

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.



CHAPTER VI.

Most of the guests had left Hasell Court; and only Lady Harold Eskine and Mr. Le Marchant remained. It was the fourth day since the hall, and Mr. Hastings was alone that evening. At seven o'clock he strolled toward the woods. He told himself he hoped he should not meet Miss Eyre; it would be awkward, and unpleasant; and yet he went in the direction that she always took on her return from the cottage, and at the very hour he knew she should pass. When Errol saw Winifred coming alone slowly and sadly through the woods he could no longer conceal from himself the delight he experienced in seeing her again.

Winifred appeared unconcerned of him until she came close to the gate, and then she looked up with an air of cool indifference that might have belittled the best-loved woman in Europe. Errol did not open the gate, but put his hand across to her. She affected not to see it. "Miss Eyre," he said, "will you not even take my hand?"

"No, I thank you," answered Winifred coldly; "I do not choose to be known one day and unnoticed the next."

"What do you mean, Miss Eyre? I do not understand you tonight." "I mean this, Mr. Hastings; we have met several times, and I was foolish enough to imagine that it was on equal terms until you reminded me by passing me unnoticed with your high-born friends, that you were the lord of the manor, and I only a transient stranger."

"I am not angry or bitter," she quickly replied, forcing back the rebellious tears. "Only what?"

"Do not torture me, Mr. Hastings," exclaimed Winifred. "It is cruel, unmanly of you. Let me go. I will not tell you. But you shall tell me," she said, keeping hold of her hand, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes that made her half afraid of him.

"I do not wish to tell you—you force me to it," she cried.

"I will not stir from here except you tell me."

"Winifred's voice was half choked with excitement as she answered: 'Then hear it. I hate you. You have been cruel, inconsiderate, unjust to me.'"

"Yes, you," she tried to make a simple, unadorned, country girl care for you, with your refinement and fascinations; and when you succeeded you despised her for her folly, and turned away from her contemptible simplicity to the woman who, from her birth and station, was worthy of your real love."

CHAPTER VII.

The next evening just as Errol Hastings and his friends had finished dinner, a servant brought in a note to the master. It was from Winifred Eyre, and read as follows:

"You will perhaps guess that only very urgent need induced me to hold communication with you after what passed last night. Your words were overheard by Mr. Fenner, an intentional spy, whom a short time since I refused to marry. He came to me this afternoon, and threatens that if I still persist in my refusal to become his wife he will publish the story to the neighborhood. I ask of you to find some means of action that will insure the silence of this man, and protect me from a marriage which I dread more than death. Mr. Fenner insists on my answer being given in three days. If you have one dupable of generosity left, you will help me."

As Errol read the note an imprecation burst from his lips that made both his friends look up suddenly.

"Why, Errol?" exclaimed Mr. Le Marchant.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling; "I was rather annoyed at the moment. A letter from a refractory tenant."

"Ah!" said Arthur Le Marchant, with a smiling glance at the envelope which lay on the table. "Many tenants are always the most troublesome."

All the evening Mr. Hastings seemed absent and unusually silent, and when the two other men went out for a stroll on the terrace he did not join them.

"I have some business to transact, and will follow you."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"I don't know," he said, "but he seemed quite mad about it, and talked like a fool. I thought perhaps it was only Fenner. I thought perhaps it was only talk, though, because he sets such a deal on Miss Eyre."

"Send Hawkins to my room at ten o'clock to-morrow," said Mr. Hastings; "I want to ask him about the partridges; and Mr. Hastings rose and went to join his friends on the terrace."

—that was the poachers' doing." Mr. Hastings did not answer for the moment; but his eyes were fixed on Fenner's face. The miserable coward took courage from his opponent's silence, and tried to force a sneer.

"I suppose you thought to trump up some lie against me," he continued; "but a fine gentleman's word isn't quite enough in these days to transport an honest man."

"No," acquiesced Errol, quietly; "it wants proof."

"You, echoed Fenner, 'it wants proof.' 'I shall give it first to you or the magistrates?' asked Mr. Hastings, coolly. 'I know nothing about it; it's a trumped-up lie. I defy you!' cried the farmer, savagely."

Mr. Hastings kept his temper admirably; he did not even raise his voice.

"Stop a moment," he said; "I have something to tell you, if any of your details are correct. The gamekeeper, White, had a very pretty sister called Solly, who was a seamstress, and worked for your mother."

Fenner started uneasily.

"You promised to marry her," proceeded Mr. Errol, coolly. "I appealed to you to keep your word, and you laughed in her face. She turned in her misery to her brother, and he met you and thrashed you in the lanes. Is it not so?"

Fenner's teeth chattered, but he did not speak.

MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR POLITICIANS IN POSITION OF UNITED STATES SENATOR.

J. INGALLS, of Kansas, once stated that the office of United States Senator was the most attractive post under the government—the supreme prize of American politics—the Presidency not excepted. Mr. Ingalls was not the only man who held that opinion. In the close-room of the Senate a few days ago the reasons why the office of Senator was such a desirable position were subject of an animated discussion between a group of Senators.

"One of the reasons that the office is so much sought after," said a Western Senator, "is that its comparative lack of tenure gives service in the upper branch of Congress a powerful charm for men of ambition. Its desirability may be inferred from the action of many of the Legislatures in the last few months which had Senators to elect. Within the last few weeks Platt, of New York; Fairbanks, of Indiana; Spooner, of Wisconsin; Teller, of Colorado; Platt, of Connecticut, and Allison, of Iowa, were re-elected for the term beginning this year."

"The only instance known of a man resigning his seat in the Senate to enter the House was that furnished by Henry Clay. The relative attractiveness of the two branches of Congress has radically changed since that time, however, and there are several reasons why the post of a Senator is far more desirable than that of a Representative, although the salary is no greater."

"The post of Senator carries with it a social prestige which is wanting in that of a Representative. The term is much longer, the chamber is smaller, and, therefore, each of its members is able to command a greater share of the country's attention than falls to the lot of the average Representative. In addition to this the scope of the Senator's activity because of its power over treaties and Presidential nominations is broader than that of the House; it has been able to usurp, through its power of amendment, the prerogative primarily belonging to the House of originating revenue bills, and the freedom of debate which it enjoys gives a chance for all of its members to assert themselves. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why lawyers of the first rank, like Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, enjoying a lucrative practice in their respective States, have been willing to give up their large private income to accept a seat in the Senate, which pays but a small fraction of the money they could undoubtedly earn on the outside."

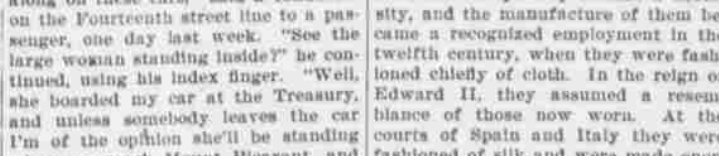
"It may also account for the fact that men of the very highest talent and reputation have been anxious to accept Senatorial honors in cases where their private income is sufficient to place them above the ordinary struggles of life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MINGLING OF DELICATE AND AUSTERE EFFECTS IN THE HIGH TURN-OVER COLLARS.



A mingling of delicate and austere effects shows in the new high turn-over linen collars which are ornamented with embroidered or woven-in dots in white or color and a single or double row of hemstitching about the edges. Other linen turnover collars come in uncompromising plainness. Some of the models have a perpendicular buttonhole near the edge of each flap in front. Through these buttonholes a link clasp is slipped. Low rolling Byron collars are popular for sporting costumes, as they permit perfect freedom for the throat and at the same time have a neat, trim appearance. A linen collar which has attained popularity in Paris is a stiff, clerical band, fastening with two studs at the back. The scarf is tied about the base of the collar. The tie which is, as a rule, worn with the stiff linen collar is the long scarf of soft silk crêpe or the new linen gauze. Long scarfs are the prevailing neckties. There are, indeed, comparatively few stiff mannish ties to wear with linen collars. Even ascots are softly crossed or the ends merely looped over each other. The Windsor tie, with its loose, free bow or soft knot, is a favorite.

NO RACE SUICIDE IN THIS FAMILY.



MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WEBER AND CHILDREN.

Oscar Weber, of Atlantic City, proves his belief in the "Roosevelt theory" by striving to pound out a living as a cabinet maker for a family of thirteen children, ten of whom are boys. By strict attention to detail and indomitable ambition Weber has succeeded in giving all of them educational advantages and none of them has gone to bed hungry. The oldest child has reached the advanced age of 25, and the youngest is half past three. Weber was born in Saxony and his wife is a Bohemian, but neither of them is worrying on that account. In fact they are both well satisfied with the institutions of their adopted country. The accompanying picture of the family is a chip shy, as one child was away from home when the camera was trained on the group.

No Street Car Seats for Her.

"Lots of funny things happen right along on these cars," said a conductor on the Fourteenth street line to a passenger, one day last week. "See the large woman standing inside?" he continued, using his index finger. "Well, she boarded my car at the Treasury, Edward II. they assumed a resemblance of those now worn. At the courts of Spain and Italy they were fashioned of silk and were made enormously large."

Lessons from the Bee.

The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work. He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Hees obey and love the queen who rules them. They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time if he can help it. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee. They show much sympathy or kind feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him. They are very early risers. They delight in fresh air. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.

Science and Invention

BETTING ON WATCHES.

Advice of a Jeweler Who Decides the Wagers.

In the windows of nearly all the big retail jewelry stores down town chronometers have become the most valuable part of the window display.

Two prosperous-looking men, after comparing watches the critic, with one of these chronometers, was sent to go inside the store and a few minutes later to reappear. As they did so one of the men passed a roll of bills to the other. Then they laughed, shook hands, and separated.

The jeweler stood inside and smiled. "It's funny," he said, "how many people there are in this world who have the betting fever and how foolishly they risk their money. These two men are samples. Before the day is over I've no doubt half a dozen more will be in to get me to decide similar bets. Every day we have some."

"What did they bet on? Why, on the nearness of their watches to the correct time. Of course, two men who make such a bet have the betting hunch to begin with. Then they're also stuck on the watches they carry."

"There was the difference of two seconds between the watches in the case you just noticed, but on that \$25 changed hands. I've known it to be as high as a hundred."

"The difference between any two watches is rarely less than a half second. It's generally more. But when a bet is made men generally want the jeweler to decide it, and, of course, we're always willing. I guess quite a few thousands have changed hands on my decisions by this time."

"A man will get a watch abroad and pay big money for it. He'll meet a friend who has bought one of the crack American watches, and if they've got the sporting instinct a bet will almost invariably follow a comparison of the watches."

"Perhaps both men have set their watches that day or the day before, and so are willing to wager all the money they've got with them, and that's often a big roll."

"When one of them finds that his watch, instead of being almost with the chronometer, is, say, twenty-five seconds out he's the most surprised man in the world."

"A man who bets on a watch, although he may think he's betting on the surest thing in the world, is betting on something more uncertain than a race horse. You can tell generally when the horse isn't going to run well, but you can't tell that about your watch."

"I wouldn't bet on the correctness of my time from here to the next block. In just that distance the mainspring might develop the weakness that no test thus far devised can detect when it's made, and your watch is off. Then you lose your money if you're foolish enough to bet on what you thought was a sure thing."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FEARS CONDUCTOR'S PUNCH.

Messenger Boy Who "Flips" Street Cars Is Getting Wary.

The street-car conductor's punch is becoming the nemesis of the messenger boys who "flip" the cars. The conductor snatches a cap from a messenger carrier's head, punches a hole in the visor, and the work is done. That little hole in the bill of the cap is a tell-tale mark, and when the employers see it they know the boy has been hitting on to the street cars.

The use of the punch for tagging the "flippers" has made the youngsters deadly enemies of the street-railway men, and has incidentally enriched the curbstone vernacular by two picturesque names. One is "nickel snatcher," a name given to the conductor, and the other is "wire biter," as the messengers have dubbed the gripman.

The other night three "flippers" were "biting on" to a North Clark street cable car. While one of the boys was watching the conductor the gripman reached out his long arm and lifted the boy's cap from his head. He handed the cap to the conductor, saying: "Put your mark on it."

"Now, gimme it," yelled the boy. "Doncher punch it. You want to get me fixed? I ain't done nothing!"

The conductor set the jaws of the punch over the visor, and the messenger set up a wall. He knuckled his eyes and cried like a baby.

The conductor placed the boy's cap back on his head, took him by the coat collar, and set him down in the street. When he was safely out of the clutches of the "nickel snatcher," he called the conductor, he lifted his cap off his head and carefully examining it to see if the punch had taken out a bite. When he saw it was right he clapped it back on his head and "bitched on" to the rear end of the last car, yelling "wire biter" and "nickel snatcher" at the gripman and conductor.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A New-angled Alarm Clock.

A Philadelphia has devised a novel arrangement of alarm clock and phonograph combined, which not only wakes him in the morning, but tells him why he should arise. The spring which starts the alarm starts a moment later a phonographic attachment, which says: "Get up, you lazy loafer! It's 7 o'clock!"

Goat Worse Than Wooden Legs.

"There's a poor man at the door, sir, as two wooden legs, sir, and I says, sir, would you be good enough, sir, to..."

"You go back and tell the poor man with the two wooden legs that he's blamed lucky. Tell him I've got the goat in both feet."—Boston Globe.

Aluminum.

Aluminum is superior to any stone for sharpening cutlery.

Don't look for praise; the more praise you get, the harder the reaction will be.

Some people are so mean that they can insult with a compliment.