

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIV. After a ten days' visit to Mrs. Clayton, Winifred was summoned home. "I would gladly let you remain longer," wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember, my dear, that our original plan was to leave for London on the 28th, and Sir Clayton never likes his plans interfered with."

On the 25th of April Winifred returned to Eaton Vale, very sorry to leave her friend, but with almost a sense of relief at being freed from the obnoxious society of Mr. Clayton. Everyone well did not seem the same without her—it lacked the sunshine, as the old French lady said. On the day appointed Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar and Miss Eyre arrived at Eaton Square and were duly announced in the fashionable rooms of a very decided position in the fashionable world, and the entire to whose entertainments was very generally desired. Lady Grace was anxious that her protegee should look her best.

When Winifred appeared, dressed, on the night of the ball, Lady Grace had no reason to regret having allowed her to exercise her own taste. Her dress was of a marvelous whiteness and softness, almost like snow clouds, and here and there over it were the softest white feathers, that might have been flakes of fallen snow. Very late in the evening Mr. Hastings appeared. As he entered the ballroom he caught sight of Winifred talking in a very animated manner to Lord Harold in an interval of waltzing. He stood and watched her intently; until to-night he had never thought her beautiful. He had loved her for her grace, for her pride, for her innocence; but as she looked and smiled now, he felt she had a greater claim to general admiration than he had ever dreamed of.

"And she might have been my wife now," he thought. "How I should have loved her—how proud I should have been of her! I wonder if she really cares for that fellow Erskine?" At this moment a voice said close to his ear, as though the speaker had divined his thoughts: "Will it be a match, do you think?" He turned with an angry start, and met the mocking gaze of Flora Champion. "You mean Gray and Miss Wentworth? I think it very probable," Mr. Hastings answered, curtly.

"Oh, no, that is beyond a doubt. I meant Lord Harold Erskine and—and his partner." "I cannot form the slightest surmise. Your cousin," she spoke in the words pointedly—"your cousin is very beautiful, and may even do better." "Perhaps he chosen by the descendant of all the Hastings?" she asked, with a scornful laugh. "Your penetration seems unusually acute to-night, Miss Champion," he returned, coldly; "but pardon me, the dance is over. I am going to seek a partner for the next; your card is full, I see;" and he moved off before Flora had time to intimate her willingness to exchange his name on her program with that of a less eligible aspirant. She bit her lip angrily as she saw him cross straight over to where her cousin stood, and bent to speak with her. She could not but remark the tender deference of his bearing toward the country girl whom she despised, and whom she well remembered ignoring to him as only a former's daughter. She turned to the quiet, middle-aged man on whose arm she leaned, and seemed to talk to him with some of her old brightness and vivacity. He listened with admiring attention, but had very little to say in reply. Flora felt inexplicably bored.

You told me once I should be miserable if I married him—are you glad your words have come true?" "Mrs. Clayton, what do you take me for?" he cried, moved to passion. "I glad—glad that you, whom I love with heart, soul and strength, are tied to a brute who makes your life a pantomimium upon earth—glad that you are parted hopelessly from me, and that I cannot lawfully stir a finger to help you when I am ready to lay down my life for you."

"Forgive me!" Fee said, quickly. "I did not mean it. I feel so bitter—so mad sometimes—I scarcely know what I say." "Mrs. Clayton," he answered hoarsely, "you must not say these things to me. My blood is on fire at your wrongs and your misery. You forget how badly, how helplessly I love you!" "I weighed your love in the balance with Mr. Clayton's money once," she said slowly, "and my choice has broken my heart. I am tired, I have no hope in the world, and an agonized sigh broke from her. 'I know that after to-night I dare not see you any more. If I had been good or wise enough to remember my duty, and keep from speaking of my misery to you, we might have gone on meeting as we have done. To-night we shall part forever.'"

"Do not say that, Mrs. Clayton. How can I leave you to that man's brutality?" "How can you protect me from it?" she asked sadly. He rose to his feet suddenly and stood before her as pale as death. "Will you never be convinced," he said, passionately, "that my love for you is beyond self-seeking, beyond doubt? If you will it so, I will never seek you again after to-night." "I think I am not well to-night—I am over-tired," she said, recovering herself; "if you will have my carriage sent for, I will go home."

He went at once and did not return to her until it was ready; then he gave her his arm and led her away without another word. She never looked at him as he put her into her carriage, and wished her a good-night; but when the door was closed, and they had passed through the gates, she threw herself back in a corner and sobbed such tears as she had never wept from the hour she was born until now. There were lights in the dining room when she returned, and she would have entered it, but the footman stood in the way with a frightened face. "Not in there, if you please, ma'am; master dined at home, and has a party of gentlemen."

At that moment there was a clinking of glasses, and a sound of laughter, in which a shrill peal of a woman's voice was distinctly audible. Mrs. Clayton stood for a moment as if turned to stone; then she went upstairs without a word. It was evident she had not been expected home so early. She was too stupefied to think, it seemed as if some heavy blow had fallen on her, and she scarcely realized it or knew what it was. Her mind was exhausted, and she slept heavily. The next day when she rode in the park, as usual, every one said: "How terribly ill Mrs. Clayton looks! She should not go out so much, or she will be dead before the end of the season."

"Dear Fee," said Winifred, riding up, "what ails you—you look worn out?" "I think yesterday was too much for me," Mrs. Clayton answered. "Stop my horse, Winifred," and Mrs. Clayton seemed for a moment to reel in her saddle. Winifred caught the bridle, and stopped her own horse. "Oh, Lord Harold!" she cried suddenly to the gentleman who rode beside her, "go to the other side of Fee, and hold her up; she is fainting." In a moment he had his arm round her, and had lifted her into the saddle, from which she had partly slipped. Mrs. Clayton recovered herself almost immediately. "Thank you," she said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; "a sudden giddiness. Take me home, Winifred, will you?" "Yes, darling." Mrs. Clayton remained the whole day on the sofa, scarcely speaking. Winifred would not leave her for a moment. She bathed her forehead, and watched and soothed her when she turned on her side and moaned. "It is my head, my head," she murmured now and again. "I think I am going mad."

DESCRIBED BY PEN AND CAMERA BOOK THAT TELLS OF THE RESOURCES OF OREGON WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

Not a Lot of Dry Rot Rubbish and Figures That Repel But an Attractive Story About This Land We Love Written by a Railroad Man Who Gave His Work Originality and Strong Narrative Interest, With Illustrations That Catch the Eye and Help to Impress the Truth.

"Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Their Resources," this year issued jointly by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the Southern Pacific Company (lines in Oregon) is just off the press. The book was compiled by Rinaldo M. Hall. It is the best work on immigration ever issued in the interest of the Pacific Northwest, and it demonstrates that those railroad companies are doing good work in helping to build up the three Northwest gems in the union of states. It contains 88 pages, 27 of which are fine half-tone pictures. Every industry in the Pacific Northwest is given attention and the story of each industry is so told that it is convincing. The first chapter is devoted to "The Pacific Northwest" in general, the opening paragraph following:

Land of Promise and Opportunity. "Every year is a memorable one in the Pacific Northwest—Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Nowhere in the entire world is there such a land of promise and opportunity. Prosperity, plenty, happiness and contentment are seen on every hand throughout the great section, where millions of acres of government land are yet un-taken and where several acres of as good, improved land can be bought for the price of one in Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and other states. It is the mecca of the homeseeker and investor, and so great has been the influx of new comers the past few years that the industrial conditions have been completely changed and the outlook entirely revolutionized."

Plenty of Good Land for New Settlers. The second chapter is devoted to "Homes for Millions." In this the number of acres of government land untaken at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1902, are given. Those un-acquired with the government land question in Oregon will be surprised to know that during the year there were more public lands entered and disposed of in Oregon than in any state west of the Rocky mountains. In spite of all this there yet remained at the close of the fiscal year 31,872,871 acres—home for millions. He had for the mere nothing, the new settlers having for generations active and thrifty people, who came originally from those parts of the United States where systematic industry, on productive lines, has long been established and actively developed. The un-taken tracts lie in every part of the state and include lands of all kinds and classes, adapted to all purposes. This chapter in the book will be of incalculable value to those who receive inquiries concerning government land and who wish to obtain it. An especial pains have been taken to point out to the inquirer how all these lands are secured.

Children May Enjoy Best School Advantages. The third chapter is devoted to Oregon, Washington and Idaho in general. "School Advantages," is the fourth, and one of the new chapters in the book. A long felt want was supplied when this chapter was introduced in the publication, for in there is one thing that interests a newcomer above all others it is whether or not the chances for educating his children are good. In Oregon the state constitution makes generous provision for a complete educational system, from the kindergartens through the university, and those unacquainted with the educational record in Oregon will be surprised and interested to know that so thorough has the school work been carried on in the state that it is a statistical fact that Oregon stands third from the top in freedom from illiteracy, with a percentage of 99.58 of a possible 100, only being surpassed by Nebraska with 99.68 and Iowa with 99.65. Washington and Idaho also stand near the top. The citizens of these states, according to the above, point with pride to these figures, and justly so, for no more fitting monument could stand as evidence of the fact that the early pioneers who came here first and settled in the country were progressive and energetic in building right foundations for the continued intelligent growth and progress of the future great states.

Not So Much Rain After All. Oregon's delightful climate is well described in the next chapter, interesting tables for the months of June and July being given; also another table showing that the annual precipitation for Portland, Ore., for the past 31 years was 38.52, while that of Boston was 41.28, New York 43.01, and other eastern cities surprisingly as high. "Soil" and "Grain Growing" are each given separate chapters, the following paragraph from the chapter on "Grain Growing" being of especial interest:

Cost of Wheat Production. "The cost of wheat production in the Inland Empire is relatively so much less and the yield so far ahead of many much advertising and boastful sections of the United States, that actual returns from harvest fields are often discredited by those who have not visited the region. Under date of November 8, 1902, Mr. John Carpenter, of Forest River, N. D., writes that the yield in the Red River Valley for the year 1902 was from 5 to 35 bushels per acre; that the cost of raising a 35-bushel bumper crop was \$7.50 per acre and that wheat at that day was worth 60 cents per bushel, which means that the net profit from an acre of wheat land in the Red River Valley that yielded 35 bushels in 1902 was \$13.50. In the great Inland Empire the cost of raising an acre of wheat ready for market is between \$5 and \$7. Assuming that it is \$7.50 per acre, which according to Richard McGahey, of Walla Walla, authority on the subject, never exceeds that amount, in the case of Samuel Drummeller, who, in 1902, from the uplands of Eastern Washington, raised 10,500 bushels from 160 acres, an average of 66 bushels per acre, at the market price, 65 cents per bushel, means a net profit of \$5664, or \$35.40 an acre, nearly three times the profit of that from an acre in the Red River Valley. To Bruce Merrill in the same county, who threshed 23,250 bushels from 420 acres, an average of 55 bushels per acre, it means a net profit of \$11,962.50, or \$28.25 an acre."

DOINGS OF WOMEN

Mother Wisdom. Perhaps a bit of personal experience may be interesting to some one. I am one of the many busy mothers and housekeepers whose work is never done, and finding a while ago that the monotony of my life was causing me to grow morbid, I tried to think of some way in which I could vary my work, and thus get the change which was so evidently needed.

Before the children came I had taken great enjoyment in music and English literature, but both had been sadly neglected of recent years, owing to other demands upon my time and strength. I therefore decided that every morning after the chambers were put airing, the dishes washed, and the children started for school, I would sit down at the piano and practice for fifteen minutes on some of the pieces which I had played years before, as new pieces would be discouraging.

Then, after dinner, I cleared the table, and before attacking the army of dishes which always awaits the housekeeper's unwilling hands at that hour, I lay down on the couch, and instead of reading the daily paper, whose records of murders, suicides and defalcations is so depressing, I selected one of the poets whose works had given me much pleasure in my school days, and spent half an hour in his society, the result after a few days was noticeable. While at work on the dishes before mentioned, strains of music from the practice of the morning, or a thought from the poem read at noon, would float through my mind, affecting me so pleasantly that I have decided to continue the custom indefinitely.

If we wish to train our children aright, we must have beautiful thoughts, but as the springs in the mountains would fall to supply the brooks were it not for the rains, so our springs of thought will become exhausted unless they are occasionally replenished. Bible reading with the children for five minutes every morning smooths things for the day wonderfully, and they grow so accustomed to it as to ask for it themselves if it should by chance be forgotten.

Better by far omit some of the endless dusting and putting to rights than to starve our minds by neglecting to use some of the beautiful things God has given us to nourish them. All may not care for poetry and music, but we all can appreciate a half-hour's rest, and most of us like reading of some kind. A complete change of thoughts is what is necessary if we are to rest. I hope some tired mother will try the plan mentioned, and reap the benefit which will surely come from it if she is persistent.—Mrs. Marian L. Ward in Home Science Magazine.

Woman Gets God Appointment. The United States War Department has announced that Miss Floy Gilmore has been appointed Assistant Attorney General for the government in the Philippine Islands. Miss Gilmore is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gilmore of Elwood, Ind., and is 24 years of age. She was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan and admitted to the bar of Indiana two years ago. She went to Michigan and Indiana two years ago. She went to Michigan and Indiana two years ago. She went to Michigan and Indiana two years ago.

When to Accept. Discussing the all-important subject of proposals, the author of "How to Choose a Husband" remarks: "The first thing in choosing the husband is to realize what sort of man you ought not to choose. My advice to all girls is, first, to refuse at all hazards the man who proposes at a dance, because there is a glamour about a ballroom, and men often say at a dance what they wish amidst the following morning. At picnics, what with washing up, carrying baskets and opening bottles, girls cannot only judge of a man's character, but it will be quite safe to accept a proposal made at one, especially if it is made before luncheon."

Easily Done. When an aggravating little hole suddenly appears in an agate or porcelain-lined stew pan, do not throw it away as past redemption. Take one of the round-headed paper fasteners, such as lawyers or teachers are in the habit of using to keep the sheets of a manuscript together, push the two level flap-clips through the hole into the inside, bend back on the outside, hammer the round head down flat on the inside. It requires but a moment's work and your dish is as good as new.

A Wedding Breakfast. A wedding repast served any time before 1 o'clock would be called a wedding breakfast. The usual menu for a simple wedding breakfast is any cold sliced fowl, with creamed oysters or a salad on the same plate; a variety of thin sandwiches, and then iced or frozen pudding with small cakes and coffee. No Chances to Talk. Mrs. Gummus—Does your husband ever talk of his mother's cooking? Mrs. Gobang—Not a word. His father died of dyspepsia.—Brooklyn Life.



MARY SCHMIDT.



MISS GILMORE.