

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Had it been possible for Winifred to guess Errol Hastings' real feelings she would have been forced to confess how wrong she had misjudged him. He was for the first time in his life unreasonably, accidentally, and without the least provocation at war with his position. Reflection did not help him, either.

"I have heard," he thought, "of men counting the world well lost for a woman's sake, but I never realized the feeling until now. Now I feel that I would give all I possess to see her. She is only a bright, charming child yet, but what divine womanhood she will grow into when she begins to love. I cannot imagine any greater happiness than to look into the depths of those beautiful eyes, and read there, 'I love you, so to read those little, slender fingers in mine, and hear the confession from her lips. But I could not trust myself to stay here and see her often, because would be impossible. If it were not for my cursed headache I might tell her now, this very day, how I love her, and marry her. I have all my ancestors kept their resolve in spite of everything until now, and shall I be the first one to break it by my weakness or cowardice? No! no! no!" he thought, passionately, "the honor of our house has been made up to me that he would see Winifred no more—he would not yield to temptation, or expose her to disappointment, and when he passed the next day with Miss Champion he kept his face steadily averted from the farm, little guessing how bitterly the woman he loved was commencing on his apparent neglect."

Several days passed, and the house was full of guests. Everyone declared that Hazel Court was the most charming country house to stay at, and that Mr. Hastings was the perfection of a host. He and Lady Grace Farquhar made the most delightful arrangements for the general amusement, and every body was amused and pleased in consequence. Miss Champion and her brother were over at the Court almost every day, somewhat to the chagrin of Lady Alicia St. Ego, who had resolved to do everything in her power to win Errol Hastings for her sister, Lady Angela, had similar intentions toward Lord Harold Berkeley, who was almost as rich, though not of nearly such old family.

One day, when Errol had ordered his four-in-hand to take the party driving, he asked Miss Champion, who was sitting on the box beside him, which way they should go.

"Over the common and up the hill, I think is the prettiest," answered Flora, with the malicious design of passing the farm, that Winifred might see them.

"Just as they came up to the farm, Winifred, who had been sitting in the gate, turned and walked away to the house."

"I say," cried Lord Harold, "what an elegant woman! Miss Champion, you are the great authority in the county—please tell me who that young beauty is?"

"She is a farmer's daughter," said Flora, coldly; and Errol almost hated her for saying it.

"A farmer's daughter! I could have sworn, with that figure and bearing, she belonged to one of the best families in the county. I was just intending a hint, Hastings, that you should see her at the ball. Do you know her?"

"Yes," said Errol, gravely, "I have that honor."

"Could you not invite her?" Lord Harold went on.

"Ask the ladies," answered Errol, with an unaccounted tinge of nervousness; "whether they would consent to the presence of a girl who was only a farmer's daughter?"

"Indeed, I am sure I would," cried Miss Alton, who was too pretty to be jealous; but the others remained silent.

"Winifred has been away from the gate with a swelling head," said Errol.

"It may not rave for me," thought the poor child; "but he need not come past so often with his aristocratic friends to show how far above me he is!"

The day before the ball, Errol had retired to his apartment, after lunch, to write two or three letters, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," and Lady Grace appeared on the threshold.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" she said. "I have always wished to see your aunt, and a request I have to make to you has at last given me a fair pretext."

"You might have taken my consent for granted," he answered, with a pleasant smile; "but I am quite content that you should think it necessary to ask it, since your scruple brings you here."

"My request has been a measure to one of the dearest friends I had, poor Winifred Champion," said Hastings, interrogatively.

"Yes, the daughter of old Sir Howard. I did not know that there was another daughter than Lady Valenciana."

"Yes, but she made a messianic, and Sir Howard, who is a dreadful tyrant, has never allowed her name to be mentioned since. I was very fond of her, poor girl, although she was some years younger than I was, but I never saw her after she ran away. I was absorbed with my husband, and before I returned to England, she died. Her governess, Madame de Montolieu, was a very good and charming person, and I have always kept up a correspondence with her from time to time. I invaded your retreat this afternoon on purpose to ask if I may have the pony carriage, in order to drive over and pay the old lady a visit."

"Why not take the berouche, Lady Grace? Lady St. Ego and Lady Marion have declined driving this afternoon, and the young ladies intend to dine with Mrs. Champion's before dinner."

"Thank you, I would rather not discover my old friend by too much state; besides, I have a great fancy to drive your pretty ponies."

"By all means, then," exclaimed Errol. Lady Grace Farquhar arrived, very quickly at the little cottage, and prepared for a long chat with Madame de Montolieu, who was very glad to see her.

"I heard," she said, "that you had arrived at the Court, but I scarcely ventured to expect you until after the festivities were concluded."

"I should have come over long ago," Lady Grace answered, gaily, "but I am doing my duty at the Court as hostess. You see, dear madame, I am getting so old that it seems quite natural for me to be acting as Mr. Hastings' mother."

"terfailing and amusing people, you have no time for regrets."

"No time for regrets?" echoed Mr. Hastings; "for the last three weeks my life has been one unceasing, haunting regret."

Winifred looked up into his face inquiringly.

"It is a trouble I cannot ask anyone to share—you least of all," he said, after a pause.

Winifred's eyes dropped beneath his gaze—it was an sad, yet so eager.

"A voice was heard calling, 'Hastings, Hastings!'"

In an instant he had taken her hand, kissed it passionately, and was gone. Winifred turned away quickly, and went on her way to the cottage. She was trembling, confused, glad, surprised. She scarcely knew what her real feelings were. But as Hawkins' proposal returned to her mind, she determined to accept it.

When she arrived at the cottage, she found Lady Grace, as has been described. When she had accompanied her to the pony carriage, she returned to the little dressing room.

"Dear madame," said Winifred, kneeling beside her old friend, and half hiding her face. "I want you to take me to the Court to-morrow night."

"The Court?" exclaimed Madame de Montolieu, in overwhelming surprise; "has Mr. Hastings, then, invited you to his ball?"

"Oh, no, not that," Winifred answered, quickly, with a deep blush. "To-night, as I was coming here, Hawkins met me, and asked me if I should like to see the ball. He said he would let me into the little garden under the ballroom, and there would be no one else there. At first I was angry at the idea, but I have changed my mind; and, oh, madame, she concluded, earnestly, "I do so want to go."

Madame de Montolieu looked at her with impressive astonishment. She almost failed to believe her senses when proud Winifred Eyrle made such a request.

"I know it must seem strange to you, Winifred said, imploringly; "you think I am forgetting my pride, and my self-esteem; but I have a reason—indeed I have."

"Winifred!" cried Madame de Montolieu, in a pained voice. "You are thinking too much of this Mr. Hastings."

She crossed the hall that lay in her lap pitifully and tenderly while she said: "I will go with you if you wish it."

"I do wish it; thank you a thousand times."

The next evening, shortly before ten o'clock, Winifred and her companion, dressed and veiled, appeared at the little garden gate. The faithful Hawkins was waiting for them, and, true to his promise, not another person was to be seen. He had placed two chairs for them behind a clump of laurels, and as the ballroom windows were down to the ground they could see plainly everything that took place.

Winifred saw Lady Grace Farquhar, robed in delicate satin and lace, standing with other ladies on a kind of a raised dais, receiving the guests as they entered with stately graciousness. Then she saw something that made her tremble and turn pale. Mr. Hastings entered the room, looking more handsome and courtly than she had even imagined, and on his arm sat Flora Champion, with the proud dignity of an empress.

A jealous pang shot through Winifred's heart at the sight, and when she saw Hastings bend down to Flora, and perceived the smile that was reflected back in his eyes, she clenched her teeth over her lip to keep back the tears of mortification. She turned to Madame de Montolieu and said, in quick, gasping tones: "It is enough—let us go!"

(To be continued.)

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS EXPERT TRICK RIDERS.

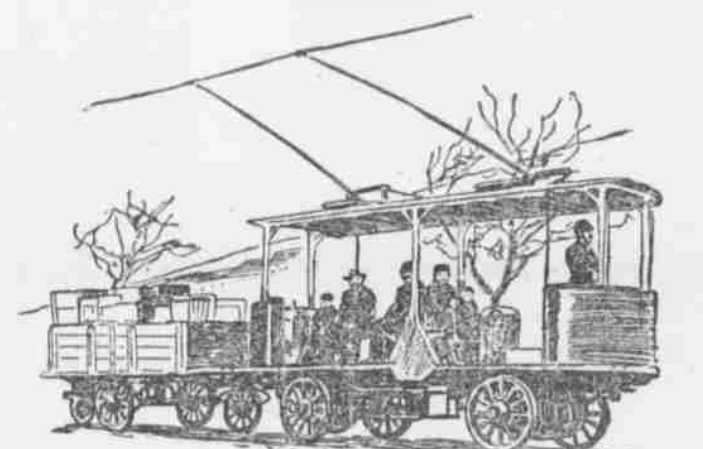


ROUGH RIDERS FORMING A PYRAMID.

The fact that Uncle Sam's soldiers do something beyond killing time or enemies, according to peace or war, at \$13 a month and rations, is not over-estimated in the average lay mind. That they do drill and work unceasingly and with daring intrepidity, was shown at the military tournament held at Madison Square Garden, New York. Among those who participated in the show were veteran regulars from a number of United States forts, guardsmen from local regiments, cadets from West Point, and boys from various military schools.

Competition for the honor of appearing at the New York show is always keen, but this is merely incident to the strenuous drill that every branch of the United States army takes regularly, day in and day out. The fact that the cavalry, while lacking the glitter and show of English or continental regiments, has attracted world-wide notice by reason of its rough riding ability and general mobility attests the success of the system in vogue with Uncle Sam's drill masters.

TRACKLESS TROLLEY CARS USED IN DRESDEN.



Dresden, Germany, comes to the front in this age of electrical wonders with the most startling novelty. It is a trackless trolley. As yet the proposition has hardly gone beyond the stage of experimentation, but tests already made are said to have proved its practicability. Auto-omnibuses, motor cars and trailer cars are already in use. As shown by the accompanying illustration, the vehicles are fitted out with a trolley pole similar to those in ordinary use, with the exception that they are so hinged as to give freedom of movement to the vehicle in any direction.

The steering is accomplished by an attachment to the front wheels of the front car. By means of the hinged pole the train can be turned aside for passing conveyances and can travel on either side of the road.

DETROIT'S WOMAN HERMIT IS A PUZZLE TO HER NEIGHBORS.

Miss Martha Minker, of Detroit, Mich., is famous in her native city because of the peculiar life she leads. She lives in a little shanty in an otherwise vacant lot on High avenue which she built herself and into which no one is ever permitted to enter. The lot in which the hut stands Martha has loaned out with a high wire fence made of bits of barb, telegraph, and



THE HERMIT'S CABIN.

every other kind of wire she could pick up.

What cooking she does is usually done over a bonfire built in the open air, and she uses empty cans picked up in her wanderings as cooking dishes.

Martha is reputed to be well fixed financially and is said to pay \$50 a year taxes on property in Sarnia, Canada.

She disappears at irregular intervals and is gone sometimes as long as two months, but no one has ever been able to discover what she does on these trips or where she goes. She is a source of unending speculation to her neighbors and many curious yarns are told of her.

The Cuckoo

The cuckoo is the subject of the oldest of English songs which have been preserved from the earlier part of the thirteenth century and is remarkable for being accompanied by musical notes, thus forming the oldest example of English secular music.

For the Babies.

The best lpecac is from Brazil.

Unless they are made at you, or you are the one who is making them, gooo eyes are the top notch of silliness.

Science AND Invention

In a test of the electro-magnetic cannon of Prof. Birkland, the Norwegian physicist, a twenty-two-pound projectile was made to penetrate to a depth of sixteen inches; and it is claimed that a projectile of 1,100 pounds could be discharged from a twelve-inch gun with a speed of more than two hundred yards per second, without flame or explosion. The special advantage is that projectiles can be discharged with a force that would destroy the gun if ordinary explosives were used.

The Hewitt mercury vapor lamp was recently exhibited in London, and the remarkable effects produced by its light upon the appearance of colored objects attracted a great deal of attention. A report in Nature says: "The light plays such pranks with color that the color sense seems to have gone crazy. One red thing will appear blue, another black, one blue thing blue, another brown; but the skin becomes ghastly." The color of a particular hue of crimson is gloriously enhanced. For any purpose where color is not of importance the light is pronounced beautiful, and its production is very economical.

A singular property of gelatine, when spread upon glass, has lately been experimented with by the French chemist, Calletet. When a thick layer of strong glue, that has been allowed to dry upon a glass surface, is detached, it carries off scales of glass and leaves designs resembling those of frost on a window pane. Polished marble and quartz are similarly attacked. With glue containing six per cent of alum Calletet produced five designs, resembling moss in texture. Hypophosphite of soda and nitrate and chloride of potash, added to the glue, produced analogous effects. The glue while drying exerts a powerful mechanical strain.

An earnest effort is now making to save and to restore the fast-disappearing forests of the United States by spreading scientific ideas and information about forest trees through educational centers. There are three higher schools of forestry in operation in this country—at Yale University, at Cornell University, and at Biltmore in North Carolina. The science of forestry is also taught in about 40 other educational establishments scattered throughout the States. Although the total forest area of the United States at present covers 700,000,000 acres, the stand of timber is only one-tenth as great as it would be in systematically managed forests.

It is prepared with oil and baked. Another dish is fritta, which means a fried food, usually brains, sweetbreads or croquettes fried in olive oil.

Cacido puchero is a dish that may mean any one of several different foods, since cacido puchero really means "boiled in an earthen pot." Alla cacido puchero is a dish composed of some kind of meat, Spanish peas and other vegetables boiled in an earthen pot. Garbanos, which are universally on the dinner table, are the common chick peas. And, as at breakfast, soup is the first course, one kind being in sopa de ajo, or garlic soup. It is made of water, oil, red pepper well ground and a little garof. Slices of bread are also put into it, and often poached eggs. It is a favorite dish with all classes. El arroz is Valenciana is a dish made of rice, ham, chicken, sausage, cookies, tomatoes and red peppers. In some Valenciana saffron is used in place of tomatoes. Gazpacho is a refreshing stimulant, it being composed of raw cucumber, onion, tomato and lettuce finely chopped up and passed through a sieve, there being added to it, vinegar, water and bits of bread. There are many other Spanish dishes which might be spoken of as "kitchen secrets," all of which are palatable at first or by acquiring the taste in a short time.

FIFTY MILLIONS EVERY YEAR.

Wealth Produced by the Territory of Arizona.

"The average Eastern man does not appreciate the possibilities of Arizona in a mining way, and while it is true the territory has received a great deal of advertising in the effort for statehood, much of it has been undesirable inasmuch as it came from men who were biased in their opinions," said H. T. Thorne, of Prescott, to a Washington Star man. "A slight investigation of the mining statistics of the territory, not even taking into account the lumber, cattle and agricultural interests, will show that the territory produces nearly \$50,000,000 in new wealth each year."

Arizona has a black eye among a certain class of investors, for we are not escaped the wildcat promoters of the East who were advertising many get-rich schemes at the expense of the territory. But where legitimate mining enterprises have been taken up and pushed I make the statement without fear of successful contradiction that the returns have been greater than in any other line of business. A trip through the mining districts would convince the business man that legitimate mining is the rule instead of the exception. Not before in the history of the territory has so much money been judiciously expended in the exploration and development of its mines.

"The most surprising thing now is the fact that Arizona is becoming recognized as a gold-producing country. The reputation of Arizona was made as a silver-producing country, and when the great silver slump came the miners turned their attention to prospecting for gold and have met with success. The prominence Arizona has attained in the mining world is due entirely to the hustling business men who have been at the head of the industry."

Arizona offers unlimited possibilities from an agricultural standpoint, and when irrigation is established by the government the possibilities will be unlimited. In the little land that has been cultivated around Prescott oranges, grapes and all kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables are raised. The soil is so fertile that when it does rain you can see vegetation literally jump out of the ground. The average temperature is about 50 in the winter and about 70 in the summer. Arizona will yet be a State of which the people of the United States will ever be proud."

Dogs Smell Death.

There's an old superstition that a howling dog in front of the house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. The physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within forty-eight hours of a patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of one case where he became aware of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease. The physician is far from attributing the peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.

An Exclusiveness Explained.

"You don't seem to mingle much with the friends of your early youth," said the visitor in a reproachful tone. "Are you ashamed of them?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Curox, stoutly, "but they wouldn't understand this cakewalk and vegetable party business that we're cultivating; and I don't want 'em to be ashamed of me."—Washington Star.

A Sermon on Money.

"No, my son," said the Billville parent, "money doesn't bring happiness; it only pays house rent and the grocery bill and makes the bailiff and the bill collector respect us six days in the week, while the person gives us the halleluia smile on Sunday."—Atlantic Constitution.

Beautiful Snow.

"I have brought you a poem on 'Beautiful Snow,'" faltered the thin young man. "On beautiful snow, is it?" said the busy editor; "well, there is a snow shower; take it out again."—Philadelphia Record.

No Danger There.

"That antique Miss Parsley told me yesterday that Dr. Edson says grip is caught through kissing."

"She's safe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some men never buy anything unless urged by an "agent." But when the woman needs things, they don't need to be urged or told, if they have the money.

Fever is ornery as prize fighters; it won't break clean.