

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER I.
Marie Antoinette de Montolieu was a true scion of the old French noblesse, with fine features and clear, pale complexion. There had been vivacity and piquancy, too, in those brown eyes, but they were gone now, and there was left only the calm expression of resignation which follows a life of troubles nobly borne. She had lived sixty-four years in the world.

Her father and mother, the Marquis and Marquise de Montolieu, had been in high favor at the court of Louis the Sixteenth. They were proud, handsome aristocrats, and when the Revolution came with its fearful horrors, they were forced to fly for their lives. When they reached England they were penniless and compelled to earn their bread.

The marquise made a little money by selling her paintings. A kind-hearted nobleman, who had known them in former days, allowed them fifty pounds a year; and with this, and the fruit of their own exertions, they managed to exist. Three years later a daughter was born to them, whom they named Marie Antoinette, in affectionate and reverential memory of their martyred queen. From her earliest infancy she was deeply imbued with the old spirit of the time; and the unvarying melancholy of her parents produced a strong effect upon her. She was naturally bright and vivacious, but the atmosphere of constant sadness was infectious.

When she was seventeen years old her father died, and from that time all her energies were strained to provide for her heart-broken and widowed mother. Five years later the marquise died also, and Marie was thrown on the world, literally penniless and friendless. Then all at once the nobleman who had befriended her parents came forward and offered her a home in his house, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife, who was keenly alive to the imprudence of bringing a beautiful young girl under the same roof with her grown-up sons.

For a time Marie Antoinette was happy, and then came the most bitter trial of her life. She went out again as a governess, and traveled abroad. At the age of thirty-five she went into Sir Howard Champion's family, to educate his daughters, and remained with them twelve years. The elder daughter made a brilliant match, and the younger eloped with a gentleman farmer. There being thus no further occasion for her services, she was dismissed; but Sir Howard, being a liberal although arrogant and despotic man, settled an annuity of a hundred pounds on her for life. On this, and the interest of what she had saved during her long years of teaching, she lived; and small as was her income, she gave away much. Hers was a grand life of love, of charity and of self-abnegation. Unscathed by her troubles, unimpaired by her loneliness, she was the true picture of a gentle, sympathizing and patient woman.

Sir Howard cursed his younger daughter solely on the Bible—from which he erased her name, and commanded that it might never be uttered in his presence again. The whole household were awestricken, and crept about silently and fearfully. Madame de Montolieu was heart-broken.

Winifred bitterly regretted her false step. She loved the world and the fashion, and so the comparatively humble life she now led was gall and wormwood to her. Her husband was fond of her, but he chafed under her constant fretful reproaches, she quarreled with his family, refused to notice them, and made him bitter, contemptuous little speeches, which drove him in anger from her presence! The only link left to her between the present and the past was Madame de Montolieu, who came to live in a small cottage near her, and with her constantly. But poor Winifred fretted night and day at her loss of caste, and became thin and ill; and when her little girl was born she died.

For some years little Winifred was brought up and taken care of by her father's sister; but when she was eight years old Miss Eyre married, and her father was somewhat perplexed what to do with her. Madame de Montolieu offered to educate her, and Mr. Eyre gladly accepted the offer.

She received a complete education from Madame de Montolieu, who loved her as a daughter, and had brought her up with tender care and watchfulness. She spoke French perfectly, was a good musician and sang as sweetly as a nightingale. Madame de Montolieu had devoted great time and care to perfecting her accomplishments, hoping that, when she grew up, Sir Howard might relent and give her an opportunity of entering into society, for which she was eminently fitted. But the baronet and his whole family sternly persisted in ignoring her, and it was a very bitter grief and humiliation to poor Winifred.

It seemed so cruelly unjust. Why should Flora Champion her cousin, and flattered, and received everywhere, while she, who longed so ardently for the same advantage, was compelled to live unnoticed in a farm house? Her father had given her a pretty little pony and carriage, in which she took great pleasure. She would have liked to ride as well, but her father could not afford, he said, to keep two horses for her, and had given her a chance of riding or driving; she preferred the former, but chose the latter, remembering that it was a pleasure which her dear madame could share.

Mr. Eyre was very fond of his daughter, and, moreover, exceedingly proud of her. He desired intensely for her the advantages of wealth and station, personally indifferent though he was to them. His greatest trouble, his most bitter mortification in life, was that her grandfather would not acknowledge her. For himself he did not care, he had no wish to rise from the position with which his forefathers had been contented. Once, at his instigation, Madame de Montolieu had mentioned Winifred to Sir Howard. An angry flush darkened his brow as he said sternly:

"Madame, I feel no interest in hearing of Miss Eyre, and I beg in future you will spare me all allusion to the issue of a disgraceful connection."

The gentle old Frenchwoman had conceived the result of her attempt to Mr. Eyre with characteristic delicacy, but he felt the insult of the refusal keenly. It was the only hope for Winifred, for his own relations were not in position to do her any good. Always in the evening she sang, played or read to him; and sometimes, when he had watched her with a proud delight bused with some re-

He turned to accompany her, but she bowed with an air of decision, saying: "My path leads away from Hazel Court."

"I hope," he said, lingering a moment, "that my presence to-night will not tend to frighten you away from these woods for the future. May I rely on your making use of them as usual?"

She thanked him again, and, bowing, turned away. He stood, hat in hand, before her as he might have done to a princess; and as she went on her way home, he gazed after her slight, graceful form with a look of tender admiration such as might have befitting a man who watched the woman he loved.

CHAPTER II.
In a very elegant drawing room, with French windows to the ground, leading on to a velvet sward gemmed with flowering plants, sat Mrs. Champion and her daughter. The mother was employed on an elaborate piece of woodwork, while Miss Champion half reclined upon her silken couch, reading. She looked up from it to answer her mother's interrogatory.

"Do you think Mr. Hastings will be here this afternoon, Flora?"

"I cannot tell, mamma; Reginald has gone over to the Court to lunch, and look at some new horses, and he said he should probably bring Mr. Hastings back to dinner."

"He is very handsome," remarked Mrs. Champion. "Indisputably the best match in the county."

"Except Evelyn Vane," remarked Flora.

"Evelyn Vane?" echoed her mother—"Evelyn Vane has nothing until his father dies; and even when he becomes Lord Lancing, his income will not be much more than half that of Mr. Hastings."

"But there is the title," said Miss Champion; "Lord Lancing cannot last much longer, and I would rather have a title, even if I were obliged to sacrifice half the income."

Which was not true, for Flora Champion was rather in love with Erol Hastings, and utterly indifferent to the Honorable Evelyn Vane. She and her mother were much attached to each other—at least as much as was possible for two such selfish and indifferent natures to be—and they were wont to indulge in mutual confidences. At this moment Reginald Champion, the only son and brother, entered the room.

"Have you just returned from the Court?" inquired his mother.

"Yes; Hastings left me at the door five minutes ago."

"I thought he was going to dine here."

"I thought so, too; but I suppose he changed his mind, for when he arrived here, and I pressed him to come in, he declared he had a previous engagement. It was all a lie, though, I could see; but I think I know what the counter attraction was."

"Indeed!" said Flora, disbelievingly, "and may we inquire the result of your penetration?"

"It is nothing that will please you, Flora, I can tell you."

"Don't be provoking, Reginald!" uttered his mother, sharply; "tell us at once what you mean."

(To be continued.)

AN ISLAND PRINCIPALITY.
Chocolate Menier's Domain at the Mouth of the St. Lawrence.
Having inspected the exhibit of Menier chocolates and the other sights at the Pan-American, and shaken hands with Lord Minto, and "done" two or three of the principal Canadian cities, M. Henri Menier, of Paris, betook himself to his island of Anticosti.

This island lies in the estuary of the St. Lawrence. It is twenty-five miles longer than our Long Island, and a little more than twice as wide at its widest. There are 3,845 square miles of Anticosti, and every square inch of it belongs to M. Henri Menier, of Paris.

His purchase of the island made a stir among our good neighbors of the Dominion. Some of their papers were pretty sure that it meant mischief. Their doctrine was that the French flag follows French chocolate men. They warned their government carefully to consider whether it would be safe to permit the establishment of the tri color in perpetuity in the laws of the St. Lawrence. When the new proprietor's agent evicted some Wesleyan squatters of the fishing persuasion from his island religious excitement was superadded to the political. But all that seems to have quieted down.

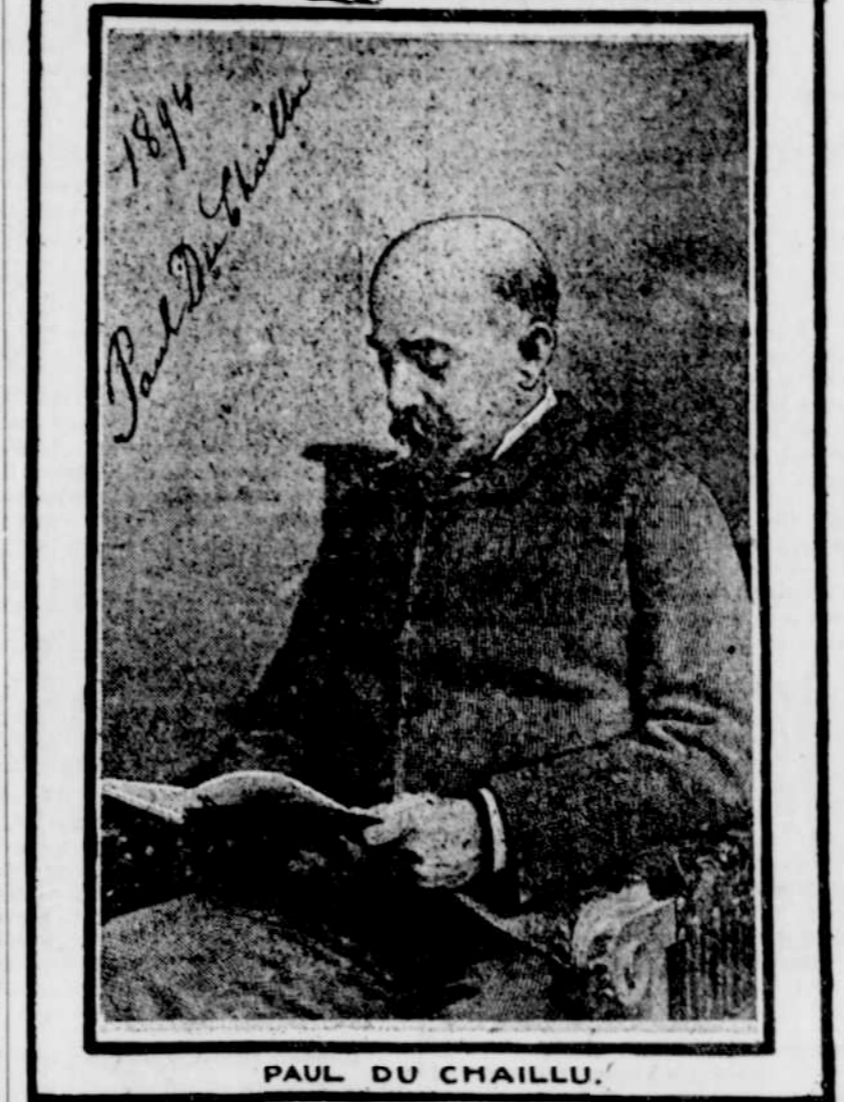
M. Menier paid a round price for his island, but it is now thought in Quebec that it was a sound business investment. He has a small fleet of steam and sailing vessels in the bay waters. His agent shipped \$40,000 worth of lobsters to Paris a fortnight ago—the product of two months' canning. He is going to extend the fisheries and the canneries on a grand scale. He is going to put up a vast pulp mill. He is going to develop the other resources of his island. He is stocking it now with the silver fox and the beaver. Their pelts will presently swell the profits of the chocolate man. Meanwhile moose, caribou and deer abound on his island, bears shuffle under his trees, the little rivers are full of salmon and sea trout. No monarch can ask better shooting or fishing. M. Menier is having the time of his life, and all those forests and little rivers are his own. They will be there all the time, awaiting his visits.

Which one of our Yankee archmillionaires owns an island like that? They never thought of buying Anticosti. They let the chocolate man get the start of them. And the supply of purchasable islands 135 miles long, 40 miles wide in spots, stocked with game, and affording first-class salmon fishing is limited.—Hartford Courant.

Called Dog Through 'Phone.
Upper Sandusky, Ohio, now lays claim to an exceptionally clever dog, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. The other afternoon Mrs. Edward Brauns, the owner of the dog, had a run to telephone to her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Burckhardt, nearly a mile distant. During this conversation Mrs. Brauns stated that she was going out calling, but intended to leave her dog Bing at home. At this point Mrs. Burckhardt asked Mrs. Brauns to hold Bin's ear to the telephone and she would invite him to spend the day at her house, to be the guest of her little son Edward, Edward and Bing being the greatest of friends, and more for a joke than anything else. Her request was granted, and in less than five minutes she was in the dog's house from the arms of Mrs. Brauns, made for the door and began to bark. The door was opened, and in a short time Mrs. Brauns was informed by telephone that Edward and Bing were things more than young ladies are apt to do.

"I must be going," she uttered, hastily. "It is getting late."

NOTED AFRICAN EXPLORER AND AUTHOR, DISCOVERER OF GORILLA, WHO IS DEAD



Paul Du Chailou, whose explorations, covering thousands of miles of Africa, added greatly to the world's knowledge of the dark continent and its inhabitants, died recently at St. Petersburg, where he was making preparations to start on a tour of exploration in Siberia. He was the first to tell the world about the gorilla. He was 65 years old, was born in New Orleans, and had his home in New York. On his first expedition he sailed from New York to the French settlement at the mouth of the Gaboon River, in west Africa. At his own expense he traveled 8,000 miles with only native companions, and covered much previously unexplored country. After several subsequent trips to Africa, Du Chailou turned his attention to northern lands. Lapland was explored from end to end, and he embodied his experiences in a book, "The Land of the Midnight Sun." Recently he had been making a study of the Muscovite races.

The portrait is from a photograph Mr. Du Chailou sent to Mrs. Robert L. Gifford, 277 East 46th street, Chicago, who had known him for a number of years, and at whose home he was a guest whenever he came to Chicago. Mrs. Gifford last night confirmed the statement cabled from St. Petersburg that Mr. Du Chailou had no living relations.

HABITATS OF THE MOST PREVALENT DISEASES IN THE UNITED STATES.

AN official death map has been prepared under the direction of the Census Bureau. It shows that causes of death are largely a matter of geography, and the twenty-one districts into which the country is divided mark the limits of different regions where various diseases are most ravaging.

The most sensational deaths occur in the Pacific coast district region, in the State of Washington. This is the only district in which gunshot wounds are reported as a prevalent cause of death. Heart disease, suicide, and apoplexy show there the largest number of victims, and the record is held for the greatest number of deaths from alcoholism.

Lung troubles appear to be most numerous along the Atlantic coast from New York to Virginia and along the Mississippi River from New Orleans to the Ohio River.

Typhoid fever and malaria come far down on the list in mountainous districts, but appear at the top in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Indian Territory.

Although only three out of every 100 die of old age, there are a few fortunate districts where old age rivals consumption and malaria as the cause of death. Among these favored spots are the Catskills, Adirondacks, Green Mountains, parts of Michigan and Wisconsin, and the region on either side of the Missouri River.

Croup and whooping cough appear to be most dangerous in the districts which have the least population and where, presumably, medical aid is most difficult to obtain. Cancer, heart disease, and apoplexy are more to be expected in mountainous parts of the country than in the level districts.

In eight of the twenty-one districts rheumatism reaps a large harvest of death, noticeably in the thinly settled States, where the inhabitants are most exposed to the sudden changes of the weather.

Generally speaking, it appears that the majority of deaths in the country are caused by climatic conditions, while those in the cities are caused by social conditions. The farmer on the Dakota prairie, for example, needs to guard against rheumatism, but not against malaria or heart disease.

Czar Is Not Omnipotent.
Henry Labouchere, the noted English publicist and journalist, in a recent article in his London periodical gives an instance of the manner in which even a definite command of the Czar may fail to be carried out by reason of the complicated system of administration in Russia. It seems that somewhere in Finland the peasants very much wanted to have certain roads opened so as to give them more direct communication with St. Petersburg. A petition was therefore circulated and largely signed pointing out the value of these roads as a means of unifying their country with Russia. The Czar read the petition "with that minute attention characteristic of all he does," and with his own hand wrote on the margin of it: "I command that these roads be made at once."

Not satisfied with that, he sent the petition and command to the Minister of Public Works, who discovered that his department could not possibly carry out the making of the roads. After a delay of some time he made the further discovery that the only person who had the authority and means was the governor of Archangel. A Finland declares that when the governor of Archangel asks for money with which to carry out the imperial order he will be sent to the Minister of Finance, De Witte, who is an almost fanatical economist and never has any money whatever for new undertakings. It is now three and a half years since the Czar ordered the making of these roads, and not one step has yet been taken to carry out his command.

Joke Was on the Whites.
A Wichita boy serving in the Philippine army writes to his mother in the greatest indignation over a "giant" joke played by a colored regiment in the far-away islands. This regiment is the Forty-ninth Infantry. They were stationed at Sipa, one of the interior provinces. They told the natives they were going to bring them to the States, and the colored race predominated in

Employer—No, you can't go to your grandmother's funeral, but about 5 o'clock you can go out and look at the baseball scores and come back and tell me who won.

Natural Gas.
The origin of natural gas is the action of water upon aluminum carbide by which methane is evolved.

Tell a man he doesn't look well, and he begins to reflect that he is looking interesting.

BURGLAR ON THE TELEPHONE.

He Answered the Call and Defied the Householder.
"Yes, the telephone's all right sometimes," said the man who had boarded the car at Edgewater and taken a seat beside his friend from Rogers Park, "but it has its drawbacks. If I didn't have a telephone in my house I would be ahead about \$50 worth of valuables which a burglar carried away with him last week. The whole affair was rather peculiar. I caught the burglar over the 'phone and had a little talk with him, but he knew he was in no danger of arrest."

"It came about in this way. My wife and I went away and left the maid alone. She told us she would soon leave the house, and we instructed her to lock the doors and windows before she left. After we had been gone about an hour and had arrived at the house of a friend in Evanston my wife remembered that she wanted to tell the maid something. She told me to call up the house, thinking perhaps the maid had not yet left. I called for the number, and, what do you think, a man's voice answered.

"Hello," he said, "who is this?"

"I told him what my name was, and he laughed. I then suggested that I had the wrong number, but he laughed again and said, 'Oh, no; you have the right number.'"

"Who are you, then?" I demanded. "What right have you got in my house when all of us are gone?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said with exasperating coolness and another laugh. "I called up your number, and, finding that there was no one at home, I thought I would come up to the house and look around. It's a way I have of doing. The windows were not locked and I had no trouble getting in. If any one had answered the 'phone I should not have come, but I made a good guess, didn't I?"

"I was up in the air, so to speak. I didn't know what to do. I waited a minute and then asked the fellow what he was doing in my house."

"I am what my friends call a gentleman of leisure, but what you might be rude enough to call a burglar," he said. "I hope you will not—"

"I broke off his speech at this point and yelled that I would have him arrested and hanged, and everything else, but he only laughed again and said he would not be around by the time the police could get there."

"I knew it was useless to telephone for the police to hurry to the house. My wife and I hurried home, and sure enough one of the windows was open and the rooms ransacked. I don't know so well about the telephone's being a good thing.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HUMORING MOTHER'S FANCY.

Little Deputy Parent Believed in Being Indulgent.
The child was a typical "little mother." Like most families in which "little mothers" serve as proxies, there was also a "big mother," but this latter functionary went out nursing other people's babies every day and all day. This being so, what more natural than that Kathie's 9-year-old shoulders should adjust themselves to carrying the household burdens? Of course these burdens were as light as the "big mother" could make them, but even her skill could not reduce the weight of the bouncing 15-month-old baby, who had a penchant for crying all night and falling down all day. These proclivities on the part of the youngest were more or less disturbing to the baby's invalid father, and with deep enjoyment of his own joke he proceeded to express his feelings to baby's "little mother."

"Well, Kathie," he commented, "I think your mother showed very little sense when she went to market and bought this last baby. She surely should have left him where he belonged. We were getting along very nicely without him, and he grows crosser every day."

Instantly Kathie's cheeks burned and her eyes gleamed.

"Father," she said, severely, "my mother works awful hard, and she don't ever have no rides on the trolley, no picnics, no fun nor nothin', an' I think if she likes babies we ought to let her buy all she wants."

With swift step she crossed the room, says the New York Times, and seized an unoffending tin parrot, who suffered patiently from a slit in his back that he might serve better as a bank. This latter she shook so vigorously that even a tin bird must have regretted very bitterly having been so faithful a guardian to so thankless a mistress. Finally the last coin was out, and Kathie gathered up her rhea.

"There," she said, as she triumphantly held up 14 cents before her abashed father, "I'm going to give mother all this 14 cents an' let her go out an' buy another baby the minute she comes in."

Reckless Voyagers.
A New York exchange says that during a gale which ravaged the Atlantic coast the Short Beach Life-Saving Station on Long Island was aroused to rescue four men in a small sloop about half a mile from shore.

After a tedious and perilous trip, the surf-boat reached the sloop, and the crew found on board four men benumbed with cold, and half-starved. When brought to a place of safety and thawed out they told their story.

They had been out on a gunning trip on the Sound, and when overtaken by the storm had taken refuge in a deserted shanty. Their provisions were soon exhausted, and also their fuel, and when, although perfectly aware of their peril, they set sail again, in hopes of bringing up at some place where they could get provisions.

As a consequence of such rashness they came near losing their lives. The captain of the life-savers remarked afterward that it was a pity to risk the lives of good men to save the lives of confirmed idiots.—Youth's Companion.

Where It Really Hurts.
"What do you think of this idea of electing Senators by a direct vote of the people?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I don't know that it would make a great deal of difference to me, but it would mean a considerable privation to the members of my legislature."—Washington Star.



Salt-Water Bread.
Dissolve a half teaspoonful of salt in a pint of scalding water and beat in gradually enough flour to make a soft dough or stiff batter. Beat for ten minutes, cover and set in a very warm place for eight hours. Now stir a teaspoonful of salt into two cups of warm milk and add enough flour to make a very stiff batter before working it into the risen dough. Mix thoroughly, cover and set again in a warm place to rise until very light. Turn into a wooden bowl and work in enough batter to make of the consistency of ordinary bread dough. Make into loaves, set these to rise and bake when light.

Tea Cake.
A delicious tea cake that may easily give your "five o'clocks" a deserved reputation is thus made: Reserve the white of one of six eggs, beating the yolks to a stiff froth; add five ounces of sugar and the same quantity of almonds that have been blanched and pounded fine in a mortar with three ounces of flour, the grated rind of half a lemon, one ounce of orange peel cut very fine, a dust of ground cloves and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Finally the single beaten white is quickly stirred in and the cake baked in small round pans.—Harper's Bazar.

Baked Eggs.
To bake eggs, cook a dozen eggs hard, drop them into cold water and remove the shells. Arrange ten of the eggs in a shallow dish, pour Bechamel sauce over them, sprinkle the top with the yolks of the two remaining eggs, which have been powdered fine and mixed with an equal quantity of bread crumbs. Pour a little melted butter over the top, garnish with triangles of bread dipped in melted butter, and place in a quick oven. When colored a light brown, serve in the dish in which they were cooked.

Mashed and Fried Eggplant.
Peel and slice the eggplant and soak all day in salted water. Drain, boil tender in fresh water, or until much of the water has boiled away, then mash and set aside to cool. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder to the mashed plant, stir in a beaten egg, salt and pepper and enough flour to make the mixture like cake dough. Drop by the spoonful in deep, boiling fat and fry to a good brown.

Waffles.
Into a bowl sift a pint of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder and one of salt. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately, stir the yolks into a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of melted butter. Make a hole in the flour and pour this liquid into it. Beat all together and the stiffened whites and pour the butter into the greased waffle iron.

Gluten Gems.
With two cups of gluten flour sift a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat two eggs light stir them into a pint of milk and pour this, with two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, into the sifted flour. Stir smooth, then pour into greased and heated gem pans and bake immediately in a hot oven.

Gingersnaps.
Two cups of New Orleans molasses, one cup of butter; put these on the stove and let them come to a boil. Remove and add one teaspoonful of soda and one of ginger. Add enough flour to make a dough; roll thin and cut out.

Peanut Butter.
Pound or grind fresh-roasted peanuts to a powder and work into two two tablespoonfuls of this a heaping tablespoonful of fresh butter. Spread thin slices of bread with this paste.

Pineapple Cream.
Heat to the boiling point one can of shredded pineapple. Strain half an ounce of gelatine, which has been dissolved in cold water, and add to the pineapple. Remove from the fire, and when it begins to chill stir in the beaten whites of three eggs and half a pint of cream. Pour into a mold and set on ice.

Tomato Soup.
Turn the contents of a can of tomatoes into a quart of beef stock and simmer slowly for half an hour. Strain out the tomatoes and return the soup to the fire with a half-cup of rice that has soaked for ten minutes. Cook until the rice is tender. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice and a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and serve.

Dumplings.
Sift together a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Work into this a heaping tablespoonful of butter and moisten with a half pint of milk. Work quickly to a light paste and drop into the boiling water of the stew of whatever you are cooking. Cook for ten minutes before sending to the table.

Relief Suggestions.
To remove paint or varnish marks on glass, rub with a little warm vinegar or with the edge of a copper coin dipped in water.

To clean embossed silver articles, dissolve an ounce of alum in two quarts of strong soapwater, wash the article in it, using a soft brush for the very ornamental part. Rinse in cold water, dry on a clean cloth and polish with a chamolva leather.

To make rice cold, mix rice flour smoothly with cold water and simmer it over a slow fire, when it will form a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all purposes of common paste, but well adapted for joining paper and cardboard ornamental work.

Nut cookies are made by creaming two tablespoonfuls butter and one cupful sugar; add three beaten eggs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful salt, three tablespoonfuls milk and two cupfuls peanuts or walnuts, chopped fine; add just enough flour to roll out, star shape and bake in a moderate oven.