

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montolieu. Lady Grace was sitting there, too. She looked both at her and at the letter in her hand. "You bring the letter in with you, my child," said the old French lady; "you are as fresh as a rose and your face is so common, dear madame—it makes one feel fresh. Did you both have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I had you have got the picture into such order that they are as good as finished. At least Evans gives me all the credit."

"He wants to see you drive them in the park," resumed Lady Grace, "he says with a new set of harness, and he says in the front seat, there would not be a more elegant turnout in London."

"Fancy such a horse and state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half grave, half ironic.

Lady Grace took her hand and drew her toward herself.

"My dear, what all you do to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you say these things before. Has Mr. Hastings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever offend you?"

"Offend me? Lady Grace—how should he? He was far above me when we met before."

But her voice trembled, and she hurried from the room.

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know if anything ever passed between them that should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"

Madame de Montolieu hesitated.

"I should not feel justified in telling this to anyone else, but you have an interest as much as heart as I have. The summer before last, when he first came home, they met by accident. He was handsome and fascinating, and, I believe, the first man of his kind and breeding she ever met with. No wonder, then, the poor little child fell in love with him. Somehow they met again, and he made an excuse to call at the farm, and she was at home alone. I dare say he took a fancy to her, large-eyed, graceful child as she was, and flattered and talked to her as none of the world will. She mistook it for love for a romantic devotion, not that she was foolish little brain had conceived might be possible between a great gentleman like the master of Hazell Court, and her own little self. I wanted her—I wanted to spare her the heartache—the misery that such a decision might cause her, but, poor child! she was so honest, so true herself, she could not believe the man she worshipped as a hero could be capable of what she deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."

"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace said. "Twice to-day I saw him look at her as if he should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet—you may be right, for I remember fancying there was a tinge of regret in his expression."

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Harold Reakine had never been to stay at Endon Vale since Winifred had lived there, and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—she had kept the man whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed heavily as she laid it down. Winifred understood what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they were alone and said:

"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me."

"Do not think, my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that. He fears his presence might make you uneasy."

"Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "why should you—why should he think of me? Am I not here from your kindness and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me, but he will have forgotten me now, and why should we not meet as if such a thing had never happened?"

"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and she wrote to him that very day, begging him to come.

The next day he arrived, to his aunt's great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected. The restraint wore off, and they relaxed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.

Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Errol Hastings was at the Court he betook himself at once to see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.

"I shall most likely sleep at the Court to-night, aunt, and we will ride over together to-morrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"

"Of course, my dear," said Lord Harold. "The day seemed a little dull to Winifred after he had gone. She dreaded seeing Mr. Hastings again, particularly before Lord Harold; and then she wondered if her name would be mentioned between the two men, and if so, what they would say to her. Mr. Hastings had an unpleasant recollection of Mr. Clayton's remarks about Miss Eyre's flirtation with Lord Harold Reakine, and an uncomfortable sense of the latter's present golden opportunities; and Lord Harold remembered that a miserable marriage; that she had bargained all her possessions for an inadequate value; and that she almost, if not quite, hated the man whose name she bore."

Winifred had not been five hours in her friend's house before she was aware that Errol had made a miserable marriage; that she had bargained all her possessions for an inadequate value; and that she almost, if not quite, hated the man whose name she bore.

During the time that Winifred stayed at the Court, she had plenty of opportunity of observing how this ill-assorted couple lived. Francis Clayton's manner to his wife was in itself an offense, almost every word he addressed to her contained a covert sneer, and he seemed to find no greater pleasure than in thwarting her wishes and contradicting her orders.

Winifred detested him, and was systematically cold and repellent in her manner toward him. He saw it, and laughed secretly to himself.

"Little fool!" he thought, contemptuously; "she assumes these airs of virtuous indignation with huge propriety. Perhaps the simplest thinks that I am in love with her!"

He rebuked his attentions on seeing that they annoyed her. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of my singing, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."

"My dear Miss Eyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I'm afraid your temper is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's example; miss Eyre suffered already from her husband's influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them.

(To be continued.)

MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA.

They Are Many and Active, and One Is a Monster in Size.

"You may talk about your mosquitoes up here in the North," said a resident of Hazell Court, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bays, you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture."

There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noxious swamp bays, and no matter which kind samples you try for it will seem that no other kind could bite quite so bad as that one. There are gray mosquitoes—long, gaunt, wolfish-looking fellows—reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is one we call a gallinipper down there, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spread of wing an inch wide, and a kit in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.

"This fearfully equipped insect monster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and a suction pump. As he can bore through your boot and puncture your foot with ease and dispatch, you may well imagine how much protection clothing or gloves are against his assaults. Fortunately, though, this giant mosquito isn't poisonous. The damage he does to your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for days."

"All the remaining eight varieties are full of venom and vim to get it where it will do the greatest harm to the greatest number, but the worst of all is the smallest one of the lot. This is a gray mosquito, not more than an eighth of an inch long, but every place that he sinks his stinger in on you will instantly rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn as red as fire and pain like a hornet's sting. As the reservoir containing that insect's venom cannot possibly be larger than a fly speck, the violence of it may be imagined."

"The experienced person never goes fishing in those mosquito-infested bays," continued the Louisiana, according to the New York Times, "unless he has his head and face incased in netting, fixed on a light steel frame, and with thick gloves on his hands. Gloves, though, are no bar to the big gallinipper mosquito's kit of tools."

"Why does any one go fishing in those noxious places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bays of Louisiana. Perch, bass, jackfish, as the pickers is called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark, sluggish, root-fangled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his hook and line."

CLASSIFIED.

Stories of Father Taylor, the sailors' friend, are perennial in the warm human interest. He was as kind as all things, spoke with an engaging frankness which sometimes became more brusque than was desirable.

A banker from the West End of Boston once visited Father Taylor's church during a fervid revival, and varied the usual character of the meeting by a rather pompous address.

Its purport was that the merchant prince of Boston was a very benevolent set of men, whose wealth and enterprise gave employment to thousands of sailors, and that it was, above all, the duty of seamen to show their gratitude to the merchants.

At the close of his speech the banker was somewhat taken aback when Father Taylor rose and asked, simply: "Is there any other sinner from up town who would like to say a word?"

An Easy Job.

A certain member of Parliament has expressed a pronounced disbelief in most of the wonderful tales told of the precocity of children. He contends that the stories are usually manufactured by older persons, with the sole object of making amusing reading. Once in a while, however, his theory receives a setback by something in his own experience, and he confesses that he has come across some genuine humor and some unconscious witlings. One such was brought to his notice very recently.

A Sunday-school examination was in progress, and the examining visitor put this question:

"What did Moses do for a living while he was with Jethro?"

Following a long silence a little voice piped up from the back of the room:

"Please, sir, he married one of Jethro's daughters."

Pleasantry in Passing.

"Well, I declare," remarked the thin man, who was being uncomfortably crowded by a very stout person, "the trolley company ought to charge passengers by weight."

"Think so?" returned the stout person.

"At that rate it wouldn't be worth their while to take you on at all!"—Philadelphia Press.

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.

ADVENTURES OF YOUNG LADS SMITTEN WITH A DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD.

A HEROIC attempt to have a vacation at all cost was made by a certain boy, whose epitaph is related in Chum. He joined a circus with the intention of becoming a lion-tamer; but there was no vacancy in that department, and before he made up his mind what else he would like to do, the circus people worked him in as "tent man." He had to help to put up and take down the great tents at each stopping place. Incidentally, he worked all the rest of the time at odd jobs. The circus men, in fact, found him so useful that they locked him up in an empty leopard cage each night, in order that, after having been kept at work all day by a rope's end, he might not have a chance to abandon his circus career after dark. Ultimately, the boy hid for twenty-four hours in a disused lime-kiln in one of the towns he visited, and finished his outing by giving himself up to the police authorities in order to be sent home.

Not long ago an American boy, thinking that a vacation spent on his uncle's farm was likely to be without adventure, stowed himself away and journeyed a long distance on the buffers of a freight train. He thought he had done a rather fine thing, but the railway people held a different opinion.

"It's our turn now," they said.

Then they explained to him that to send him back again would cost three dollars, and he already owed them three dollars for the trip down. This was taken to the machine shops and directed to earn six dollars by filing tubing smooth. A watchman was deputed to keep a fatherly eye on him after hours.

The new hand managed to write to his people; but, very wisely, they agreed that to "serve his time" might teach him a useful lesson, so they paid no ransom. It took the boy nearly three weeks to file his way to liberty. At a harbor of Continental Europe, in which a submarine mine vessel was undergoing tests, a third young adventurer was smitten with a desire to become a "stowaway." He was continually begging one of the crew, whom he knew, to smuggle him on board. At last, after a quiet little talk with the boy's father, the sailor consented.

In the dusk of evening the boy arrived at the meeting place appointed, close to the sea. "We must blindfold you," said the sailor. This was done, and then the boy was led about here and there for some time, between two grinning mariners, and watched by a grinning parent. When he was thoroughly dazed, he was pushed into a narrow, cold metal apartment, and cautioned to keep perfectly still until some one came for him.

"And mind you keep that bandage on till you're told to take it off," added the sailor.

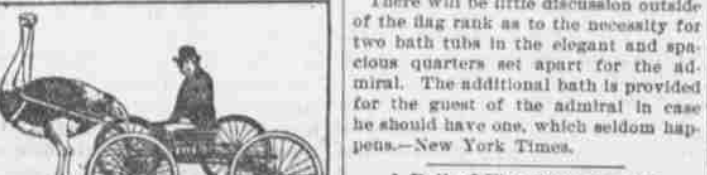
The boy waited for hours, it seemed to him—hardly daring to breathe, but trying to think that he was having a great time. Then he took off the bandage, he was in total darkness. More hours went by, and no one came back for him. He was now not only hungry, and cold, but also frightened. No sound reached him. He was really alone in the submarine boat in the depths of the sea?

No he was not. At 1 o'clock in the morning his father, still smiling, rescued him from an old ship's iron cistern, in which he had been imprisoned on the beach. The submarine boat and her crew had, in the meantime, been towed away to another seaport; but the boy was no longer interested in a seafaring life.

ODDEST COUNTY JAIL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Graham County Jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments, built in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars. Here and there in the rocky walls holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of the rockbound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade, and in the winter it never goes below 40 degrees.

WITH THIS TRAINED OSTRICH HE HAS A WINGED STEED.



Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, recently visited the Hot Springs ostrich farm, and had the experience of riding behind one of the largest ostriches in the country. The ostrich is known as "Black Diamond," who is big and fleet, and docile as a well-trained horse. Black Diamond was hitched to a runabout, and Secretary Hitchcock had the novel sensation of riding behind this bird that trotted as fast as a horse can run.

"LUXURIES" ON BATTLESHIPS.

Modern Vessel Carries 350 Tons of Unnecessary Articles.

Rear Admiral Bowles, chief of the Bureau of Construction, has made a calculation based on investigations made by officers of his bureau of the weight of "luxuries" carried on a battleship of recent construction. In the preparation of plans and designs for war vessels there is almost a constant contention between the several bureaus in regard to the weights that should be carried, each branch contending for the installation of machinery and devices deemed essential. These counter-views are usually settled by a compromise, in which something is yielded by each, but the result is often unsatisfactory, and not infrequently has proved detrimental to the efficiency of the vessel.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Construction Admiral Bowles declared that on each battleship there were 350 tons of luxuries, a statement which startled the members of the board. Included in these so-called luxuries are materials of every description that cannot be classified as necessities, such as furniture, ice machines, refrigerators, radiators and the machinery required for them.

It is pointed out that flagships are supplied with two bathrooms and apartments for the flag officer, while one bath tub is deemed sufficient for the ward room, in which fifteen or twenty officers live. There will be undoubtedly a protracted discussion as to what constitutes luxuries, but officers generally believe that much of the weights which Admiral Bowles de-

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Keenest Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

The great detective was standing at the telephone noting down the description of a female kleptomaniac.

"Tapering hands," came over the wire.

"Tuh!" exclaimed the g. d. "No wonder she is light-fingered!"

Radical Remedy.

"At last," exclaimed the medical student, "I have discovered a sure cure.

"Put me wise," said his friend.

"Have your feet amputated," replied the embryo M. D., with ghoul-like chuckle.

A Call Down.



"I've got a good story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before."

"Is it really funny?"

"Yes, indeed, it is."

"Then you haven't told it to me before."

Never-Failing Remedy.

"My husband used to have fits when he was a young man," said Mrs. Stringer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Marks.

"And he doesn't have them any more?"

"No," replied Mrs. S. "He buys his clothes at a misfit emporium now."

A Distorted View.

"Times ain't what they used to be," said Farmer Courtness. "In the days gone by it used to be a disgrace to be arrested."

"Isn't it now?"

"I dunno. 'Pears to me like it's the only way to get your name in the paper along with the millionaires that own fast horses and big automobiles."—Washington Star.

Lightning in Georgia.

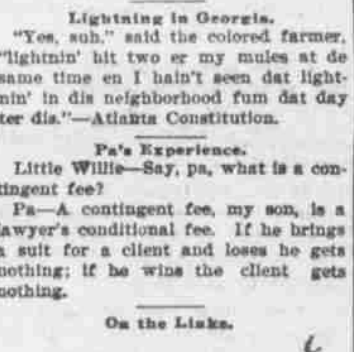
"Yes, sah," said the colored farmer, "lightnin' hit two er my mules at de same time on I hadn't seen dat lightnin' in dis neighborhood fum dat day ter dis."—Atlanta Constitution.

Pa's Experience.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a contingent fee?

Pa—A contingent fee, my son, is a lawyer's conditional fee. If he brings a suit for a client and loses he gets nothing; if he wins the client gets nothing.

On the Links.



"How are you coming along at golf?"

"Oh! Fine."

"Break any records as yet?"

"Well, I've broken twenty-six golf sticks, the front gate, the honeysuckle vine, the cat's back and my right leg since I began playing, so I guess I'm coming strong."

Cause for Joy.

Mamma—Yes, the clopers have been discovered at Niagara Falls. They are going to telegraph home for forgiveness.

Papa—Thank goodness! I thought they were going to telegraph home for funds.

Main Difference.

La Mont—What is the difference between a "personally conducted tour" and any other kind?

La Moyné—Oh, about \$100 or so.

Rubbing It In.

Bridget—Miss Gladys is not at home, sor.

Mr. Kallow—Really? Pah! That's the sor. Bridget—Yis, sor; but she said if that's a box of candy ye're carryin' she hoped ye'd lave it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

At the Circus.

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot."

"Which a-spot, sir?" gasped the green tent boy.

Working a Buff.

"How did Bluffwood get along in such a swell neighborhood without an automobile?"

"Oh, every one thought he owned one. He bought a horse which he would foot in the stable, and they all thought the automobile was out of order."

Wasn't Buis that Way.

Edyth—I consulted a fortune-teller to-day, but she was a fake.

Mayne—How do you know?

Edyth—How do I know? Why, she told me that I would be married soon, but my husband would not be wealthy.

A Little Behind Time.

"Ray," demanded the ugly individual, suddenly appearing from a dark alley, "what time is it?"

"You're just about two minutes late," replied the Chicagoan. "That other gentleman you see running away has my watch."—Philadelphia Press.

It Stopped the Argument.

William—You must remember, my dear, that my taste is better than yours.

His Dear Wife—Undoubtedly, when we come to consider that you married me and I married you.

And William said no more.—Comic Cuts.

Obeying the Law.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York Weekly.

Why Should He Do It?

Landlord (to departing guest)—I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment?

Guest—I do not happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world.—Puck.

Women's Way.

"Yesterday afternoon between 3:10 and 3:15," said the bright boy, "my mother killed my father."

"What! Why, your father went to New York yesterday morning?"

"Yes, and at 3:10 ma got a telegram from him. She killed him in half a dozen different ways before 3:15, when she summoned up enough nerve to read the message."—Philadelphia Press.

Went Up in Smoke.

"So Edgewood got rid of mosquitoes with kerosene. I'll just go home and—"

"One moment!"

"Well?"

"I forgot to say he also got rid of his barn, fence and house at the same time."

Frightens Her.

"Do you know, Sue, you're the dearest little mouse in the world!"

"Oh, don't! I'm so afraid of mice."

An Apt Description.

"Why do they call the camel the 'ship of the desert'?"

"Never could understand it myself until I rode on one of 'em," said the young man who had just been abroad. "Never was so awkward in my life."—Washington Star.

Professional Sprinters.

Comedian—What is MacHam, the tragedian, doing now?

Sweet Singer—Why, he's a hotel runner.

Comedian—You don't mean to say he waits around the stations to catch strangers?

Sweet Singer—Oh, no. He just runs from the hotels when his bill comes around.

Called Down.

"Then you refuse me simply because I am poor?" he bitterly cried.

"You flatter yourself," said the gentle maiden.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Summer of the Season.

First Summer Girl—Isn't that young man I saw you strolling on the beach with this morning rather slow?

Second Summer Girl—The slowest ever. Why, I've known him stucco noon yesterday and he hasn't proposed yet.

Asked and Answered.

Little Willie—What is flattery, pa?

Pa—Flattery, my son, is the praise we hear bestowed upon other people.

The Difference.

Molly—You say you shook all over when you proposed to her?

Cholly—Yes, I did.

"And how about the girl?"

"Oh, she only shook her head."—London Modern Society.

Safe Place.

Harry—I am going to ask old Crosswood for his daughter's hand over the telephone.

Tom—Do you think you'll get it?

Harry—Well, I am certain that I won't get the old man's hand.

Singers and Crooners.

The extent to which the agricultural portions of the Middle West are now supplied with modern conveniences may be inferred from the story which follows: There came a ring at the telephone in a farmhouse in Northern Indiana one day last summer, and the farmer himself responded.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Can you furnish me a bass singer for to-morrow night?"

"A bass singer? Why, yes, I reckon so," answered the farmer, laughing. "What do you want one for?"

"Because the one we've had up to now is sick. What would be your terms?"

"Well, I usually furnish 'em by the dozen. I won't charge anything for one. How do you want him sent?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Isn't this the Indianapolis Opera House?"

"No. This is the Barstaria frog farm."

The man who is satisfied with himself doesn't want much.