

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

The morning after Mr. Hastings' visit, a letter came to Mr. Clayton, announcing that one of his bailiffs was supposed to have told him of a considerable extent of the man himself had no idea that he was suspected. Francis Clayton was beside himself, but, instead of venturing against the delinquent, he would content himself to have his transported wife and children should be reduced to shame and beggary!

"I had I should have to go back to England," he told his wife, "I shall leave you here, and remain for you in a week or ten days."

"Oh, do take me with you, Francis," said the little hypocrite, pretending to look disappointed.

"What! I tell you it is not convenient!"

"But what am I to do if you go? I cannot go to all these balls and dinners we are engaged to, alone."

"Nonsense, Madame de St. Geran will chaperon you if you still want a chaperon," added the agreeable husband, with a smile. "She knows every friend and acquaintance we have in Paris."

Madame de St. Geran was an old friend and friend of Francis Clayton's, and she had for some reason tolerated what she called "her English heir." Francis Clayton, assuming the privileges of an old friend, had her more unfashionably early visit, and she received him in a demure of elegant simplicity in her own boudoir, and was most graciously pleased to accede to his request.

"Tell Madame your wife," she said, in parting, "that I shall have the honor to call for her to take her to the opera and afterward to the ball given by the Duchess de Beaucour."

And Francis Clayton bent over her hand and kissed it in a manner that might have edified and astonished Madame de St. Geran. Then he returned to the hotel, delivered the message to Fée, bade her good-by, and kissing her coldly, jumped into his brougham, which was in attendance to convey him to the station.

Madame de St. Geran called for Mrs. Clayton at the appointed time, and they spent two hours very pleasantly at the opera, during which several gentlemen of their acquaintance dropped in to see them, and paid their court to either lady, as taste or diplomacy suggested. Once or twice the French lady looked curiously at her lovely companion, who for once was as bright and sparkling as in the olden days.

"How is it possible," she thought, "for a man to be indifferent to a creature so divine?"

They had seen enough of the opera, and their carriage being called, they drove off to the ball. In the first room Mrs. Clayton met with Mr. Hastings. She took his arm, and they joined the dancers.

"My husband is away," she whispered, "and I shall dance tonight to my heart's content. If he were here he would not let me."

The dance was over, and they were wandering together through the magnificent conservatories that led from the ballroom. Suddenly Mr. Hastings felt his companion's hand tremble, and he looked down quickly into her face. It was crimson with blushes. The words, "Are you ill?" were on his lips, but at that moment he caught sight of Col. d'Aguiar advancing, and he discreetly silent. A quick glance, an unobtrusive look between them, and they both moved on. When Mrs. Clayton returned to find Madame de St. Geran, Col. d'Aguiar formed one of the knot of men who stood talking with her. They were obliged to speak then; and against her better judgment, against her own resolve, she went back to the ballroom on his arm. They were perfectly discreet, their conversation was simply such that the nearest acquaintances might have held; the danger was in the fascination the presence of each had for the other. She did not dance with him any more than she did with Mr. Hastings; but when she went home she reproached herself bitterly for the time she had spent in his society, while she never gave a single thought to Erol's happiness.

It was three weeks before Mr. Clayton returned to Paris for his wife, and during that time she met Col. d'Aguiar almost every day.

Fée wanted to do her duty—wanted with all her might. If Francis Clayton had been a little kinder and forbearing to her, she would never have suffered a thought even to be false to him. But he was cruel, tyrannical and suspicious, and she would she almost hated him. Now and then she would make a great effort, and strive to be good and patient and keep from quarrelling with him, but he was so harsh and ill-tempered that her design always failed. She was making fresh resolves as she sat looking pensively into the fire, on this particular morning, but all of a sudden her thoughts were most unexpectedly put to flight by the abrupt entrance of her husband.

"Francis!" she exclaimed, rising and kissing him.

"Yes, I suppose you did not expect me. What a wretched fire! I am almost frozen, and the room is as cold as death. Ring the bell and order me some lunch!"

A terrible fear seized on Fée. If he was angry and jealous about Mr. Hastings, what would he say when he knew that during his absence she had been constantly in the society of Col. d'Aguiar? She had never fully realized her imprudence until this moment. What could she do? If she told him, he would be very violent; if she concealed it, and he became aware of it, the consequences might be terrible. "It is better to get it off my mind at once," she determined.

"Mr. Hastings was here this morning, dear. He came to wish me good-by."

"In anticipation of my return, I suppose?"

"Really, Francis, I have scarcely common patience with you. What a poor opinion you must have of yourself to be so suspicious! Mr. Hastings is going to England on business, and Col. d'Aguiar is going with him."

"d'Aguiar?" cried Francis Clayton, starting, "has he been here?"

"Yes."

"And you have met him?"

"Yes."

"And spoken to him?"

"And danced with him?"

"I plead guilty to that also," answered Fée, trying to speak gayly. She was accustomed to violent outbursts from her husband, but the passionate violence he gave way to on this occasion surpassed anything she had ever witnessed.

He said such terrible things to her,

the entrance of Lady Grace. She was very glad to see him, and asked him why he had not been over before, and a thousand questions about his travels. They had been talking some twenty minutes when the door opened, and to his surprise Miss Eyre entered, with an air of perfect unconcern. Lady Grace, evidently not knowing they had seen each other that day, introduced them. They bowed coldly.

"Though I think you have met before," her ladyship remarked, interrogatively.

"Mr. Hastings called once at the Farm to see my father about something. We did not meet as equals," and she gave him a defiant flash of her proud eyes.

Her ladyship pressed Mr. Hastings to dine and stay the night at Endon Vale, but he pleaded an engagement at home. She insisted, however, on his taking lunch before departing, and to that he consented. During lunch his ladyship discussed her projects for the coming season.

"I am about to appear in a new role," she said, with a kind glance at Winifred; "that of chaperon. I am going to bring out my adopted daughter, and I trust she will not disappoint my expectations."

"Miss Eyre will, I doubt not, more than realize the fondest anticipations," said Mr. Hastings.

"Sir Clayton has taken a house in Eaton Square for the season," she explained; "we propose to commence occupying it in a fortnight. I hope we shall see you constantly. You are, I am sure, glad to hear of Erol."

"I propose to be in town a good deal, and have taken a set of rooms in Piccadilly."

"Sir Clayton's voice made itself heard at this juncture, almost for the first time. "Are you going back to the Court this afternoon, Hastings?"

Erol answered in the affirmative.

"Then Miss Eyre and I will bear you company part of the way. We have ordered the horses for three o'clock."

Winifred felt her lip with vexation; and Mr. Hastings saw it, and would have excused himself had it been possible.

The horses came round; he offered to mount her.

"No, thank you," she said, coldly; "I like to be put up by some one whose skill I have tested."

She seemed to delight in wounding him. She kept persistently on the other side of Sir Clayton, and a gasp, from which only they were saved, came from which the two top railings had been broken.

"Come, Winifred," said Sir Clayton, "there is a capital piece of practice for you." The groom had gone up to unfasten it. "Don't open it, Mason," shouted the baronet. "Miss Eyre is going to leap it."

And Winifred immediately put her horse at it, and was over in a moment.

"Does she sit well?" Sir Clayton asked, triumphantly, turning to his companion.

"Harold! Erskine taught her to ride!"

Erol's reply had been more sensible than it would have been if the last sentence had been unspoken. But, nevertheless, he admired the graceful figure before him very ardently and genuinely. When they parted, Sir Clayton pressed him to dine there the following week. Before he answered, he looked at Winifred, whose gaze was fixed blankly in the distance.

"I will make her love me," he vowed, impatiently, and he accepted the invitation.

(To be continued.)

PORTUGUESE HOTEL CLOCKS.

Their Irritating Influence Upon Strangers Trying to Sleep.

It is the fashion for Portuguese clocks to strike the hour twice over. Heaven only knows why, for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus of its flight. The habit is apt to be irritating, especially in the night, when your bed (like enough a straw mattress and a bean pillow) chances to be under one of these monsters, which rings its four and twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which merely stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works (and the supposition is reasonable), they will, of course, differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking with intervals, during a mad-dening half-hour.

You may happen to want to know badly which of the monsters is the least meddlesome, and the bells at your bed head communicate with two servants, one a Gallego and the other a Portuguese. In such a case ring for the despised stranger without hesitation.

He will be with you in a minute, fresh and smiling, though half-undressed, and if he disturbs you in any way, and the clocks, he will not mind saying so, and will hasten to awaken the landlord himself rather than that you should remain in doubt. I regret to add that his more courteous fellow servant will more probably say whatever first comes to his tongue, more heedful of his own comfort than of your desires. Thus is the installation of the Gallego waiter in Portugal justified, as that of the German-Swiss with us—Chambers' Journal.

The Wandering Shade.

As I wandered down the street I noticed that the said street was paved with divers and many bowlders which doubtless were the remains of some ancient fortification. They were rough and full of seams and ridges, and valleys, and I marvelled greatly how a people of this otherwise progressive modern city stood for it.

Just then a passing vehicle caught my fancy.

"Gadooks and by dern!" thought I, "but methinks I will have a ride; for not since the days when we rode in sedan chairs and upon joggly war horses have I ridden save on the wings of a thin mist."

So I climbed upon the wagon and smiled a ghostly smile of rare contentment.

"By castor and jing!" quoth I, "but this is the real thing!"

Just then, however, we struck another of the bowldered places, and, alas! my spectral spine was driven into my ancient and honorable skull so that I was forced to fade away swiftly and recognizably.

For, by my halldont nothing of the days of yore was ever so soul-destroying as the things I sat upon in this modern city—San Francisco Bulletin.

Raise Pay of Employees.

The New Zealand government is raising the wages of its railway employees to the extent of \$100,000.

The average savings bank deposit in this country is more than \$400; in all European countries it is about \$100.

MA'S MASTERPIECE.



Sum years ago there came to town, a teacher folks ter paint, A feller with sum colors an' a picter of a saint. (A sample of the kind o' work ter be peddled by each o' the favored individuals he undertook ter teach.) He cum ter us a canvass-an', an' ma, she tumbled quiet. He looked so sorter Frenchy-like an' talked so gib an' slick. She bought o' him sum Paris paints, an' he'dn't worked a week afore she got ter talkin' 'bout 'feelin' an' 'tick-ack-ack.' An' she brought us hum a picter, as I guess they allus does—Her "masterpiece," she called it, an' I calculate it wuz.

I donno what the subjec' wuz, it didn't hev no name, But 'twas 'bout one-quarter picter an' the other three wuz fame. An' we hung it in the settin' room, conspicuous to all Admirlin' acquaintances who happened in ter call. Wall, pa o' course he figgered ma wuz 'bout the best on earth. An' he utter ak'er regular what she thought the thing wuz worth. An' it really wuz amusin' ter observe the modest way That ma wud turn an' answer him, with "Fifty dollars, say?" An' pa wud settle back an' smile, an' squint ter beat the cars, A takin' in the beauties o' that masterpiece o' ma's.

A year ago we pulled up stakes an' auctioned everything. An' we figgered quite extensive what that masterpiece wud bring. Pa didn't want ter let it go, but ma said times wuz hard. So we put it with the other goods piled up round the yard. The time they wuz a sellin' it I climbed the fence ter see. An' I tells you, I cum mighty nigh a fallin' off the fence. When I heard the feller holler, "Goin'—gone, for fifteen cents!" Pa he'dn't fairly sorted out another bargain, when But he hustled to the front an' bought ter picter back again.

Wall, ma, o' course she see the joke wuz mostly all on her; But pa, he 'lowed such incidents wuz likely ter occur. He said a prophet never yet wuz worth a straw ter hur An' he 'lowed the greatest picters allus brought the smallest sum He told us 'bout the "Angelin," an' how the thing wuz sold. For nothin' most, when it wuz new, an' thousands when 'twas old, An' added, sorter spunky-like, that now he knew fer sure 'Twas a masterpiece, an' no mistake, an' eighteen carat pure! So when we left the farm behind, an' druv ter take ter cars, The only thing pa carried wuz that masterpiece o' ma's—William Cary Duncan, in Farm and Home.

OUR VALUABLE FORESTS AND THE INDUSTRIES TO WHICH THEY GIVE RISE.

NEXT to agriculture the forest industries stand in the order of importance to the people of the United States. The list of these industries, given by Ernest Bruncken in North American Forests and Forestry, is too long to transcribe in full, but a few of the forest products may be mentioned: Fencing material of all kinds, telegraph poles, long logs for piles under the foundations of buildings, railroad ties, hop poles, bean poles, Christmas trees. These and various other products of the woods have the peculiarity that even in this age of machinery they are chiefly supplied by the labor of individuals armed simply with ax and hand-saw.

Charcoal-making is a forest industry which employs not a little capital and a great many workmen. The making of wood alcohol and other products of dry distillation is an increasing business. The ancient industry of making pitch and the like is flourishing in many parts of the Southern pine regions, as is the making of turpentine, which is produced mostly from the long-leaved pine of the South.

Modern industrial civilization has added a number of entirely new forms of utilizing forest products. One of these is the making of excelsior, the narrow strips of shavings which everybody now knows as a packing material. The making of boxes of all kinds has opened a market for many kinds of wood, such as poplar, which was formerly considered quite worthless.

The most astonishing case of the rise of a new industry is the making of wood pulp for paper, which was quite in its infancy twenty years ago, but now produces goods of the value of more than a hundred million dollars annually.

A very important product of forest industry is bark for tanning purposes. By far the most important tree of this kind in North America is the hemlock. The hemlock industry furnishes a striking illustration of how the American forests have been drawn into the circle of the world's commerce. One of the centers of tan-bark production is the eastern portion of central and northern Wisconsin. Within a few years large tanneries have been set up in the very midst of the forest, and raw hides are brought there from Argentina to be treated with the bark of the trees growing near by.

The most primitive of all forest industries still remains one of the most important of all. That is the cutting and consumption of fire-wood. For instance, the management of the celebrated Biltmore forest in North Carolina has, during recent years, made enough out of the sale of fire-wood to pay the considerable expense of managing that property according to silvicultural methods.

ONCE A SLAVE.

He is Now a Respected Judge in the State of Wisconsin.

The current discussion over the measure of political rights which should be accorded to the negro gives a special significance to the election of a judge to the Wisconsin of a colored man, in the history of the State. The position might be more correctly defined as that of a justice of the peace, a judicial office requiring no legal training, but a highly important one, nevertheless, for justices' courts come nearer to the people than any other judicial bodies, and where presided over by the right kind of men are a tremendous influence for law and order. The chief requirements for a presiding magistrate in one of these courts are good common sense, a well-balanced judgment, and an impartial mind. Such are said to be the qualifications of J. C. Perkins, who a few weeks ago was elected judge of the local court in the town of Shelby, near the city of La Crosse, Wis. Judge Perkins was born in slavery in 1840, five miles from Holly, Miss., and at the outbreak of the war went into the Confederate army as the servant of Maj. Perkins, whose name he assumed. In 1863 he joined the Union army and was in the battles of Shiloh, Gunntown and Nashville, besides many minor skirmishes. Judge Perkins went to Chicago at the close of the war and later opened a barber shop in Galena, Ill. Later he removed to Milwaukee and entered the Turkish bath business. He met Gen. Grant during the war, and when President Roosevelt visited La Crosse, April 4, he was the



J. C. PERKINS.

THE OTHER MAN'S HOUSE.

HOME at last! Geip and umbrelia dropped from the girl's hands. For the last four days she had sat in her Pullman section, picturing this home-coming, and now that it was a deed accomplished she could have cried as she hugged the hideous old marble lion that guarded the steps.

Safely home! Yes; but explanations would be in order; and from the absence of lights it would seem that her father was dining out! Well! A shrug; a laugh; and she ran up the steps.

The hall was unobscured; the same carved chairs, the same lounge by the staircase. The last time she had slid down those banisters Hardwick Holden had caught her as she tumbled up against the post at the bottom, and laughed aloud over her performance.

A step sounded on the upper stairs, taken a cough. "Master's out," an involuntary sound she remarked; and Bess darted through the nearest door. The voice was a strange one, and she was not prepared to make explanations to new servants.

She laughed again as she tiptoed into the half lit library. What right had father to break into her plans this way by being out? What would he think of her crossing the continent alone? What would other people think?—Aunt Annie—and Hardwick Holden, for instance. Hardwick had no business to think anything; she had not come to see him!

Bess smiled serenely; but the security changed. What ailed the library? Mother's picture had been taken down, and the table—and the dear old library table was gone! She had sat on that table when she was a little and played checkers with father during the black, creepy hours of 6 and 7. In later years she had sat there and wept over her first geometry problems, which father in despair had tried to solve for her, and couldn't; and life had been a howling wilderness to them both until Hardwick brought sage counsel and arranged to come in evenings and help her. That table would have to come back; it shouldn't be pushed aside; it stood for a big slice of home. And the dear, old, beautiful times were all going to come back, too.

Yes, everything would be perfect now. Bess decided as she smoothed her hair; for Hardwick had so much tact. Tact! Supposing Hardwick should consider it necessary to keep out of the way! If he once made up his mind to it, he could be empty, invisible, even if his great, empty, lonely house were only across the street. She knew that of old; it had happened once when, among other things, she had told him to mind his own business; and the time that followed had not been a pleasant one.

The room had become uncomfortably hot, and Bess pulled off her jacket with a sense of injury. He needn't have been so stupid as to write on to New York three months before and ask her to marry him.

The next moment she was scrambling her belongings together and had slipped into the chabby hole of a room adjoining the library; for the step that had first sent her flying into the library was abroad in the hall.

Ten minutes later Bess was roused by the sarcastic comment, "Don't let me disturb you. Take your own time."

This must be a new butler. "Look here—no!" Bess began, sharply; but the man interrupted.

"Oh, I see. All right. A precious mess you've made. Did these rags come out of that drawer?" He picked them up. "Look as though they might have been a sunbonnet once. Master'll be mortal angry over this."

Bess stamped her foot.

"Master?"

"Young woman, more'n likely you'll go to the lock-up—"

But just then a voice outside the door interrupted— a voice that was well known to her.

"What is it, Roberts?"

"Please, sir, this young person—"

"Yes, I see. You can go, Roberts."

"Shall I go for the police?" Roberts asked, hopefully.

"No! Get out, will you?"

Roberts vanished. Then Hardwick Holden came forward, hesitated, stopped. Something in the girl's eyes forced further approach.

"If you were so terribly anxious to get rid of these—these things"—her voice was little more than a whisper as she pointed to the littered desk and floor—"why couldn't you have sent the letters to me when I was in New York—instead of sending them back home?"

"Bess, how did you get in?" he asked, bewildered.

"I have a latchkey, of course."

"And the desk? I thought it was locked." Hardwick said, uncertainly.

"It's my desk. Don't you suppose I have the key to it?"

She laughed; but he came forward with an exclamation of dismay.

"Bess, did you tear up that sunbonnet?" He snatched the pink tatters from the table.

"Yes, and I burned up the collection of dried flowers in the old ether pocketbook you used to carry; and also the butt of the riding whip I threw away two years ago on Pine Ridge and have never seen since—until to-night. I had begun on the letters—"

"she went on with growing scorn; but he interrupted.

"Bess, what right had you to do that?"

"To save father the trouble of carrying for them any longer."

"He has nothing to do with it. These things are mine!"

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at him. "Considering the fact that this rubbish was sent here to our house—"

"she began, slipshodly; then, "Where's father?" she burst out.

Hardwick walked over and kicked the androus. Then he came back again.

HORSE THAT SHOWED SORROW.

Repented the Cost of a Moment of Folly.

An incident which may serve as an illustration of "horse sense" was witnessed last winter by a number of Brooklyn gentlemen who were on their way to the railroad station. When within a few yards of the building they noticed a large gray horse belonging to a brewer, whose stables are in the rear of the depot. It was plain that he had escaped from his stall, as the stableman was making vain efforts to catch him.

He would not be caught. He had stolen a few moments to cut up pranks in the snow; and with head up and mane flying, he was throwing the snow into the air with his hind feet, and snorting with delight.

He was not alone in his enjoyment. A beautiful Scotch collie belonging to the same man, and no doubt the stable friend of the horse, joined in the fun, now jumping at the horse's mane, and now at his tail. It looked for all the world like two schoolboys, overflowing with wild life and spirits, who had escaped from an overheated classroom and embraced the opportunity to frolic in the snow.

But the dog's pleasure was brought to a sudden end. The iron-shod heels flew out and met an unintentional victim. It was pitiful to hear the dog's moans of pain, as he lay in the snow ten feet away. The stableman ran forward and carried him into the office. Then came the display of "horse sense."

The old gray, when he heard the painful yelps, instantly stopped in his antics, and with neck extended and nose almost touching the ground, walked after the man, and stood motionless while the dog was laid on a blanket in the office; then he turned toward the stall. His gait was now as if he were drawing a heavy load. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, his head was lowered, his steps were slow and heavy. He remained perfectly still while the driver put on the harness for the day's toil. A more moving or convincing picture of repentance would be hard to find. The men who watched him felt sure that he was saying to himself: "What a fool I was to do that! The few minutes of fun have been the means of injuring my poor friend. I'm sorry!"—Youth's Companion.