

The Planter's Daughter

OR FATE'S REVENGE

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Next day Sylphide was visibly better, though very weak; yet, with the aid of stimulants, she soon regained her strength, and ere the fortnight elapsed she was quite well and strong again.

During the days of her convalescence she never once mentioned her lost child; whether she had lost all memory of the circumstance or not, Diana could not determine, and did not venture to ascertain. Only once did the faithful creature attempt to inform her mistress of Lucian Courtlandt's sudden journey to the South; but even in this she did not succeed, for scarcely had she mentioned his name when Sylphide interrupted her with the words:

"My husband will be here in a day or two, and he will tell me all and more than you can tell me."

One lovely evening, towards sunset, Sylphide, attired in a white cashmere wrapper, garnished with snowy swans-down, sat in a great reclining chair before the mirror, while Diana sewed industriously in the embrasure of a neighboring window. Suddenly the young wife exclaimed:

"Diana, come here. Look!" continued Sylphide, "have you noticed how gray my hair is growing?"

"I have noticed a few gray hairs, missy," replied Diana.

"When you dress my hair to-morrow, try to conceal these tell-tale signs."

"To-morrow!" asked Diana, in surprise, "why to-morrow more than any other day?"

"Because my husband will be here to-morrow. My heart tells me so."

As Sylphide lay in a belt of genial sunshine upon the sofa on the following morning she suddenly started upright as the rumble of a carriage upon the pave-

stide my suspicion you would have strained me to your heart, and with a kiss, told me that I am mad, that you do love me. Ah, let me weep for my lost love, or lost happiness!" she wailed.

"To what am I to attribute these reproaches, this despair? What have I done? What have I said that should lead you to suppose—"

"Love like mine is clairvoyant!" she cried impetuously; "it is two long weeks since you have been near me! Lucian, you are tired of your happiness with me, and wish to desert me!"

As she spoke, she sank upon a chair and covered her face with her hands. He took a step towards her and paused. Then as she looked up at him so pitifully, so brokenly, he cried:

"Sylphide, heaven is my witness that I love you with all the devotion I owe to the mother of my child!"

She started to her feet then, and faced him with all the dignity of a queen.

"Then why is this love," she exclaimed, "which has rendered you happy for four long years, your misery to-day?"

"It is not your love which makes me suffer, Sylphide," he faltered, beside himself to know how to approach the painful object of his visit. "I suffer when I think of the future of our child; I suffer when I think that my mother—"

His words were cut short by the sudden entrance of Diana. Excited and breathless, she advanced into the room and paused, with dilated eyes and parted lips.

"Missy Sylphide," she gasped, "the old Missy Courtlandt is here and wants to see you!"

"Mrs. Courtlandt!" exclaimed Sylphide in dismay.

She laid her hands upon his shoulders with a sudden impetuous movement that

hands. "My presence here must suggest the importance of my mission—the mission that I have set myself to fulfill," she added after a pause.

Sylphide pointed to a chair and seated herself in her own fauteuil.

"I am prepared to listen, madam," she said.

Mrs. Courtlandt drew forward the chair into the center of the room and seated herself, at the same time arranging her costly draperies.

"The evil that I have foreseen would inevitably arise from your connection with my son," she began coolly, "I wish at least to attempt to repair. For the past two weeks I have sheltered the poor child to whom you have given life, but nothing more. I come to you to-day to demand what you propose to do for your son, who is my son's son as well?"

"Do for him!" exclaimed Sylphide abruptly; then suddenly checking herself, she added, "I beg your pardon, madam, for my astonishment at your question. When you separated me from my child it required all the force and courage I was mistress of to bring my mind to it. The only consolation I had was in the thought that I was immolating myself for the future welfare of my son. If I have been deceived, if you regret having taken him to yourself, give him back to me, madam? I ask no greater boon of heaven than to live for him, with him!"

Mrs. Courtlandt smiled frigidly as she replied:

"Now that you have stated what you would do for the boy, were he with you, permit me to explain what I propose to do for so much of our blood as flows in his veins. If you are truly a good mother, I have no reason to doubt your response. Would you be satisfied could you know that your son could bear the name and social rank of his father?"

"Of course!"

"Then all depends on you."

"Upon me? Pray, what sacrifice do you expect of me?"

"But one thing—the liberty of my son!"

"Never! What possible interest can you have in our separation? How can it serve your plans?"

"I wish my son to be able to recognize his child, and as his marriage with you is illegal, I propose to give him the hand of a woman who will accept his child in exchange for our name and fortune, which has been reinstated of late."

With broad defiance, Sylphide demanded:

"Where will you find a woman who will consent?"

"That shall be my care."

Drawing herself up to her full height, Sylphide rejoined:

"Madam, I know not whether it be a test that you wish to submit me to, or whether you have coldly resolved upon the ruin of the only love that is left me in this world, but I can only tell you with the calm of a fixed resolution that what you demand is out of the question! You cannot understand, madam, the extent of the outrage you propose."

"I understand that it is of your son that I speak," was the imperturbable response, "while you speak only of yourself. Pardon me, permit me to finish. I came here to confer with a mother concerning the well-being of her child, and I find that I am bandying words with—Nevertheless, I wish you to understand that my resolution is unshaken. I have merely indicated your duty, and shall be happy to grant you time for reflection."

"I refuse."

"Very well. I have merely to inform you that my will is law. You evidently do not appreciate the annoyance it has caused me to come here. My son, who has just returned from Louisiana, will understand it, I hope, better than you do. It will be by no means difficult for me to convince him now, that the woman who is not a true mother can never be a good wife, even granting that she be not a slave! Good morning!"

Dazed, bewildered, riveted to the spot upon which she stood, Sylphide watched her tormentor slowly glide from her presence. It was only when the door had closed her hated form from view that she suddenly recovered her senses.

Her first impulse was to dart after the woman and demand an explanation of her blighting words, fasten her nails in her flesh until she gave it; indeed she did clear the intervening space between the chair by which she had stood and the door at a single bound; but suddenly, even with her hand upon the knob, she recovered her better senses; she saw the folly of any violent scene, felt in time the humiliation that a scandal in a house not her own must entail. She paused and turned, and as she turned, she noticed that the door leading out upon the landing of the private staircase was open, while upon the threshold stood her husband. Her first thought was:

"He has heard all."

(To be continued.)

Willing to Wait.

A certain suburbanite was accustomed to bring home some little remembrance for his little girl, who always ran up to him and put her hand in his pocket expectantly. Once, however, he was delayed, and at the last moment found that he could not catch the express train that he always took if he stopped to purchase anything. When upon his arrival home his little daughter put her hand in his pocket he shook his head.

"I had to disappoint you to-night, dear," he said, and seeing her quivering lip he went on, "It was this way. At the last moment a man came into my office, which kept me later than usual, and I only just had time to catch my train. Now if I had stopped as usual to get you something, I would have had to wait an hour for another train, which would have made me get home too late for dinner."

His daughter thought a moment and said:

"Well, papa, I could have waited."



The wanderings and migrations of insects is a new subject of study, which has been begun at the Eddystone Lighthouse, by W. E. Clarke.

A curious effect of the Ismailia Canal in Egypt has been the making of a desert of certain lands formerly fertile. The canal has not only raised the general level of the subsoil water, but it has brought to the surface more or less injurious salts of soda.

The camera records of human emotions obtained at Geneva by Dr. E. Magnin and M. Edward Flegenheimer, are of remarkable artistic and scientific value. The experiments have been made upon very susceptible hypnotic subject, who has been influenced by both musical and oral suggestion, and the entire range of human passions—joy, anger, fear, sadness, gluttony, greed, etc.—have been recorded in about five hundred photographs of the woman under the various forms of suggestion. The intensity of the expressions is said to have been rarely equaled by the great artists.

Dr. George M. Gould, of Philadelphia, reports some interesting observations on a new visual phenomenon, which, he suggests, may have some connection with the subjective production of images, ghosts, wraiths, telepathic visions, and so forth, in certain conditions of the mind and body. The phenomenon he describes may be witnessed by fixing the eyes, or preferably one eye, the other being closed, steadily on a distant electric light, or a very brilliant star, all other lights being carefully screened off. After a while the watched light will begin to exhibit curious movements, the origin of which, Doctor Gould thinks, is in the cerebral center of vision.

Mountain-climbing has become, to a certain extent, a scientific undertaking. Careful preparation, selection in physique and diet, the use of appropriate stimulants and the management of scientific instruments of observation characterize all attempts to ascend the higher peaks of the globe. The record highest ascent to the present time was achieved last summer in the western Himalayas by Dr. William H. Workman, who reached the summit of a peak of the Chogo Lungma, 23,394 feet above sea-level. This is about 300 feet higher than Aconcagua, in South America, the ascent of which has heretofore ranked as the highest on record. Mrs. Workman reached a height of 22,567 feet, the highest point reached by a woman mountain-climber.

There is a growing use in this country of Manila rope for power transmission in mills and factories in the place of leather belting. In English factories ropes superseded belting long ago, and their use is nearly universal. In the United States the change that is taking place is in part due to the acquisition of the Philippines, where the Manila hemp flourishes. The fiber of this hemp varies in length from 6 to 12 feet, and occasionally attains a length of 18 feet. It is said to possess greater tensile strength than any other fiber known, exceeding 50,000 pounds per square inch. "Rope-drives," as transmission ropes are called, possess the advantage of noiseless, owing to their flexibility and to the existence of an air-passage in the grooves between the rope and the sheath.

WHERE SCOTT WAS BURIED.

Man Executed by Louis Riel Buried in the Red River.

For thirty-four years the question has been asked in vain, "When Thomas Scott was shot by order of Louis Riel in the Red River rebellion of 1869-70, where was the body buried?"

It has been generally believed that only Riel knew what disposal was made of Scott's body, and that when Riel was hanged at Regina as the penalty of inciting the rebellion of 1885 the secret died with him, says the Toronto Globe. But old-timers have never accepted such a theory, believing that others besides Riel knew the secret if they wanted to tell, and their surmise turns out correct, for now, after thirty-four years of silence, one man who witnessed Scott's execution and the disposal of his remains has told the tale.

This man, who was one of Riel's officers, is to-day a well-known Manitoban, but there are reasons why his name should not be given. The gentleman to whom he revealed the secret is Roderick MacFarlane, formerly chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company and a citizen of Winnipeg. Mr. MacFarlane authorizes the use of his name and is hopeful that steps may be taken to establish the authenticity of the story. When at the grave of Pierre Deschambault he met among the people there assembled his informant, who was, as already stated, one of Riel's officers and who had been with him in old Fort Garry at the time of Scott's execution. Mr. MacFarlane, it may be explained, was at that historic period visiting Chief Factor MacTavish, whose house was with-

in the walls of Fort Garry. Riel's confederate divulged to Mr. MacFarlane that after Scott's murder a grave had been dug within the fort and a coffin supposed to contain the body lowered into it in the presence of a battalion of Riel's soldiers. But Scott's remains were not in that coffin, the mock interment being but a ruse of Riel, who did not choose to trust so many of his followers with this knowledge and the evidence of his cruel crime. So, after a mock interment, the body was dragged by a few trusty men to the bank of the Red River and at a point near where Broadway bridge now stands was put through a hole in the ice and sunk by means of a weight tied about the neck. This weight was a Hudson Bay grindstone. Mr. MacFarlane believes that an investigation will reveal this grindstone and perhaps the bones of Scott.

FIRST CALL ON THE BUTCHER.

The Pretty Bride Selects Meat for Her First Bill of Fare.

(She enters, shakes skirt free of sawdust, and wrinkles nose in disgust. She moves uncertainly, finally points at one man.)

You, if you please. Good morning. I want to look at something for dinner.

Oh, I don't know what I want—just show me what you have.

Of course, I can't tell what I want till I see what you have, and even then it's very hard. Yes, just us two.

Well, the platter we use ordinarily for dinner—I don't use the best set for every day, but this one is really very pretty, white with little pink roses—Well, it's about so long and so wide, and I would like something to fill it nicely. I can't think of one thing. What are these?

Chops? Well, I never saw chops growing in bunches before. I don't care—when I was at home we often had chops, but they weren't like that, but sort of one and one, with little bits of parsley around them. You cut them up? Oh-oh-oh—I suppose different butchers have different ways.

I don't think I care for that kind of chops, anyway—I mean those with the little tails. I like the ones with the long, thin bones. French chops? Oh, no, they weren't imported—oh, no, because the cook used to go out any time and get them.

Oh-oh-oh—you do? They are? I see. I'll take some.

How many?—oh—I—er—Why, about as many as you usually sell.

Well, let me see—Mr. Dodd generally eats about a dozen oysters at a time—I don't mean all at once, you know—so for both of us I think about a dozen.

Oh, I can send for more if that isn't enough.

I would like to look at some chickens, please.

Why, it hasn't any feathers! It did? You have? It was? Oh-oh-oh. I don't like the color—it seems very yellow.

Because it's fat? Well, don't want a fat chicken—neither Mr. Dodd nor myself eat a bit of fat.

Oh-oh-oh! I can't help it—I don't like the color of that chicken—you'll pardon my saying so, but it does look very bilious. Why, what are you breaking its bones for? I wouldn't take it now under any circumstances.

Perhaps, but Mr. Dodd wouldn't like me to buy a damaged chicken. There, I like these chickens hanging up.

No, no, not that one—farther along—no—yes, yes, that's it—the blue-looking one with the large face.

I don't care, I like its looks much better than the other one.—From "Monologues," by May Isabel Flisk.

Used Unfair Tactics.

Every one who served under General W. T. Sherman, says the New York Tribune, must give him credit for his strategy in flanking the Confederates out of their strong positions. Even a young woman of Georgia observed it.

"It wasn't fair for General Sherman to fight the Southern soldiers on end," she said.

"Now it was right smart of General Bragg to form two streaks of fight in our dooryard with walking soldiers; and then he got General Joe Wheeler to line up one streak of fight with critter soldiers (cavalry) behind the house."

"But just as our side was ready to whip the Yankees, General Sherman sent Joe Hooker up, and he fit again the end of the two streaks of fight in our yard instead of in front of them, and made General Bragg fall back."

"I don't think General Hooker had any business coming up that way when he was expected on the main road."

Just a Suggestion.

Rimer—I was thinking of organizing a club for poets and novelists. I think it would prove—

Editor—Don't "organize," but "manufacture" one and I'm sure you'll find a sale for it.—Philadelphia Press.

A Fish Story.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer

Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;

A cod, with a grin,

Pulled the fisherman in—

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

—Cincinnati Tribune.



WITH DILATING EYES, DIANA BURST INTO THE ROOM.

ments below reached her through the open windows.

"He has come, Diana!" she cried, excitedly; "quick, give me those roses!"

There was a great mass of crimson moss roses in a vase upon the pier table, close at hand, and as Diana handed them to her, Sylphide thrust them with careless grace into the bosom of her white peignoire. She then took a hand glass and a comb and carefully concealed with deft touches every one of the hated gray hairs.

Scarcely had this hasty toilet been completed, when as she stood before her dressing table, a very vision of gracious loveliness, the door opened and Lucian Courtlandt entered, unannounced. He paused with a sharp gasp of surprise, as his eyes rested upon her, and though he received her in his embrace, when she stole to him and laid her soft arms about his neck, he turned ghastly, lividly pale.

During the moment of silence that ensued, Diana crept out of the room, closing the door behind her and left the pair alone.

After she had reached up and kissed his colorless lips, Sylphide nestled down close to his heart, as though weary, and had found a haven of rest at last, and murmured:

"Lucian, do you love me?"

"Have you any reason to doubt my love?" he faltered.

"That is a question, not an answer," she replied; "it might mean either yes or no. But if you love me, is it by force of habit, or duty's sake, or for love itself?"

In spite of himself his clasp about her loosened, and she shrank away from him, glancing up into his blanched, troubled face.

"Why do you ask me such a question, Sylphide?" he cried.

"Why?" she returned sadly, "because had it been otherwise my words would have touched your heart, and if only to

checked his words.

"Lucian, do you love me?" she breathed.

"I do," came the solemn response.

"Do you love our child?"

"Of course I do!"

"Then I beg you not to remain here. Leave me alone with your mother. It will be better so for you, and for her."

"Sylphide!—Remember that I love her also!"

"I will not forget," was the firm response.

CHAPTER VIII.

Even as she spoke, Sylphide glided to a door opposite to the one by which Lucian had entered, and which opened upon a private staircase. Throwing open this door, she motioned him to go, at the same time laying her finger upon her lips, in token of silence.

"I will see the lady now," she said so firmly that Diana, taking heart, left the room.

Alone for a moment, Sylphide staggered and pressed her hands over her beating heart.

"What brings her here?" she thought swiftly; "can it be that she has come to elide my fate in life?—Well, whatever it may be—courage! I must be strong."

As her quick ear caught the sound of a light step on the stairs and the frou-frou of a silken robe, she recoiled to the back of her reclining chair, and supporting herself upon it, stood in an attitude of firm defiance as the elder Mrs. Courtlandt once more swept into her presence.

The stately old lady, as calm and haughty as ever, and attired as usual in costly stuffs of sable hue, vouchsafed Sylphide not even so much as the slightest inclination of her proud head; and in turn Sylphide received her with a stony, level stare.

"My visit astonishes you, I suppose," began the elder lady, calmly folding her