

The Planter's Daughter

OR FATE'S REVENGE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Waif from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winifred," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Well," she said, falteringly, "for the present it would be best for you not to try to see him; give him time to forget you. It is his only chance of never knowing of the cloud that shadows his life. So, when he no longer recognizes you, I see no reason why you should not approach him as a stranger, if that will satisfy you."

"Satisfy me?" cried Sylphide, slipping off the sofa and falling upon her knees; "oh, madam, think what you are asking of me! You, too, are a mother, you have also a son whom you fondly love—you ought to sympathize with me! Then, in mercy's name think! Is there no other hope for me? Could I not take my child and go away, abroad, anywhere—where we are not known? I am wealthy in my own right, I will rear my boy as nobly as any mother can. Oh, madam, say that I can do this, and I will bless you to my dying day!"

"Yes, you could do it," was the cold reply, "there is no law to prevent it. But I warn you that, in whatever part of the world you may be, your painful secret will find you out again. Then, when your son is grown to man's estate, what will he say to his mother when he learns the truth? Will he not taunt you with his ruin? Will he not blame from his lips be harder to bear than blame from mine?"

"Heaven have mercy upon me—yes, yes!"

"I think I perceive in him already signs of his father's pride; Lucian will be pitiless upon you when he learns that he has fallen an innocent dupe to your ambition."

Sylphide staggered to her feet and caught at a chair for support while a vivid flush mantled over her brow.

"Oh, madam," she murmured, "do not insult me! I have enough to bear. I love

Sylphide turned away and bit her lip until the blood started.

"Very well," she said after a moment, with suppressed force; "have your own way. I will send my child to you to-morrow. Now leave me, madam. I cannot support your presence another instant."

Mrs. Courtlandt bowed and withdrew, silently congratulating herself that the most trying episode in her hitherto unruffled life was over. The instant the door was closed, Sylphide flung herself, face downwards, upon the floor in a very agony of despair.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she wailed. "I have given my child away, sold myself—and all for a wrong which is not of my own committing! Oh, father, why did you not tell me? Why have you left me to learn all from the lips of the man who hates me? Oh, blessed mother, I—who suffer as you must have! I have closed my ears to the tongue of evil gossip, but their portals have been forced open, and were I stone deaf I must have listened to this calumny!"

The sudden opening of the door aroused her to a realization of the fact that she was no longer alone in her misery. She did not rise, but she turned her head and saw her husband standing there in the noonday sunlight with folded arms, mute and severe as a supreme judge. She dragged herself a little way towards him and sank at his feet.

"Lucian," she breathed, "Lucian! speak to me! Have you seen your mother?"

"I have just left her."

"Then you know all?"

"Yes, I know all."

She shrank away from him and hid her face, fearing to look upon him. At last, when the dead silence remained unbroken, she raised her head and stole a fear-

ful glance at him. He stood just as he had passed when he had entered, like one petrified, looking down upon her in infinite sorrow and perplexity, but without a shadow of anger in his look.

Taking a little breath, she crept a step nearer him and raising herself, she laid her cheek upon his pendent hand. He started at the soft contact, but did not shrink; only the touch brought with it a sense of the reality.

"Sylphide—Sylphide!" he exclaimed, "is this thing true?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known that this awful doubt hung over your birth?" he asked.

"Since the night we were married."

"And who informed you then?"

"My cousin, Oscar Courmont, the man who has sought to defraud me of my fortune."

It was too late for prevarication; therefore she spoke frankly, darning the consequences.

"Sylphide, you deceived me!"

"I know, and in my misery, I can only ask your forgiveness."

"You have it."

His acquiescence was too ready to satisfy her; it seemed like callous indifference; but she had no time to think of this new phase of her trouble.

"Lucian!" she cried, "what do you think of your mother's proposition concerning our child?"

"I think it is a wise one. At least, he had better be with her until the truth is proven."

"Then you mean to investigate the matter?" she gasped, fearfully.

"Certainly—in the interest of my child, if not in my own."

"Will it affect—our—our union?"

"It will cancel it."

She uttered no sound, but nerves and muscles seemed to refuse their office, and she sank into complete unconsciousness at his feet!

CHAPTER VII.

The last sad parting was over, and the poor young mother lay, more dead than alive, upon her bed at the hotel. Lucian had gone to take little Leon to his mother, and only the faithful Diana was left. As the hours sped on and night drew near, the comatose state into which Syl-

phide had fallen, when they dragged her child from her arms by main force, had deepened rather than lessened, and the mulatto woman became more and more anxious in her lonely vigil.

At last, when the twilight actually set in, she became so apprehensive for the safety of her mistress that she rang the bell and ordered the nearest physician summoned. He came at once—an elderly man, with an air of importance and respect about him. Diana waited with bated breath while he raised the eyelids of his patient, and made a thorough examination. Turning to the woman at last, he said:

"This lady has undergone some violent mental shock. Can you give me any of the facts of the case?" he asked.

"No, sir; I am not at liberty to speak. Indeed, I do not know the facts myself. All that I can say is that she has been separated from her child."

"Ah! Well, my good woman, if you are the lady's attendant, I must warn you that she is in a most critical condition. This syncope may last for hours, even for days, and it is of the utmost importance that she be kept extremely quiet. For the immediate present there is no danger of disturbing her; therefore, I should advise that she be removed at once to some place where she can be made comfortable, to some place where, when she revives, she will not recognize her surroundings."

And with these words he took his hat and departed, leaving Diana alone, in a state of dread and anxiety. What could she do by herself and unassisted? Where should she, a complete stranger in a great city, take her mistress?

There was nothing to be done but to patiently await the return of Lucian Courtlandt, if, indeed, he came at all that night. He returned, however, about ten o'clock, and five minutes later he was in possession of the doctor's commands.

He said nothing, though the expression of his haggard face spoke volumes of the inward agony he suffered. Leaving Diana in charge of the still unconscious sufferer, he less than an hour he returned with the information that a carriage was in waiting, and a place prepared for the reception of his wife.

Diana raised Sylphide as though she had been a mere child, wrapped her in a rich fur-lined cloak, and placed her in her husband's arms. He carried her down to the waiting carriage, and in half an hour a new scene surrounded them. Spacious and airy rooms had been secured in a quiet neighborhood, and had she been in her own home, Sylphide Courtlandt could not have been made more comfortable. As she watched that night by the couch of her unconscious mistress, Diana experienced a certain relief at the thought that all had been done that could.

In the gray of the following morning Lucian Courtlandt entered the silent chamber and paused beside the bed whereon lay that beautiful form with its blank white face. He was haggard and pallid, almost beyond recognition, and Diana sat there, watching him, wondering in silence what awful secret could be pending between them. At last the painful silence was broken. It was Lucian Courtlandt who spoke.

"Diana," he said, in a low, harsh tone, "I am obliged to start for the South this morning. I am going to Louisiana, but I shall return at the earliest possible moment. If, in the meantime, he hesitated, and for the first time averted his fixed gaze from that marble-like face, "if, in the meantime, any change for the worse should occur in Mrs. Courtlandt, you will at once telegraph me; here is an address which will always reach me."

He handed the watcher a slip of paper, and with a long, last, lingering glance at Sylphide, which Diana dared not interrupt, he quitted the room as silently as he had entered it.

After this, long days and nights of anxious watching elapsed; and so the first week passed. The genial May weather had come, and at last, one balmy evening, ten days to the hour since she had entered that unknown land, Sylphide returned to herself, revived, sat up and looked about her.

"Lucian has not returned!"

Her first words were breathed as gently as the zephyr that stirred the muslin curtains at the half-open windows.

"No, missy, not yet," replied Diana. Sylphide smiled wanly, and lying back among her pillows, she murmured:

"Wake me as soon as he comes; he will have news for me."

And she lapsed into gentle, healthful slumber, the first that she had known for many a long day; and Diana slept also in her chair, a thankful prayer upon her lips and gratitude in her heart, little guessing that had her beautiful mistress passed away in the merciful unconsciousness to join her parents, she would have more reason for thanks.

(To be continued.)

He Thought It.

A guardian of the law was relating to a small audience how, after arresting a misdemeanant, he was obstructed by another person, whereupon he also arrested the obstructionist.

"What would you have done," queried a bystander, "if, instead of actually interfering, he had simply spoken his mind and called you an impertinent, officious, meddling scoundrel, who only loitered around and laid violent hands on his betters—adding that he considered you a vagabond and a blackguard?"

"Oh," replied the policeman, "I would have arrested him all the same for inciting others to commit a breach of the peace."

"But," continued the querist, "suppose he said nothing, but just thought so?"

"Well," was the reply, "I can't arrest a man for thinking. He can think what he likes."

"Then," said the querist, "I think so."

The policeman hasn't yet decided what his duty was in this case.

Paying the Freight.

A New York lawyer tells the following good story of a darkey preacher in North Carolina, who prefaced the passing of the collection plate with:

"Salvation's free, brethren, salvation's free! It don't cost nothin'! But we have to pay the freight on it. We will now pass around the hat an' collect the freight charges."

The United States uses nearly a third more coffee than the rest of the world put together.

LITERARY LITTLE-BITS

Bjornson is at present at work on a new novel, which he intends finishing during his forthcoming stay in Rome.

Burton E. Stevenson, author of several novels of the Weyman school, has named his new book "Cadets of Gascony."

J. F. Taylor & Co. announce a new uniform edition of the complete works of Laurence Sterne, supplemented with his life by Percy Fitzgerald.

Henry K. Webster, the author of "Calumet K," has written a story for the Macmillan series of little novels by favorite authors, which will appear shortly under the title of "The Duke of Cameron Avenue."

For the first time are "Old-Time Schools and School Books" described in a volume published under that title by the Macmillan Company. It is by Clifton Johnson, author of "Among English Hedgerows."

Dinah Maria Mulock's six "Books for Girls," which are among the last favorites of their class, are being issued by Harper & Brothers in a new dress, uniform with their well-known "Young People" series.

To the "Bookman Biographies" of James Pott & Co. will be added "Tennyson," by G. K. Chesterton and Richard Garnett; "Browning," by James Douglas, and "Thackeray," by Mrs. Chesterton and Lewis Melville.

The late Henry Seton Merriman left behind him not only the complete novel called "The Last Hope," which we have already announced, but a few short tales. These will be issued in a volume under the title of "Other Stories."

Mrs. Margaret Sangster has written a novel, under the title of "Eleanor Lee." Mrs. Sangster takes particular pride in this story, and thinks that she has come nearer her aim in writing it than in any of her recent books. The story turns on the life struggle of a beautiful girl to redeem and retain the husband she loves. The scene is laid in the days following the civil war, coming down to more recent years, in the wealthier homes of the smaller but prosperous American city of that period.

HOW THEY SAY FAREWELL.

People of Every Country Have Peculiarities in Their Adieus.

The parting words spoken by man in various quarters differ greatly and in some instances may be traced to religious as well as social environment.

The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids you farewell.

The genial Jap will take his slipper off as you depart and say, with a smile, "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying. I regard thee!"

In the Philippines the parting benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing one's friend's face with one's hand.

The German "lebe wohl!" is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing to those that speed than the Hindoo's performance, who, when you go from him, falls in the dust at your feet.

The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate. The Burmese bend low and say, "Hib! hib!"

The "Auf wiedersehen" of the Austrians is the most feeling expressions of farewell.

The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but a cordial one unless he was given a good cigar. The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale teeth necklaces.

The Sioux and Blackfeet will, at parting, dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term "burying the tomahawk."

In the islands in the Straits of the Sound the natives at your going will stoop down and clasp your foot.

The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Praschai," said to sound like a sneeze. The Otahelie Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe and then solemnly shake his own hands three times.

How to Spell Cat.

Brown—I had a letter from Smith this morning, and I bet you a cooky you don't guess in half a dozen guesses how the ignorant beggar spelled cat.

Jones—I bet I do.

Brown—All right, then; fire away.

Jones—C-a-t-t.

Brown—No.

Jones—C-a-t-t-e.

Brown—No.

Jones—K-a-t.

Brown—No.

Jones—K-a-t-t.

Brown—No.

Jones—K-a-t-t-e.

Brown—No.

Jones—C-a-g-h-t.

Brown—No.

Jones—Well, how did he spell it?

Brown—C-a-t.

Jones (angrily)—But you said he was an ignorant beggar.

Brown—So I did; but it is not likely that he would be so ignorant as not to be able to spell cat.—Woman's Home Companion.

These things that are cooked in a chafing dish late at night taste terribly like crepe on the door.



Miss Whittaker, a prominent club woman of Savannah, Ga., tells how she was entirely cured of ovarian troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a Uterine Tonic and Regulator. I suffered for four years with irregularities and Uterine troubles. No one but those who have experienced this dreadful agony can form any idea of the physical and mental misery those endure who are thus afflicted. Your Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I was fully restored to health and strength, and now my periods are regular and painless. What a blessing it is to be able to obtain such a remedy when so many doctors fail to help you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is better than any doctor or medicine I ever had. Very truly yours, Miss EASY WHITTAKER, 604 39th St., W. Savannah, Ga."

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A letter from another woman showing what was accomplished in her case by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women prove beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

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Duel à la Française.
"Hold! My honor is satisfied!"
"Already?"
"Mais oui. I see the blood in your eye."—Harvard Lampoon.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Hadn't I said of It.
Mr. Clifton—Do you think the North Pole will ever be found, Miss Lakeside?
Miss Lakeside—Why, I didn't know it was lost.

Pico's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

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"I wonder why it is they always call the doctor's business a practice?"
"Ha! I see what it is! You've never been under one!"—Exchange.

Not Natural.
"I suppose the prisoner refused to talk—referred you to his lawyer, eh?"
"Oh, no; the prisoner is a woman."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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