

UNION Estab. July, 1897. GAZETTE Estab. Dec. 1862. (Consolidated Feb., 1899.)

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER

By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A sharp pang of annoyance shot across Flora Champion as she saw Lord Harold bending over her cousin. She had expected to find Winifred awkward and ill-dressed, and here she was, perfectly at her ease, and elegantly dressed. It was in Miss Champion's heart to treat her with slighting disdain, but Lady Grace was there, and she could not forget her good breeding to gratify her spleen. So she walked straight up to where her cousin was sitting and held out her hand, as though there had never been anything else but the most cordially friendly between them.

peculiar fascination of manner that renders him a general favorite. Perhaps some day he will return, and I shall have an opportunity of introducing him to you." Winifred bent down her head in silence. Miss Champion looked up, and a glance of malicious light shot from her cold, blue eyes. "An introduction between such intimate friends would scarcely be necessary," she remarked in her clear voice, that was heard from one end of the long table to the other. "I should think Miss Eyre and Mr. Hastings would be greatly amused at such a formality, after their rambles in the Hazell woods." The crimson blood dyed Winifred's cheeks until tears of mortification stood in her eyes. Poor child! she was not yet sufficiently used to the way of the world, to parry such cruel shafts. But Lord Harold stood by her friend.

Winifred was fairly distressed; great drops welled into her eyes for sympathy. "Don't cry, dear Fee—what is it?—what ails you?" It was startling to see the gay, insouciant little fairy in such a plight. "Oh, Winifred, I am so miserable—I hate myself!" Winifred guessed the rest. "You have not consented, Fee?—you are not going to marry Mr. Clayton?" "Yes, I am." "Oh, Fee, how could you? you cannot like him." "What is the use of talking like that?" Miss Alton cried, with feverish petulance. "Why don't you congratulate me?—it is a splendid match." "I love you, Fee. I cannot deceive you. If you do not care for him—and you cannot love a man like that—all his money will not make you happy." Winifred went sorrowfully to bed, for she loved the frivolous, worldly little creature dearly. Mr. Clayton's reflections were tolerably satisfactory, as he smoked his Spanish cigarette after the ladies had retired. "I thought after all," he muttered, "I am not quite sure the game's worth the candle. Of course fellows will laugh at my being caught, after all I've said about the 'happy state.' They won't give me credit for being caught 'with intention.' I wish d'Aguliar was here, but I suppose he won't be in until very late."

GLORY OF THE GRADUATING GIRL READING HER COMMENCEMENT ESSAY

She was on the platform reading her essay. She looked as if she had just stepped out of a flower bed. In her cheeks the carnation had left its glow and her lips had robbed the roses. She was a healthy, fragrant, glowing, American girl, of a type that we love and protect and honor.



THE GIRL GRADUATE.

Down in the front row are father and mother, a man and woman who have tilled and suffered and borne much. It is the common lot. It puts deep care lines into faces, and sometimes it wrinkles hearts, but not always. If you will look closely you will see that that old couple have just one object in life—the girl. She is of their blood. She is slipping away from them as the years go by, and often the mother cries silently because of sorrow that is too deep for words. She is proud of her Graduating Girl, but her arms are empty, and there is an ache in her heart for the baby that has blossomed into a woman. Men love deeply and truly, but there is a holy affection that is denied them. Mothers know it—mothers only.

FORT WASHINGTON HAS BEEN USED AS A STRONGHOLD SINCE PREHISTORIC TIMES

SEVERAL months ago a Washington man, who takes a deep interest in local history, read a paper before the Columbia Historical Society in which he drew attention to the fact that when Lord Cecil Calvert sailed up the Potomac in the "Ark and Dove," with the first settlers of Maryland, the first village of any considerable size which he encountered was that of the Piscataway Indians, located on the present site of Fort Washington. It was at this point that the Indians made a hostile demonstration against Calvert, who, by his tact, coolness and judgment, managed, however, to pacify the savages and bring them to terms. He showed, further, that the strategic value and importance of the rising ground on which Fort Washington now stands was recognized by the American Indians long before the advent of the whites in this country, in proof of which he cited numerous extracts and passages from old writers, showing that, at the time of the settlement of Maryland, it was here that the Piscataways had their chief stronghold; that it constituted a sort of rude fort, from which they defied their enemies, the surrounding tribes of Delaware and Powhatans, and that it was here that they gathered in great numbers to stay the advance of Lord Calvert up the Potomac River.

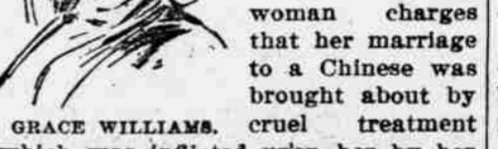
WOMEN

A House-Cleaning Carol. The melancholy days have come—the saddest of the year: The carpet is on the clothesline, and incessant whacks we hear; The bedding's in the kitchen, and the beds are in the hall. The pictures are upon the floor while some one dusts the wall; We eat cold meat and crackers from a wobbly kitchen chair; For this is glad housecleaning time—so free from toil and care.

appointed and grow weary of their married state. To all others, the thoughtless, the selfish, or the self-seeking, love is not apt to weather the inevitable storms and gales of a life that calls for mutual consideration and much sacrifice; in fact, for the highest and best that is in one.—Mrs. G. Blake in American Queen.

The Saving Women. If we are to believe the old proverb, which says that "saving's good earning," then the earning capacity of women always has been greater than that of men.

White Girl Marries a Chinaman. A few weeks ago Grace Catherine Williams, a pretty girl of 18, became the wife of Chan Ah On, a Chinese student at the Washington night school in San Francisco. Later she was arrested upon complaint of her mother, and accused of vagrancy. The young woman charged that her marriage to a Chinese was brought about by cruel treatment which was inflicted upon her by her mother and brother. She met Chan Ah On, and he treated her so kindly that when he asked her to marry him a week later she consented, the ceremony being performed at the Presbyterian Chinese Mission Home.



GRACE WILLIAMS.

There is another sort of saving which might properly be termed hoarding. It consists in laying down rugs to prevent the nap of the carpets from wearing, in putting paper covers on prettily bound books, in locking up the little girl's French doll. We read the other day of a woman who made a plush cover for the rosewood piano, and a linen cover for the plush, and a newspaper mat for the linen. We hope there are not many women like her. In this sort of saving there is often an admixture of folly.

There is yet another kind. Saving car fare at the cost of an exhausted body, saving lunch money and "skimping" the table, just as if you could cheat nature without incurring retribution; saving the price of eyeglasses at the cost of impaired or perhaps destroyed eyesight; saving money earned by the overstraining of mental and physical powers.

Woman is not always wise in her economies, we fear, but the verb "to save" is certainly feminine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Little Hints. Smart walking gloves are made up in two colors of kid.

Valencienne medallions are inset in the daintiest lingerie.

A good deal of straw trimming is used on the new hats.

All-over embroidery is used for many of the modish blouses.

New fans are made of the bright plumage of tropical birds.

After the cape is coming the real old-fashioned "dolman," says Paris.

Those convenient robe gowns now come in foulards, louisines and tafetas.

Black silk stockings come with the college flags embroidered on the instep.

The little bonnet for elderly women has become an unprecedented elaboration.

Novel ornaments are the big black-berries and chestnuts fashioned out of jet.

No hair ornament is smarter than the plain velvet bow matching the gown in color.

A Youthful Playwright. Miss Constance Smedley, whose curtain raiser, "The Honor of a Rogue," written in collaboration with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, will be seen in this country next season, enjoys the distinction of being the youngest woman that ever had a play produced in London, the theatrical metropolis of the world. Her first play, "The Honor of a Rogue," was produced in London in 1892.

Does Love Survive Marriage. "You can't expect such love as that to last," is an exclamation often uttered by worldly and practical people. Frequently these prophets are anything but infallible in their predictions, but alas! they are also frequently correct. It is but natural that love should not retain all the ardent, passionate element that made the heart palpitate and the face change color, during the courtship days, but it becomes none the less sincere and constant. As mercy tempers justice, so marriage tempers love.

A long, happy courtship is not an infallible test of true love, nor is it a criterion for its permanency. It is the actual experience after marriage, the acquaintance with the worries and troubles of married life, that decide the matter. The survival of love after marriage depends upon both husband and wife; it depends upon the qualities, the powers of realization and to a great extent the home training of each. Sensible, thoughtful young people should not treat the subject of marriage lightly, as a mere diversion.

Clever at Repartee. "Cholly is so clever at repartee!" exclaimed Clarence. "Isn't he?" said Reginald. "What's his latest?" "A great howlid brute said to him, 'You are the biggest fool in this State,' and Cholly answered right off, 'I don't agree with you!'"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

An Opinion. "Well," said Nuritch, who had been showing Kander through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishings?" "They're—er—show a great deal of taste," remarked Kander. "Think so?" "Yes, but it's all very bad."—Philadelphia Press.

The Passing of Black Velvet. Black velvet gowns are not considered so smart this year as last, yet they are among the most attractive gowns worn. They are now trimmed with sable and ermine and white lace, and are especially a fad with the sable. An exceedingly smart and popular velvet model is almost exceedingly plain. The only trimmings are the rhinestone buttons, but with this costume is worn a pelrine of sable with big muffs and turban to match, and the beauty of the furs is shown in the greatest possible advantage by the very plainness of the design of the gown. Indeed, the whole costume is a great relief after the over-

Hen Peck—I want to sue for a divorce. Lawyer—Has your wife left you? Hen Peck—No, she's just gone.

The Boy and the Farm. Teachers and farmers teach the boys and girls to be honest and upright in every sense, but by all means teach them to work. It won't hurt them to do a little farm work. Send them to college if you can; but let's keep all the college boys and girls on the farm.

CHAPTER IX. And yet the very next night Fee tapped at Winifred's door, and when it was opened she went quickly in, and, throwing herself on her knees, she said:

"I'm not only singularly handsome, but has a...