



# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By  
MRS. FORRESTER.

## CHAPTER XIV.

After a ten days' visit to Mrs. Clayton, Winifred was summoned home. "I would gladly let you remain longer," wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember, my dear, that our original plan was to leave for London on the 28th, and Sir Clayton never likes his plans interfered with."

On the 25th of April Winifred returned to Endon Vale, very sorry to leave her friend, but with almost a sense of relief at being freed from the obnoxious society of Mr. Clayton. Everyone welcomed her with open arms; the house had not seemed the same without her—it lacked the sunshine, as the old French lady said.

On the day appointed Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar and Miss Eyre arrived at Eaton Square and were duly announced in the fashionable chronicles. A new life suddenly opened on the girl who had spent all her young years in such quiet, not to say monotony. She found it very pleasant, although not altogether what it had been in her dreams two years before.

Her debut was to take place at the house of Miss Douglas, Lord Harold Erskine's aunt, a lady occupying a very decided position in the fashionable world, and the entree to whose entertainments was very generally desired. Lady Grace was anxious that her protegee should look her best.

When Winifred appeared, dressed, on the night of the ball, Lady Grace had no reason to regret having allowed her to exercise her own taste. Her dress was of a marvelous whiteness and softness, almost like snow clouds, and here and there over it were the softest white feathers, that might have been flakes of fallen snow.

Very late in the evening Mr. Hastings appeared. As he entered the ballroom he caught sight of Winifred talking in a very animated manner to Lord Harold in an interval of waiting. He stood and watched her intently; until to-night he had never thought her beautiful. He had loved her for her grace, for her pride, for her innocence; but as she looked and smiled now, he felt she had a greater claim to general admiration than he had ever dreamed of.

"And she might have been my wife now," he thought. "How I should have loved her—how proud I should have been of her! I wonder if she really cares for that fellow Erskine?"

At this moment a voice said close to his ear, as though the speaker had divined his thoughts:

"Will it be a match, do you think?" He turned with an angry start, and met the mocking gaze of Flora Champion.

"You mean Gray and Miss Wentworth? I think it very probable," Mr. Hastings answered, curtly.

"Oh, no, that is beyond a doubt. I meant Lord Harold Erskine and—and his partner."

"I cannot form the slightest surmise. Your cousin"—and he spoke the word pointedly—"your cousin is very beautiful, and may even do better."

"Perhaps be chosen by the descendant of all the Hastings?" she asked, with a scornful laugh.

"Your penetration seems unusually at fault to-night, Miss Champion," he returned, coldly; "but pardon me, the dance is over. I am going to seek a partner for the next; your card is full, I see;" and he moved off before Flora had time to intimate her willingness to exchange his name on her program with that of a less eligible aspirant. She bit her lip angrily as she saw him cross straight over to where her cousin stood, and bend to speak with her. She could not but remark the tender deference of his bearing toward the country girl whom she despised, and whom she well remembered ignoring to him as only a former's daughter.

She turned to the quiet, middle-aged man on whose arm she leaned, and began to talk to him with some of her old brightness and vivacity. He listened with admiring attention, but had very little to say in reply. Flora felt inexpressibly bored.

"This man is a dolt!" she said to herself, angrily; "the idea even of all his money scarcely reconciles me to the horrible tedium of spending so much time in his company."

Mr. Maxwell was an excessively uninteresting, rich bachelor of two-and-forty. He gave one an impression of weakness and yielding that made it a matter of surprise he had been allowed to remain so long in the unblest estate of bachelorhood. He had met Flora Champion several times and had admired her.

"He is rich," she said to herself; "he is as weak as water, and he is greedy—three admirable qualities for a husband whom you do not want to care about! Why should I not marry him?"

Meanwhile Mr. Hastings was crossing over to where Winifred was standing, engaged in laughing conversation with Lord Harold, a bright smile on her lips and apparently very happy. She did not see Errol until he came up to her, and then she stopped in a sentence and changed color. She felt a quick thrill of pleasure when she saw his handsome face bent on her with genuine admiration. Some sudden thought of forgetting her pride and yielding to her love came surging

into her brain; and then, second, new, unnatural self rebelled, and she greeted him with a cold, indifferent smile.

"You will dance with me, Winifred?" he whispered, as Lord Harold turned to speak to someone behind him.

"I am engaged for every dance, thank you."

"May I come and call in Eaton Square?"

"I dare say Lady Grace will be pleased to see you."

"But you?"

"It is my duty to be pleased to see any and all of Lady Farquhar's guests."

"You are not natural, Miss Eyre—you are strangely altered from the generous, large-hearted, true Winifred I knew two years ago."

"Is it well for ignorant country girls to be trustful?" she asked, with a quick scorn. "If they are generous, do they always meet with like generosity from those whose minds are more enlarged, or should be, from their birth and station?"

"Is your enmity to be lifelong, then?"

"No doubt it will wear out in time, as every other feeling does," was the quick response.

As Mr. Hastings walked away, he asked himself how it was possible that a man whose inherent fault was intense pride could voluntarily expose himself to the slights and indifference of a young girl.

"I wonder how it is that I still care for her? She seems to have lost all that made me love her when I first knew her. What a fool I am! I will not think any more of her!"

And he left the room and the house, and went off to an entertainment where a considerably greater degree of freedom reigned than at the mansion of stately Miss Douglas, and where he was sure of an enthusiastic welcome.

With the charming inconsistency of the sex, Winifred was terribly chagrined on discovering that he was really gone.

"He is disgusted with me—he will not bear my unworthy treatment of him longer," she thought, bitterly. "I love him with all my heart, and I have lost him!"

## CHAPTER XV.

The weeks rolled on and the London season was at its height. Drawing rooms, concerts, balls, operas, fetes champetres, flower shows and garden parties went on as usual to make up the sum of the gay world's pleasures and disappointments. Mrs. Clayton—one of many, perhaps—had been leading a life of fitful, feverish happiness for the last month. She did not dare to think—a pause of retrospection would either send her headlong down the precipice that was yawning at her feet or make her fly from it altogether. And yet she was so unparadoxically weak that she hesitated and could not bring herself to break off all intercourse with Col. d'Agullar.

As if to draw the last plank of safety away from his wife, Mr. Clayton treated her daily worse. He left letters in her way that could not fail to mortify her. If they went out together he made a point of keeping her waiting. He never opened his lips to speak to her unless he was positively obliged, and then his words were sneers and taunts. He paid other women the most extravagant compliments and attention. In short, but for Col. d'Agullar's presence and sympathy, Fee's life would have been unendurable. They met constantly.

One of the entertainments that was intended to rank among the first of the season, was a garden party given by the Honorable Mrs. Vivian Lyndon at her beautiful villa on the banks of the river. No expense was to be spared; amusement of every imaginable kind was to be provided; and the whole was to end in a display of such costly fireworks as were rarely seen, and a dance. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton were invited. At the last moment he declined to go, and his wife went without him. He did not attempt to prevent her. Col. d'Agullar was to be there. "I will not spoil the sport," he said to himself, with a smile that would have become Mephistopheles.

All her friends were there, all but one, at least, and at first it was with a sense of relief that she missed him. But hour after hour wore on, and there was no sign of Col. d'Agullar. First she felt restless, then a little impatient, then angry, and then she could have cried for the bitterness of the disappointment. It was four days since she had seen him, and then he told her distinctly that he intended to be there.

Fee sat down wearily on the edge of one of the seats. Suddenly she heard a voice pronounce her name, and a quick thrill of pleasure went to her heart. He had come at last! She forgot her anger, her impatience, and the weary hours she had spent waiting for him, and looked up with a glad smile.

"At last!" she said. "I had given you up long ago. I am so tired of all this," she added, in a whisper; "let us walk a little."

And then she perceived that he was slightly lame.

"Then it is true, what some one told me, that you have sprained your ankle?" she uttered hastily. "That kept you away—and it hurts you to walk?"

"Not at all," he answered; "it is nothing. That did not keep me away."

"What, then?" Fee asked, quickly.

Col. d'Agullar was silent. "What kept you away?" she repeated. "I do not think I can tell you, Mrs. Clayton."

"Do tell me," she whispered, pressing his arm ever so slightly. "I tried very hard to make a sacrifice," he answered slowly, "and I failed."

"What sacrifice?"

"The sacrifice of my heart's desire to your peace."

Fee trembled and was silent.

"See!" she said, "the fireworks are beginning," and at that moment a blaze of light shot forth into the skies and seemed to illumine the whole garden and river. There was a rustic garden bench standing in a niche of arbutus and laurel.

"Let us sit down," Mrs. Clayton said. "I know your foot pains you."

"It was so disappointed when you did not come," Fee said presently. "I had just made up my mind to send for the carriage and go home. I came alone, you know."

"Alone? I thought Mr. Clayton was to be here?"

"He would not come. I think he would do anything rather than spend an hour in my company," she added bitterly. "I cannot go on living like this," she broke out presently. "My life is a torment to me. You told me once I should be miserable if I married him—are you glad your words have come true?"

"Mrs. Clayton, what do you take me for?" he cried, moved to passion. "I glad—glad that you, whom I love with heart, soul and strength, are tied to a brute who makes your life a pandemonium upon earth—glad that you are parted hopelessly from me, and that I cannot lawfully stir a finger to help you when I am ready to lay down my life for you!"

"Forgive me!" Fee said, quickly; "I did not mean it. I feel so bitter—so mad sometimes—I scarcely know what I say."

"Mrs. Clayton," he answered hoarsely, "you must not say these things to me. My blood is on fire at your wrongs and your misery. You forget how badly, how hopelessly I love you!"

"I weighed your love in the balance with Mr. Clayton's money once," she said slowly, "and my choice has broken my heart. I am twenty. I have no hope in the world," and an agonized sigh broke from her. "I know that after to-night I dare not see you any more. If I had been good or wise enough to remember my duty, and keep from speaking of my misery to you, we might have gone on meeting as we have done. To-night we shall part forever."

"Do not say that, Mrs. Clayton. How can I leave you to that man's brutality?"

"How can you protect me from it?" she asked sadly.

He rose to his feet suddenly and stood before her as pale as death.

"Will you never be convinced," he said, passionately, "that my love for you is beyond self-seeking, beyond doubt? If you will it so, I will never seek you again after to-night."

"I think I am not well to-night—I am over-tired," she said, recovering herself; "if you will have my carriage sent for, I will go home."

He went at once and did not return to her until it was ready; then he gave her his arm and led her away without another word. She never looked at him as he put her into her carriage, and wished her a grave good-night; but when the door was closed, and they had passed through the gates, she threw herself back in a corner and sobbed such tears as she had never wept from the hour she was born until now. There were lights in the dining room when she returned, and she would have entered it, but the footman stood in the way with a frightened face.

"Not in there, if you please, ma'am; master dined at home, and has a party of gentlemen."

At that moment there was a clinking of glasses, and a sound of laughter, in which a shrill peal of a woman's voice was distinctly audible.

Mrs. Clayton stood for a moment as if turned to stone; then she went upstairs without a word. It was evident she had not been expected home so early.

She was too stupefied to think. It seemed as if some heavy blow had fallen on her, and she scarcely realized it or knew what it was. Her mind was exhausted, and she slept heavily. The next day when she rode in the park, as usual, every one said:

"How terribly ill Mrs. Clayton looks! She should not go out so much, or she will be dead before the end of the season."

"Dear Fee," said Winifred, riding up, "what ails you—you look worn out?"

"I think yesterday was too much for me," Mrs. Clayton answered. "Stop my horse, Winifred!" and Mrs. Clayton seemed for a moment to reel in her saddle. Winifred caught the bridle, and stopped her own horse.

"Oh, Lord Harold!" she cried suddenly to the gentleman who rode beside her, "go to the other side of Fee, and hold her up; she is fainting."

In a moment he had his arm round her, and had lifted her into the saddle, from which she had partly slipped. Mrs. Clayton recovered herself almost immediately.

"Thank you," she said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; "a sudden giddiness. Take me home, Winifred, will you?"

"Yes, darling."

Mrs. Clayton remained the whole day on the sofa, scarcely speaking. Winifred would not leave her for a moment. She bathed her forehead, and watched and soothed her when she turned on her side and moaned.

"It is my head, my head," she murmured now and again. "I think I am going mad."

And then Winifred thought it time to send for a physician.

"It is a nervous attack," he said, when he had seen her; "the brain seems to have been overexcited. In a day or two Mrs. Clayton will be quite herself again."

(To be continued.)

Pay as you go or you won't go very far.

## HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

### CLACKAMAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

#### Old Records Give Interesting Figures on Wages and Assessments.

In rummaging about his office a few days ago County Clerk Sleight unearthed some official records that contain some interesting statistics with reference to Clackamas county in the early '50s. They consist of some statistics compiled by Joseph T. Meek, who was then territorial marshal for Clackamas county in June, 1850. In that year the assessable value of property in this county was \$1,020,344, classified as follows: Real estate, \$836,650; personal, \$183,694. The schedule of wages paid at that time was remarkable. The average monthly wage to farm hands, including board, was \$80; the average wages paid day laborers with board was \$4, without board \$6; average daily wages for carpenters, \$12; board per week for laboring men cost \$8.

There were published in the county at that time two weekly papers, namely, Oregon Spectator, Territorial; and Western Star, Multnomah. An idea of the value and profit in the lumber business at that early date may be gathered from the statistics which show that Benjamin Simpson from 400 logs, for which he paid \$3 each, manufactured 100,000 feet of lumber, which had a salable value of \$75 per thousand.

### COLUMBIA COUNTY FILLING UP.

#### Recent County Seat Election Shows Large Increase of Voters.

The returns from the late special election indicate that the voting population of Columbia county has increased several hundred since the general state election held a little over a year ago. While it is true that much of this increased vote is due to the employment of an increased number of hands in sawmills and logging camps, many of them single men, it also is evident that there is a considerable increase in the number of families which have become actual residents.

County School Superintendent Copeland has received complete returns from almost every school district in the county, and now estimates that there are 250 more children of school age than were shown by the census of last year. Reports from every section of the county indicate that newcomers from the East are arriving, and the majority of them expect to become permanent residents.

### Heavy Sales of Live Stock.

The sale of sheep, cattle and horses from the Oregon ranges this fall will be the heaviest in years. This is the opinion of C. J. Millis, who has charge of the stock department of the O. R. & N. He has been over a large portion of the ranges and reports that feed will be scarce this fall. Large shipments of cattle were made from this district last spring and Mr. Millis expects that still larger shipments will be made this fall. He says a large amount of stock will have to be sent out of the country in order to even up for the shortage of the feed crop. The shortage of feed in some parts is probably due to a lack of rain.

### Wool Prices are Climbing.

Owing to the shortage of wool in Montana and Utah the prices of wool in Eastern Oregon will be higher than had been anticipated. At the large sale held at Ontario a short time ago wool sold at from 13 to 14 cents. Many did not sell and since that time some have sold at 15 cents. The prices are still going up. Some of the leading sheep and wool men say the range is exceptionally short this season, as there has been scarcely any rain since spring. Everything is dried up. There is lots of stock in the district, and it is feared by the owners there will be large losses this year if a wet season does not start soon.

### Quarrying Rock for the Jetty.

Work on opening the rock quarry at Bugby is progressing rapidly and 100 additional men have been put to work there. Great difficulty is being encountered at the quarry as well as at the jetty in securing enough laborers, as many of them feel too rich as soon as they have earned a few dollars, and they loaf until they spend it. Two rock trains are now being run on the railway, and each makes two round trips to the jetty daily, so a large amount of rock is being delivered.

### Great Boom to Ontario.

The contract for building the new steel bridge across the Malheur river, near where it empties into Snake river, about two miles below Ontario, has been let. The price is \$4100. This bridge will supply a long-felt need. It gives an opportunity for the people living on Dead Ox Flat of coming to Ontario to do their trading without going about ten miles above Ontario to the Halliday bridge.

### Surveying Soil of Baker County.

Charles A. Jensen, of the department of agriculture, bureau of soils, has been sent out to make a survey of the soils of Baker county. He has established his headquarters at Haines, and is now actively engaged in the work. It is thought this is one of the preliminary steps to government-aided irrigation.

### LOG BOOM ON NORTH UMPQUA.

#### Franchise Granted for Extensive Improvements by County Court.

One of the most important steps made in the development of the lumbering industry in Douglas county was taken when the county court voted to grant a franchise to the Oregon Boom & Timber Company for cleaning out the obstructions in the North Umpqua river and preparing that stream for the floating of logs and timber. This franchise gives the company the right to use that stream in the manner mentioned from the west boundary line of the Cascade forest reserve to the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad at Winchester, five miles north of Roseburg. After the improvements are made the company is given the right to collect a maximum toll of 50 cents per thousand feet for floating logs for other persons in compensation for the outlay in improving the stream. The estimated cost of the improvements is \$200,000.

Besides improving the stream, the company expects to erect a sawmill of 100,000 feet daily capacity at Winchester, to be ready for use as soon as logs can be floated, and other parties also expect to erect sawmills and woodworking plants at the same place. New York capitalists are backing the enterprise, their representative, F. J. Blakely, having been here most of the time for the past two years.

### PUBLIC LAND STILL OPEN.

#### Nearly 600,000 Acres Remain in Oregon City District.

The annual report of the United States land office at Oregon City has been completed. Fourteen counties are embraced in the Oregon City district and the report gives the following statistics as to area in acres unappropriated and unreserved:

Surveyed, 455,048; unreserved, 141,000; total, 596,738 as against 537,279 surveyed; 161,190 unreserved; 898,469 total, as shown in the report a year ago. The 14 counties constituting the Oregon City land district are: Benton, Clackamas, Clatsop, Columbia, Crook, Lincoln, Linn, Marion, Multnomah, Polk, Tillamook, Wasco, Yamhill and Washington. The total area of the land surface of these counties is 7,468,250 acres. The area in acres appropriated last year was 5,675,115, while the acreage under the same classification this year is 5,629,846.

### Union County Cherry Crop.

The cherry crop is just coming on in Union county. There were reports early in the season that this crop would be very short, but, as with the other products of this county, the prospects get brighter as harvest time approaches. The indications now are that the yield will not be far below the average. There will probably be about 15,000 boxes of the fruit handled there this season.

### Electric Power for Lane County.

The Lane County Electric Company has begun work on its new power station to be erected at Springfield. The immense boilers have arrived and will at once be put in place, the foundation being nearly completed. The power plant will be one of the finest in the state, and current will be generated and sold for all purposes in Eugene and Springfield.

### Call for Union County Warrants.

County Treasurer John Frawley has issued a call for all warrants of Union county issued prior to January 12, 1898.

### PORTLAND MARKETS.

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

Barley—Feed, \$20.00 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@65c per sack; ordinary, 35@45c per cental, growers' prices; Merced sweets, \$3 @ 3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10@11c; young, 13@14c; hens, 12c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; dressed, 20@22c; ducks, \$7.00@7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6.00 @ 6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 15 1/2 @ 16c; Young America, 15 @ 15 1/2 c; factory prices, 1 @ 1 1/2 c less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20@22 1/2 c per pound; extras, 22c; dairy, 20 @ 22 1/2 c; store, 16@18.

Eggs—17@20c per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18@20c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 12 1/2 @ 17c; Eastern Oregon, 8 @ 14c; mohair, 35 @ 37 1/2 c.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3 1/2 @ 4c, per pound; steers, 5 @ 5 1/2 c; dressed, 8 1/2 c.

Veal—7 1/2 @ 8c.

Mutton—Gross, \$3.50 per pound; dressed, 6 @ 6 1/2 c.

Lamb—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7 1/2 c.

Hogs—Gross, 6 @ 6 1/2 c per pound dressed, 7 @ 8c.