

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

A week before the theatricals the Princess Zelikoff, Lady Dora's old-time friend, arrived at the Court. She was charmed to have her friend with her again.

Coming every day to rehearse with Lady Dora, Winifred saw, with the terrible instinct of jealousy, that the pale, beautiful, languid French woman loved the master of Hazel Court, not seeming to see them, and yet painfully conscious of every word that passed between them. She fancied, and perhaps it was not only fancy, that the old tenderness Mr. Hastings had shown for her was creeping into his manner to the Princess Zelikoff. He was always at her side now—when she rode when she sang or when she sat apart from the rest of the company. Sometimes Winifred, stung with jealousy, would try the power of her old fascinations upon him. She spoke to him in the low, soft voice he would have given half he possessed to hear in the time that was past; she looked with pleading eyes into his face and sang the songs he loved, and yet she could not keep him by her side.

The agitation and excitement of the last few days before the Court ball were almost too much for Winifred. She had no sleep at night, she could scarcely be induced to touch food, and Mrs. Clayton really felt a little anxious at seeing her so hollow-eyed.

Every one was charmed with the entertainment. It had not been too long. The tableaux were lovely and as for the play, "Cross Purposes," it was charming. Not very much plot in it, perhaps, but so wonderfully acted. It was so rank to see gentlemen and ladies play thoroughly well; and they had all been so handsome, so graceful.

Miss Champion and Lady Laura may have suffered some pang of jealousy at the admiration Miss Eyre excited, but the Princess Zelikoff was in a torment of jealous pain. She, the unresponsive, the pale, impassible Diana, she had been called, was at last in love, and with Mr. Hastings. She did not know if he cared for her; nay, when she saw his passionate look at Winifred at the end of the play, a terrible fear seized her that his affections were centered on the graceful English girl. She must love him, too; the most finished actress could not have thrown such expression into her eyes, had not some deep emotion been working in her heart.

Two weeks later the marriage of Flora Champion to Mr. Maxwell took place. It was a grand and stately affair, yet it was a relief to every one when the breakfast was over and the bridal pair had started on their journey. As she drove off in the barouche, drawn by four magnificent bay horses, Flora Maxwell looked like a queen. Perhaps she felt like one as she bowed right and left to the crowd of country people who stood on either side of the Manor gates to see her pass.

Mr. Hastings and Winifred danced together at the ball in the evening; but there was an unpleasant kind of stiffness and reserve between them. She felt like one who bowed right and left to the crowd of country people who stood on either side of the Manor gates to see her pass.

How glad I shall be to get away from this! poor Winifred said to herself, with exceeding bitterness. "I think I should die if I were forced to stop and find my mother and sister here. Perhaps when I am back at Endon Vale I shall forget him."

She was delighted when the day came for her to leave Hurst Manor. Her only regret was in parting with her grandfather, who had been very kind to her, and to whom she had really become attached.

Lady Grace was expecting a party of guests at Endon Vale, and invited Lady Ada Fordyce to accompany Winifred home, as Lady Valanton and her eldest daughter were going to visit in the north.

All the household were glad to have her among them again; and Winifred, Clayton, he had such long arrears of copying and references for her to make up, that Lady Grace was obliged to interfere and rescue her from her rusty labor.

Lord Harold, who was at the house again, complained bitterly of her frequent and prolonged absence; but after a time he grew more tolerant, and seemed to find some consolation in the company of Lady Ada Fordyce. He was still very much in love with Winifred, but he began now to reflect sagely that it was folly for him to be pining and sighing after her if she had really made up her mind that she would not marry him.

Some one gave out the intelligence at dinner at Endon Vale that Mr. Hastings had gone on a yachting expedition, and that Lady Dora and the Russian princess accompanied him. Mrs. Clayton looked from underneath her lashes at Winifred, and noted the sudden blush of whiteness which came into her face. "Ah! how I wish I could help her," she thought, pitifully. "A real friend might often be able to save a girl years of unhappiness and regret. If she would only tell me!"

Lady Grace had devoted a pretty, bay-windowed sitting room to Mrs. Clayton's use, and there she and Winifred often sat for hours together undisturbed. They were very fond of each other, very sympathetic and caressing, yet neither mentioned the subject that was nearest her heart.

At last Mrs. Clayton resolved to dispartate the reserve. She knew that to gain confidence you must be prepared to give it, and strengthened herself to the task.

"They were sitting together as usual, one each side of the window, sometimes speaking, oftener silent. The day had been sultry, and the windows were thrown wide open to let in the little air that was stirring. Mrs. Clayton had been watching her for some time. At last she spoke:

"My dear Winifred, you will go on reading and dreaming about Omeone until you have completely identified yourself with that forlorn maiden."

Winifred turned her eyes dreamily to the speaker. "I was not even thinking of Omeone," and then her hand closed the book which she had been open at her favorite poem.

"Confess now—you are jealous of the attention Lord Harold pays your cousin?" Winifred laughed gaily.

"O, Fee, you are a bad diviner of secrets. I am waiting in daily hope that he will propose to her. I could not fancy two people better suited."

"I could."

"Who, Fee?"

"Yourself and Errol Hastings."

"O, Fee!" cried Winifred, with impa-

fusal was conveyed in such terms that I felt the utter impossibility of a thought of love coming between us again."

"She has forgiven you now from the depths of her heart. And she suffers, Errol—suffers; and at night, when she is alone, she cries bitter tears. I went one night to her room, and I heard her sobbing as though her heart would break, and went away again."

Mr. Hastings felt a sudden choking in his throat, and turned away. The groom was just bringing his horse round. He rose.

"Thank you a thousand times for your kindness," he said, in a low voice; "I shall not forget it. Good by," and he took her little white hand in his and kissed it. Then he rode thoughtfully away.

For days and days after his conversation with Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Hastings mused upon her words. So many doubts divided his mind, and kept him from deciding on what course he should pursue. "Could he in truth rely upon her words?"—did Winifred really love him, and regret her marriage, and pride to him, or was it a kindly though mistaken attempt on Mrs. Clayton's part to bring them once more together? If he sought her again, and she gave him the same answer, his pride would never recover such a terrible humiliation.

A whole month of restless uneasiness passed away before he could make up his mind to visit Endon Vale again. Then one morning he plucked up courage suddenly and went.

At first Mrs. Clayton had anticipated the happiest results from her talk with Mr. Hastings; but as day after day wore on, and he did not return, she fell into despair, and wished with some bitterness of heart that she had forbore to interfere. One thing was fortunate—she had not breathed a word to Winifred of what had passed between them.

(To be continued.)

LIVING IN IDYLIC EASE.

Residents of Pitcairn Island Have Little to Worry About.

One of the most delightful spots on the habitable globe is Pitcairn Island, in the South Seas, which is chiefly inhabited by the descendants of the mutineers of the English ship Bonny. These people are entirely isolated from the world, with the exception that they live sufficiently near one of the great ocean routes to induce the captains of vessels wishing fresh meat or fruit to make a slight deflection from their course, sight the island, land on it with one of the ship's boats and get their needed supplies. The island has no good harbor or roadstead, hence in stormy weather it is practically unapproachable.

According to the official report, the islanders are under the government of one of their number, who appears to be a man of ability and determination, and are in a contented, though hardly a progressive, state. The entire community numbers about 15 members, with a somewhat disproportionate number of females. There are no diseases on the island, and absolutely no medical means of treating them if they were. The local authorities when offered medical supplies said that they neither needed nor cared for them. There appears to be an abundance of fruit and vegetables, and a sufficient supply of goats to furnish the comparatively little animal food required in a tropical region.

The system of control is evidently largely socialistic. From 8 a. m. until 2 p. m. all of the male group population are engaged in public works of various kinds. After 2 p. m. they are at liberty to do what they care to for themselves, or to enjoy their leisure. They are all devout members of the Seventh Day Adventist faith, and the American missionaries of this religious organization are endeavoring to do what they can to build up some slight commerce between Pitcairn Island and Tahiti, believing that it would be of advantage to the people of the former island. These latter appear to be in certain ways undergoing a species of degeneration, in consequence, presumably, of too close intermarrying. One evidence of this is the very early loss of their upper front teeth, although, on the other hand, it may be said that when they appear to have the strength and endurance needed to do more than most workmen would in this country or in Europe. Another defect, due to extreme isolation, is the corruption of language. There has been a tendency among them to adopt what may be termed a language of their own, made up by the careless and clipping use of English words, so that at the present time it is somewhat difficult for the younger members of the community to quickly understand English when they are addressed in that tongue.

True to Her Charge.

Every now and then we hear a story of a man or a woman who has never ridden on a railroad train, though living for a generation within sound of the locomotive's whistle. Similarly, the telephone is still an uncanny mystery to numbers, even in our big cities. In one of the residence sections of Philadelphia a gentleman had a telephone installed in his house the same day on which his wife had engaged a new servant. The first time the girl heard the telephone bell ring she went to the front door, found no one there and returned puzzled. Then she heard her mistress's voice upstairs. Thinking that she was being called she went up to the room. There she saw the telephone in use for the first time in her life. She could think of but one explanation. "Oh, the poor thing gone crazy. Don't worry, darlin', I'll stand by," she cried, and was immediately ordered out by her indignant mistress. "Never," was the reply. "Never will I be said of me that I left my poor lady talking into a wall, and her with three little children."

Fears a Fuel Famine.

Unless vast new stores of coal which can be mined and transported at a reasonable cost are discovered ere this generation draws its last breath the expense of crossing the Atlantic in the fastest steamships is likely to soar to lofty figures. The number of coal-consuming vessels, naval and mercantile, is increasing rapidly every year, and the demand for fuel for such craft is steadily expanding. Coal fields which are worked to advantage for the supply of steamships do not contain inexhaustible treasures of carbon. The biggest and deepest boats on the sea burn 500 tons or more each day. Long before this century ends the fuel problem may become perplexing.—New York Tribune.



A GLANCE

Yes, stranger, I drawed the up-State farmer, "that train is loaded with butter."

"But I thought it was a milk train?"

"Interposed the city man."

"So it was, but coming down the mountain it left the track and when it got back again all the milk had been churned to butter."

Poor Thomas.

Stone-Cutter—What name shall I cut on the headstone?

Widow—Simply put "Thomas Burns."

Not Angling.

"Well, there is one thing that can be said of Crawford. Although he went fishing himself on the Sabbath he didn't let his little son fish."

"I am glad to hear that. Was the boy at Sunday school?"

"No, baiting the hooks."

Would He Palatable.

Reginald—Bah, love, that barba-hould be more progressive.

Harry—In what way?

Reginald—Well, if he must get that shaving soap in a fellow's mouth he should have it flavored with vanilla and wintergreen.

Easily Accomplished.

"I'd like to be popular out here," said the millionaire from the East.

"Wal, pard," drawled Amber Pete, "if you want the boys to think you are any good you must kill your man."

"That so? All right. I'll have my chauffeur let me run my automobile."

At the Dinner Party.

Gunner—What a cold and reserved beauty Miss Beacon is! She preferred to walk into the dining room unescorted.

Guyser—Yes, she reminds me of time and tide.

Gunner—How is that?

Guyser—She waits for no man.

He Carried on Warfare.

"That's won on me!" said the general's horse, as the enemy surrendered.—Columbia Jester.

A Bad One.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

A DIFFERENCE IN EYES.



Potato—Well, old one-eye, how did you like the circus?

Needle—Oh, not at all! Couldn't see anything. There were too many rings going on at the same time.

Potato—Gee! I thought it fine; had a great time.

Needle—Well, why shouldn't you think it fine? With all your eyes you could see all the rings at once.

Good Advice.

"You have had some experience with the fair sex," said the inexperienced youth who had been jilted; "how is the best way to get around a girl?"

"With your arms!" tersely replied the old-timer.

Something in It.

Mrs. Chugwater—Joshua, do you believe there is anything in palmistry?

Mr. Chugwater—Yes; I have been told that some palmists get as high as \$100 a week out of it.

Jarred.

Composer—How much ought I get for my new song?

Critic—Six months.

The Strenuous Life.

Caterby—What are you doing in town? I thought you were living in the country playing golf, ping pong, tether ball and going to dances.

Peterkin—I am. But I have to come to town occasionally to get rested.

He Knew.

Teacher—I feel for you, Tommy. I feel for you every time I have to punish you.

Tommy—Well, you found me all right that time.

They Obstructed the View.

Prospective Customer—What have you got in the way of fruit this morning, grocer?

Grocer (misunderstanding)—Oh, a couple of boxes of soap, sir, but I can easily remove 'em.—Columbia Jester.

At St. Louis.

Quinn—Airships will be all the rage soon.

De Fonte—Well, it is nothing unusual for people to fly in a rage.

Knew the Daughter.

"Well, have you found a stage career all that you hoped? Has Dame Fortune smiled on you?"

"I haven't met the old lady yet. But I know her daughter. We have traveled together for several years."

"Her daughter?"

"Yes—Miss Fortune."

His Love.

"Poor fellow, he loves her for all he's worth."

"He loved her more than that yesterday."

"How do you mean?"

"He borrowed a ten-spot from me to send her some Easter flowers."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Practical.

Bess—Why did you break off your engagement with Jack?

Neil—I asked him to guess my age—and he did.

Very "Shocking."

Young Housekeeper—Please send me two pounds of butter, a dozen eggs and a box of seeded raisins.

Grocer—Anything else, ma'am?

Young Housekeeper—Why, yes; you might send two pounds of those electric currants I hear so much about. I'd like to try them in the fruit cake and see if they are any better than the old kind.

Strenuous Hours.

Mayme—Are you going to the seashore this summer?

Edythe—Not me. I bored almost to death there last year.

Mayme—Not enough men?

Edythe—No; too many mosquitoes.

An Enjoyable Evening.

"Yes, I went to the musicale last night and had a delightful time."

"Last night? Why, the storm was so terrific I should think it would have kept most of the guests away."

"It did keep some away, and fortunately they were the ones who were expected to supply the music."—Washington Star.

Real Means of Him.

"I don't wish to take up your time," the caller said, "unless you think it is likely I might interest you in the subject of life insurance."

"Well," replied the man at the desk, "I'll not deny that I have been thinking some about it lately. Go ahead, I'll listen to you."

Whereupon the caller talked to him 45 minutes without a break.

"And now," he said at last, "are you satisfied that our company is one of the best and that our plan of doing business is thoroughly safe and conservative?"

"Yes."

"Have I convinced you that we furnish as good insurance as any other company and at rates as cheap as you can get anywhere?"

"Yes, I am satisfied with the showing you make. Perfectly satisfied."

"Well, don't you want to take out a policy with us?"

"Me? Oh, no. I'm a life insurance agent myself. I think I might be able to get some pointers from you."

A cable road at best is but a wire-pulling affair.

Mashed Potatoes, Milanese.

Boil the required number of potatoes till done, drain till they are perfectly dry; then mash with a fork till smooth and creamy, moistening during the mashing process with chicken stock. Season with salt and white pepper, and add considerable whipped cream—enough to enable you to beat the potato with an egg beater. Put into a dish, smooth lightly, sprinkle grated parmesan over the top and brown in a rather hot oven.

Inexpensive Sponge Cake.

One cupful of granulated sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, with one scant teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together three times. Three eggs beaten separately, one-half cupful of cold water. Pour about half of the water on the sugar, and then add yolks of eggs well beaten; add the remainder of the water and flour alternately, then add whites of eggs, stir lightly, put in pan and bake about forty minutes.

Pineapple Lemonade.

Pineapple lemonade is refreshing and is prepared with very little trouble. Pare and grate a ripe pineapple; add the juice of four or five lemons and syrup made by boiling together for a few minutes two cups of sugar and the same quantity of water. Mix and add a quart of water. When quite cold strain and ice. A maraschino cherry in each glass is an addition.

Canned Cherries.

Prick each cherry and prepare a syrup, allowing a half cup of water and a quarter of a pound of sugar to three quarts of cherries. Put over the fire just long enough to dissolve the sugar, then drop in the cherries and bring very slowly to a boil. Boil gently for five minutes, fill jars with the cherries, fill to overflowing with the boiling syrup and seal immediately.

Stewed Carrots.

Parboil some carrots, then slice them thickly, and place in a stew-pan with sufficient broth to just cover them. Season with pepper and salt and add one ounce of butter. Let these simmer gently until perfectly tender, take up the carrots, set on a dish, thicken, and color the gravy and pour round the carrots. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve.

Cream Filling for Chocolate Creams.

Beat the white of an egg light with a tablespoonful of sugar, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and enough confectioners' sugar to make a mixture stiff enough to be rolled into balls, beat very smooth, then form into balls the size of a small marble and spread in a pan to get stiff and firm before rolling them in the melted chocolate.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Sweet Pickles.

Lay the cucumbers in brine for three days, then drain and lay in fresh water for a day. Line a kettle with grape leaves and arrange the cucumbers in it in layers, scattering a pinch of alum over each layer. Cover with cold water and three layers of leaves, fit a lid on the kettle and steam the pickles without letting them boil over a slow fire for six hours. Drain the cucumbers and throw into cold water and when they are firm pack into jars. Fill the jars with boiling vinegar that has been seasoned with a cup of sugar to each quart, eight whole cloves, eight black peppers, six allspice and six blades of mace. Seal the jars at once. They will be ready for use in three months.

Tomato Catch-up.

Boil together until soft a peck of ripe tomatoes and four onions, then rub through a colander and strain through a sieve. Put the liquid into a kettle with a half teaspoonful of grated garlic, a dozen sprigs of parsley, two bay leaves, a tablespoonful of sugar, one of salt, one of ground cloves, one each of mace and black pepper and a tiny muslin bag containing two teaspoonfuls of celery seed and a teaspoonful of paprika. Add a pint of vinegar and boil, stirring constantly, until the liquid is reduced one-half and is very thick. Remove the bag of celery seed, add a cup of vinegar, boil again for ten minutes and remove from the fire. When cold, bottle and seal.

Swiss Potatoes.

Select potatoes of even shape and size. Scrub and then bake. Directly the potatoes are done, slice off the top of each and scoop out the potato, taking care not to break the skin. Mash the pulp with a little milk, butter, and season very highly with grated cheese and cayenne. Stir in a little chopped parsley and beat till light. Return the pulp to the skins, letting it rest a little over the top, and run a little butter over it. Then set in a hot oven and bake a light brown.

Green Peas, Parisian Style.

Put three pints of green peas into a saucepan with two ounces of butter, half a dozen branches of parsley tied together, a peeled onion, a pinch of sugar, a little salt, a head of lettuce cut in strips, and half a pint of water. Simmer gently till the peas are done, mix three beaten eggs with three tablespoonfuls of cream, and having removed the parsley and onion, add to the peas, leaving the lettuce in. Mix all well together, and serve.—The Epicure.

Raspberry Vinegar.

For raspberry vinegar pour one quart of good elder vinegar over two quarts of red raspberries and set aside for two days. Drain off the liquid and pour it over a second two quarts of raspberries. Repeat this process once more, strain carefully and add a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil five minutes and bottle. In serving, allow two-thirds of water and a generous portion of shaved ice to two-thirds of the vinegar.

An Unfortunate Investment.

The story of the man who paid the minister his marriage fee in yearly dividends, according to the value of the matrimonial goods, is matched by one which the Philadelphia Telegraph relates.

A Southern clergyman had married a pair of negroes. After the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' change fo' dis?"

"Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell yo' what Ob'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollars, an den ef I fin' I ain't got changed, I'll gib yo' mo' in a monf."

A month later the groom returned.

"Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pahson."

"Yes," said the minister, expectantly.

"Ah tol' yo' dat ef it was all right, Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?"

"You did."

"Well, pahson, as dis yere am a sort of speculation, Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah an' eighty-five cents, an' Ah come ter git it."

The Novelty Had Worn Off.

A good indirect comment on the American idea that a live man is a live workman is contained in this from the Chicago News:

"Your father must be getting along in years," said the city cousin.

"Yes; he's right on to eighty-nine."

"Is his health good?"

"No; he hasn't been right pert for some time back."

"What seems to be the matter with him?"

"I dunno. I guess farming don't agree with him any more."

At High Altitudes.

Balloonists who ascended about 10,000 feet in Europe, the other day, found a temperature of 27 degrees below zero.

No man ever finds fault with another man if there is a woman he can lay it on.

AMERICA'S MANSIONS.

Type of Buildings the Great Wealth of the Country Has Produced.

Readers will recall how many pages of the Architectural Record have been devoted in recent years to the representation of costly city houses and country places erected not only by the Vanderbilt family, but by the Goulds, the Astors, Messrs. Poor, Whitney, Wetmore, Huntington, Benedict, Bourne, Foster and others—a register of the great opportunities that have been provided for the American architect by the astonishing increase of wealth in this country, and an indication also for the world at large of the new and interesting development of American social life, which as yet has attained to barely more than its beginning. Nothing comparable to it exists elsewhere in the world, writes H. W. Desmond, in Architectural Record. The buildings it has produced (and in the future will demand) are very decidedly differentiated from the English country house, their nearest contemporary analogue. They differ even more from the American homes that arose after the war and when prosperity returned to the country. Neither are they at all kindred to those old colonial houses which added the chief charm to our early social life, the remaining examples of which still retain an indelible atmosphere of delight. The spires of the old days, or, rather, his American counterpart in the Southern planter and the New England trader, has been replaced by the merchant prince, and the homes the latter is now creating, especially along the eastern littoral, may best be likened to those which the merchant princes of Mediaeval days erected in a manner and with a purpose not entirely dissimilar to the manner and purpose of their undreamt-of American successors. These buildings are the registers of our very latest days, of our rapidly accumulating wealth, of the prodigious rewards of high finance, and the extraordinary degree of luxury that has become compatible with American life.

The Old-Fashioned Woman.

Oh, well I remember the home of my childhood.

The hill that I climbed in the sunlight and dew;

The rabbits that hid at its base in the wood.

The hunters that often would trouble them, too.

But better than these was the ivy-grown dwelling—

Oh, why did I ever away from it roam?

Where lived the dear woman whose story I'm telling.

That old-fashioned woman who made it a home.

That love-faded woman,

That sweet-faded woman,

That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.

Oh, where has she gone with her apron and knitting.

Her calico gown and her sunbonnet dear?

She never was one that was given to fitting.

Her home was her temple, her empire, her sphere.

She cared not for riches, nor travel, nor pleasure;

The wealth that she craved was beneath her own dome.

Her husband, her children, her friends were her treasure,

That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.

That dear-faded woman,

That soul-faded woman,

That old-fashioned woman that lived in the home.

The ivy-grown walls of that homestead are falling.

The brambles have choked out the blossoms—the weeds grow wild and unsightly—the night hawks are calling

When day into darkness and silence resolves.

Oh, never again shall I haste there to gather

The flowers that grew in the sweet-scented loam

When my heart and my steps were as light as a feather

To greet that loved woman who made it a home.

That old-fashioned woman,

That home-faded woman,

That God-faded woman that lived in the home.

—Chicago Record-Herald.