



ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lady Grace Farquhar's last guests were on the eve of departure, much to her husband's delight. In two days' time Mrs. Clayton would be the only visitor remaining. Mr. Hastings scarcely spoke to Miss Eyre. When he did, he noticed with some secret pleasure that her color came and went, and that she seemed restless and uneasy. Lady Grace was in the garden, giving directions to the head gardener, when Mr. Hastings joined her. "I have come to ask a favor of you, Lady Grace," he said.

"I am sure I shall be disposed to grant it," she answered, pleasantly.

"When your guests are gone, I want you all to come and spend two or three days at the Court."

Lady Grace hesitated.

"I should like it very much," she said, presently; "but Sir Clayton has the greatest dislike to leaving home when he is once settled."

"If I can succeed in persuading him, will you come? I have a particular object in my request."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure; I am sure Marion and Winifred will be delighted. But I am afraid you will have some difficulty with my husband."

Mr. Hastings was, however, more successful than Lady Grace anticipated, and won the baronet's consent without much trouble. The truth was, there was a very fine library at the Court, and Sir Clayton had for some time past been anxious to consult some old and valuable works he knew to be there.

When everything was settled, Winifred heard of the arrangements with conflicting feelings. She was almost sorry that she had been included in the invitation, her presence could but awaken unpleasant memories in Mr. Hastings' mind.

Tuesday came, the morning was lovely, and it was arranged that Mrs. Clayton and Winifred should ride, and that Sir Clayton should drive Lady Grace over in his phaeton. When they arrived at the Court Mr. Hastings and his friends were standing on the steps to receive them. This time he did not lift Winifred from her horse and whisper welcome, but went at once to Mrs. Clayton. Winifred felt the difference, a little bitterly, perhaps, and yet with a quick consciousness that she had no right to feel it. But when she was shown to her room, a glad thought blotted out the bitterness. Was it by accident that the walls were hung with her favorite prints, and that vases filled with scarlet geraniums and ferns—her favorite combination—were disposed all about the room? Scarcely. It must have been a wish to please her, and if he still cared about giving her pleasure, surely all the love had not died out.

There was a dinner party in the evening—a very gay, pleasant party, that everyone enjoyed. Afterward Winifred sang, and was brighter and happier than she had been for many weeks. Mr. Hastings had scarcely spoken to her, but yet she was conscious that he was not indifferent to her.

The next day he asked her suddenly if she would like to see her old home once more.

"Yes," she said, quietly; "will you take me?"

"If you go alone with me I will," he answered.

"I will go, if Lady Grace does not object."

"Shall I ask her?"

"Do."

And they went toward Lady Grace, who was sitting reading by the open window.

"I see no objection," said Lady Grace, smiling, "except that you always used to be so terribly quarrelsome. I think I must exact a promise first that there shall be no disagreement on the way."

"I promise," laughed Errol.

"And I," added Winifred, a shade more seriously.

"Then I consent," smiled Lady Grace. They went away silently together, neither speaking until they reached the end of the broad gravel drive. Then Mr. Hastings broke the silence.

"Shall we go through the woods?" "I should like to very much," she answered. "I have not been there since."

And then she stopped suddenly, remembering on what occasion she had been there last.

"Since when?" and he looked keenly at her.

"Oh, a long time ago—more than two years."

"Do you remember that bank?" Errol asked, suddenly. "It was there I first saw you."

Presently they came to a gate; the same gate they had stood at more than two years ago—the same at which they had parted, she suffering, he stung by remorse. He had brought her here on purpose to test the strength of her love and forgiveness. He did not open it for her to pass through, but stopped and leaned against it. She stood in front of him, waiting patiently, and he looked intently at her.

"It is two years and two months since we were here together last, Miss Eyre. You are greatly changed since then."

"For the worse?" she asked, quickly. "Not as the world would think."

"But as you think?"

"I scarcely know. They say we are all the happier when we lose our impulsiveness and warmth of heart, and become

cold and indifferent. You have found it so, no doubt?"

His tone was almost harsh, and she looked up in his face sadly, and yet with infinite patience.

"I cannot be angry at your saying so, Mr. Hastings. You have the right to think it."

"And yet I would rather hear you deny it indignantly, Miss Eyre."

"If I denied it, would you believe me?"

He was silent for a moment, while there was a struggle going on in his heart. He had too much chivalry of feeling to wish her to confess herself wrong and plead to him, and yet there was a latent pride of spirit that made him feel it would be unmanly, undignified, for him to make the first advance now, after all that had gone before. He watched her, unwilling to help her, yet feeling vividly that she was suffering.

"If," she faltered at last—"if I thought that in spite of all that is past, you did not hate me"—and she stopped.

"You know what I feel for you," he said, quietly, "am I likely to change?"

"Then I should like to tell you how much I regret the past," she went on, in a low voice. "You do not know how bitterly I have suffered in the past months, because my pride would not let me own I—loved you. I am ready to make my atonement here in this very place, the bare remembrance of which has made me shrink and turn from you before. I forgive you the wrong you did me, and I ask you to pardon me, too. Have I humiliated myself enough?" and she looked for a moment in his face and then turned sharply away, with a quivering lip and large tears in her eyes.

He caught her by the hand.

"Winifred," he said, a sudden passion in his voice and eyes, "tell me one thing more. Do you in truth love me?"

She looked bravely up in his face.

"I have never left off loving you!"

He drew her toward him in a strong clasp, until her head rested on his breast.

"I think it is true," he whispered, "that we love that best which is most dearly won."

CHAPTER XIX.

It was almost dark when they returned to the Court.

"Your idea of the length of half an hour must be singularly vague, Mr. Hastings," smiled Lady Grace. "Surely you have been further than the Farm?"

"Not even as far, Lady Grace," he replied, with a glad smile; and then Winifred being gone, he told her his story.

"I am very glad," she said, kindly. "I could wish you nothing better than to have such a wife as Winifred."

All obstacles surmounted, and the engagement between them being ratified by the consent of all parties, Mr. Hastings would not hear of any objection to the marriage taking place immediately.

"Remember, darling," he said, when Winifred would have urged him to wait. "I have loved you for more than two years. Having made me so miserable, surely you owe it to me to lose no time in atoning for it. Pray get that horrible trousseau business over with all speed, or I shall think you do not love me as I love you."

Sir Howard was delighted when he was apprised of the intended marriage, and insisted that Winifred should be married from Hurst Manor. She had a fancy for being married in the little church where she had so often sat when she was only a farmer's daughter. She was not the simple little country girl now, but an elegant young lady, accustomed to luxury and good society. Errol would have liked much better that she should come to him portionless, but that was not to be as he desired.

Sir Howard Champion gave her twenty thousand pounds, and Sir Clayton ten thousand, while Lady Grace provided her with a magnificent trousseau. Mr. Hastings had the family diamonds reset and remounted for her, and would have had her wear some of them at least at the wedding.

"Please not, Errol," she pleaded. "I do not like all this grandeur. I would rather not forget that my early life was simple."

Mrs. Clayton was of course to have been at the wedding. She was looking forward to it, glad at heart at the part she had taken in bringing together two people who cared for each other. Three weeks before the day fixed she received a letter with a foreign postmark.

"Who can it be from?" she said, turning it over in her hand, and speaking to Winifred. "I do not know the hand; it seems crabbled and foreign, and has been forwarded from London. It is addressed to Milady Clayton, too!" And Fee continued to look at it without, however, breaking the seal. "Who can it be from?" she said again.

"If you open it you will soon see, dear," Winifred replied, laughing.

"I don't quite like to do it," Mrs. Clayton remarked presently. "I suppose it is because I am nervous and unwell; but I always feel as if every letter I received contained bad news. Will you open it for me?"

And she tossed it across the table.

"Of course I will. What a scrawl!" And Miss Eyre proceeded to tear the envelope.

"I should imagine it contained some mysterious secret, from the way it

is gummed together. I must take a knife and slit it open from the side."

With some trouble she got at the contents—a dirty scrap of foreign paper, with a few crabbled hieroglyphics, and began to read aloud:

"Milady and honored excellency—I av to profande regrette to announce to you dat te Milor Clayton—monsieur yor husband av bin took wid de horrible maladie de cholera an want to see you. I av sent for the principal docteur an am at yor orders."

GODEFROI LUPIN.

A horror seized upon Mrs. Clayton. She had never loved her husband; lately she had hated him; but the idea of his being ill alone among strangers brought the tears to her eyes.

"O, Winifred!" she exclaimed to her friend, in whose face she read consternation. "I must go to him at once."

"You cannot, Fee; weak as you are it would be madness. The address is some obscure village in Switzerland. Let us go and ask Sir Clayton what had best be done."

"Who do you suppose this letter to be written by?" Sir Clayton asked, when he had read the curious missive.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps the hotel keeper."

"Had he a foreign valet, do you know, Marion?"

"Not when he left London. Simmons was with him then; but he may have left; he was always threatening to leave, and then, of course, it is most probable that Francis would engage a foreigner."

"Something must be done at once. You cannot go yourself, Marion—that is quite out of the question—neither can I very well. Perhaps Alfred Clayton is in town; he was coming up, I know. I will telegraph to him. Stay, I am not sure where he would be. I will go up to London myself at once."

And Sir Clayton rang the bell and ordered the carriage.

"But I feel that I ought to go myself, Sir Clayton; the letter said he wished to see me."

"My dear, do not think of it; the journey would kill you. To cross the channel in this cold weather and with these tempestuous winds, would be nothing short of madness."

Sir Clayton dressed hurriedly for his journey, jumped into the carriage and drove off to the station, leaving Winifred to explain matters to his wife. He just caught the up train by a minute; the horses had accomplished the five miles in exactly twenty-two minutes. Sir Clayton had told the coachman that it was a matter of life and death, and the old man, sorely against his will, had driven his favorites the whole distance at the top of their speed. Sir Clayton reached London and drove off to the hotel where he knew Alfred Clayton always stayed when he was in town. By good fortune he had just arrived there, and was at the door ready to depart again when Sir Clayton drove up. The story was briefly told and the two men looked doubtfully at each other.

"Of course I will go at once," Mr. Clayton said; "but cholera in one of those foreign holes is a nasty business. I will get a time table and see how soon I can go off. I must get you to telegraph down to Mrs. Grant at Brighton—I promised to dine and sleep at her house to-night."

"I think," said Sir Clayton, "that while you are making preparations, I will drive round to the house in Piccadilly and see if there is any further news."

On arriving there he found another letter, with a foreign postmark and opened it at once. It was written by the doctor in good French, and informed Mrs. Clayton delicately that her husband had just breathed his last.

"This is a sad business," said Sir Clayton, returning to the hotel; "you must lose no time in getting there. I fear he will be buried long before you reach the place, and there will be no chance of bringing the body to England. Of course, if—"

"Of course—of course!" exclaimed Alfred Clayton, hastily, and grasping the baronet's hand he hurried off. He was the next heir to all that splendid property, but for the time he felt no exultation at the thought of stepping into the shoes of the man who lay dead and alone in a foreign country. On reaching the village he found that Sir Clayton's surmise was correct, and that the rich man had been interred some days before with little ceremony. The obsequious landlord and Lupin, the valet of the dead man, were voluble in their information. From Lupin he learned that Mr. Clayton had engaged him in Paris six weeks previously, having parted in a quarrel with his English servant.

At first Mrs. Clayton was shocked and stunned at the unexpectedness of the blow. She had disliked her husband, but it seemed so horrible for him to have died in that terrible way, so far from home and without a single friend. Her first resolution was to leave Endon Vale, and she sent an urgent message to her aunt to join her. This time Lady Marion made no delay in answering the summons. Lady Grace begged Fee to remain.

"You are very kind," she answered. "I can scarcely thank you enough for your long hospitality, but I would rather go. Under the circumstances, I could but mar the cheerfulness that ought to reign here during the preparations for such a happy event as dear Winifred's marriage; and until I can realize my new position I would rather go away quietly to some fresh place. If you invite me later, I shall be very glad to come to you again."

(To be continued.)

Volumes in the British Museum.

The number of volumes in the British Museum Library, according to a recent counting, is now over 2,000,000. There are more than 16,000 volumes of London newspapers, about 47,000 volumes of provincial newspapers, counting Welsh as well as English, 10,000 volumes of Scottish papers, and 9,000 from Ireland.

Copernicus is justly deemed "The Father of Modern Astronomy."

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

SUMPTER MINES.

Improvement and Development Work Progressing Rapidly.

Another crosscut tunnel is being driven on the Modoc mine in the Cougar mine. This tunnel will open up the three veins on the property. Ore assaying \$100 to the ton is being taken from the old workings.

A complete hoisting plant has been ordered by the Prairie Diggings management, which will be installed immediately upon its arrival. The shaft is now down 80 feet.

The vein of the Dixie group has developed a width of 60 feet. This property is located on Granite Boulder Creek about four miles from the wonderful Morning mine in the Greenhorn district.

The May Queen management is now erecting a hoisting plant on the property. It will be capable of sinking to a depth of 600 feet. The May Queen is in the Red Boy district. The machinery recently received here for the hoisting plant of the Midway group is now being rapidly installed. A sawmill is also being erected.

An order for 500 more cords of wood has been given by the E. & E. management. This wood is being delivered at the hoist building, which no doubt means the extensive operating of the plant.

Ore for shipment is now being sacked by the Valley Queen management. A winze is being sunk, and has encountered a high grade of quartz.

The new sampling mill recently erected by Arthur & McEwen is completed and a test run has just been made on ore from the Flora M. property near town. The mill worked to the complete satisfaction of the owners.

The management of the Copperopolis property located in the Quartzburg district, announces that work will be resumed in a few days. The main crosscut tunnel is now in over 600 feet. A drift has also been run on a copper ledge. This drift will be extended over 100 feet.

SECURES RIGHT OF WAY.

People Who are Behind the Oregon & Pacific Road at Work.

While they are saying but little the people who are behind the Oregon & Pacific Railroad are working diligently, and a railroad line from Grants Pass to Crescent City will undoubtedly be a reality within the next year. Colonel T. Wain-Morgan Draper, chief engineer of the proposed road, is a very busy man, looking after the surveying of the line, and the management of the Waldo Smelting & Mining Company's copper properties at Waldo, who are the principal backers of the new road. Colonel Draper states that they have secured right of way for more than three-fourths of the road from Grants Pass to Gasquet, Cal., and have selected all of the stations on the line. At each of the places where stations have been selected ample rights of way has been given not only for a depot but also for sidings.

Coming Events.

Ninth annual regatta, Astoria, August 19-21.

State fair, Salem, September 14-19.

Second Southern Oregon District fair, Eugene, September 29-October 3.

Summer association of the North-west Indian agencies, Newport, August 17-27.

Klamath county fair, Klamath Falls, October 6-9.

Good roads convention, Jackson-ville, August 15.

Fruitgrowers' convention, Jackson-ville, August 15.

Teachers' institute, Tillamook, July 29-31.

Knights of Pythias convention, Astoria, August 20-21.

Teachers' institute, La Grande, August 17-21.

Insane Population Growing.

The report of Superintendent J. F. Calbreath, of the state insane asylum, for July, shows that during the month the population of that institution increased from 1324 to 1332. During the month 33 new patients were received and one escape returned. Fourteen patients were discharged, 16 died and one eloped. Of the patients enrolled July 31 there were 939 males and 393 females. The average expense of maintenance was \$9.31 per month, or 30 cents per day. The total value of articles consumed was \$6316.39.

Trappings for National Guard.

The adjutant-general's office of the Oregon National Guard has been notified that a shipment of 959 United States rifles and 50 carbines, together with bayonets, belts, scabbards, slings, etc., is on the way to Portland, and will arrive here in ample time for the annual encampment in September. There will be nothing lacking in the new equipment of the home soldiery. The selection of an encampment site hangs fire on account of the railroad rates. It is expected that a decision will be reached this week as to where the mobilization will take place.

To Train Kindergartens.

The professional department of the Weston State Normal School has been enlarged by the addition of the chair of applied kindergarten. Miss Violet Elizabeth Bowly, of Astoria, has been elected to this position.

NEW NATURALIZATION LAWS.

Governor Announces Provisions Against Illegal Immigrants.

For the information of all concerned in Oregon Governor Chamberlain has made public a letter received by him from the department of state at Washington, D. C., calling attention to the new provisions of the United States naturalization laws. These new provisions took effect July 3, 1903, and provide that, in order to be valid, a court record of naturalization must show that the person naturalized is not opposed to all organized government nor affiliated with any organization so opposed; that he does not advocate the unlawful assaulting or killing of officers of the government; that he has not violated any of the provisions of the said act to regulate the immigration of aliens and that he has complied with the terms of previous acts on the subject of naturalization.

The new act also requires that every certificate of naturalization shall specifically recite that the provisions of this and previous acts have been complied with, and if it fails in any particular it is null and void. The act making the additional regulations was approved on March 3.

ENLARGE THE RESERVE.

More Land Withdrawn From Settlement in Oregon City District.

Nine townships of land in Clackamas, Marion and Linn counties have been withdrawn from settlement upon telegraphic orders from Acting Commissioner of the Land Office Fimple.

The townships are from 5 to 13 inclusive in range 4 east, immediately adjoining the Cascade forest reserve on the east. Each township contains 36,000 acres, and the whole number of acres in the nine townships withdrawn is 324,000. All of township 11 and two-thirds of township 12 are unsurveyed land. Of the whole area withdrawn from settlement, 81,329 acres are vacant land, of which 33,400 acres are unsurveyed.

The action of the general land office is construed to mean that the interior department is desirous of extending the reserve.

In Behalf of Siuslaw Harbor.

The Commercial Club of Eugene has endorsed a petition prepared by O. W. Hurd, of Florence, which will be presented to the secretary of war and congress on behalf of the citizens of Oregon, asking the government to continue well commenced improvements on the jetty in the Siuslaw harbor. The petition bore the endorsement of the Oregon delegation in congress. Mr. Hurd is at present in Portland and will bring the same matter before the commercial bodies of that city. Later he will visit San Francisco and secure aid from the shippers there.

Warships at Regatta.

A telegram has been received by the Astoria regatta committee from the secretary of the navy, stating that the gunboat Alert had been ordered to Astoria for the regatta. Assurances have also been received from Secretary Moody that the New York, Marblehead and Bennington will be ordered here if they return from the Alaskan cruise in time.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 76@78c; blue-stem, 78@81c; valley, 79@80c.

Flour—Valley, \$3.60@3.85 per barrel; hard wheat straights, \$3.60@3.85; hard wheat, patents, \$4.10@4.50; graham, \$3.35@3.75; whole wheat, \$3.55@4.00; rye wheat, \$4.00.

Barley—Feed, \$20 per ton; brewing, \$21; rolled, \$21@21.50.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.07½; gray, \$1.05 per cental.

Millet—Bran, \$23 per ton; middlings, \$27; shorts, \$23; chop, \$18; linseed dairy food, \$18.

Hay—Timothy, old, \$20 per ton; new, \$14@15; clover, nominal; grain, \$12; cheat, nominal.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20@22½c per pound; dairy, nominal; store, 16@17c.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 14c; Young America, 14c; factory prices, 16@1½c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11@11½c per pound; spring, 16@17½c; hens, 12@12½c; broilers, \$2@3 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@12c per pound; dressed, 14@15c; ducks, \$4@5 per dozen; geese, \$5@6.50.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 19@20c.

Potatoes—Old Burbanks, 70@75c per sack, growers' prices; new potatoes, Oregon, 80c@81c per sack; California, 1c per pound.

Wheat Sacks—In lots of 100, 5½c.

Beef—Gross steers, \$3.75@4.25; dressed, 6½@7½c per pound.

Veal—8c per pound.

Mutton—Gross, \$3; dressed, 5½@6c; lambs, gross, \$3.50; dressed, 7c.

Hogs—Gross, \$5.50@5.75; dressed, 7c.

Hops—1902 crop, 15@16c per pound.

Tallow—Prime, per pound, 4@5c; No. 2 and grease, 2½@3c.

Wool—Valley, 17@18c; Eastern Oregon, 12@15c; mohair, 35@37½c.