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ONLY DA

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.) And Fenner, trembling and cringing like a beaten spaniel, went quickly to Errol returned to his writing table, and commenced a letter to Winifred...

When Winifred broke the seal, and read Errol's letter, her first emotion was one of intense relief. Then, reading the avowal of Errol's love, for a moment her heart relented to him, and a sad, fond recollection of the handsome hero of her past worship made the tears start into her eyes.

It wanted but one day to the completion of the week, when Arthur Le Marchant rushed into Errol's room. "My dear Errol," he exclaimed, "what is this I hear about your leaving the Court? It surely is not true!"

Before Mr. Hastings left the Court he made his friends to play host there in the shooting season during his absence; and on the last day of August he was standing on the deck of his beautiful yacht Oenone looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"She is right," he said, "I think, if she had known how I loved her, she would have found it in her heart to forgive me."

By a fortnight later Lady Grace Farquhar, a flirt of subtle diplomacy, managed to secure what she had for some time past set her heart upon, and that was to practically adopt Winifred Errol as her protégée, if not as a daughter.

With this trump card in her hand, Lady Grace accepted a dinner invitation at Hurst Manor, the home of the Champignons, and while there, delicately yet plainly insinuated to Sir Howard and to Mrs. Champion that unless Mrs. Champignon and Flora would drive with her to Mr. Errol's farm and second her invitation to Winifred to come to Endon Vale there would be no invitation for Miss Champion.

"The young girl was gathering roses in the garden as the carriage from the Manor drove up the road. She turned away to the house. She could not bear the contemptuous looks the Champignons cast on her as they went by. But then she heard the carriage stop, and she looked back in surprise. The footman was letting down the steps, and Mrs. Champion was descending, followed by Lady Grace Farquhar. What could it mean? The blood rushed to her face, and for a moment she hesitated. Then she went forward.

"You did not expect visitors so early, my dear?" said Lady Grace, kissing her. "Mrs. Champion has come to call upon you."

Mrs. Champion came forward and shook hands with her, and uttered a few polite commonplaces, which put Winifred at her ease. She had a great deal to do much tact to allude to the past—indeed, she behaved precisely as though she and Winifred saw and heard of each other for the first time.

Winifred soon recovered her composure, and invited them to enter the house.

ed in a desperate flirtation with Ove Ivers d'Aguilar, a tall, dark, melancholy looking man (albeit decidedly handsome), who was very much in love with her. He had been all through the Indian war, and on his return to England, looking very thin and worn, he was made quite a hero of by all the women, and looked his part extremely well.

I suppose that if two men from the opposite poles had been brought together under one roof, they could not have differed more essentially than Col. d'Aguilar and Mr. Clayton. One was generous in heart and mind, chivalrous to women, irresolute, diffident in himself, and with the courage of a lion; the other—well, we already know what Francis Clayton was.

Lady Grace's guests included Mr. Frale, a connection of her husband's, who had recently come into a very good living, but had strong sporting tendencies; Captain Culloden, of the Guards, a very plain, quiet individual, with a good income and considerably less brains; and the Monarch John Fielden, a universal and most accommodating genius, who was always happy to repay hospitality by making himself agreeable, and amusing the company.

These were the people whom Miss Champion found assembled at Endon Vale, and I think her first sensation on being introduced to them was a slight chagrin at finding no great people among them.

Winifred had arrived at Endon Vale, and was sitting in her room, dressed for dinner, until Lady Grace should come in, as she had promised, and take her downstairs into the drawing room.

Mrs. Champion had been prevented paying a visit to Lady Grace, as she had intended; but she, nevertheless, fulfilled her promise of sending Winifred in her carriage.

When the latter arrived she found her kind hostess alone, all her guests being away on an excursion to the neighboring woods. They had spent a pleasant afternoon together, and just as the wheels of the returning carriages were heard, Lady Grace sent her young friend away to dress, promising to call for her on her way to the drawing room. This she did, and when they entered the drawing room there was no one in it but Lord Harold Erskine, who came up immediately to be introduced.

"Harold," said his aunt, "I leave Miss Errol to your charge until dinner time, so do your best to amuse her."

Lord Harold forthwith devoted himself to being agreeable to his new acquaintance, and succeeded perfectly. She felt quite at her ease, and chatted gaily to him. Presently the door at the further end of the room opened, and a magnificent young lady, attired in sweeping lace and silk, entered. The crimson color flushed into Winifred's cheeks as she recognized her haughty cousin. They had never met since it had been agreed the farmer's daughter was to be noticed.

"What will she do to me, or will she wait until I have introduced us?" (To be continued.)

IS A RAINY-DAY FINANCIER. A Small Boy Who Has an Original Plan for Earning Money. "The small boy—or at least one small boy—has found a new way of making money," said a young woman the other day who had made the discovery.

"Recently," she continued, "I went down town to do some shopping. When I left the sun was shining brightly and the skies were blue. Through the vagaries of our delightful New York climate, when I got out at the 116th street station on my way home it was raining cats and dogs, or hailing cats and omnibuses, as you prefer. I was gathering my skirts for a frantic rush when a boy's voice accosted me.

"Take your home cheap under an umbrella, lady?" he inquired. "How much?" I said. "Where to?" he asked, promptly. "One Hundred and Nineteenth street."

"Three blocks for 5 cents," he responded. We were off in a moment, and I questioned him. "Yes'm; soon as school's out, when it rains, I get our umbrella and go over to the elevated station and take 'em home, three blocks for 5 cents for one person. When they're two together, I walk behind in the rain and let 'em carry the umbrella 'emselves. Oh, yes, I generally make about 25 cents at regular pay from the ladies, but always more if it don't look like rain early in the afternoon and the rain comes sudden.

"I could make more if I had rubbers with me, but ladies' feet is such different sizes I'd have to carry a whole store to fit 'em. No, 25 cents isn't a great deal, but it's money for a 10-year kid.

"And then, you know, a good many of the ladies pays me extra. There was a lady before you, a few minutes, that gave me a quarter. You look so much like her I'd almost think you was her. A quarter? Oh, thank you, thank you very much, ma'am."

"Yes, it's a paying scheme," said the young woman, according to the New York Times. "That chap is the sort," she went on, "who'll grow into a penniless young man, persuade some clever heiress to marry him, and then make people say they wonder how he ever happened to blind himself to such a girl."

Cost of Living Much Higher Here, Than It Is in European Countries. FROM many persons the complaint is heard that the cost of living in American cities is increasing. Year by year rents have been rising, building material has become dearer, while prices of food-stuffs have steadily advanced.

As for the important items of fuel, coal and wood were never before so hard to get. Clothing, too, has gone up; at least, tailor-made clothes of the same quality cost more than in 1900 and 1901. In general, it may be said that the things that go to make life enjoyable are much higher than they were a few years ago.

Europeans who come to America find it more difficult to get along here with the same degree of comfort as they could in the old world, and, on the other hand, Americans who go abroad find many items much less costly than here. Those emigrating from southern Europe, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc., to Mexico or South America note great differences in values. They cannot make ends meet without working harder and figuring closer than they did in the old country.

According to the British Consul in Buenos Ayres, the cost of living is considerable in that city, and he is of the opinion that in the other towns of Argentina living is no cheaper. The farm laborer has a hard struggle to get along. The monthly expenses of the workman of Buenos Ayres amount to \$63.20, or 55% (about \$25 in our money), of which rent is the largest item, nearly one-third, and meat one-seventh, while fire, light, and clothes cost but little in the warm climate.

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For instance, Spaniards are astonished at the dearth of everything in Mexico. A house renting for \$100 a month in Madrid costs \$400 a month in Mexico City, and a flat renting from \$18 to \$25 a month in Madrid is held at \$125 or more in Mexico City. So says the Mexican Herald.

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As wages are small, he concludes that "unless the wife is also a wage-earner, there is a small margin between earnings and expenditures. The ordinary workman has to live poorly and sparingly." The highest rates of wages are paid to harvest hands in the province of Buenos Ayres, who receive from 10 to 12 1/2 shillings a day, while carpenters receive from 4 to 5 shillings a day and blacksmiths the same.

The wages of other artisans are as low in some instances as 2 shillings (50 cents in United States currency). Probably the laborers and artisans of other Spanish-American countries are not much better off than those in Argentina.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MODERN COOK OR THE PERSON WHO CALLS HERSELF SUCH, ALTHOUGH SHE MAY BE POSITIVELY INSTRUCTED TO ROAST MEAT IN THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WAY, IN A SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE FIRE, COMMONLY IGNORES HER INSTRUCTIONS AT EVERY POSSIBLE OPPORTUNITY AND PUTS THE JOINT IN THE OVEN.

Every morning he comes down to his place of business long before the judges, the bailiffs or the lawyers, are stirring, and by the time they commence to drift in the old man behind the peanut stand is ready to sell them to ruminate on until the noon intermission, and then as they come back from lunch he supplies them with cigars to puff on as they stand about the lobby talking politics.

He is busy all day long, and at night walks home as nimbly as a boy in his teens. Mr. Matthews was born June 14, 1810, in Vermont. In 1835 he came to Illinois at the solicitation of his brother, who had previously gone to Tazewell County. He first visited Clarksville, desponding of the future of Clarksville, Mr. Matthews trudged on foot across the open prairie to Bloomington, and secured employment in a woolen mill. In 1837 he was elected constable and served six years.

"I tell you those were great days," said Mr. Matthews, in speaking of his experiences. "As a constable I had to make long trips over the billowy prairies of McLean county. No roads, seldom any paths, no fences, and the inhabitants exceedingly few and far between. When riding across the prairie I would keep my direction by picking out some object in front of me and riding straight for it, and then taking some object ahead of that, and so keeping straight on my course. Many a night I would have to camp out on the prairie or in a woods bordering some little stream."

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TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Frank L. Mayes, editor and manager of the Pensacola Journal, is a newspaper man of genius, enterprise and ability.

On a Saturday morning recently the Journal contained a serious typographical error. A large mercantile house advertised thirty pieces of wash silk at 20 cents per yard, but when the ad. appeared in the Journal it read "thirty pieces of wash silk at 10 cents per yard."

Early in the morning the ladies of Pensacola began a raid on the silk counter, calling for that "ten cent silk." The merchant was wild. His reputation was at stake. He could not afford to refuse to sell goods as advertised. He asked Mr. Mayes for an explanation over the telephone. Back came the answer from Mayes, "Sell your goods just as advertised and charge up the difference to the Journal."

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"It was a costly mistake," says the Journal, "but we paid it. The reputation of the merchant to sell goods as advertised was maintained, and the reputation of the Journal to make good its mistakes was again and forever established. But the advertisement, the mistake and the swarm of ladies who hurried down that morning to buy silk did more than all this.

"They established the fact that people do read advertisements and that they trade with the merchant who advertises."—Daytona (Fla.) Gazette-News.

Followed Directions. A school teacher in Kentucky had some trouble in teaching a little fellow to say "double 11," "double 12," "double 13," etc. But after a while his efforts were fruitful, and he was gratified by an extraordinary appearance of interest on the pupil's part. In fact, the boy became a double letter hunter, and ceased altogether to require attention at that point. About that time they reached the lesson concerning the early riser, beginning "Up! Up! and see the sun!"

He read it "Double up! and see the sun!" A pretty girl is apt to be her own standard of beauty.

Old-Fashioned Roast Best. It is to be feared that many excellent modes of cooking which prevailed in the past are now abandoned simply to save trouble, says the London Leader.

When the latter arrived she found her kind hostess alone, all her guests being away on an excursion to the neighboring woods. They had spent a pleasant afternoon together, and just as the wheels of the returning carriages were heard, Lady Grace sent her young friend away to dress, promising to call for her on her way to the drawing room.

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DOINGS OF WOMEN

The Women on the Farm. Womanhood may be divided into two classes; those who live in towns or cities, and those who live in the country. Each class has its own peculiar advantages, though at first sight it may seem as though the former possess the greater number.

A closer thought, however, will show that the woman on the farm can lead an equally happy life if she will make use of the advantages within her reach. But therein lies the trouble. The average farmer's wife does not accept the chances for increasing her happiness. One by one she lets them slip past, intent on her many duties. She certainly has to work very hard, doing very often tasks which are beyond her strength; and in doing them, too, in such an uncomplaining way that seldom is her labor appreciated at its real worth.

In this way she makes the mistake of thinking that for her life means simply long periods for work and shorter ones for rest. Day after day brings the same monotonous routine, and gradually life narrows down to a circle of never-ending duties, with little pleasure or recreation, not a pleasant prospect, and yet a true one in many cases.

But all this can be changed by means of common sense and determination. Life was never intended to be spent by anyone wholly in toiling. Happiness can be had for the seeking; and very necessary is it for the farmer's wife to seek earnestly for it. She must remember that work is not the only duty. There are others equally important requiring her attention, and among them comes first the enjoyment of as many pleasures as she can obtain; and they can be found in the country as well as in the town.

There are various ways by which the woman on the farm can make her life more joyous. One is by taking good care of her health and saving herself as much as possible. This is her first duty to her husband and children, and in accomplishing it she needs all the help she can get. There is no reason why there should not be in many farmhouses, where circumstances allow it, modern inventions and labor-saving devices which would materially lighten the housework. The practical farmer prides himself on keeping up with the times in the implements he uses. Then why should not his wife do the same, and thus lengthen her life by years? Let her see to it, then, that attention is persistently called to this matter, until the desired results are secured.

Lastly, there is the virtue of hospitality, which can be practiced on the farm in winter as well as in summer. Why not plan an occasional social gathering, invite a few of the neighboring women over to tea, and have a pleasant time together? Only extra work, perhaps, you think, and what good would it do? Ah, much; try the experiment yourself and see.

Like everyone else, however, the woman on the farm must early decide for herself what things in life are really worth living for. She must choose between the trivial and the important, and aim at beautiful simplicity in everything. Many pressing duties may be near at hand, but, taking them in the best way, she will soon realize that they are not the main ends to keep in view, but are only steps in making a happy, cheerful home. For, after all, it is not so much the place where we live, be it town or country; not so much how large or how small the income may be, as it is the cultivation of a sunny disposition, a hopeful spirit, which seeks and finds joy everywhere. And in these and in many other blessings the woman on the farm may freely and constantly share, if she will but make an effort to gain and give the best rewards of life—joy and happiness.—Farmers' Advocate.

Why They Don't Marry. Will it be too much for human credulity if I assert that the woman professor does love affairs? Although not a statement which can be proved by statistics, I am prepared to stake much upon the universality of its truth. I would add that some of the peculiar features of her social position and of her usual views of life tend to complicate the matrimonial problem as it is presented to her to solve. * * * More than one suitor and I have split upon such rocks as whether in furnishing our home his income (it always seems to be "his") would more properly be expended upon the purchase of a piano or a sewing machine. To descend from metaphor, * * * I have not found that ready masculine comprehension which I could have wished of my very deep-seated, and as I think legitimate, feeling that it would be an unspeakable sacrifice to exchange the work to which my best efforts and dearest ambitions have been given for a life of pure domesticity merely for the considerably overestimated boon of being supported, no matter how well. * * * To those gentlemen who are at present disquieting themselves over the momentous question why the higher educated woman will not marry, perhaps the foregoing may offer a hint with reason.

Marriage in Turkey. The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed by custom at about \$1.70, which amount, for politic reasons, is seldom departed from, even by the rich. The wedding day is invariably Thursday, and the customary wedding festivities begin on Monday and last four days. They are carried on by men and women separately, and each day is distinguished by a different ceremony. No spoons or forks or wines are used at the wedding feast.

Ink-stained Fingers. Dip your fingers into a lemon from which much of the juice has been squeezed, and the ink stains will speedily disappear. It is always best to remove stains before washing the hands with soap.

May it not be because when her relations with all men are so agreeable she hesitates to exchange them for the highly problematical delights of a relation with one? Being the superficial sex, we naturally value more highly the bird in hand of congenial interests than the two of a conjugal felicity which is very much in the bush.—Confessions of a Woman Professor in Independent.

When Mother Died. They told me in the night that she was dead, And then I knew from out my life had fled All beauty; that thenceforth my pathway led In lonely lands; that I should miss the red Of woodland roses and the morning's glow.

For she was my best friend! The words she said In prayer each-night beside my trundle bed I still recall; the pillow then she spread With such a touch that I no more can know!

She sought the smoothest ways for me to go, And her sweet faith brought all the mountains low! The seeds of kindness that she planted grow— Are blooming now unharmed by frost or snow, By crystal dews from heaven nightly fed!

And when I dwell upon the long ago Her smile to me is bright as was the bow To those upon the flood; I miss it woe Now when the winds unbridled wildly blow And rain descended on my defenseless head!

An Accomplished Girl. A girl's education is most incomplete unless she has learned: To sew. To cook. To mend. To dress neatly. To keep a secret. To avoid idleness. To be self-reliant. To darn stockings. To respect old age. To make good bread. To keep a house tidy. To be above gossiping. To make home happy. To control her temper. To take care of the sick. To take care of the baby. To sweep down cobwebs. To marry a man for his worth. To take plenty of active exercise. To be a helpmate to her husband. To keep clear of trashy literature. To be light-hearted and feet-footed. To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

Woman Candidate Defeated. Mrs. Nettie Catlin, who ran for Mayor of Hartsville, Wyo., stands as a novel figure in politics. Although she was defeated the campaign doubtless will be followed in other Wyoming cities. The women of Hartsville, not being pleased with the city government, held a caucus and named an independent ticket, with Mrs. Catlin at the head. The race was a close one, but Judge J. J. Hauppau was re-elected Mayor for the third time. No woman ever ran for Mayor in Wyoming before. Mrs. Catlin is the wife of Dr. George S. Catlin, a prominent mining man, well known throughout Wyoming and Colorado.

Baby's Thirst and Baby's Veil. Give the baby water six times a day. I cannot dwell upon this command with too much earnestness. Babies suffer with a thirst that nothing but water can effectually satisfy, and those who have them in their care should see to it that this important fact is never forgotten.

And do not smother the helpless infant in heavy knit face covering. This is a barbaric custom. Make its veil of silk or chiffon selected especially for this purpose, edged with a delicate lace heading, through which baby ribbon is drawn and finished in rosettes on each side. These are held in place over the cap with baby pins.

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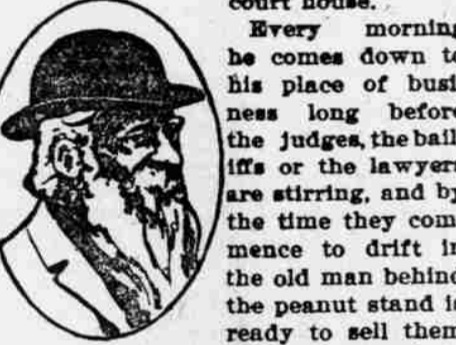
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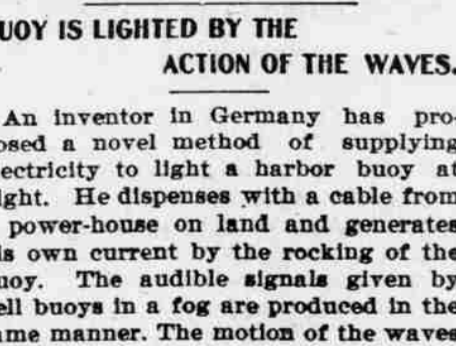
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WILLIAM MATTHEWS CHEWING GUM TO RUMINATE ON UNTIL THE NOON INTERMISSION, AND THEN AS THEY COME BACK FROM LUNCH HE SUPPLIES THEM WITH CIGARS TO PUFF ON AS THEY STAND ABOUT THE LOBBY TALKING POLITICS.



BUOY LIGHTED BY THE WAVES. ACTION OF THE WAVES.

An inventor in Germany has proposed a novel method of supplying electricity to light a harbor buoy at night. He dispenses with a cable from a power-house on land and generates his own current by the rocking of the buoy. The audible signals given by bell buoys in a fog are produced in the same manner. The motion of the waves tilts the apparatus first in one direction

and then in the other and makes the clapper strike at short intervals. A full description of the mechanism employed in the new buoy is not yet at hand, but one can easily fancy how it is arranged. A small dynamo is operated by the motion of the apparatus, and the current is first fed into a storage battery, so that the supply to the lamp may be kept uniform. If the brilliancy of this light varied with the condition of the sea this system would be unsatisfactory. Hence it would not do to lead the electricity directly to the lamp. It is said that experiments with the invention are already in progress on the German coast.

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