

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By  
MRS. FORRESTER.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Lady Grace Farquhar's last guests were the evening of the day, much to her husband's delight. In two days' time Mrs. Clayton would be the only visitor remaining. Mr. Hastings scarcely spoke to Miss Eyre. When he did, he noticed with some secret pleasure that her color came and went, and that she seemed restless and uneasy. Lady Grace was in the garden, giving directions to the head gardener, when Mr. Hastings joined her. "I have come to ask a favor of you, Lady Grace," he said.

"I am sure I shall be disposed to grant it," she answered, pleasantly. "When your guests are gone, I want you all to come and spend two or three days at the Court."

"I should like it very much," she said, presently. "But Mr. Clayton has the greatest dislike to leaving home when he is once settled."

"If I can succeed in persuading him, will you come? I have a particular object in my request."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure. I am sure Mr. Hastings and Winifred will be delighted. But I am afraid you will have some difficulty with your husband."

Mr. Hastings was, however, more successful than Lady Grace anticipated, and won the husband's consent without much trouble. The truth was, there was a very fine library at the Court, and Mr. Clayton had for some time past been anxious to consult some old and valuable records he knew to be there.

When everything was settled, Winifred heard of the arrangements with conflicting feelings. She was almost sorry that she had been included in the invitation, her presence could but awaken unpleasant memories in Mr. Hastings' mind.

Tuesday came, the morning was lovely, and it was a welcome welcome, but Mr. Clayton and Winifred should ride, and that Sir Clayton should drive Lady Grace over to his pheasant. When they arrived at the Court Mr. Hastings and his friends were standing on the steps to receive them. This time he did not bid Winifred from his husband and she was glad to go, but she felt the difference, a little bitterly, perhaps, and yet with a quick consciousness that she had no right to feel it. But when she was shown to her room, a glad thought blotted out the bitterness. Was it by accident that the walls were lined with her favorite prints, and that vases filled with sweet geraniums and ferns—her favorite combination—were disposed all about the room? Scarcely. It must have been a wish to please her, and it still varied about giving her pleasure, surely all the more had not died out.

There was a dinner party in the evening—a very gay, pleasant party, that everyone enjoyed. Afterward Winifred sang, and was brighter and happier than she had been for many weeks. Mr. Hastings had scarcely spoken to her, but yet she was conscious that he was not indifferent to her. The next day he asked her suddenly if she would like to see her old home once more.

and drove off to the hotel where he knew Alfred Clayton always stayed when he was in town. By good fortune he had just arrived there, and was at the door ready to depart again when Mr. Clayton drove up. The stout man looked at each other.

"Of course I will go at once," Mr. Clayton said, "but I don't know what your foreign notes is a nasty business. I can get a fine table and see how soon you can get up. The stout man looked at each other. "Of course I will go at once," Mr. Clayton said, "but I don't know what your foreign notes is a nasty business. I can get a fine table and see how soon you can get up. The stout man looked at each other."

"I think," said Sir Clayton, "that while you are making preparations, I will drive round to the house in Piccadilly and see if there is any further news."

The late discovery in strawberries of salicylic acid, a specific in acute rheumatism, has seemed to confirm the idea that these berries are a desirable article of food for rheumatism. The effect of the fruit cannot be due to the salicylic acid, however, as less than the hundredth of a grain per pound is found.

Important tests of the fatal proportion of carbonic oxide in the air have been made by Prof. Mosso at the Turin Physiological Institute. A heroic subject was confined three times in a hermetically sealed iron chamber, the air of which was mixed first with 1.253 of carbonic oxide, then with 1.285, and lastly with 1.233. On the last experiment the man ceased to breathe, being restored only by oxygen.

While urging that the proposed biological survey of the North Sea should seek means of favoring fishes and their food supply, Prof. W. C. McIntosh declares that no important species is in danger of becoming extinct. The fishes were not exterminated by the swarms of gigantic destroyers of reptilian times, when the destruction must at least have equalled that of today, by man, and future extinction need not be feared.

Alcohol is coming into considerable use for illumination in France. The flame is made luminous by the addition of sufficient coal-oil or crude benzine or the ordinary non-luminous flame is used to give incandescence to a Welsbach mantle. The latter is the more important method. Some lamps have from sixty to eight hundred candles-power, and these large portable lamps, carrying their own illuminant, seem to have advantages over gas or electricity for many purposes. The best of the burners yield about thirty candle-power hours per ounce of alcohol.

Tests have recently been made on the Boston and Maine and the Florida East Coast Railroads to determine the value of oil as fuel for locomotive engines. On the Florida Railroad it was found, after a month's experimenting with a locomotive hauling its regular load, that 132.3 gallons of oil did the work of one ton of coal. Another test showed 131.8 gallons of oil to be equivalent to a ton of coal. In the Boston and Maine experiments the ratio was 110.20 gallons of oil to one ton of coal. It was found that the engine could be urged to a greater capacity with oil than with coal, and this with a smokeless fire.

By a singular change of circumstances, the gold miners of Hastings County, Ontario, Canada, who for years were baffled in trying to extract the precious metal from its matrix by the presence of arsenic in the ore, have lately found the arsenic to be more profitable than the gold. This is due at once to the great purity of the Canadian arsenic, and to the rapid exhaustion of the arsenic deposits of England and Germany. At the same time, the introduction of a successful method of separating the gold increases the profit of working the Canadian deposits, because every ton of the arsenical ore carries from \$4 to \$80 worth of gold.

# Science and Invention

Exhaustive tests for years have convinced Joseph L. Ferrell that sulphate of aluminum is the best breeding food for wood. Unlike sulphate or phosphate of ammonia, which check flames by emitting ammonia gas, the aluminum compound forms an infusible and non-conducting coating.

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# OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Jokes and Jokelets That Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Things That Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"I can't see what you find in me to admire," said the lovers' youth who had recently blown himself for a \$37.50 engagement ring.

"Why," gurgled the fluffy-haired angel of his domestic dreams, "that's just what everybody else says."

"And immediately the silence became oppressive."

As Corrected. Mrs. O'Hoolahan—"What kind of a job is you could man after hovin' down?"

Mrs. McGarrigle—"Job, is it? Sure an' it be an illigant situation as this, graph operator 'hwa' after hovin' it's travlin' about diggin' phost holes for th' company he is, d'y mind?"

Sure of His Ground. A lady waited for hours at a wayside station of the Midland Great Western Railway. The train came along and she got in. The hours dragged by, and at each stoppage she asked if it was Silgo. Finally the guard became irritated. "Don't worry, madam; I'll let you know when we reach Silgo."

But I've been nearly all day on my journey three years, and I'm not worrying. "Poor man," she retorted, "you must have started the next station beyond mine."

His Plea. "My plea," said the young lawyer, who had just won his first case, "succeeded to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would succeed in getting your client convicted in spite of his innocence."

# FACTS ABOUT KING ALFRED.

Character of Founder of English Legal and Constitutional System. It was Freeman, we believe, who pronounced Alfred the Great to be "the most perfect character in history."

The declaration was a particularly sweeping generality, which a less positive writer might hesitate to make. Certainly there are other characters in history, sacred and profane, deserving of careful consideration before the judgment of supreme excellence is irrevocably pronounced. And yet when we come to contemplate the character of Alfred, if objection be freedom from faults, we might concede that it pretty thoroughly reconciles it. It is true we do not know much about him. But it is also true that all we do know is good.

Whether or not it is because he was so largely the historian of his own times, there is nothing recorded of him to his discredit. So far as our knowledge of his own times, his character and career were flawless. This is the more significant when we remember how praise and blame are commingled in the records of other sovereigns of those days of whom we know as little or as much as we do of him.

The commemoration of the one thousandth anniversary of his death, which was conducted in England, would doubtless have received much more attention here had it not been eclipsed by an appalling national tragedy. Certainly the occasion was and even is yet well worthy of our notice. That may be said for the reason already expressed. A man whom so high an authority as Freeman declared to be the most perfect character in all history, and who has so strong a claim to that distinction, is certainly worthy of the whole world's study. We have said that we know little of him. But all that we do know is both good and great. It was a great thing to found the English nation. It was a great thing to found the sea power of England. It was a great thing to found the English legal and constitutional system. And these things Alfred did. To have done any one of them would be sufficient to insure for him everlasting and grateful remembrance. To have done all four places him upon an eminence of greatness not easily to be rivalled.

These achievements are titles to world wide fame. But they peculiarly commend Alfred to our grateful memory. For, with all credit to other racial elements which have largely entered into the making of its greatness, this nation was primarily and chiefly of English origin. It is such a part of its achievements of Alfred which we have named. It sprung, in both the New England and the Virginia colonies, from that English nation which Alfred founded, through the exercise of that sea power which also had its beginnings from him. It was organized upon, and even yet largely retains, the English legal and constitutional systems which date from him, and it uses the English language and inherits the English literature, to the world-compelling greatness of which he gave the first impetus. The United States does not owe much to many kings. But it does, in common with all the Anglo-Saxon and all the English-speaking world, owe a debt of much grateful remembrance to the illustrious sovereign who was able to say of himself with truth: "So long as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave to my descendants my memory in good works."—New York Tribune.

Volumes in the British Museum. The number of volumes in the British Museum Library, according to a recent counting, is now over 2,000,000. There are more than 16,000 volumes of London newspapers, about 47,000 volumes of provincial newspapers, counting Welsh as well as English, 10,000 volumes of the Scotch papers, and 9,000 from Ireland.

# MISSED HIS ENGAGEMENT.

Wily John Chinaman Could Not Escape From Police Clutches. Some time ago a squad of Manhattan police raided a fan tan game in Chinatown. Eleven Chinamen were captured and kept in a third story front room in charge of Detective Drennan until the patrol wagon came for them.

While they were waiting for the wagon one of the prisoners said to Drennan: "Me got velly important engagement."

"I suppose so," said the detective, "but you've got a more important engagement at the police station."

The Chinaman begged like a good fellow, but Drennan was obdurate. "Me give you five dollars if you let me go," the prisoner finally whispered. "No use, John. Even if I let you out of the room," said the detective, "the police would catch you at the lower door. They are guarding that."

As quick as a flash the Chinaman answered: "That's all right. You let me out, me go upstairs, get out on roof, and go down other building. Police no catches me."

"Can't do it, John," Drennan persisted. "They've got you prisoners all counted. If I turn over only ten I'll have troubles of my own."

"Me fix that," the Chinaman answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Me go to window, call a Chinaman friend up from street. When he comes to this door you pull him in and I run out. See? You have eleven plumbers all same, and police can't tell one Chinaman from other."

But notwithstanding his cunning, John had to go to the station, and his "velly important engagement" was broken.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Horses Scare and High. "I have not known a period when horses were so scarce and high," said T. E. Gilbert of Cincinnati at the Hotel Baiton. "I am in the business and have of late been scouring Kentucky and Ohio with a view of purchasing a good-sized bunch, but had very poor success. More people want to buy than sell, and prices are at a point where it is impossible for dealers to make any profits. The country was drained of horse flesh during our war with Spain, and further depletion was caused by the Boer war. It will take several years to make up the deficiency, and high prices will continue. The automobile craze has had no perceptible effect on the demand for high-class animals, and I do not believe that it will ever get so violent as to make people indifferent to the delight of sitting behind a pair of high steppers."

Washington Post.

# When Talk Comes High.

"Oh, well, talk is cheap," sneered the angry lawyer.

"Not that kind," replied the judge promptly. "Ten dollars, please,"—Syracuse, N. Y. Herald.

# A Definition.

"Pa, what is a fray?"

"Wah, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—Puck.

# Theatres in New York.

Thirteen new theatres, to cost \$8,000,000, are being built in New York city.

Once more the umpire is doing his annual stunt as a martyr.

# Enough Said.

Noll—So Jack asked permission to kiss you, eh?

Bees—Yes. Noll—You refused it, of course? Bees—Certainly. Noll—What did he say then? Bees—Nothing. Actions speak louder than words—and Jack is all right as an actor.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was almost dark when they returned to the Court.

Your idea of the length of hair in a hair-cut is singularly vague, Mr. Hastings said, for more than two years.

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