre."

"If I denied it, would you believe me?"

have remembrance of which has made me shrink and turn from you before. I forgive you the wrong you did me, and I ask you to pardon me, too. Have I humiliated myself enough?" and she looked for a moment in his face and then turned sharply away, with a quivering lip and large tears in her eyes.

He caught her by the hand.

"Winifred," he said, a sudden passion in his voice and eyes, "tell me one thing more. Do you in truth love me?"

She looked bravely up in his face.

"I have never left off loving you."

He drew her toward him in a strong clasp, until her head rested on his breast.

"I think it is true," he whispered, "that we love that best which is most dearly won."

CHAPTER XIX.

It was almost dark when they returned to the Court.

"Your idea of the length of half an hour must be singularly vague, Mr. Hastings," smiled Lady Grace. "Surely you have been further than the Farm?"

"Not even as far, Lady Grace," he replied, with a glad smile; and then Winifred being gone, he told her his story.

"I am very glad," she said, kindly. "I could wish you nothing better than to have such a wife as Winifred."

All obstacles surmounted, and the engagement between them being ratified by the consent of all parties, Mr. Hastings would not hear of any objection to the marriage taking place immediately.

"Remember, darling," he said, when Winifred would have urged him to wait, "I have loved you for more than two years. Having made me so miserable, surely you owe it to me to lose no time in atoning for it. Pray get that horrible trousseau business over with all speed, or I shall think you do not love me as I love you."

Sir Howard was delighted when he was apprised of the intended marriage, and insisted that Winifred should be married from Hurst Manor. She had a fancy for being married in the little church where she had so often sat when she was only a farmer's daughter. She was not the simple little country girl now, but an elegant young lady, accustomed to luxury and good society. Errol would have liked much better that she should come to him portionless, but that was not to be as he desired.

Sir Howard Champion gave her twenty thousand pounds, and Sir Clayton ten thousand, while Lady Grace provided her with a magnificent trousseau. Mr. Hastings had the family diamonds reset, and remounted for her, and would have had her wear some of them at least at the wedding.

"Please not, Errol," she pleaded. "I do not like all this grandeur. I would rather not forget that my early life was simple."

Mrs. Clayton was of course to have been at the wedding. She was looking forward to it, glad at heart at the part she had taken in bringing together two people who cared for each other. Three weeks before the day fixed she received a letter with a foreign postmark.

"Who can it be from?" she said, turning it over in her hand, and speaking to Winifred. "I do not know the hand; it seems crabbled and foreign, and has been forwarded from London. It is addressed to Miss Clayton, too." And Fee continued to look at it without, however, breaking the seal. "Who can it be from?" she said again.

"If you open it you will soon see, dear," Winifred replied, laughing.

"I don't quite like to do it," Mrs. Clayton remarked presently. "I suppose it is because I am nervous and unwell; but I always feel as if every letter I received contained bad news. Will you open it for me?"

And she tossed it across the table.

"Of course I will. What a scrawl!" And Miss Eyre proceeded to tear the envelope. "I should imagine it contained some mysterious secret, from the way it is gummed together. I must take a knife and slit it open from the side."

With some trouble she got at the contents—a dirty scrap of foreign paper, with a few crabbled hieroglyphics, and began to read aloud:

"Mildred and honored excellency—I av to profane regret to announce to you that to Milor Clayton—monsieur your husband av bin took wid de horrible malade of cholera av want to see you. I av sent for the principal doctor av am at your order."

GODEFROI LUPIN.

A horror seized upon Mrs. Clayton. She had never loved her husband; lately she had hated him; but the idea of his being ill alone among strangers brought the tears to her eyes.

"O, Winifred!" she exclaimed to her friend, in whose face she read consternation. "I must go to him at once."

"You cannot, Fee; weak as you are it would be madness. The address is some obscure village in Switzerland. Let us go and ask Sir Clayton what had best be done."

"Who do you suppose this letter to be written by?" Sir Clayton asked, when he had read the curious missive.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps the hotel keeper."

"Had he a foreign valet, do you know, Marion?"

"Not when he left London. Simmons was with him then; but he may have left; he was always threatening to leave, and then, of course, it is most probable that Francis would engage a foreigner."

"Something must be done at once. You cannot go yourself, Marion—that is quite out of the question—neither can I very well. Perhaps Alfred Clayton is in town; he was coming up, I know. I will telegraph to him. Stay, I am not sure where he would be. I will go up to London myself at once."

And Sir Clayton rang the bell and ordered the carriage.

"But I feel that I ought to go myself, Sir Clayton; the letter said he wished to see me."

"My dear, do not think of it; the journey would kill you. To cross the channel in this cold weather and with these tempestuous winds, would be nothing short of madness."

Sir Clayton dressed hurriedly for his journey, jumped into the carriage and drove off to the station, leaving Winifred to explain matters to his wife. He just caught the train by a minute; the horses had accomplished the five miles in exactly twenty-two minutes. Sir Clayton had told the coachman that it was a matter of life and death, and the old man, sorely against his will, had driven his favorites the whole distance at the top of their speed. Sir Clayton reached London

and drove off to the hotel where he knew Alfred Clayton always stayed when he was in town. By good fortune he had just arrived there, and was at the door ready to depart again when Sir Clayton drove up. The story was briefly told and the two men looked doubtfully at each other.

"Of course I will go at once," Mr. Clayton said; "but cholera in one of those foreign holes is a nasty business. I will get a time table and see how soon I can go off. I must get you to telegraph down to Mrs. Grant at Brighton—I promised to dine and sleep at her house to-night."

"I think," said Sir Clayton, "that while you are making preparations, I will drive round to the house in Piccadilly and see if there is any further news."

On arriving there he found another letter, with a foreign postmark and opened it at once. It was written by the doctor in good French, and informed Mrs. Clayton delicately that her husband had just breathed his last.

"This is a sad business," said Sir Clayton, returning to the hotel; "you must lose no time in getting there. I fear he will be buried long before you reach the place, and there will be no chance of bringing the body to England. Of course, if—"

"Of course—of course!" exclaimed Alfred Clayton, hastily, and grasping the baronet's hand he hurried off. He was the next heir to all that splendid property, but for the time he felt no exultation at the thought of stepping into the shoes of the man who lay dead and alone in a foreign country. On reaching the village he found that Sir Clayton's surmise was correct, and that the rich man had been interred some days before with little ceremony. The obsequious landlord and Lupin, the valet of the dead man, were voluble in their information. From Lupin he learned that Mr. Clayton had engaged him in Paris six weeks previously, having parted in a quarrel with his English servant.

At first Mrs. Clayton was shocked and stung at the unexpectedness of the blow. She had disliked her husband, but it seemed so horrible for him to have died in that terrible way, so far from home and without a single friend. Her first resolution was to leave Endon Vale, and she sent an urgent message to her aunt to join her. This time Lady Marion made no delay in answering the summons.

Lady Grace begged Fee to remain.

"You are very kind," she answered, "I can scarcely thank you enough for your long hospitality, but I would rather go. Under the circumstances, I could but mar the cheerfulness that ought to reign here during the preparations for such a happy event as dear Winifred's marriage; and until I can realize my new position I would rather go away quietly to some fresh place. If you invite me later, I shall be very glad to come to you again."

(To be continued.)

ONE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Survivor of the Charge of Balaklava, Living in Des Moines, Iowa.

Living quietly in a humble home in Des Moines, Ia., is one of the heroes of the famous battle of Balaklava, fought during the Crimean war almost 50 years ago and commemorated by Tennyson in his Charge of the Light Brigade. He is James Lally, and he wears a Victoria cross as the reward of his services in that famous and stupid charge.

Besides the Victorian cross for gallant participation in the battle of Balaklava Lally possesses two medals

more and more valued, he had passed out of their lives without even a sight of the child.

And now, of course, with Mrs. Down's death, something must be done. Doubtless his sister had had intimate friends among her own sex. The problem would be solved somehow.

And it was, but not just as he had expected.

Edith settled it for herself, when she came to greet him, big-eyed, slender, lily-like and sorrowful. The daughter was her mother of their honeymoon days.

Yates reached out his arms with a great cry. The paternal instinct awoke with a rush that robbed him of speech. But the girl understood. She was the sort who could read men aright.

From that hour Edith's happiness and social success were of more vital interest to Henry Yates than the acquirement of stocks and bonds. The latter were useful only in furthering her interests.

Mr. Yates built a palace on Millionaires' row and cursed in his heart the social lights who withheld their beams from his lovely daughter.

A lordling of depleted fortune but irreproachable social connections came and saw but did not conquer. Yates said the price was too high, and his daughter, curled up in his never-failing arms, thanked him between sobs of joy.

But all this did not help matters when Allen Houston appeared on the horizon, and so far as Edith was concerned, filled it completely. Young Houston had a small patrimony a tremendous fund of ambition, and the profile of a poet.

Henry Yates said "No." Edith remembered the lonely years her father had spent, talked pathetically, yet not waveringly, of "duty," and Houston flung himself into the wilds of the west.

Edith did not grieve openly, but the loving eyes of her father were not to be deceived. He became restless and anxious, and so they decided that New York was unbearable and the sight of New Orleans during the Mardi Gras would do them both good.

Mr. Yates planned the trip without consulting Edith. They would go to Memphis by rail and there board one of the old-fashioned sternwheel river boats for New Orleans.

Somehow, with the sting of social failure and the mad rush of his business life wearing upon him Yates was hungry for the old life—life he had known when he was only "Mr. Clerk" of "The Belle of the West."

Those were the days when the Yates fortune was represented by three figures, and during those river trips he had laid the foundations for the prosperity which now ran into eight figures.

They reached Memphis at night, but he insisted upon a glimpse of the majestic sheet of swirling, yellow water. It was like meeting an old friend, he declared, and, with Edith's arm held close to his side, he added:

"I never realized how tired I was until I got within sound of my old friend's voice."

The next morning they went on board the Valley Queen. Yates thrilled as his foot touched the deck. He walked briskly to the little window on the saloon deck and exclaimed:

"Mr. Clerk, I want two of your best rooms to New Orleans."

A blue-coated figure came close to the window, a strong, masculine hand held out some keys, and a voice which made Mr. Yates start answered:

"The best two on board, Mr. Yates, and I hope you will find your trip

ILL-TREATED TREES.

Idea Held by New-Yorkers on Subject of Arboriculture.

Some otherwise intelligent people seem to have queer notions about trees. We are not sure whether they think trees require for their welfare treatment identical with that of lamp-posts and telegraph poles, or that they regard a tree in a city street as a public enemy which should be destroyed, says the New York Tribune. They surely must hold one or the other of these views, or else their actions grossly belie their beliefs.

Here are some examples of the treatment given to trees on a choice residence street in one of the best parts of the city: A few of the trees have each as much as a couple of square yards of open soil about them, grassless, of course, and packed as hard and made as impenetrable to water as so much well-puddled clay. In some cases the open squares originally left about the trees have been carefully filled in with bits of flagging, close up to the trees all round. In some cases the squares have been carefully filled with concrete or artificial stone, fitting water tight if not air tight around the trees. In some cases the large tree trunks have been carefully trimmed square with a broadax so that the straight edges of flag-stones may fit closely against them. It may be added that these are all fine specimens of elms, lindens and other trees. Before the sidewalks were thus adjusted to their trunks they were thriving almost as luxuriantly as though they were in their native forests. Now they are beginning to die and the people are removing some of them, saying that "there's no use in trying to grow trees in the city, anyway."

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps a city ought to be an unbroken expanse of masonry and asphalt, with not a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass within its bounds. The parks should be cleared off and covered with asphalt for roller skating rinks. It would cost a great deal less to maintain them in that condition. Perhaps the people, too, might be varnished or coated from head to foot with some waterproof and airtight preparation. Then they would not need air or water, but would die as these trees are dying, and it would cost a great deal less to keep them so.

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Mother Mississippi's Voice

It was excessively inconsiderate of Mrs. Down to die, just as she was about to close that N. R. & M. merger, argued Henry Yates, but with due respect for his sister, he turned his back on his New York office, boarded the "20-hour train" for Chicago, and of a sudden found himself living in the past.

He awakened to a realization that years had passed since his gentle, shrinking wife had closed her eyes to sight of him standing shocked and wide-eyed with a wee baby girl in his arms.

He had been so busy, fighting for a foothold in Chicago's financial world, that he had failed to note his wife's falling health, and even in the hour of her death, he had not realized that she had died literally of heart-hunger—of longing for the companionship and the protecting love, but not the dollars, of the man she had married.

Of one thing he was sure. He had loved her, in his passive way, and had meant to make a great lady of her, when he had won his financial fight. He hated the child who had robbed him of his wife.

So the babe had been thrust into the willing arms of his widowed sister, and he had plunged back into the business maelstrom.

The allowance turned over to Mrs. Down for the support of the child had been liberal. He had been informed that her education had been carried on after the most approved methods, but he never saw her, and when from Chicago he had plunged into New York, still bent on acquiring

with us most pleasant and comfortable."

Mr. Yates glanced wildly toward the shore. It was slipping away from them. They were in mid-stream—and the man at the window was Allen Houston.

Retreat was impossible. Graceful capitulation was inevitable. Yates put out his hand.

Thereafter he divided his time between the deck, which he paced with his daughter, telling her lively yarns of his own days as a river-boat clerk, and the office, where he shared Houston's preoccupation with his duties.

There was something familiar about it all—the pleasant familiarity which takes 10 years off a man's shoulder. And Houston understood the work, just as Yates had understood it years before. Where he had started, Houston was starting.

Some times watching his daughter's face, he wavered. But no; it was impossible. His own case had been exceptional. All river-boat clerks could not be millionaires, and Houston was merely of a good, up-state family, without social standing in the world where Mammon ruled.

Yet Mr. Yates found himself watching young Houston curiously. He wasn't half bad, this college-bred youth, who could dispatch office duties with ease, placate patrons who fretted at the slow method of travel, and in an emergency could tell the deck hands more things about their ancestry than Yates had dreamed of in his own river life.

They had quit the bluffs, and cotton had given way to cane and rice. In a few hours they would touch at New Orleans. The deck hands had all been paid off, save for the dollar which insured their aid in tying the boat to the dock.

The clerk's duties were over, his papers in shape, and the last landing made. Mr. Yates met him on the saloon deck, and remarked, "Let's go below and watch those darkeys lose all their money."

The old life had him in its clutches. Down below they went. Away in the stern the engines pounded. Toward the bow the furnaces glowed. Between the two, roustabouts had gathered to gamble their earnings. Some of the negroes were already penniless. Others were flushed and excited by their gains.

Yates watched the scene for an hour, laughing at the apt remarks of the gamblers. Wall street was forgotten. Social ambitions died within him. He was again in Allen's place, a clerk without a future, without great hopes. Suddenly he turned:

"Man, they are happier than I have dared be since I stood where you are to-day. I am wondering whether it is worth while—the struggle, the knock-out blows one must give and take. Mother Mississippi has been talking to me, Houston; scolding me in her own way. Edith told me once that money was not all—and I reckon she is right. At any rate, you may ask her if she still believes that. If she does, I won't stand between you."

An hour later the boat slipped around the crescent, past the coal docks and the fruit docks to the levees. The rush of the water and the ruddy melodious voices of the negroes singing at their work, mingled with a strange harmony.

In the bow of the Valley Queen, Edith Yates stood with her hand clasped in her lover's, her expectant glance fixed on the quaint old city.

In the stern, looking backward upon the river, whose voice he had heard, Henry Yates stood with folded arms. He was wondering whether he should ever go back to the mad struggle and the social walls he had striven so hard to climb—for her sake.—Boston Globe.

FILIPINO BABIES WALKING.

How It Is Taught Them Earlier Than Most Babies Learn.

Filipino mothers have little trouble with their babies. They have a contrivance which relieves them of most of the bother of this sort. Every house is equipped with a piece of mechanism to teach babies to walk. Infants are nervous. Doctors say they cannot remain quiet more than five seconds when they are awake. Filipino babies are fully as nervous as those of other countries, but they don't have the opportunity of expending their energy annoying their mothers.

In the swampy, reptile-infested portions of the islands the houses are set up on bamboo poles. In the center of these houses, which usually consist of only one room, one bamboo pole is allowed to extend about two feet above the level of the floor. In the hollow of this bamboo, which acts as a socket, is placed a round piece of wood about two feet long. On this is nailed or fastened a crosspiece which projects a foot or two on each side.

When the infant reaches the age to get into mischief through a desire to exercise its little legs, the mother ties it to one end of this crosspiece. As soon as the baby tries to lean on it the device revolves in the bamboo socket. The little one is apt to be frightened and cry out, but the mother expects this and refuses to interfere. Then begins a treadmill stroll for the Filipino baby. He has to follow the revolutions of the walking machine or he will fall. His little hands, which clutch tightly just as those of white babies do, enable him to preserve his equilibrium, and he keeps up his exercise until he is ready to go to sleep. In this way Filipino babies are taught to walk much earlier than those of any other country, and their mothers are not forced to hire nurse girls or devote their whole time to their offspring.—New York Press.

Cheerful in Spite of Everything.

Tommy—Pop, what is an optimist?

Tommy's pop—An optimist, my son, is a man who is married and glad of it.—Philadelphia Record.

When a man loses confidence in himself he makes the vote unanimous.

A THIRSTY CRUISE.

Suffering of a Ship's Crew for Lack of Drinking Water.

It may surprise some readers to learn that in the year 1843 Elizabeth's great admiral, Sir Richard Hawkins, known as "the complete seaman," had a distilling apparatus on board his ship, and found the water so distilled to be wholesome and nourishing.