

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORRESTER.

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The party at Endon Vale was breaking up. Lady Marion Alton on being informed of her niece's engagement had come to Endon Vale and carried her off to London, and thence to pay a visit to Berkshire. Francis Clayton had left the day before for London. Miss Champion had stayed on, in the hope of winning back Lord Harold to his allegiance; but now that she found each day attracting more and more to her cousin, she could endure it no longer. The visit to Lady Grace, from which she had anticipated such great results, had been fraught with the most bitter mortification.

That same evening while Lady Grace was reading her own little sanctum reading, Winifred knocked at her door and, in answer to her "come in," the girl went in and shut the door.

Lady Grace looked up and smiled kindly, and then she looked again. Winifred did not seem bright and beaming as was her wont—she was nervous, and there were tear stains on her face.

"What is it, my love? You have been crying!" There was such tender solicitude in the tone that it was too much for the girl's overstrung nerves, and the tears came thick and fast.

"O Lady Grace, I am so grieved!" "Grieved, my child? You have not had news from home?"

"Oh, no, not that; but I am so afraid you will be angry with me and never forgive me. It is about Lord Harold Erskine." Winifred said, nervously, and a sudden chill came into the heart of the elder lady, for she was very fond of her nephew.

"About Harold, my dear?" "Lord Harold asked—asked me to marry him this morning; and, oh, Lady Grace, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry that he asked you to marry him?" "Because—indeed, Lady Grace, I never dreamt of such a thing—I thought his position made him so far beyond me. I thought he was kind to me, just from generous-mindedness like you, that I might not feel strange at coming into society I was not used to."

"Then you do not love him?" "I do like him very much—I could not help it, he is so good—but, oh, dear Lady Grace, I could not marry him," and the tears rained down.

"Then you have refused him?" "I told him the truth—I could not deceive him."

"And then all of a sudden it flashed on Lady Grace Farquhar's mind that there was something noble and high-minded in this girl's refusing such a position and such wealth because she did not love the man. A more worldly minded woman would have held such romantic folly in contempt, and thought the girl a fool for her pains; but not so Lady Grace. Still there was a momentary struggle in her heart before she rose from her seat and kissed Winifred.

"My love," she said sweetly, "I think you have done quite right, if you feel sure in your own mind that you cannot love him. But are you quite sure? Harold is kind and good; he is handsome, and is rich—ought you not to weigh everything in your mind thoroughly before you decide?"

"I like him, I respect him, but I do not love him—I cannot marry him," concluded Winifred, piteously.

"Very well, my dear, I will say no more. I am sorry, for my boy's sake, and I should have been well content to have you for a niece."

And then the kind-hearted woman took the sobbing girl in her arms and Winifred laid her head on the kind breast, and cried to her heart's content. It was a good deal more talk before the two parted, and it was settled that Winifred should go home the next day but one, and stay there a few weeks; and then she should pay Endon Vale another visit, when Lord Harold should have left. But Lord Harold left that very day, after seeing and confiding in his aunt. His parting words were:

"Aunt, do you think there is any hope that she will ever come to care for me?" Lady Grace kissed his forehead and stroked his head very tenderly.

"I cannot tell, my boy, but I am afraid not."

## CHAPTER X.

Seventeen months have elapsed since Errol Hastings had stood on the deck of the Enone, looking down into the Mediterranean, and thinking of the woman he loved so deeply. She was not a woman, though, then—she was only a fresh young girl, and in her sweet, simple purity lay the charm she had for the man of the world.

He was staying for a month in Paris on the way home, and the brilliant society he mixed with was very pleasant after his long isolation.

To-night, too, he was to meet an old friend at the opera—a woman whom he had always liked, but who had never seemed so charming to him as she did now, with her pretty assumption of matronhood. Her husband was detestable, certainly, and she knew it. Surely the continuance of an old friendship must be grateful to one who could not be very happy. And with a strong interest, very keenly awakened, Mr. Hastings walked that evening into Mrs. Clayton's opera box.

The husband and wife were together alone. The former was gazing intently through his glass at a very shawly looking supernumerary, the latter leant back indifferently, with a strong expression of discontent and weariness on her pretty face. She was prettier, perhaps, than when he last saw her as Fee Alton; but sadder, more pensive, and her beauty was enhanced by the magnificence of her jewelry.

"I am so glad you have come!" Mrs. Clayton said, smiling up in Errol's face, and yielding her hand to his gentle pressure—"I was so dull. None of my friends has been up to see me, and Mr. Clayton is so fascinated by some lovely creature on the stage that he has no eyes for anyone else. Francis," she continued, touching her husband—"Francis, Mr. Hastings is here."

Mr. Clayton looked savagely at her, and then he gave a surly recognition to Mr. Hastings.

"I hardly expected to see you here this evening," he said.

"You know, Francis, I told you I asked Mr. Hastings to come," said Fee, indignantly. "Your memory is not usually so defective."

Madame was not in the best of temper—constant contact with a man like her husband had not tended to increase the amiability of her disposition.

fused to go near them, because they would not acknowledge her father. She has promised to come and stay with the when we get back to town. You must come and meet her."

"I shall be—very—happy," stammered Errol.

## CHAPTER XI.

Errol Hastings, riding toward the Bois de Boulogne, pondering much on what he had heard. He was surprised—he tried to believe he was pleased; but somehow or other his satisfaction was not very genuine. Miss Eyre had certainly made a fortunate step in life; true she had lost a father whom she had loved, but then she had gained a friend, in Lady Grace Farquhar. She would get introduced into good society, and perhaps, but that was not a train of thought he cared to follow. Had not Erskine already been at her feet?

Mr. Hastings' soliloquy was cut short by seeing Col. d'Agullar walking leisurely along the Champs Elysees. He drew rein instantly.

"d'Agullar!" he cried.

"Hastings!" exclaimed the other, and they shook hands warmly.

"I thought you were back with your regiment," said Errol.

"I have a month more leave, and my brother asked me to join him here, and so I came."

A great many questions came into Errol's head that he would have liked to ask Col. d'Agullar at once; but conversation is neither easy nor agreeable when carried on with a pedestrian from the altitude of a horse's back, particularly when your steed is restive and impatient.

"Come up to my hotel to-night, d'Agullar, will you?" Mr. Hastings said.

"Very well; I suppose you are going to the ball at the Embassy?"

"Yes; but not before twelve."

"Then I'll look in about ten."

And the two men parted just as Mrs. Clayton rolled past in her handsome carriage, drawn by high-stepping horses. She looked like a lovely little Esquimaux enveloped in her soft white furs, and she gave Mr. Hastings a bright smile, and the wave of a delicately gloved little hand. She had not observed Col. d'Agullar.

Sixteen months had passed since the day when they had ridden together down the avenue of broad-leaved chestnuts at Endon Vale. She was not altered—at all events, it did not seem so in the momentary glance he had caught of her smiling face. Was she then utterly heartless? Could she have lived all these months with such a hateful, contemptible wretch as Clayton, and still go on smiling and flirting, and give no sign? Col. d'Agullar knew none of the particulars of the marriage; he had not even heard that she was happy; he had but met her once, and then she had left him at her husband's command, with a smile on her lips. He turned and walked back unhappy and resentful.

Mr. Clayton, as well as his wife, was profoundly ignorant of Col. d'Agullar's arrival in Paris, or he would as soon have trusted his wife alone in that fine city, as he would have walked willingly himself into the cage of the lion in the Jardin des Plantes.

(To be continued.)

## MISS COSTON IN BUSINESS.

She Is Now Active Head of Company that Makes the Coston Signal.

In 1840, when Benjamin Franklin Coston was 19 years old and was in the Washington navy yard, he had many talks with Commodore Stockton and Stewart about night signals at sea. The result was that he fitted up a laboratory and set about the work of making what are now known as the Coston signals, which are in use pretty much all over the world and are not confined to the sea and lakes alone, but are utilized by railroads, telegraph companies and other concerns for purposes that were not dreamed of by the inventor when he began his work.

Coston died when he was 22 years old, leaving his inventions not fully developed, and his wife, knowing his formulae and plans, continued where he left off and in turn transmitted the inventions to her son, the late William F. Coston, who carried on the business until August last, when he died as the result of an explosion in his laboratory on Staten Island. Mr. Coston transmitted the formulae and patents to his daughter, Miss Aline H. Coston, who is 21 years old.

Miss Coston was at first disposed to sell out her interests in their entirety, but being a spirited young woman she took a second thought on the matter, with the result that she reached the conclusion that there was no reason why she should not carry on the business herself. To this end she organized a stock company recently, and with several members of her family as shareholders and corporate officers is conducting the business herself, coming regularly to her office in New York and maintaining a general oversight of the works and laboratory on Staten Island.

The principle of the Coston signal is a series of different colored lights, burned in succession from the same cartridge. The different alternate combinations of color correspond to numbers in a code book, and different code books are made for commercial and naval ships, for railroads, for telegraph lines, for the life-saving service, for the lake marine, for different yacht clubs, for the regular army, the National Guard, and so forth.

Miss Coston, like other members of the family, has been brought up to know the business thoroughly and in studying it has become somewhat expert as a chemist.—New York Sun.

## Devices to Prevent Collisions.

In an English watering town, where the streets are narrow in some quarters, a highly novel expedient has been devised to avoid accidents due to collisions of teams and cyclists at such street corners. Two mirrors, about a yard square each, are attached to a lamp post at points where a narrow street runs at right angles into the main thoroughfare. These are so placed that the users of the roadway can see what is moving along the other street before reaching the corner. There are many localities in large cities where this ingenious expedient of minimizing risk of collision might be utilized with advantage.

## All Actors Want It.

"There's a man out in the waiting room," said the great man's secretary. "I think he's a bum actor."

"I think you think so?" "Why do you think so?" "He says he's anxious to get an audience."—Philadelphia Press.

God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—Colton.

# WITH A PACK TRAIN IN IDAHO.

By OLIN D. WHEELER.

A trip into the mountains with a pack train under moderately favorable circumstances is, for the man who can thoroughly enjoy nature and unconventionality in traveling, a rare treat.

In the hope that readers of "Wonderland 1903" may enjoy a brief sketch of a pack train journey into a little known and very mountainous region in Idaho, this sketch is written.



The Divide between Montana and Idaho is the summit line of the Bitterroot mountains. This range is justly reputed one of the most forbidding and difficult ranges on the continent through which to travel.

The engineering obstacles to railways and wagon roads are extreme, but eventually these will necessarily yield to human persistency and ingenuity. Until then the trail and pack train is the only practicable way of traversing these grand and lofty defiles, where the forests bend, the rocks are washed out by the clouds, the mountain streams roar their way into the sea, and the fish and game thrive in seclusion.

Stretching across this region of tremendous distances, high elevations, and abrupt declivities, runs an old Indian trail of historic renown. It was originally known as the northern Nez Perce Indian trail, in contradistinction to the southern Nez Perce trail farther south. It is now and has long been known as the Lolo trail, and it extends from a point about eleven miles south from Missoula, Mont., westward to the Clearwater river in Idaho. It was over the western part of this well-worn trail that the writer essayed to make his way in the summer of 1902, having been previously over the eastern portion.

I have said that this trail is historic. In a general way it is the route used by Lewis and Clark in crossing the watershed between the Bitterroot and Clearwater rivers—both being branches of the Columbia—in 1805 and 1806, and the story of their experiences there reads like fiction. In 1877 Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce Indians, after beginning the well-known war of that year in Idaho, retreated across this trail into Montana, followed by General Howard and the United States troops in a long and for that part of the army, a fruitless stern chase.

Mr. W. H. Wright, a thorough mountaineer with whom I had before campaigned had provided for our trip a pack train, outfit, and cook, which were rendezvoused at Kamiah, Idaho, on the Clearwater Short Line of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Kamiah is in one of the most attractive valleys I have ever seen. The valley is rather circular and oblong in shape, has a delightful climate and is surrounded by high, most gracefully carved and grassy mountain slopes. Above these slopes to the south stretch the wide, fertile plains of Camas prairie. Here live the Nez Perce Indians and, sandwiched among them, many white settlers.

The Indians have taken up the old lands of their reservation in severity, and the surplus acres have been sold to the whites. The Indians have fine farms along the Clearwater, and even high up among the hills, and both reds and whites appear to thrive with little or no friction. Grain and vegetables grow to perfection here, and grapes, cherries, peaches, and other fruits find a natural soil and a congenial climate that cannot be surpassed.

Through this valley, its mountain walls mottled by the grain fields of the Indian farms in varying degrees of ripeness, flows the Clearwater river, fresh from the junction of the south and middle forks, and a rapid and clear-water stream indeed.

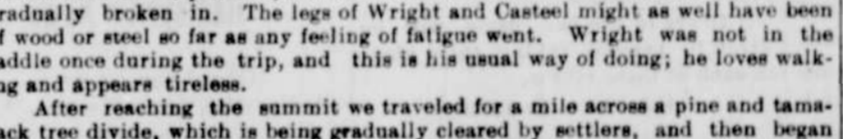
Up a long, brown slope from the stream, and just across from a fine ferry owned and managed by an Indian, wound the trail we were to take, and a mile down stream was the spot where Lewis and Clark camped for some time in 1806, when on their return from Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia river.

There were four of us: Wright, whose detailed knowledge of the region was most thorough; Casteel, the cook and a master of his craft; Mr. De Camp, a painter and photographer of Helena, Mont., and the writer. We left Kamiah at 9:00 o'clock one morning, crossed the river on the ferry and started up the trail. In packing the horses some time was lost in adjusting packs, and two or three animals had to be blindfolded while packing them. One horse, buckskin, developed great disinclination to thus being made a beast of burden, and was disposed of to cavort around and "buck."

A pack saddle is much like an old fashioned saw buck. Over the horse's side are swung, with large loops hanging down the sides. With these, side packs—the heavier packs always—are fastened securely well down on the horse's sides, and above and between the saddle horns and over the horse's back the top and lighter packs are placed. The whole is then covered with a heavy canvas pack cover and lashed on with a pack rope in a form known as a diamond hitch, from the diamond shape formed by the tightened rope over the top of the pack. A regulation pack rope with broad canvass cinch is thirty-two feet in length. Two men are required to pack a horse or mule, but one can do it when necessary if the animal be tractable.

Our route was up an unshelved slope in the blazing sun until we had climbed 1,000 feet, and the latter part of the way was very steep. At such places the wise climber and trailman climbs afoot and relieves his horse. This we did as much as possible, but two of us were fresh from offices and had to be gradually broken in. The legs of Wright and Casteel might as well have been of wood or steel so far as any feeling of fatigue went. Wright was not in the saddle once during the trip, and this is his usual way of doing; he loves walking and appears tireless.

After reaching the summit we traveled for a mile across a pine and tamarack tree divide, which is being gradually cleared by settlers, and then began



the descent to the crossing of Lolo creek, flowing into the Clearwater and, unfortunately, a duplicate in name of another creek on the eastern slope of the same range. Heretofore the old trail and modern wagon road had been more or less commingled, but now the road disappeared and the trail became one of those fine old Indian trails, wide, plain and deep, winding down through the forest and along the mountain side in the usual sharp zigzag fashion. At last we reached the Lolo, a clear rushing stream thirty feet wide and knee deep, in a wild, secluded spot. Other visitors had just arrived. A fine looking Nez Perce Indian; his comely squaw and her mother, perhaps; a black headed, black eyed youngster, five or six years old and stark naked, and a tiny miss clad in a very dainty calico shift, were there. About a little fire the women were preparing a noonday meal. To the young squaw's credit, she carefully washed her hands and face at the border of the stream before beginning her culinary duties. This is not strange, however, for the Nez Perces are a superior tribe of Indians in all respects.

After some bantering conversation back and forth, we climbed slowly out of the canyon, over a hard, tiresome trail, and then, down a gentle grade through the deep cool forest, made our way to the eastern side of Weippe prairie, where we bivouacked for the night under a pine tree in a forsy-acre pasture and near people who know how to treat travelers in a hospitable manner.

We made our first camp at 4:50 p. m., very tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since our 6 o'clock breakfast. The benefits of a good cook were now manifested.

We slept in the open air, and how I did rejoice in it! Our next day's journey followed a wagon road for most of the way and about at right angles to our first day's course. The country, level at first, soon became undulating, and finally we jumped fairly into the mountains.

The Weippe prairie is a wide, level stretch of country watered by Jim Ford creek, which flows north and west into the main Clearwater river. Grain, including winter wheat, and the hardier vegetables, grow luxuriantly, but melons, cucumbers, etc., have not yet been successfully cultivated. The nights are cold, heavy dews fall, and frost is quite common. In winter the thermometer

seldom drops below zero, but there is a good fall of snow, and live stock must be fed for several months. The stock throughout this locality were of good blood, fat and sleek.

Timber and fuel are found in inexhaustible quantities. The country is quite well settled and the people seem satisfied and contented.

We had given the animals all the timothy hay they could eat during the night, and when we came to pack them, Buckskin was very topknotical and imagined his neck was clothed with thunder and that he breathed fire from his nostrils; Roan was in a mood to climb trees and play a tattoo with his heels, but the others were very well behaved, and submitted to packing with good grace and the inevitable groanings characteristic of old-time camp meetings and tight cinchings. Old White and Sorrel were old timers as pack horses, were thin as rails, unweildy and awkward as a pair of cows, but tough as mules, as steady as old maids, old as Methusalem, and of a sternly moral cast of counte-



enance. In trailing, Wright led the way, leading Roan; one of us followed, and then the other horses were divided as well as possible between us, so as to keep them well up in line on the trail.

Up and down we went, passing three small creeks trilling their way amid the dense timber, and we halted for the night at the forks of Lolo creek where solitude reigned supreme. There were no bottom lands, no grazing, but the spot was otherwise suitable for a night's camp, and beside a beautiful trout stream, and we had brought along oats for the dumb brutes who were necessarily tied up during the night. Roan and Buckskin had evidently never acquired a taste for oats for they refused to eat them and seemed suspicious as to our motives in offering them.

Our day's trailing had been longer than anticipated and two of us at least were very tired. DeCamp, however, got out his rod and line and was soon wading the creek and whipping the rapids, and he secured a mess of trout for breakfast. I bathed my fevered feet in the cold stream, changed my shoes, and, after the royal supper provided, felt like a different man.

We erected, usually, only the cook's tent, our canvas bedcovers being all needed protection except in case of a heavy rain.

Towards morning of this night, it began to rain and by the time we were packed and ready to start the rain was steadily falling, and as we got well into the forest the trees dripped moisture, the bushes alongside the trail deluged our legs and feet with crystal drops beautiful but coldly wet, and in the open spots the mists floated, baptizing us plentifully as we rode along and hiding from view the country about us.

On this day, too, one of the riding horses, apparently in fair condition, gave completely out and had to be left behind. Our erstwhile bucking friend, put under a pack for the first time, lost all interest in our proceedings, and was driven into camp long after the others reached there, almost exhausted.

Our camp was at a clearing in the mountains shown on the maps as Weitus meadows. It is a fresh, green bit of mountain meadow-land in the depths of the range, a fine camping spot where clear, pure water, green grass, and fuel are more than abundant. The meadows, while being much higher than Kamiah, so much so that the change in temperature was easily noticeable, were yet at the base of the highest parts of the range, and were twenty-five miles from the next camping ground.

The special object of the expedition was thoroughly accomplished despite our forced delay, and on the third day we again gathered the horses, placed the packs upon their backs after some snorting and cavorting, and started to retrace our steps. Buckskin pulled up his picket pin and led Wright a long chase through the swamp and wet grass, but was finally corralled, thrown, and blindfolded, and, once finally packed, trudged along like a good and subordinate soldier, occasionally lying down in the vain hope of being released from his pack.

The rain ceased long enough to enable us to get our packs on without getting everything wet, and then began again in an aimless fashion, but finally we rode out of it entirely. The white mists and clouds remained about Weitus for a week afterwards. The first six hours' travel were through dripping foliage, and we became thoroughly wet.

From the higher divides we now obtained glimpses of the region around us. Ridges after ridges, heavily timbered, extended from east to west, with deep, yawning ravines and canons between. To the north the north fork of the Clearwater could be traced, with white, heavily massed clouds lying motionless in the depressions, a most beautiful sight.

We were now reduced to one riding horse for four men. By noontime our equine friend with the bucking propensities, again laboring under a pack, gave evidences of nervous or other sort of prostration, and his pack was transferred to the one remaining saddle horse who assumed the burden like the tramp that he was. Later in the day the "bucker" gave out entirely, and we abandoned him.

Every man must needs make the entire distance to Kamiah afoot, and the two "tenderfeet"—in more senses than one—faced the alternative with the best gear possible.

The day's tramp was a hard one, truly, and we reached the forks of the Lolo once more, very tired and hungry.

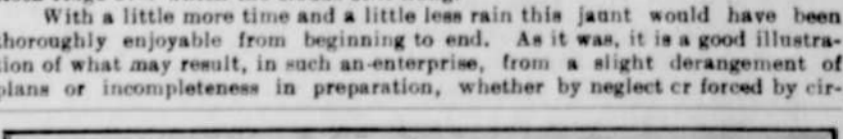
Just before reaching there, old Sorrel, who at times was the embodiment of awkwardness, slipped at a bad point in the trail and rolled over and over in picturesque fashion down the steep mountain-side. His pack saved him from injury, but it required fifteen minutes to work him back to the trail, for it was an awkward place for such a mishap. Sorrel put an interesting figure as he lay sprawled on his back for a time, his feet pawing the air in an effort to right himself.

Lewis and Clark had passed along here a century before, and we were bivouacked at the forks of the Collins creek.

Our last day's tramp into Kamiah began early and was ended by three o'clock. It was absolutely a pleasurable one. Through the cool forest we trudged, gradually ascending, the day clear and balmy, crossed the divide and descended to Lolo creek, where we took the packs from the pack animals and gave them a three-hours' rest, and ate our luncheon. Not a horse raised a serious objection to the work demanded. Even Buckskin was less obstreperous, and they all followed the trail in better fashion.

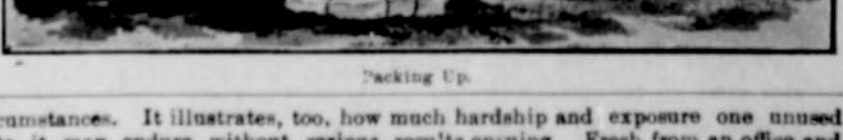
We forded Lolo creek, which was knee deep, and the cold rushing current was most grateful in its cooling effects, and then began our last upward climb. We stopped at intervals of about 200 feet vertical advance and rested the horses. It was the easiest, most enjoyable climb of the sort I ever saw made, and it was almost astonishing the ease with which our nondescript outfit did it. The heavy timber shielded us from the hot sun and we were refreshed by distant views of Rock ridge over which the clouds still hung.

With a little more time and a little less rain this jaunt would have been thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. As it was, it is a good illustration of what may result, in such an enterprise, from a slight derangement of plans or incompleteness in preparation, whether by neglect or forced by cir-



stances. It illustrates, too, how much hardship and exposure one unused to it may endure without serious results ensuing. Fresh from an office and without any preliminary practice, I lunged into mountain travel, for two days was wet to the skin, and with no other unpleasant consequences than extreme but healthy fatigue.

First published in "Wonderland" for 1903, copyrighted by Chas. S. Fee, general passenger agent Northern Pacific Railway.



circumstances. It illustrates, too, how much hardship and exposure one unused to it may endure without serious results ensuing. Fresh from an office and without any preliminary practice, I lunged into mountain travel, for two days was wet to the skin, and with no other unpleasant consequences than extreme but healthy fatigue.