



# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By  
MRS. FORRESTER.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Very well, then. I went over to lunch with Hastings, as you know, and after lunch we had a game of billiards, and then went into the stables to look at the horses. And such horses, too! Well, after we had left the stable and chatted a bit, he ordered the chestnuts round, and we started to come over here. How those horses did fret, and prance, and rear! But he took it as coolly as possible, and soothed and quieted them, until they went off like lambs. They continued very quiet for about a mile, when we came to a gate where a girl was standing, and then they shied and reared again, until I thought they would have upset us in the ditch. But Hastings was not a bit disconcerted; he held the reins with one hand, and with the other took off his hat to the girl as if she had been an empress. She was so graceful, and had such lovely eyes! I was anxious to know who she could be, and asked him. Guess, Flo, who it was?"

"How should I know?" answered his sister, pettishly. "How provoking you are!"

"Well, then, it was our cousin, Miss Eyre; and I can tell you she is nothing to be ashamed of, either. I could see how much he admired her, and was just going to tell him of our connection with her when the chestnuts bolted, and, by the time he got them in hand again, it had gone out of my mind. However, the information will keep till another time."

"Reginald," cried his sister, white to the lips with rage, "you will not dare to tell him that low-born girl is related to us?—you will not dare?"

"Reginald knows better than to do anything so foolish," interrupted Mrs. Champion. "But in case you should be tempted to do so," she added, turning to her son, "remember that not a tithe of that five hundred pounds I promised you for your last season's debts shall pass into your hands."

"Oh! very well, that's enough," responded Reginald, sulkily. "But I can tell you one thing, Flo—I believe he's tremendously cut with that girl, and that he's gone off after her now."

And having uttered this remark with the amiable intention of annoying his sister, he proceeded to quit the room.

"I think Reginald gets more unbearable every day," exclaimed Flora, angrily.

"Twenty-one is not generally a very agreeable age in a young man," remarked her mother.

And so the fates conspired to keep a secret from Errol Hastings, which, as it turned out, was very important he should know.

He called at Hurst Manor the day after Reginald lunched with him, and accepted Mrs. Champion's invitation to stay and dine.

"Mrs. Champion," he said, as they sat together in the drawing room, "I am going to beg a favor of you and Miss Champion."

"I am sure we shall be but too happy to grant it, if it is in our power," she returned, smiling.

"I think of giving a ball at the Court," Mr. Hastings continued, "and before I issue my invitations I want to secure the promise of your presence and co-operation."

"A ball at the Court; that will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Champion, with unusual animation. "Bachelors always give such charming parties; besides, which, it will gratify my long-felt desire to go over your house."

"If you really have any curiosity to see my domain, I trust you will not wait for the ball. Why not ride over this afternoon before dinner? Your brother, I have no doubt, will accompany us."

Miss Champion looked at her mother in a dutiful interrogative manner, and Mrs. Champion replied immediately:

"Certainly, my love, if you persuade Reginald. You look a little pale—a ride will do all the good in the world."

Reginald being agreeable, the horses were ordered round, and Miss Champion left the room to equip.

"Apropos of the ball," said Errol, "I am expecting an influx of visitors to the Court, and I shall beg of your charity to come and help me to entertain them. Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar are coming for a fortnight, until their place at Endon Vale is ready, and she has promised to play hostess for the occasion. Lady St. Ego and her daughters will come up from Hertfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Lady Marion Alton and her niece, and several bachelor friends, so I shall need some assistance in my novel part of host."

"When is the ball to take place?" inquired Mrs. Champion.

"I hardly think I am justified in dignifying my gathering by the name of a ball; but I mean to invite every one round for twelve miles; and as this is such a very quiet time of the year, I do not apprehend many disappointments. Indeed, I only intend giving ten days' notice."

"That will be quite enough," Mrs. Champion agreed; "no one thinks of giving parties in the country at this time of year, and a ball will be quite a boon to the young people. I prophesy your entertainment will be a great success."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hastings. "I assure you I shall spare no pains to make everything go off well."

habit, and they all walked out of the window to the horses, which were waiting at the door. He placed her in the saddle, mounted himself, and bidding an adieu to Mrs. Champion, they started for their ride.

Reginald usurped the greater part of the conversation on the way, much to his sister's annoyance, but she had no intention of betraying any ill-humor before Mr. Hastings. When they arrived at Hazell Court they dismounted, sent the horses to the stables, and proceeded to explore the house. Miss Champion not only expressed herself, but was in reality, delighted with everything she saw.

Flora was rather silent as she rode home. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to be the wife of a man like Errol Hastings, and the mistress of a place like Hazell Court. He was speaking to her in low, earnest tones; and as he passed the Farm did not turn to look for Winifred. And Winifred, sitting under her favorite clump of beeches, book in hand, looked with wistful eyes after them; and when he had passed out of sight, without once turning to look for her, she hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

## CHAPTER III.

Poor Winifred! it was only the day before that Errol Hastings had sat with her under those very beeches, and talked to her in the low, fascinating tones peculiar to him when addressing women. And she had fancied she read love in his deep blue eyes. They had met more than once since the adventure in the wood, and he had always stopped to speak to her. And the previous day, as she had been sitting reading in the garden, she had heard the prancing hoofs, and, looking up, had seen him pull up his fiery chestnuts, which had frightened her so an hour before in the lane, and, throwing the reins to the groom, jump down and enter the little gate.

Winifred's heart beat fast as she saw Mr. Hastings coming up the garden toward her.

"I have come to call on Mr. Eyre—is he at home?" Errol asked.

"No," replied Winifred; "he has been out since two o'clock, and I do not expect him until the evening."

"I am sorry," Errol had answered, looking in her face, as he always did now; "but if you will allow me to make his absence to-day an excuse for calling again, I shall not regret it too much."

"Can I say anything to him for you?" asked Winifred.

"I am afraid not," Mr. Hastings said, smiling; "it is on a question of a new method of farming, which I fear is too abstruse for me to discuss with you. But I am interrupting your reading—is your book very engrossing?"

And as he spoke he glanced at the cover of the book and observed with some surprise that it was an old French romance.

"Will you let me send you some books to read?" Errol asked, gently. "I make a point of collecting all the best works, both foreign and English, and it would be such a pleasure to me to think some one besides myself would take an interest in reading them."

"Oh, how kind you are!" exclaimed Winifred, eagerly, blushing with delight; "it would be such a treat to have something new to read."

"What shall it be?" asked Mr. Hastings—"history, novels, poetry, or theology? When you read Tennyson, look for my favorite poem, 'Oenone'; I am sure you will agree with me in admiring that. Do you sometimes indulge in romance, Miss Eyre?"

"Sometimes," laughed Winifred. "Do you?"

"Yes," said Errol. "I must plead guilty, although I am long past the age when that youthful foible is permissible. But when I am alone I like to sit and look at a beautiful landscape, until my very power of vision is absorbed in thought; and I like to go back centuries, and live in the past ages, that from their wide distance from us seem golden. Do you ever fancy you would like to have been one of the celebrities of the olden times? I should like to have been Alexander, and conquered the world; or a Leonidas, dying gloriously in battle; an undaunted hero, like Alcibiades; an emperor, like Caesar; a Mark Antony, beloved by Cleopatra; or a Launcelot, if you might have been Guinevere."

His voice had dropped while he was speaking, and as he uttered the last sentence in a low, thrilling whisper, his eyes sought hers with a passionate expression of admiration.

Winifred colored deeply, and the tone of her voice was haughty as she made answer, looking far away into the woods:

"I would not have been Guinevere to the noblest Launcelot who ever breathed. Had I been chosen by such a godlike knight as King Arthur, I think I could have appreciated him too well to requite his love with falsehoods."

"I beg your pardon, I ought to have remembered; but for the moment I did not think of her falsehoods. I only recollected that she was beautiful and charming."

Errol had never once taken his eyes off Winifred's face while he had been speaking. And as he watched her, he thought that of all the women he had ever known, none had such a sweet grace of womanliness as this one. He rose suddenly to flee the temptation.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Eyre; I have detained you already too long."

And Errol Hastings held out his hand to her. She put her own timidly into it, and he clasped it for a moment with a strong, passionate clasp, looking into her eyes the while with a look that brought the blood rushing to her face. Then he turned slowly, and went back to his phaeton, her eyes looking dreamily into the distance. Her reverie was diverted by seeing a young farmer, Mr. Tom Fenner, sauntering leisurely down the road, lifting off the tops of the grass viciously with his stick. She had seen him pass before, when she was talking with Mr. Hastings, and his presence annoyed her. He came deliberately in at the garden gate, and walked up to where she sat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Eyre," he said, putting out his great coarse hand to her. "I suppose I may come in now you are disengaged?"

Winifred was compelled to give him her hand, sorely as it chafed her that his coarse, heavy touch should brush off the tender clasp of Mr. Hastings' lithe fingers.

"Certainly you may come in," she answered, coldly; "you might have done so when you pleased before. I was not particularly engaged."

"Oh! you did see me, then? I thought you were too much occupied with your fine new friend to look at me."

Winifred was beginning to get angry; this man had never presumed to use such a tone to her before.

"Do you want to see my father?" she asked abruptly.

"No, I don't; I left him not an hour ago in the turnip field—I want to see you."

"Oh, very well," remarked Winifred; "but please let me know at once what you want of me, it is time to go in and see about the tea."

"Oh, you weren't in such a hurry just now, when you had that puppy of a Hastings here," said Mr. Fenner, wrathfully.

Winifred rose like a young Juno, with such an imperial air of amazed indignation that her companion quailed.

"Mr. Fenner," she said, "have you any idea of what you are talking about?"

"Look here, Miss Winifred!" uttered Fenner, with great earnestness—"it's no use your pretending not to understand me, because you can't have mistaken my meaning this last month. I've loved you for this year back. And so to-day, in the turnip field, I spoke to Mr. Eyre, and he said he had no objection, provided you liked me, and I said I wasn't afraid of that, for you had always been so kind in your ways to me, which you wouldn't have been if you hadn't meant as I did."

"How dare you say I know what you meant or gave you encouragement!" she exclaimed, passionately.

"Because you did!" he returned, with temper. "If you didn't mean anything by your smiles, and tricks, and ways, you must be as false as air."

"Enough of this!" cried Winifred, imperiously, "understand, once for all, that I never had and never shall have, the remotest feeling of love for you; and if you wish me to entertain the slightest regard for you, you will never again adopt such a tone to me as you have done to-day."

"So," he said, in an insolent tone, "you could be all very well to Tom Fenner, the farmer, until your fine new lover came along; but you must turn high and mighty directly you've been seen with a London swell. But I can tell you one thing, Miss Winifred," he added, with an insulting air that was indescribable, "Hastings of Hazell Court don't mate with farmers' daughters."

"You insolent, mean-spirited coward!" she cried, stamping her foot; "leave this place immediately, and never presume to enter it again!" and she turned into the house and shut the door. Then she ran up to her room and, throwing herself on her knees by her bedside, she sobbed and cried passionately.

At last she rose and went to her piano. She sat there until it grew quite dark, singing low, sweet songs to herself, until at last the cloud was chased away from her face, and bright thoughts began to bring smiles in place of tears.

"He must care a little for me," she thought, "or he would not have held my hand so long, and looked into my face as he did."

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a ring at the bell, and she paused in her playing.

"Some books for Miss Eyre, with Mr. Hastings' compliments," said a man's voice, to the servant who answered the door.

When it was closed again she jumped up and called:

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes, miss."

"Give them to me, and bring the lamp, please."

And she began with eager delight to examine the handsomely bound volumes. It was a happy evening; her new occupation chased all unpleasant memories away, and when she went to bed she had even forgotten the existence of Mr. Fenner.

But the next day poor Winifred was plunged into the depths of sadness again, for Mr. Hastings passed, bending over his saddle to talk to her stately cousin, and had never once turned to look for her.

(To be continued.)

## Regular Thing Now.

Stranger (in Pacific coast photograph gallery)—Why have you got this enormous stuffed fish hanging here?

Photographer—That is for the use of persons who wish to send to their friends in the East a picture of the 350-pound sea bass they have just caught with a hook and line.—Chicago Tribune.

Galety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.—De Genlia.

## WORK OF TORNADO

### FIFTEEN PEOPLE IN NEBRASKA LOSE THEIR LIVES.

Twenty Others More or Less Seriously Injured—Several Towns Visited by Storm and Every Building in Its Path Blown to Pieces—Heavy Financial Loss.

Hastings, Neb., May 27.—A series of heavy storms, two of which developed into the worst tornadoes that have visited Southern Nebraska for years, passed over portions of Clay, Franklin and Kearney counties last evening. Fifteen persons are known to have lost their lives, 20 odd were more or less seriously injured, and a number of others received minor injuries. Every dwelling and outbuilding in the path of the tornado was blown to pieces, and the financial loss thus far accounted will reach about \$50,000.

Near Norman, at the home of Daniel McCurdy, a number of relatives and friends were spending the day, and not an inmate escaped death or serious injury. Two miles south of Upland German Lutheran services were being held in a school house, when the storm struck and demolished it, killing four of the occupants, including the minister, and injuring a number of others.

The storm was equally destructive at Fairfield, but the people were warned of its coming and sought cellars for safety. Six dwellings were blown to pieces at that place, but their occupants escaped injury, with a few exceptions.

### MUST LEAVE FRANK.

Repetition of Recent Accident May Occur at Any Time.

Ottawa, Ont., May 27.—Messrs. R. W. Brock and R. P. McConnell, the geologists who were sent to report on the cause of the landslide at Turtle Mountain, which wiped out the town of Frank, have submitted a preliminary report to Sir William Mullock, acting minister of the Interior.

Mr. McConnell estimates that between 60,000,000 and 80,000,000 tons of rock fell, the debris of which covers almost two square miles. The slide is attributed to the steepness of the mountain and the shattered condition of the rock. This was due to "faulting" and crushing of the rock during the process of mountain building. Heavy rainfalls pouring through the fissures tended to open them still further.

The accident was locally hastened by a creep in the coal mine which caused a jar. The mountain where the slip took place is very badly fractured and is now slipping down continuously in small pieces. There is danger of another slide, as some of the fractures extend back 500 or 600 feet from the face, and if these were to open another bulk would come down.

Mr. McConnell thinks that there will always be more or less risk in living at Frank and that the people should move as soon as possible.

### SWEPT BY TORNADO.

Oklahoma in Track of Storm—Injuries to People are Few.

Oklahoma City, O. T., May 26.—Last night a tornado struck the town of Carmen and destroyed one-third of the place. P. F. Brown, of Wichita, was instantly killed by flying timber and Mrs. Wismliler fatally injured. Twenty people were more or less injured.

The Methodist church was set on top of the parsonage, where it remains and can be seen for miles.

The dwellings of J. P. Atterbury and Robert Payne were demolished. Mrs. Atterbury was carried 50 feet but not seriously injured, while her son and daughter were dangerously hurt. Orchards and crops were damaged severely. The Arkansas river is on a rampage as a result of the heavy rains. The town of Kaw City is practically under water, many farmers living in the bottoms near Ponca City and Newkirk having been compelled to leave their homes. Fields and crops are submerged, numerous bridges have been washed away, and traffic is blocked.

### Fraudulent Citizens' Papers.

Washington, May 27.—Immigration officials said today that they had investigated reports that thousands of fraudulent naturalization papers had been sold to immigrants at New York, and had ascertained that the purpose was not to facilitate the admission of immigrants into the United States, but to permit immigrants to secure work on the subway and other improvements in New York, as under the state laws only citizens can work on improvements of that kind. In some cases as much as \$50 was paid for a fraudulent certificate.

### Locomotive Boiler Explodes.

Erie, Pa., May 27.—While passing May's siding on a hill west of Kane today, the boiler on one of the locomotives pushing a Philadelphia & Erie freight train exploded, killing one man and injuring four others, three perhaps fatally.

The crown sheet of the boiler was blown through the caboose, splitting the caboose in two. The injured, except the engineer and fireman, were in the caboose.

## ON FOOT SOUND.

President Receives Hearty Ovation in Western Washington.

Olympia, Wash., May 23.—President Roosevelt caught his first glimpse of Puget Sound at 1:20 yesterday afternoon as his train entered Olympia, the capital city of Washington. Although other stops had been made in Washington, it was in Olympia that the official reception to the state was accorded the President.

The Governor's staff, ex-Governors of the state, state officers and reception committees appointed by the Legislature, in addition to 5000 people from out of the city, were gathered here to greet the President. From the Northern Pacific depot to the State capitol building, long lines of troops from the National guard of the state were deployed, and the President and party entered carriages at the depot and were driven through arches of evergreen and flowers and between long lines of soldiers to the office of Governor McBride.

The President's carriage was escorted by a platoon of cavalry. Governor McBride and Mayor C. J. Lord occupied seats in the President's carriage, which had been decorated with the state flower, rhododendron and evergreen. At the office of Governor McBride an informal reception of ten minutes was held, and distinguished men of the Evergreen State were presented to the President.

From the main entrance of the Capitol building a platform had been constructed reaching out 50 feet. A series of arches increasing in size started at the Capitol doorway and ended at the end of the platform. One hundred and fifty people were seated on the platform and from its outer edge the President addressed briefly the people gathered in Capitol Park.

At the close of the President's address the party entered carriages again and were driven for ten minutes through the residence portion of the city to the Masonic Temple. The Masonic Temple in Olympia was built over 50 years ago and was the cradle of Masonry in the Northwest. Within its walls the first Masonic lodge organized in territory west of the Mississippi river and north of the Columbia river, held its sessions. When the Temple was reached only the Presidential party entered. Within they were greeted by John Arthur, of Seattle, Grand Master Mason of the State of Washington, and were presented to officers of the Grand Lodge.

### Crowd at Tacoma.

Tacoma, May 23.—The President called Tacoma the "City of Destiny" yesterday afternoon at Wright Park, and captured the hearts of 30,000 people assembled there. Probably not more than two or three in the 30,000 expected to hear Tacoma's pet name. The cheering at all times during the President's speech was loud and prolonged, but when he referred to Tacoma by the name dear to the hearts of all true Tacomans, the women waved handkerchiefs frantically, the men swung their hats, and the youngsters screamed with delight. The President was plainly pleased with the hit, and he smiled broadly, causing another round of vociferous applause.

### CUBA SIGNS TREATY.

Platt Amendment Has Been Accepted in Its Entirety.

Havana, May 25.—The permanent treaty between the United States and Cuba, in which is incorporated all the provisions of the Platt amendment, was signed this afternoon.

The act of signing the treaty took place at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon at the office of the Secretary of State. The signers were Secretary of State Zald and United States Minister Squiers, who were constituted special plenipotentiaries for that purpose. Senator Zaldo and Mr. Squiers simply met, accompanied by their secretaries, and the signing was accomplished, and copies of the treaty exchanged within a few minutes.

The permanent treaty contains no provision for its abrogation, and no extraneous conditions of any kind. It simply incorporates the entire Platt amendment into the form of a treaty. The length of time consumed by the negotiations was principally due to the fact that Cuban Government desired to include in the treaty various extraneous conditions, especially one to the effect that there should be no intervention in Cuban affairs by the United States, except through the initiative of the President of Cuba. All these conditions were rejected.

### Hail Breaks in Roofs.

Salina, Kan., May 25.—The worst hail storm in the history of Salina visited this place tonight. Nearly every window in the town was broken. The hail broke through corrugated iron roofs on the business houses, and the rain pouring in damaged thousands of dollars worth of property. After the hail a severe wind storm came up, taking the roof off the Methodist Church and doing damage to other small buildings. A bad storm is reported from the vicinity of Niles and Pennington, northwest of Salina.

### Catholics Look to Emperor.

London, May 23.—An address to Emperor William is being widely signed here expressing the hope of the British Catholics that Germany may be entrusted with the protection of Catholic interests in the East, and assuring the emperor that the British Catholics will labor to remove the misunderstandings between Great Britain and Germany, and the promotion of the friendliness of the two countries.