

The Planter's Daughter

OR FATE'S REVENGE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
Next day Sylphide was visibly better, though very weak; yet, with the aid of stimulants, she soon regained her strength, and ere the fortnight elapsed she was quite well and strong again.

During the days of her convalescence she never once mentioned her lost child; whether she had lost all memory of the circumstance or not, Diana could not determine, and did not venture to ascertain. Only once did the faithful creature attempt to inform her mistress of Lucian Courtlandt's sudden journey to the South; but even in this she did not succeed, for scarcely had she mentioned his name when Sylphide interrupted her with the words:

"My husband will be here in a day or two, and he will tell me all and more than you can tell me."

One lovely evening, towards sunset, Sylphide, attired in a white cashmere wrapper, garnished with snowy swansdown, sat in a great reclining chair before the mirror, while Diana sewed industriously in the embrasure of a neighboring window. Suddenly the young wife exclaimed:

"Diana, come here. Look!" continued Sylphide, "have you noticed how gray my hair is growing?"

"I have noticed a few gray hairs, missy," replied Diana.

"When you dress my hair to-morrow, try to conceal these tell-tale signs."

"To-morrow!" asked Diana, in surprise, "why to-morrow more than any other day?"

"Because my husband will be here to-morrow. My heart tells me so."

As Sylphide lay in a belt of genial sunshine upon the sofa on the following morning she suddenly started upright as the rumble of a carriage upon the pavements below reached her through the open windows.

and covered her face with her hands. He took a step towards her and paused. Then as she looked up at him so pitifully, so brokenly, he cried:

"Sylphide, heaven is my witness that I love you with all the devotion I owe to the mother of my child!"

She started to her feet then, and faced him with all the dignity of a queen.

"Then why is this love," she exclaimed, "which has rendered you happy for four long years, your misery to-day?"

"It is not your love which makes me suffer, Sylphide," he faltered, beside himself to know how to approach the painful object of his visit. "I suffer when I think of the future of our child; I suffer when I think that my mother—"

His words were cut short by the sudden entrance of Diana. Excited and breathless, she advanced into the room and passed, with dilated eyes and parted lips.

"Missy Sylphide," she gasped, "the old Missy Courtlandt is here and wants to see you!"

"Mrs. Courtlandt!" exclaimed Sylphide in dismay.

She laid her hands upon his shoulders with a sudden impetuous movement that checked his words.

"Lucian, do you love me?" she breathed.

"I do," came the solemn response.

"Do you love our child?"

"Of course I do!"

"Then I beg you not to remain here. Leave me alone with your mother. It will be better so for you, and for her."

"Sylphide!—Remember that I love her also!"

"I will not forget," was the firm response.

CHAPTER VIII.

Even as she spoke, Sylphide glided to a door opposite to the one by which Lu-

have been deceived, if you regret having taken him to yourself, give him back to me, madam? I ask no greater boon of heaven than to live for him, with him!"

Mrs. Courtlandt smiled frigidly as she replied:

"Now that you have stated what you would do for the boy, were he with you, permit me to explain what I propose to do for so much of our blood as flows in his veins. If you are truly a good mother, I have no reason to doubt your response. Would you be satisfied could you know that your son could bear the name and social rank of his father?"

"Of course!"

"Then all depends on you."

"Upon me? Pray, what sacrifice do you expect of me?"

"But one thing—the liberty of my son!"

"Never! What possible interest can you have in our separation? How can it serve your plans?"

"I wish my son to be able to recognize his child; and as his marriage with you is illegal, I propose to give him the hand of a woman who will accept his child in exchange for our name and fortune, which has been reinstated of late."

With broad defiance, Sylphide demanded:

"Where will you find a woman who will consent?"

"That shall be my care."

Drawing herself up to her full height, Sylphide rejoined:

"Madam, I know not whether it be a test that you wish to submit me to, or whether you have coldly resolved upon the ruin of the only love that is left me in this world, but I can only tell you with the calm of a fixed resolution that what you demand is out of the question; you cannot understand, madam, the extent of the outrage you propose."

"I understand that it is of your son that I speak," was the imperturbable response, "while you speak only of yourself. Pardon me, permit me to finish. I came here to confer with a mother concerning the well-being of her child, and I find that I am bandying words with—"

Nevertheless, I wish you to understand that my resolution is unshaken. I have merely indicated your duty, and shall be happy to grant you time for reflection."

"I refuse."

"Very well. I have merely to inform you that my will is law. You evidently do not appreciate the annoyance it has caused me to come here. My son, who has just returned from Louisiana, will understand it, I hope, better than you do. It will be by no means difficult for me to convince him now, that the woman who is not a true mother can never be a good wife, even granting that she be not a slave! Good morning!"

Dazed, bewildered, riveted to the spot upon which she stood, Sylphide watched her tormentor slowly glide from her presence. It was only when the door had closed her hated form from view that she suddenly recovered her senses.

Her first impulse was to dart after the woman and demand an explanation of her blighting words, fasten her nails in her flesh until she gave it; indeed she did clear the intervening space between the chair by which she had stood and the door at a single bound; but suddenly, even with her hand upon the knob, she recovered her better senses; she saw the folly of any violent scene, felt in time the humiliation that a scandal in a house not her own must entail. She paused and turned, and as she turned, she noticed that the door leading out upon the landing of the private staircase was open, while upon the threshold stood her husband. Her first thought was:

"He has heard all."

(To be continued.)

WHEN YOU HAVE TO SNEEZE.

In Nearly Every Language "God Bless You" is in Vogue.

It is a curious thing that all over the world there exists the same superstition in regard to the apparently trivial matter of sneezing, says the New York Press. In nearly every language under the sun there is some equivalent of the "God bless you" with which the oldest inhabitants in the country still salute the person who sneezes. To this salutation in France is added sometimes the phrase, "and preserve you from the fate of Tycho Brahe," who is believed to have got rid of a "death of cold" by a single sneeze—which killed him. In England a regular formula is used. "Once for a wish, twice for a kiss, three times for a letter and four times for a disappointment."

In Italy the salutation is simply, "Felicita!" or "May you be fortunate!" In India it is customary when one sneezes to say, "May you live!" and the reply runs, "Long life to you!" Should a Hindu chance to sneeze while he is going through his peculiar ablution practices in the Ganges he will make a kind of sign over his face, stop in his ritual and begin all over again.

In ancient times the Romans, holding the idea that sneezing between noon and midnight was a good omen, believed that between midnight and noon it was most unlucky, and if they should chance to sneeze while getting up in the morning they would at once get into bed again. There must be something in this, especially on very cold mornings.

The Germans say "Good health!" because they maintain, and not without reason, that sneezing is a warning of approaching catarrh and also marks the moment when a charm, a wish or a suggestion may drive it away. The Persians go further in this idea; they say what practically amounts to "Thank God!" because they consider that the sneeze has actually driven away some evil spirit that has attempted to get into man's body to feed upon his sacred fires.

The people of the Amazon go even further than this into superstition and arrive at the stage of actual devil worship. No doubt they would style it "angel worship," but the things to which these so-called angels are supposed to lend themselves put that high-sounding name quite out of the question. Their uncivilized familiar spirits are said to give some sign when they are near and able to hear their votaries.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Dolly Varden's First Party.

Her mother called her "Doll," her grandpa called her "Dolly Varden;" and she was a little girl 4 years old. One day her father brought her a letter from the postoffice. It was small and pink, and looked good enough to eat. Dolly Varden could not read, so her father read it for her. It said:

"Miss Jenny Barry requests the pleasure of Miss Dolly Varden's company next Wednesday afternoon from 3 till 5 o'clock."

Jenny Barry was another little girl, a very dear friend of Dolly Varden's, who lived just a little way round the corner.

When Dolly Varden heard what was in the letter she was so pleased that she danced round the house all day, singing:

"I'm going to a party—a really, truly party—to Jenny Barry's party—yes, I am!"

Wednesday came at last, and as soon as dinner was over Dolly Varden begged to be dressed at once, for fear she would be late at the party.

So mamma brushed the nice long curls over her fingers, put on the little red shoes and a white dress with a little red sash, and said:

"You may go now, if you do not like to wait."

But Dolly Varden went into the parlor and sat down in a big arm chair near the window. She did not want to be the first one there, and so she waited, thinking some other little girls would come along soon, and she could go with them.

But no little girls came that way, and so she watched and waited and grew very tired, for you see she had to sit very still so as not to muss the white dress.

After a long time mamma came into the parlor. "Why, Doll," she said, "what are you waiting for? You must hurry, now; it is half past 3."

"There haven't any little girls come yet, mamma, and I don't want to get there the first one."

Pretty soon mamma came in again, and said, "Come, Doll, if you are going at all you must start now. It is 4 o'clock."

But Doll said, "Oh, I'm afraid I go now I'll be the last one there, and I'd hate to be."

So Dolly Varden still sat in the big arm chair and watched; and no little girls went by, because they had all gone round another corner long before, and she grew very unhappy indeed.

She wanted to go to the party, but she was afraid to, and the more she thought of it the worse she felt. And there was the party just round the corner!

Pretty soon the big tears began to roll down over the pink cheeks, and after a little the nice long curls were all in a

little heap on the arm of the big chair.

Then, all of a sudden, the front door opened, and a little girl came in. She looked round and saw Dolly Varden all dressed up, crying in the big arm chair. The little girl ran over to her, and put her arms about her, and said, "Why, Dolly Varden! Why couldn't you come to my party?"

Then Dolly Varden sobbed while she said, "I— I could. But I didn't want to be the first one there, and then I— I was afraid I'd be the— the last one, and— and so I didn't come at all! Oh-h-h-h!"

Then Jenny took her arms away from round Dolly Varden, and folded them, and stood up straight and said, "Well, you are a baby, and I'll never invite you to another party as long as I live!" and she went home.

She kept her word, for she never had another party. But Dolly Varden was invited to many others, and she always went early, for she had decided that it was better to be the first one than the last one, and better to be the last one than not to go at all!—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Icicles.

Six little friends were clinging with all the strength they had to the edge of your roof the other day. Why did you not rescue them?

They were shedding bitter tears that dropped to the earth, making little ice patches where they fell on the cold stone sidewalk. Even the larger ones cried in sympathy for their smaller friends, who would soon be gone. How they all wished that help would come from the north and destroy the power of the sun!

For these dying things were icicles, dears, melting in the heat of that masterful light.

Stooping to conquer.
Over the stile
How can she crawl—
Cakes in her apron,
And she so small?

Up on the stile,
Fearing to fall,
Down comes the lassie,
The cakes and all.

Under the stile,
That is the way!
Stooping to conquer,
She wins the day!

Why They Went a Curl.

Do you wish to know why sister's friends ask you for a curl? why Uncle Will tosses you up to the ceiling? why all the grown-up people talk with you and ask you questions? If you really want to know, dears, lean right close and you will hear that it is because they love you so and care so much for your good opinion. It is well for you to know how much you are loved. You will wish to be loving to others always, will you not?

Some other enterprising genius applied for and received a patent on an elaborate arrangement designed to raise and tip the hat of the wearer whenever he bowed. Oh, ye gentle readers! Fancy meeting a gentleman friend whose hat should go through the conventional movements to the clicking of steel springs, leaving the "dear boy's" hands free to grasp his monocle and stick?

Another freak device is a mechanical appliance for putting on overcoats, but it is not known whether or not the inventor provided the machine with a suitable slot for the insertion of tips. This is a thing the Tip-takers' Union should look after, and if the machine is found incomplete in that essential particular they should promptly boycott the inventor.

Something for which there might be a better demand, among city people or those in sizable towns, is an automatic appliance for letting down a latch key from an upper story at a time of morning previously agreed upon to enable the milkman to place the milk indoors, the key being automatically raised when the milkman departs. Whether or not the machine would refuse to work or deliver the key when there was more than the usual quantity of water in the milkman's product has not been ascertained.

TO AVOID TYPHOID.

Lemon Juice Said to Prevent Infection Entering the Blood.

It has become a settled fact that typhoid is a water-borne disease. Many people have neither the facilities nor the inclination to purify their drinking water—hence trouble. In England a school of tropical medicine has been experimenting a long time to discover a means of protecting the health of troops on the march against the impurities of the stagnant water of the tropics. They have at last produced a tablet of citric acid which best answers the purpose.

Lemon juice is one form of citric acid, and if not too greatly diluted will so injure typhoid bacteria as to make them practically harmless.

The typhoid germ has filaments at either end something like the fins of a fish, by which it propels itself. The effect of lemon juice or any other citric acid is to shrivel up those filaments, which prevents the germ from penetrating the tissues or entering the blood.

While Dr. Jaques, a well-known Chicago physician, advocates the liberal use of lemon juice as a preventive of typhoid for those who lack facilities for boiling impure water, he further says that neither citric acid nor lemon juice has any curative properties after typhoid fever has developed.

"Typhoid fever," he says, "is caused by the germs penetrating the tissue and entering the blood. They do not remain in the intestines, as was formerly supposed. Once the tissues have been penetrated and the blood becomes infected the germs are beyond the reach of citric acid. They are affected by it only when they are fully exposed. Even then they will not be destroyed, but simply deprived of their power to penetrate the tissue and infect the blood."

The discovery of the European bacteriologists in this respect is not altogether new, according to the same authority, as many attempts were made during the Civil War to induce the Northern troops in the South to use lemon juice freely in drinking water as a preventive of typhoid, and many of the oldest practitioners have prescribed lemon juice for years for the same purpose.

"A word to the wise," etc.

Living Easy.

No one can do justice to the soil or scenery of Fiji, unless he has seen both the natural beauties and the golden harvests. The climate is equable; not oppressively hot in summer and delightful in winter, it is both healthy and pleasant, and the sky is always bright and the air remarkably pure. Never was there such a lax, happy climate as this. From the slow sailing clouds to the easy swing of the palms Nature moves languidly. There is no need for hurry.

Food may be had for the picking, and clothes are unnecessary. Vegetation runs riot in the rich soil and sunshine. Fringed coconut sprays, with nut clusters at their base, broad banana leaves sheltering great bunches of fruit; tangles of peaceful ferns impenetrably thick, clumps of supple bamboo, lance-leaved mango trees heavy with purple and gold deliciousness—these and a thousand more delight the eye and charm the artist.

—Four-Track News.

A politician seldom drops politics until the public drops him.



FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced.

SOME FREAK INVENTIONS.

A Few of the Things that Seekers After Perpetual Motion Have Done.

While no man has yet been so fortunate as to secure a patent on a device for perpetual motion, many inventors have succeeded in obtaining this protective measure for things no less visionary so far as practical results are concerned. One of these freak patents is for a gallows so constructed that the weight of the victim on the trap automatically sets in motion devices which spring the trap after a suitable interval, thus causing the culprit to execute himself.

Some other enterprising genius applied for and received a patent on an elaborate arrangement designed to raise and tip the hat of the wearer whenever he bowed. Oh, ye gentle readers! Fancy meeting a gentleman friend whose hat should go through the conventional movements to the clicking of steel springs, leaving the "dear boy's" hands free to grasp his monocle and stick?

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