



ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A sharp pang of annoyance shot across Flora Champion as she saw Lord Harold bending over her cousin. She had expected to find Winifred awkward and ill-dressed, and here she was, perfectly at her ease, and elegantly dressed. It was in Miss Champion's heart to treat her with slighting disdain, but Lady Grace was there, and she could not forget her good breeding to gratify her spleen. So she walked straight up to where her cousin was sitting and held out her hand, as though there had never been anything else but the most cordial friendship between them.

"How do you do? Did you have a pleasant drive from Hurst?" "Delightful," said Winifred, recovering herself. "Mrs. Champion was kind enough to send me in her carriage, although she was prevented coming herself. She sent a message through me to you that Sir Howard was rather unwell, and she did not like to leave him, but she hopes to drive over early next week."

"I trust there is nothing serious the matter with grandpapa," exclaimed Miss Champion, feigning interest.

"Nothing more than a severe cold."

At this juncture in came pretty Miss Alton, and on Lady Grace introducing her to Miss Eyre, she sat down beside her and spoke in such a pleasant, winning way that Winifred thought her the prettiest, sweetest little creature she had ever seen. And then the other guests came in, and were introduced to her in turn; and when dinner was announced, Sir Clayton gave her his arm and led her into the dining room. Miss Champion's lip was curled contemptuously, but Winifred was deeply touched by the kind consideration of her amiable hostess. She was a little shy at first with Sir Clayton, but he talked so pleasantly to her, and his manner was so reassuring that she soon felt at her ease. And then after dinner Miss Alton came and sat beside her, and chatted to her of their afternoon excursion, and the picnic that was arranged for the following day. When the gentlemen came in, Winifred felt no longer shy; she was thoroughly enjoying her first glimpse of the world. Mr. Clayton came up and carried Miss Alton away to the piano, and Lord Harold went over to Miss Champion. Winifred took the opportunity of looking around at the different faces.

There was a handsome, melancholy-looking man, who attracted her attention in particular. He had come in late, and was the only person who had not been introduced to her. He was sitting alone near the piano, watching Miss Alton. Winifred thought, with a tender, almost sad interest, as she sang her brilliant French chansonette. The little fairy had thrown him her gloves and fan, in that careless, peremptory way women often use to men who they know love them—and he held them gently and reverently. Mr. Clayton frowned as he saw the gesture, then he turned away to the piano and began arranging the music.

When Miss Alton had finished her song she moved back to her place beside Winifred on the sofa. Mr. Clayton walked up to Col. d'Aguiar.

"I must trouble you for Miss Alton's fan and gloves," she said, nonchalantly. "I will give them to her myself," Col. d'Aguiar said, coldly, rising.

Mr. Clayton turned away with a scowl, that reminded Winifred painfully of Mr. Fenner.

"Miss Alton," said Col. d'Aguiar, "have you forgotten that you intrusted your property to my care?"

"Oh! my fan and gloves," she exclaimed, "thank you, I did not remember them; the fact is, I was so anxious to return to my new acquaintance that I forgot you. But I will make amends for my neglect by sharing my pleasure with you. Miss Eyre—Col. d'Aguiar." And she made room for him on the sofa beside her, greatly to Mr. Clayton's annoyance, who began to talk to Miss Eyre assiduously. Winifred did not dislike him so much when he was talking; his conversation was certainly amusing, and he told her a great deal about Parisian society that she found extremely entertaining. It was only now and then, when she remarked the malicious, ugly scowl that crossed his face when he glanced toward Miss Alton and Col. d'Aguiar, that she remembered her instinctive repulsion for him.

As the days passed Flora Champion became very uneasy, and not without reason. She had feared it from the first, and now there was no possibility of doubting that Lord Harold Erskine was transferring his allegiance from her to her cousin. She detested Winifred, as only a woman can hate a rival who supplants her. A stinging innuendo, a pointed sarcasm, at times betrayed her feelings, but as a rule she had too much tact to indulge her angry malice. Now and then came an opportunity she could not resist. One day at lunch, Lady Grace was speaking of Mr. Hastings.

"I regret so much," she said to Miss Vane, "that we have lost such a charming neighbor as Mr. Hastings promised to be. His sudden departure is a complete mystery to every one."

"We quite thought he intended to live permanently at the Court," answered Miss Vane. "It appears he made the most complete arrangements for doing so. All his horses are still there, and I have not heard of the servants being dismissed. A friend of his is staying there now,

playing host to a party of gentlemen. What reason did he assign for his sudden departure?"

"In a note I received from him a few days before he left he said he could not as yet accustom himself to a quiet country life, and felt a longing for the excitement of foreign travel. But I cannot bring myself to think that was anything more than an excuse, which he thought simple enough to repel further questioning. I wish," Lady Grace continued, turning to Winifred, "that you could have met the gentleman we are speaking of, you would have liked him so much. He is not only singularly handsome, but has a peculiar fascination of manner that renders him a general favorite. Perhaps some day he will return, and I shall have an opportunity of introducing him to you."

Winifred bent down her head in silence. Miss Champion looked up, and a glance of malicious light shot from her cold, blue eyes.

"An introduction between such intimate friends would scarcely be necessary," she remarked in her clear voice, that was heard from one end of the long table to the other. "I should think Miss Eyre and Mr. Hastings would be greatly amused at such a formality, after their rambles in the Hazell woods."

The crimson blood dyed Winifred's cheeks until tears of mortification stood in her eyes. Poor child! she was not yet sufficiently used to the way of the world, to parry such cruel shafts. But Lord Harold stood by her friend.

"That was hardly fair of you, Miss Champion," he said, coolly, "to take the words out of your cousin's mouth. I wish Miss Eyre could have heard the flattering speech Hastings made about her once, before a room full of young ladies; they were awfully jealous of it."

One vivid glance of thanks shot from under Winifred's long lashes; Lord Harold, seeing it, was rewarded; Miss Champion noted it, too, and was bitterly angered. But she smiled sweetly as she said:

"Miss Eyre will scarcely thank you for your hasty championship. Your words almost seem to accuse me of betraying something she wished to conceal."

And laughing still, she walked to the window, bitterly conscious that she had ruined her last chance with Lord Harold.

That same evening Miss Alton dismissed her maid, and betook herself to brush her pretty hair in Winifred's room, for whom she had conceived a violent fancy.

"I'm sure you're not tired!" she exclaimed, as she was admitted, in answer to her summons; "and I want to have a chat with you."

"No, I am not tired at all," Winifred answered; "and I think there's no time for talking like this, when one has a sort of a guilty feeling that one ought to be in bed."

"Well, then," exclaimed Fee, laughing, "let's be prepared to do without our beauty sleep for once and begin. I am going to call you Winifred, and you must call me Fee—no one ever thinks of saying Marion. Not that I approve of people calling each other by their Christian names as a rule," rattled on the little fairy, "because it leads to familiarity, and familiarity, we are wisely told, breeds contempt. It's the greatest mistake to be too intimate—people are sure to quarrel; but I don't think we shall; so, if you do not mind, let it be Winifred and Fee."

In which arrangement Miss Eyre concurred heartily.

"And now I want to confide in you," continued Fee, "because I am the most miserable creature in the world, and I want advice, and I know you are good and sensible. Don't be offended," she went on in her quick, droll way; "I don't mean anything disparaging by saying you are sensible. I know it's generally considered an odious trait in young people to be sensible; but you couldn't be anything that wasn't nice, because you are so pretty and clever. I want to talk to you about Col. d'Aguiar and Mr. Clayton. Which do you like the most?"

"You cannot ask me such a question seriously!" exclaimed Winifred. "At all events, you cannot have any doubt as to my answer."

"Then you don't like Mr. Clayton?" "Indeed I do not," replied Winifred, earnestly. "He seems to have a cynical disbelief in good, a sneering mistrust of kind actions, that never goes with a good or benevolent nature. I would rather die ten thousand times over than come to suspect every thought and action of the people I lived with."

"I know what you say of Francis Clayton to be true; I despise him in my heart. I have not a shadow of hope that I shall ever approach to a feeling of love for him. He is malicious—he is cruel—he is revengeful. And yet, knowing all this, it will not hinder me from selling myself to him if he cares to buy me. I think he will. I think if it were only to triumph over Col. d'Aguiar he would marry me. Winifred, do you know I love that man with all my heart—with all the love of which a poor, vain, frivolous nature like mine is capable? and yet I cannot sacrifice society and fashion for his sake. I wonder why all the men who are worth loving are poor?"

"You would give up such a man as Col. d'Aguiar and take Mr. Clayton, for the sake of his money?"

Fee nodded her head.

"Yes, so would you if you had led my

life, and been brought up as I have been. What can I do?" and she stamped her foot impatiently. "I have no money; my aunt has none to give me. Col. d'Aguiar has only a pittance barely sufficient for himself. Riches, they say, cannot give love or happiness; but poverty can take away one and destroy the other. I have no other alternative."

"Dear Miss Alton," said Winifred, "I beg of you with all my heart to think well before you make up your mind to marry a man like this Mr. Clayton. Think what it must be to spend the best part of your life with a man you cannot love—a man you might perhaps get to hate!"

Fee laughed a little unnatural laugh, and put her fingers to her ears.

"Hush!" she said; "do not talk in that way. I know all you can say. After all, who knows? Mr. Clayton may never do me the honor to propose to me, and then how foolish I shall look! Good-night, cherie—kiss me once more. Good-night." And the little fairy tripped off to her own room.

CHAPTER IX.

And yet the very next night Fee tapped at Winifred's door, and when it was opened she went quickly in, and, throwing herself in a chair, burst into tears. Winifred was fairly distressed; great drops welled into her eyes for sympathy.

"Don't cry, dear Fee—what is it?—what ails you?"

It was startling to see the gay, insouciant little fairy in such a plight.

"Oh, Winifred, I am so miserable—I hate myself!"

Winifred guessed the rest.

"You have not consented, Fee?—you are not going to marry Mr. Clayton?"

"Yes, I am."

"Oh, Fee, how could you? you cannot like him."

"What is the use of talking like that?" Miss Alton cried, with feverish petulance.

"Why don't you congratulate me?—it is a splendid match."

"I love you, Fee. I cannot deceive you. If you do not care for him—and you cannot love a man like that—all his money will not make you happy."

Winifred went sorrowfully to bed, for she loved the frivolous, worldly little creature dearly.

Mr. Clayton's reflections were tolerably satisfactory, as he smoked his Spanish cigarette after the ladies had retired.

"Though after all," he muttered, "I am not quite sure the game's worth the candle. Of course fellows will laugh at my being caught, after all I've said about the 'happy state.' They won't give me credit for being caught 'with intention.' I wish d'Aguiar was here, but I suppose he won't be in until very late."

Just about one o'clock Col. d'Aguiar, who had been away on a dinner invitation, came in, in high good humor and spirits.

"We have had a charming evening," he said, in answer to a question from Capt. Culloden. "Some very jolly fellows there, and I was greatly tempted to stay the night, as they asked me. However, as I had said nothing about it, I was afraid of committing a breach of good manners by remaining. Arthur le Marchant had driven over from Hazell Court—a rare good fellow he is, too, the very life of a party."

"Did he say anything about Hastings?" inquired Reginald Champion.

"I think he mentioned the name of Hastings. If I recollect rightly it was something in connection with a yacht in Constantinople."

"I am sorry Hastings took it into his head to leave England," interposed Lord Harold Erskine. "He was one of the nicest, most gentlemanly fellows I ever met with. He entertained us in a princely way at the Court last month."

"Hastings?" remarked Francis Clayton, interrogatively. "I seem to know the name. By the way, Erskine, was not that the man Miss Champion accused Miss Eyre of being so much in the woods with?"

Lord Harold colored with passion.

"I presume they were only together just as d'Aguiar and Miss Alton might have been in the park this afternoon."

"Ah!" said Francis Clayton, quietly, but with his most disagreeable smile.

"Let those laugh who win, is a capital maxim. But you've not congratulated me yet, any of you."

Col. d'Aguiar grew very pale; the hand that was on the back of his chair trembled.

"I am no hypocrite," he said, quietly, but with a curious ring in his voice. "I cannot wish you happiness when I know it entails her misery. And amidst a dead silence he left the room."

Before the party assembled at breakfast the following morning he had left Endon Vale.

(To be continued.)

Japanese and Their Shirt Collars.

The increase of stature among the Japanese is very perceptible; and the substitution of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths among many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion. Before the advent of military discipline on European models the Japanese were notable as the smallest-necked race in the world, a firm of London collar-makers with a large trade to Japan asserting that thirteen inches was the normal circumference of a full-grown Japanese's throat. In a little over twenty years, owing to more athletic development, the average has risen an inch and a half. To athletic development should also be added greater avoidance of indigestion, as a more generous diet and abstention from parboiling are bringing their reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.—Chambers' Journal.

Dublin and Belfast.

The population of the municipal area of Dublin, including the independent townships, is returned as 347,104, and Belfast as 348,965, which gives the northern city a clear majority of 1,861

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

LANE LOGGERS WANT RAIN.

Millions of Feet of Logs in the Small Streams.

Loggers in Lane County are having more difficulty this season than usual trying to get logs down the mountain streams. The spring has been so dry that millions of feet of logs that were cut on the streams tributary to the McKenzie and the Willamette during the winter have hung up and cannot be driven out in the usual way. Usually in the month of April there are rains that raise these creeks so that the logs can be driven out, but this year there have been no rains of consequence and the streams have not had since February sufficient water to run logs.

On Lost Creek, Winberry, Big and Little Fall Creeks, the Booth-Kelly Company has millions of feet of logs that they are badly in need of at the Springfield mill. For weeks they kept men ready and had the logs in the creek, intending that the moment the water was sufficient they would start them to deeper water. But the rains that were hoped for did not come.

Finally giving up hope of running the logs in the usual way, they began constructing dams to aid the work by artificial means. Thousands of dollars were expended in building flood dams in these small streams. These have been of some assistance, and the logs are being slowly worked down towards the river, but it is a slow and expensive process. As yet it has been impossible to supply the big mill at Springfield with sufficient logs to keep the saws at work.

The logging business is very important in this county, and greater this year than ever before. There are at the present time no less than 35,000,000 feet of logs in the water to supply the various mills in the county. The Booth-Kelly Company alone has 23,000,000 feet afloat, while others have no less than 10,000,000 feet. The mills all have greater difficulty getting logs than they have getting orders.

Official Count.

The official canvass of the vote for congressman at the election in the First district on June 1, 1903, shows the following result:

COUNTIES	W. P. Morrow	R. B. Hermann	A. W. Ingle	A. E. Reames
Benton	90	472	48	579
Clackamas	89	1,024	292	1,235
Clatsop	72	896	108	1,076
Curry	2	222	11	129
Douglas	188	1,724	208	1,920
Franklin	80	1,148	171	1,399
Josephine	31	492	98	621
Klamath	8	356	20	375
Lake	5	525	1	531
Lane	117	1,887	142	1,972
Lincoln	5	416	74	495
Linn	286	1,510	180	1,976
Marion	188	1,754	208	1,950
Polk	97	570	56	623
Tillamook	48	476	60	584
Washington	105	1,074	100	1,279
Yamhill	172	928	184	1,284
Totals	1,446	15,318	1,900	15,664

Marion County Wool Pool Sold.

The wool pool of the Marion County Woolgrowers' Association was sold to the highest bidder in Salem, and was bought by A. R. Jacobs, representing the Oregon City Woolen Mills. There were upwards of 100,000 pounds of wool in the pool, and the price paid was 16 cents per pound for the coarse grade and 16½ cents for the medium and finer grades. The delivery of the wool began at once through the warehouse of W. M. Brown & Co. of this city. This is the highest price, by 1 cent per pound, that was ever received by the Marion County woolgrowers.

Copper Property Sold.

Lon Simmons and William Myers have sold their copper property on Big Creek, Eastern Oregon, consisting of eight claims, to a syndicate financed by Indiana capitalists for \$75,000. This deal has been pending for some time, but was finally closed. It is understood that the new owners will begin the work of developing the property at once. A considerable sum of money is to be expended for surface improvements.

Incendiarists Set Fire.

Fire destroyed the residence, barn and blacksmith shop of the Warner Valley Stock Company in Warner Valley one day last week, all the household goods and a large stock of supplies were lost. It was undoubtedly of incendiary origin, as two saddles and all the horses were taken out of the barn. The parties who did it are under suspicion, and will likely be apprehended.

Trouble in Lake County.

A report comes from Lakeview that squatters on land of the Warner Valley Stock Company have burned the buildings on the ranch 40 miles east of that place. The squatters refuse to be dispossessed and state that they will resist, by force of arms, the order of the court awarding the land to the Warner Valley Stock Company.

President Lee is Re-Elected.

At the annual meeting of the board of trustees of Albany College, President Wallace Howe Lee, who has been connected with the college for many years, was unanimously re-elected president of the institution. It is largely due to his management that Albany College has attained its present high degree of efficiency.

IRRIGATION AT KALAMATH.

Dredger Machinery Arrives for Dredging the Canal.

The machinery for the dredger of the Little Klamath Ditch Company is being put in place on a new boat, 38x63 feet, and will be ready for operation in Lower Klamath Lake in three weeks. The machinery weighs 100,000 pounds, and 25 teams were required to haul it from the railroad to the lake last week.

The first work of the dredger will be to dig a cut, four miles long, 30 feet wide and four feet deep, from the lake to the head of the company's ditch, thus assuring an abundance of water at all times of the year. Hitherto White Lake has been depended on for supply, but has been insufficient to accommodate the demand for irrigation during the dry weather of midsummer. The cut from the lake will cost \$90,000. As soon as that work is finished, reclaiming of land around Lower Klamath Lake will be undertaken. It is estimated that there are 50,000 acres contiguous to that body of water, capable of reclamation by the use of the dredger.

Coming Events.

Annual meeting of Pioneers, Sons and Daughters, Portland, June 17.

Western Oregon Division, Oregon State Teachers' Association, Portland, June 24-29.

Christian camp meeting, Turner, June 19-23.

Sixth annual re-union of Lane County veterans, Eugene, June 16-18.

Carnivals—Grants Pass, June 17-20; Ashland, June 15-20; Roseburg, June 22-27; Cottage Grove, June 24-27; Salem, June 29-July 4; Albany, June 29-July 4.

Ninth annual regatta, Astoria, August 19-21.

Willamette Valley Chautauqua, Gladstone, July 14-26.

Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Portland, June 24-27.

First Oregon Cavalry and First Oregon Infantry re-union, Portland, June 27.

Another Contract Finished.

Major W. C. Langitt has completed an inspection at the Cascade Locks, where the contract of H. W. Taylor had just been finished. This contract included the riprapping of the north wall of the upper lock, at a cost of \$26,000, which has taken about six months to carry out. A large number of stone cutters and laborers were employed. These locks, which have cost the government \$3,750,000, are not yet finished, and an appropriation of \$150,000 will be necessary before the final details will have been attended to. At the present stage of the water the locks are out of commission and boats will have to wait on each side until the freshet is over.

Improvements at the Penitentiary.

Governor Chamberlain has decided to have an addition built on the south end of the dining room and kitchen at the penitentiary for the purpose of providing a place to conduct executions. The addition will be constructed of brick, and will be two stories high. The improvement will be made as outlined some time ago by Superintendent James. Work will soon be commenced on the construction of a sewer to connect the prison with the new state sewer built a year ago to a point west of the asylum. This will give the prison better drainage.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70¢@74¢; valley, 77¢.

Barley—Feed, \$26.00 per ton; brewing, \$21.

Flour—Best grades, \$3.95 @ 4.30; Graham, \$3.45 @ 3.85.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$23 per ton; middlings, \$27; shorts, \$23; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.10 @ 1.15; gray, \$1.05 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, \$20@21; clover, nominal; cheat, \$15@16 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burpinks, 50¢@75¢ per sack; ordinary, 35¢@45¢ per cental, growers' prices; Mercers sweets, \$3 @ 3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11¢@12¢; young, 13¢@14¢; hens, 15¢; turkeys, live, 16¢@17¢; dressed, 20¢@22¢; ducks, 47¢@7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6.00 @ 6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 15¢@16¢; Young America, 15¢@15½¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢ less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20¢@26¢ per pound; extras, 23¢; dairy, 20¢ @ 22¢; store, 16¢@18.

Eggs—17¢@20¢ per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18¢@20¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley, 12½¢@17¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@14¢; mohair, 35¢@37¢.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¼¢@4¢, per pound; steers, 5¢@5½¢; dressed, 8¼¢.

Veal—7¼¢@8¢.

Mutton—Gross, \$3.50 per pound; dressed, 6¢@6½¢.

Lambs—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7½¢.

Hogs—Gross, 6¢@6½¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢@8¢.