



ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Had it been possible for Winifred to guess Errol Hastings' real feelings she would have been forced to confess how greatly she had misjudged him. He was for the first time in his life unreasonably, bewilderingly, in love, and his judgment was at war with his passion. Reflection did not help him, either.

"I have heard," he thought, "of men counting the world well lost for a woman's sake, but I never realized the feeling until now. Now I feel that I would give all I possess if I could raise her to my position, or sink to hers. She is only a bright, charming child yet, but what divine womanhood she will grow into when she begins to love. I cannot imagine any greater happiness than to look into the depths of those beautiful eyes, and read there, 'I love you,' or to take those little, slender hands in mine, and hear the confession from her lips. But I could not trust myself to stay here and see her often; silence would be impossible. If it were not for our cursed Hastings pride I might tell her now, this very day, how I love her, and marry her if she would have me. But that cannot be. Have all my ancestors kept their resolve in spite of everything until now, and shall I be the first one to break it by my weakness or cowardice? No! no! no!" he thought, passionately—"the honor of our house first."

And so Errol made up his mind that he would see Winifred no more—he would not yield to temptation, or expose her to disappointment, and when he passed the next day with Miss Champion he kept his face steadily averted from the Farm, little guessing how bitterly the woman he loved was commenting on his apparent neglect.

Several days passed, and the house was full of guests. Everyone declared that Hazell Court was the most charming country house to stay at, and that Mr. Hastings was the perfection of a host. He and Lady Grace Farquhar made the most delightful arrangements for the general amusement; and everybody was amused and pleased in consequence. Miss Champion and her brother were over at the Court almost every day, somewhat to the chagrin of Lady Ulrica St. Ego, who had resolved to do everything in her power to win Errol Hastings. Her sister, Lady Angela, had similar intentions toward Lord Harold Erskine, who was almost as rich, though not of nearly such old family.

One day, when Errol had ordered his four-in-hand to take the party driving, he asked Miss Champion, who was sitting on the box beside him, which way they should go.

"Over the common and up the hill, I think is the prettiest," answered Flora, with the malicious design of passing the Farm, that Winifred might see them.

Just as they came up to the Farm, Winifred, who had been standing at the gate, turned and walked away to the house.

"I say!" cried Lord Harold, "what an elegant woman! Miss Champion, you are the great authority in the county—please tell me who that young beauty is!"

"She is a farmer's daughter," said Flora, coldly; and Errol almost hated her for saying it.

"A farmer's daughter! I could have sworn, with that figure and tournaure, she belonged to one of the best families in the county. I was just indulging a hope, Hastings, that we should see her at the ball. Do you know her?"

"Yes," said Errol, gravely, "I have that honor."

"Could you not invite her?" Lord Harold went on.

"Ask the ladies," answered Errol, with an unwonted tinge of sarcasm, "whether they would consent to the presence of a girl who was only a farmer's daughter?"

"Indeed, I am sure I would," cried Miss Alton, who was too pretty to be jealous; but the others remained silent.

Winifred had turned away from the gate with a swelling heart.

"He may not care for me," thought the poor child; "but he need not come past so often with his aristocratic friends to show how far above me he is!"

The day before the ball, Errol had retired to his sanctum, after lunch, to write two or three letters, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" and Lady Grace appeared on the threshold.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" she said. "I have always wished to see you haunt, and a request I have to make to you has at last given me a fair pretext."

"You might have taken my consent for granted," he answered, with a pleasant smile; "but I am quite content that you should think it necessary to ask it, since your scruple brings you here."

"My request relates in a measure to one of the dearest friends I had, poor Winifred Champion."

"Champion?" said Hastings, interrogatively.

"Yes, the daughter of old Sir Howard."

"I did not know that there was another daughter than Lady Valanton."

"Yes, but she made a mess of her life, and Sir Howard, who is a dreadful tyrant, has never allowed her name to be mentioned since. I was very fond of her, poor girl, although she was some years younger than I was, but I never saw her after

she ran away, for I was abroad with my husband, and before I returned to England, she died. Her governess, Madame de Montolieu, was a very good and charming person, and I have always kept up a correspondence with her from time to time. I invaded your retreat this afternoon on purpose to ask if I may have the pony carriage, in order to drive over and pay the old lady a visit."

"Why not take the barouche, Lady Grace? Lady St. Ego and Lady Marion have declined driving this afternoon, and the young ladies intend to ride over to Mrs. Champion's before dinner."

"Thank you, I would rather not disconcert my old friend by too much state; besides, I have a great fancy to drive your pretty ponies."

"By all means, then," exclaimed Errol. Lady Grace Farquhar arrived, very quickly at the little cottage, and prepared for a long that with Madame de Montolieu, who was very glad to see her.

"I heard," she said, "that you had arrived at the Court, but I scarcely ventured to expect you until after the festivities were concluded."

"I should have come over long ago," Lady Grace answered, gayly, "but I am doing my duty at the Court as hostess. You see, dear madame, I am getting so old that it seems quite natural for me to be acting as Mr. Hastings' mother."

"This Mr. Hastings," asked Madame de Montolieu, "do you like him?"

"I think him charming. He is so agreeable, and clever, and well bred."

"But is he good, and honest, and true?"

Lady Grace looked a little surprised at this question, the more so as it was put with an unusual degree of earnestness.

"I cannot tell, but I should think so," she replied. "It seems to me as if his greatest failing was the hereditary Hastings pride. Why do you ask?"

"I remember his mother," remarked Madame de Montolieu, checking herself.

"She was very good and amiable."

"She was, indeed!" sighed Lady Grace.

"I have been going to ask you, in so many of my letters, what has become of poor Winifred's child. She was a bright-looking, intelligent little girl."

"Ah, Lady Grace," said the old French lady, sighing, "she gives me the keenest anxiety."

"How so? Is she not turning out well?"

"Too well, too well," ejaculated Madame de Montolieu, with an expressive shake of the head. "She is all the fondest mother or friend could wish; beautiful, amiable, graceful and accomplished—a child to be proud of. Ah, dear Lady Grace, I fear greatly that I have taught her too much, she is so far beyond her father's station; but, indeed, I did it all for the best. I hoped Sir Howard would have noticed and brought her out, but he sternly refuses to have anything to do with her; and they are all so cruel and disdainful to the poor child it breaks my heart."

"It is just like that detestable old Sir Howard," cried Lady Grace, with unusual energy. "He always insisted on sacrificing everything to his stubborn pride. Can nothing be done?"

"I fear not," replied the old lady; and then she proceeded to tell her friend of Miss Champion's treatment of her cousin.

Lady Grace was highly indignant.

"I can quite believe it," she remarked.

"Miss Champion has an air of haughty superciliousness that offends me greatly. I cannot understand how it is that Mr. Hastings seems to admire her so much."

At this moment the door opened, and Winifred entered. She drew back on seeing a stranger.

"Enter, my love," said Madame de Montolieu. "This is Winifred Eyre," she added, addressing her visitor.

Lady Grace was fairly astonished at the sight of such a graceful, elegant creature.

"Come here, my dear," she said, gently, "and let me see if you are like your mother."

Lady Grace left the cottage that afternoon perfectly charmed with Winifred.

"I will see if something cannot be done to bring her into a position for which she is fitted," she thought, as she drove slowly back to the Court. "Ah, if I could only have had such a daughter!" and poor childless Lady Grace sighed heavily.

CHAPTER V.

Winifred had just left the Farm on her way to the cottage, when she met and was accosted by Hawkins, the gamekeeper.

"I beg your pardon, miss, for making so free," he said, taking off his cap respectfully, "but I thought maybe you'd like to see some of the grand doings up at the Court to-morrow."

Winifred colored painfully, and Hawkins, remarking it, was terribly concerned.

"I am sure, miss, I meant no offense—I hope you won't take what I said as a liberty." The man looked anxiously at her.

"Indeed, no," exclaimed Winifred, recovering herself; "I am much obliged to you for thinking of me, Hawkins."

"You see, miss," said the gamekeeper, eagerly, "it was in this way. I says to myself, why, the doings at the Court to-morrow will be quite a sight; there's the ballroom done up in that beautiful way as 'ud be a show in itself, let alone all the county families coming from miles

round. They tell me so how the master would make everybody promise to be there by half-past nine, so thinks I, if Miss Eyre 'll just step round about ten o'clock I could let her into the little garden that the ballroom looks into, and she could see all the gay doings without a soul being the wiser."

"Thank you, Hawkins," said Winifred, gently; "it was very good of you to think of me."

As Winifred went on her way she was terribly hurt at a proposal so injurious to her dignity; but it was impossible for her to feel any annoyance with the man, who had evidently spoken from sheer good-will and the wish to afford her a pleasure. But the idea of her, Winifred Eyre, going to look in surreptitiously at a window to see the upper classes amusing themselves was a dreadful offense to her pride.

"After all," whispered Curiosity, "why should I feel so bitter at the thought of being only a spectator of this grandeur? I shall never be able to participate in it, and why should I refuse an opportunity I have so often coveted, of seeing a really grand ball?"

Then she fell into a train of thought. "If I had only the advantage of being Sir Howard's granddaughter, that Flora Champion has—if I could have met Mr. Hastings in society, and ridden and danced with him as she has done, I think I could have made him love me; but as a farmer's daughter, what chance have I with an admired, aristocratic beauty?"

Here words failed her, and she sat down on the bank in the lonely woods, and the tears streamed down her face. So intent was she on her misery that she did not hear footsteps approaching her, and when a man's voice sounded tenderly in her ears, saying, "Miss Eyre, are you in trouble?" she started, blushing, to her feet.

"Mr. Hastings," she exclaimed, covered with confusion and crimson shame; but somehow the sight of his handsome face banished the memory of her sadness, and a bright smile came into her eyes.

"I am so glad to see a smile again," Errol said, with the tenderest inflexion of his voice, "I could not bear to see you in distress."

"When people have not very much to occupy their minds," Winifred answered, "they are rather subject to fits of depression, without adequate cause. I envy you almost now—you are so busied in entertaining and amusing people, you have no time for regrets."

"No time for regrets!" echoed Mr. Hastings; "for the last three weeks my life has been one unceasing, haunting regret."

Winifred looked up into his face inquiringly.

"It is a trouble I cannot ask anyone to share—you least of all," he said, after a pause.

A voice was heard calling, "Hastings, Hastings!"

In an instant he had taken her hand, kissed it passionately, and was gone. Winifred turned away quickly, and went on her way to the cottage. She was trembling, confused, glad, surprised. She scarcely knew what her real feelings were. But as Hawkins' proposal recurred to her mind, she determined to accept it.

When she arrived at the cottage, she found Lady Grace, as has been described. When she had accompanied her to the pony carriage, she returned to the little drawing room.

"Dear madame," said Winifred, kneeling beside her old friend, and half hiding her face. "I want you to take me to the Court to-morrow night."

"The Court!" exclaimed Madame de Montolieu, in overwhelming surprise; "has Mr. Hastings, then, invited you to his ball?"

"Oh, no, not that," Winifred answered, quickly, with a deep blush. "To-night, as I was coming here, Hawkins met me, and asked me if I should like to see the ball. He said he would let me into the little garden under the ballroom, and there would be no one else there. At first I was angry at the idea, but I have changed my mind; and, oh, madame," she concluded, earnestly, "I do so want to go."

Madame de Montolieu looked at her with impressive astonishment. She almost failed to believe her senses when proud Winifred Eyre made such a request.

"I know it must seem strange to you, Winifred said, imploringly; "you think I am forgetting my pride, and my self-esteem; but I have a reason—indeed I have."

"Winifred!" cried Madame de Montolieu, in a pained voice, "you are thinking too much of this Mr. Hastings."

She caressed the head that lay in her lap pitifully and tenderly while she said: "I will go with you if you wish it."

The next evening, shortly before ten o'clock, Winifred and her companion, cloaked and veiled, appeared at the little garden gate. The faithful Hawkins was waiting for them, and, true to his promise, not another person was to be seen. He had placed two chairs for them behind a clump of laurels, and as the ballroom windows were down to the ground they could see plainly everything that took place.

Winifred saw Lady Grace Farquhar, robed in delicate satin and lace, standing with other ladies on a kind of a velvet dais, receiving the guests as they entered with stately graciousness. Then she saw something that made her tremble and turn pale. Mr. Hastings entered the room, looking more handsome and courtly than she had even imagined, and on his arm leant Flora Champion, with the proud dignity of an empress.

A jealous pang shot through Winifred's heart at the sight, and when she saw Hastings bend down to Flora, and perceived the smile that was reflected back in his eyes, she clenched her teeth over her lips to keep back the tears of mortification. She turned to Madame de Montolieu and said, in quick, gasping tones: "It is enough—let us go!"

(To be continued.)

A HUNDRED DEAD

TERRIBLE WORK OF A CYCLONE IN GEORGIA.

Gainesville the Scene of Destruction—Fire Broke Out in the Wreckage—Stores, Schoolhouses and Hundreds of Residences Swept Away—Many Bodies Not Recovered—Cotton Mill Destroyed.

Gainesville, Ga., June 3.—Within the space of two minutes today a tornado dealt death and destruction to the City of Gainesville and environs, killing at least 100 people, wounding 150 more, leveling 100 cottages to the ground and tearing two stories off the factory of the Gainesville cotton mill. Of the killed, probably two-thirds were women and children, who were operatives in the cotton mill. The death list includes only about six Negroes.

The storm came from the south, from almost a clear sky, swooping down on the Gainesville cotton mills, near the Southern Railroad station, at 12:45 o'clock. With a terrific crash the two upper stories of the building were shaved off smoothly, leaving 32 operatives dead in the room. The tornado then swept around the outskirts of the city to the suburb of New Holland, two miles away, where are located the Pacolet cotton mills, one of the largest plants in the state. The plant of the Pacolet Company was not seriously damaged, but probably 100 cottages standing nearby, occupied by operatives who were employed in the mills, were demolished, killing 33 people. These were mostly women and children, as the heads of families were nearly all in the factory at work.

The store of Joseph Logan, near the Gainesville cotton mills, was crushed to ruins by the wind, and eight men who had taken refuge in it were instantly killed. The Jones general store met a similar fate, and in the ruins two persons, one man and one woman, were crushed to death.

Reports from White Sulphur Springs, seven miles from Gainesville, are to the effect that the storm struck there with terrible force, killing a dozen people. This, however, is not confirmed.

The property loss at the Pacolet mills, occasioned by the destruction of the cottages and outbuildings, is estimated at \$75,000. The Gainesville cotton mills are damaged to the extent of \$40,000.

The cyclone first hit the town below the Southern Railroad depot. It dropped almost unnoticed, and before any one realized what was happening. The second and third stories of the woolen mill were shaved off smoothly. A fire started in this pile of wreckage, and the fire department had hard work to get to it because of the obstructions in the street.

WAITE WANTED IN MANILA.

Arrested by United States Marshal in Seattle for Embezzlement.

Seattle, June 3.—Deputy United States Marshal John Stringer arrived in Seattle this morning, having under arrest Ed. L. Waite, who is wanted in Manila for embezzlement.

Waite left Manila May 2, taking with him, it is alleged, \$9,000 of the money of Colonel Newberry's bank, of which he was cashier. He was traced from the Philippines to Hong Kong, where he boarded the steamship Tartar for Vancouver, B. C. and the authorities at Washington were notified.

Deputy Stringer went to Victoria to meet the boat Friday, and went on board pretending to be an immigration inspector. He spotted his man all right, and officer and suspect both remained on the vessel until Vancouver was reached.

Waite left the ship there, and Mr. Stringer shadowed him and was finally rewarded Saturday night by seeing his man step on board the Canadian Pacific train, bound for Seattle. As soon as the international boundary line was crossed Stringer informed Waite that he was under arrest. The prisoner admits everything except that he took the money. He says he worked in a bank in Manila, and left there May 2, but denies most emphatically that he is an embezzler.

Caught By Molten Lead.

Pueblo, Colo., June 3.—While a gang of laborers were digging a trench near one of the blast furnaces at the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's steel works this evening, the vent at the base of the furnace opened without warning, and molten iron and blazing gas came pouring upon them. A number were bourn down by the weight of the fiery material, amid a cloud of hissing steam and smoke. Three of the men were literally cooked alive, their clothes burned off and the skin so blistered that they are unrecognizable.

No Longer An Anarchist.

Chicago, June 3.—Herr Johann Most was the principal speaker at a banquet yesterday afternoon in Sharpshooters' Park, under the auspices of the Arbeiter Zeitung. Many anarchists were present and a detail of police were stationed in the grove. Anarchy was not discussed. Most advised his audience to uphold the flag and Constitution of the United States and refrain from any acts of violence.

NAVY WILL PUNISH.

Bremerton Navy Yard Will Get No More Ships for a Time.

Washington, June 3.—"Until we have some visible evidence that Bremerton intends to comply with our demands for an improvement in the surroundings of the Puget Sound navy yard, no more vessels will be ordered there for repairs," said Assistant Secretary Darling today, after reading the full report of Captain Bleeker. Captain Bleeker states that a large majority of the citizens of Bremerton are sincere in their desire to clear the town of questionable resorts and to conform to the requirements of the Navy Department, but intimates that there is no way of closing up the saloons until their licenses expire. There are now 15 saloons in the town, six on Front Street, two, it is said, operating without valid license. One saloonkeeper voluntarily went out of business since December. Five licenses will expire in September, and others not until December. To allow these saloons to run until that time is not satisfactory to the department.

EXILE FOR THEM.

Turks Will Expel One Hundred Bulgarians as Ringleaders of Party.

London, June 3.—Dispatches from Constantinople to the Times show that the porte claims that the exile of 100 Albanian chiefs has restored tranquility, but the Uskub correspondent of the paper says he expects further fighting in Albania.

The Turkish authorities propose to exile without trial 105 leading Bulgarians from the whole of Macedonia. These exiles are mostly schoolmasters and merchants of high standing, and have been selected as the most dangerous of the 300 persons long suspected of being ringleaders who were recently arrested there.

There is a distinct recrudescence of activity on the part of the rebel bands, and serious conflicts are reported from various directions. Large quantities of dynamite bombs are said to have been brought from Bulgaria.

FLOOD STILL HIGH.

Water at Kansas City Stationary and Storm Brewing.

Kansas City, Mo., June 3.—With gas and electric lights extinguished and the water works shut down the city is practically at the mercy of the first fire that shall break out. With railroad transportation feeble and uncertain Kansas City may, if the waters do not recede within the next two or three days, be compelled to fight for her very life. And tonight the skies are dark and lowering, the rain is falling heavily, more stormy weather is sweeping up from the west, and the insatiable river is holding its own. It is practically stationary tonight, but what the flood has it keeps and there is no certain promise of when it will recede.

The stage tonight is 34.9 against 35 feet this morning. Chief Connor, of the Weather Bureau, says that while the outlook is for continued rains it will necessitate a very heavy fall if the present high water is to continue, and whether this will come or not is something he cannot tell.

HERMANN ELECTED.

Carries First District of Oregon for Congressman.

Salem, June 2.—Binger Hermann, of Douglas county, was yesterday elected Representative in Congress from the First Oregon District by approximately 1800 plurality over A. E. Reames, his democratic opponent. The plurality of Congressman Tongue one year ago was 7372. The vote was very light, being from 30 to 35 per cent short, and except in a few localities very little interest was taken.

Hermann carried Benton, Coos, Curry, Douglas, Klamath, Lake, Lincoln, Lane, Linn, Marion, Tillamook, and Washington counties, while Reames was successful in Clackamas, Jackson, Josephine, and probably in Polk. Yamhill county is in doubt, the vote being practically a stand-off, and it may take the official count to decide.

Flame to Great Height.

Racine, Wis., June 3.—Fire this afternoon swept the southern manufacturing district of the city, doing about \$300,000 damage. The fire started in the boiler room of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, and before the firemen had arrived a tank of gasoline, which was stored near by for use in the gasoline boats built by the company, exploded. A tower of flame 300 feet high shot up into the air, but as no one was about the factories, no one was injured.

Castro's Order Will Be Recognized.

Washington, June 3.—It is probable that the United States Government will recognize the legality of President Castro's decree closing a number of ports in Venezuela in the possession of the insurgents. Technically, this decree does not constitute a blockade, but probably the consequences of its enforcement would be similar to one.