

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 X.—(Continued.)

In spite of care, trouble and privation the lady bore the undeniable stamp of having once been a beauty, and not very many years ago either. She was tall and slender, still graceful, and in every movement a thorough lady. Her plain, cheap attire could not conceal the fact that she had not only seen better days, but had kept that memory alive in her heart, which is more than many, who are forced to descend the ladder, are wise enough to do.

With a wan smile that spoke of physical weakness and repressed anxiety, Mrs. Burgess crossed the kitchen to Martha and placed the basket in the hands of her faithful domestic.

"How is Miss Claire?" asked the woman, eagerly.

"She seems to be asleep when I looked in upon her a moment ago," replied the lady.

"Asleep at this hour!" exclaimed Martha. "Then she must have been up writing again last night!"

"I fear so," rejoined Mrs. Burgess, sinking wearily into a chair beside the table; "oh, Martha, Martha, what can this journal contain that she keeps so mysteriously to herself? I must know!"

"So you shall some day, be sure;" then to turn her thoughts into another channel Martha added, "but what does this basket contain?"

"A few trifles for my husband's breakfast. Open it and see."

The good woman removed the lid of the basket and started back in amazement.

"Oh, what extravagance, ma'am!" she cried; "however could you afford it?"

"Don't scold me, Martha," answered Mrs. Burgess, with a wan smile; "it is so long since my poor husband has had a respectable repast. Men cannot bear privation as we women can. Besides, I wished to surprise him; it is his birthday."

In a burst of generous enthusiasm, Martha caught her mistress's hand, and was about to press it fervently to her lips when she suddenly recoiled a step as she exclaimed:

"Your ring, Mistress! Where is it? The one with the pearl!—your engagement ring! Have you sold it?" whispered Martha, with dismay depicted upon every feature.

"No, it is only pawned."

"Yes, as are your jewels, your silver, your lace, everything—even to the mattress off your bed! Oh, that miserable pawnbroker!"

"Hush, Martha," interrupted the lady; "speak no ill of him, for he is the only friend from whom one can borrow without a blush."

"And for whom?" cried Martha, forgetting her position in her indignation; "for one who never asks what it has cost you to raise the money, so long as he has it to waste?"

In an instant Mrs. Burgess was upon her feet, dignity breathing in every attitude.

"Martha!" she exclaimed, warningly. "I beg your pardon, Mistress," the woman returned submissively; "Mr. Burgess has been a good master to me, and you know that I would die for him, but it makes me angry to see you so anxious, while he remains calm and indifferent! It is you, Mistress, who bears all the burden. Why does not Mr. Burgess borrow of his friends?"

"Because of a sense of pride, Martha, which you cannot understand."

Mrs. Burgess laid her hand gently, caressingly upon the arm of her faithful friend, and with tears in her eyes, turned abruptly and left the kitchen. As she entered the little dining room, where a snow-white cloth covered the table which awaited such repast as Chance might offer, Mrs. Burgess found her husband standing by the window, gazing abstractedly down into the sunlit street.

Philip Burgess was still a handsome man, though many years the senior of his wife, and long past the prime of life. He was dressed with that scrupulous care that bespeaks the gentleman, and there was none of the haggard anxiety in his cheery face that had prematurely aged his wife. As she entered he turned, and coming to her, took her hands in his.

"Your eyes are red!" he exclaimed. "And you are paler than usual! When was Dr. Gresham here last?"

"Yesterday, and he agrees with me, that it is not so much a positive illness as some secret grief that is preying upon Claire's mind."

"A secret grief!" rejoined the gentleman; "our poverty, perhaps?"

"No; Claire is too noble, too proud for that; it is not for our lost fortune that she weeps; a deeper grief weighs upon her heart. Our poor child is most unfortunate, since she is in love, and loves in vain!"

Philip Burgess started in amazement. "I have divined her secret. I should have respected it, had I not seen that the hopeless tears she shed were shortening the few days that remain to her in this world. She concentrates almost every night to writing, and seems to take a little comfort in inscribing her thoughts, hopes and fears. I have been able to gain possession of one or two pages of this mysterious manuscript, written with a trembling hand, and blotted with tears. Thus I have discovered," continued the lady, "that Claire loves, but loves in vain."

"Loves—whom?"

"I do not know, but rest assured that I shall discover soon. Hark! she is coming. Not another word."

The next instant Claire Burgess stood before them. Had it not been for her excessive pallor, which the hectic flush upon her wan cheeks heightened, Claire Burgess might have been considered a rarely beautiful girl. To her slender, stately figure was added an exquisite grace, while her face, of a delicate oval, was classic in mould, and shaded by masses of rich golden-brown hair, which were gathered into a heavy coil at the back of her slender neck. Her full, gray

eyes were wonderful in their size and brilliancy, seeming to embody all the life which, at her age, she should have been enjoying. At sight of her parents she paused a moment; then, advancing a step, exclaimed:

"Why do you look so sad! Mother, there are tears in your eyes!" And with a deep-drawn sigh, she added: "Ah, I understand; you were speaking of me."

"My dear child, we are going to save you; Dr. Gresham has assured us that—"

"Yes," interrupted Claire, "he told me yesterday not to despair, but that is the word they use when they cannot say hope."

"What folly, Claire!" cried her father, with a suspicious tremor in his voice; "why, my dear, I should have gone to the dogs long ago, if I had not kept a brave heart in my breast. No, no; have courage; brighter days are in store for us."

"Do you think so, father?" she asked. "I know so! Am ready to swear it. Hark! There is the bell ringing! Who shall say that it is not Dame Fortune at our door?"

And an instant later, Martha put her head in the door.

"A lady to see you!" she announced. "A lady!" exclaimed Philip Burgess, gaily; "what did I tell you! Show her in here, Martha."

And ere either Claire or her mother could escape, the door was thrown open to admit a lady, closely veiled.

CHAPTER XI.

The veiled lady was none other than Sylphide Courtlandt, or Sylphide Courant, as a cruel fate had decreed that she should henceforth be known; and she had come to this humble home to see with her own eyes the woman who was destined to take her place and become the mother of her child.

So anxious and excited was she to satisfy herself that Dr. Gresham had not led her into a trap, that her first movement was to snatch the veil from before her face and rivet her eyes upon Claire. A little amazed himself at this strange proceeding, Philip Burgess advanced and demanded, politely:

"May I ask, madam, to what we owe the honor of this visit?"

"I will tell you with pleasure, sir—only I am not well—and so many flights of stairs—"

"I beg your pardon, madam," exclaimed the gentleman, quickly offering the most comfortable chair that the room afforded; "will you be seated?"

Sylphide bowed and sank into the chair, gazing about her with the mental ejaculation:

"What misery! I wish I had brought five hundred dollars instead of one!"

While Burgess, whose eyes were not yet blind to the beautiful, thought:

"What a remarkably fine woman!"

"I do not live so far away as not to be considered a neighbor, and I have often heard your family spoken of—your former affluence and present distress."

Drawing himself up proudly, Philip Burgess replied:

"Then you have been informed, madam—"

"Of how nobly you bear this distress," said Sylphide; and with a glance at Mrs. Burgess, "and you, also—Mrs. Burgess, I suppose? And this is your daughter?"

"Yes, I am Claire Burgess," replied the young girl, with such unwonted firmness that her father glanced quickly at her.

"Will you be good enough to inform us whom we have the honor of receiving?"

"My name is Hastings—Mrs. Hastings—I am connected with a charitable institution."

She did not dare to raise her glance to the three pairs of eyes that were fixed upon her until the voice of Philip Burgess broke the silence.

"Ah! a charitable institution," he said; "then I presume you came, madam—"

Quickly opening the silken bag which hung upon her arm, Sylphide interrupted the speaker with:

"I am making my usual rounds; I have received my share this morning, and am now distributing it."

"Do I understand that you are distributing—alms?" inquired the gentleman, a bright gleam darting into his blue eyes.

"Say, rather, assistance," she answered; "there is an honorable grade of poverty which objects to the term—alms, I believe."

"You are correct, madam," was the firm rejoinder.

"I regret to say," faltered Sylphide, "that the assistance I have to dispense is not as great as I could wish. There are certain unfortunates whose sufferings I should be glad to relieve."

"What does she mean?" breathed Claire, drawing nearer to her mother.

"And although I am unable to do so today," continued Sylphide, under the same painful repression, "I can at least—"

stifling with mortification, and not until she reached the landing was she able to regain her breath.

The figure of a man came lightly up the stairs and confronted her, and, too late to conceal her identity, she found herself face to face with Dr. Gresham.

"You—here!" he exclaimed, starting back in surprise.

"Silence!" she breathed, passionately; "I never witnessed such pride and misery! But the girl is dying—you may safely marry her to my—to Lucian!"

While this brief but significant interview was taking place upon the stairs beyond the closed door a scene of hysterical relief was being enacted. The moment their routed benefactress had disappeared, Philip Burgess exclaimed, proudly:

"You see! I am not such a spendthrift after all. I have kept a dollar by me, and though it was the last, it has saved us from a great humiliation!"

Throwing her arms about his neck, Claire cried, with a sob in her voice:

"It was your noble heart, dear father, that has saved us!"

"Go to your rooms, both of you!" exclaimed Mr. Burgess; "she may return, and if so, she shall not depart until she has satisfied my suspicions!"

Scarcely had Claire and her mother vanished when the door opened to admit Dr. Gresham. With an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, Philip Burgess turned to the scarcely closed door.

"Where are you going?" demanded Gresham, abruptly.

"To call the ladies back," replied Mr. Burgess; "they have just left me."

"Do nothing of the kind! It is you whom I wish to see first of all, upon a matter of the utmost importance—to your daughter. I have already informed you that I fear that all that can be done for Claire is to render her declining days comfortable. Stay! hear me out. She requires other quarters than this miserable tenement; she needs luxuries, attention, a carriage. I will place them at your disposal, and you have only to accept them."

"What do you mean? What must I do? Command me!"

"Do you recall a friend of former days of the name of Russell Courtlandt?"

"Certainly I do; he died some six years since."

"Leaving a widow and one son. For a while their property was depreciated, but recently it has come into value, and Lucian Courtlandt is one of the wealthiest young men in the city."

"Well, well—go on!" urged Burgess, eagerly.

"Unfortunately, Lucian became fascinated by a young woman in the South, and hastily married her. It now transpired that his supposed wife is the daughter of a slave, is no wife at all. Consequently he has come to his senses, and is looking for a wife in his own station in life. He has commissioned me to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage. It is also understood that unless he hears from me within an hour he will present himself here during the morning, and the wedding can be arranged to take place within a fortnight."

Philip Burgess rose like one roused from a dazed dream.

"Are you mad, or making sport of me?" he muttered. "You cannot have forgotten that even in my abasement I am still a gentleman! Do you speak the truth? Why does he demand the hand of a dying woman?"

"Because he has a son who cannot bear his name, since its mother is a slave."

"I understand!" retorted Burgess, with withering sarcasm; "since the present Mrs. Courtlandt has the prospect of being freed some day from slavery, her husband does not wish to be too long hampered with a second wife, and he has commissioned you to select a wife for him from among your most hopeless patients, and you have chosen us because we are dying of hunger. Well, my dear sir, go to Mr. Courtlandt and tell him that I am his servant, but that though my poor child may be lost to me, she is not to be sold!"

"My good friend," said the doctor, calmly, "I do not doubt you have the right to condemn yourself to misery, but I question your justice in condemning your family to death. I offer you renewed health for your wife and peace and comfort for your daughter, who is already spent by the privations which she has suffered."

"All of which I reject in the name of my wife and daughter," cried the old man, excitedly; "stay! here is my wife—ask her if she has the courage to accept the terms!"

(To be continued.)

The Longest Way Around.

The storms in May in the West did great injury to the telegraph wires, but the daily papers came out each morning with the news of the world, and few people outside of the telegraph and newspaper offices knew how it was done or appreciated the expedients devised to get the messages through.

One night the wires were down between Omaha and Council Bluffs, just across the river. An electric light tower had been blown down upon them. All telegraphic communication with Omaha was cut off, but the messages came as usual and almost as quickly.

But they did a lot of traveling to get across the river. First they were telegraphed from Chicago to St. Louis, then to Kansas City, from Kansas City to Denver, and from Denver back to Omaha, making a distance of 2,000 miles to get across the Missouri river. This might have been shortened if the wires between Omaha and Kansas City had not been down also.

Recently the connection between Denver and San Francisco was broken. Dispatches were sent out from Chicago as usual, but could get no farther than Denver. There could be no question of their lying over a day or two. They simply had to go through. And they went, but by a roundabout way.

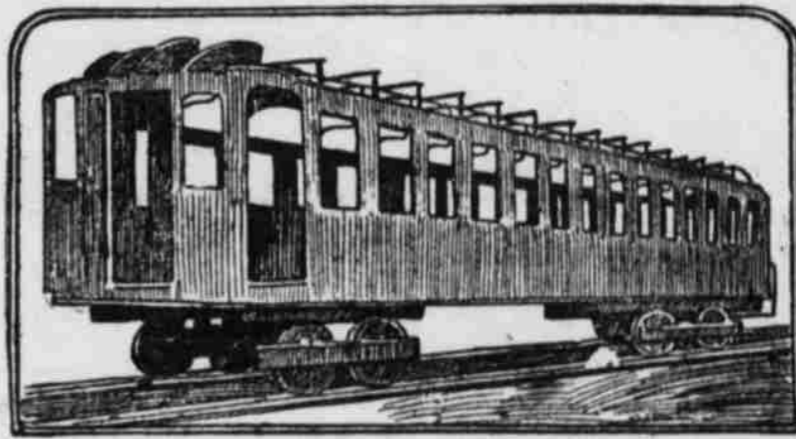
First they were sent back East, via Kansas City to St. Louis, and from there telegraphed down to El Paso, where they go on the Southern Pacific system, and reached San Francisco by the way of Los Angeles. They traveled 2,000 miles out of the way to get there, but the morning papers had all the news the next morning.

JAPANESE IN A BAYONET CHARGE.



Notwithstanding their low stature and inferior weight, the Japanese infantry are said to be irresistible in a bayonet charge. They are trained to wonderful swiftness in their manner of attack. During a gradual advance in open order, with independent firing from the kneeling position, the men fix bayonets as opportunity offers without waiting for a general command. Suddenly the officers spring to the front, the men rise, form in two lines and rush forward with extraordinary suddenness, a maneuver most trying to the enemy's nerve.

TO PREVENT RAILWAY HORRORS.



NEW PRESSED STEEL ALL-METAL CAR.

New Yorkers who patronize the subway will enjoy the novelty of riding in all-metal cars. It was officially announced by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company that the company had placed with the American Car Foundry Company an order for 200 pressed steel cars, all the furnishings of which are to be of metal.

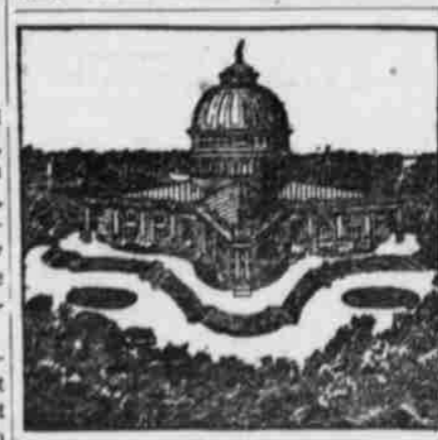
"If they don't give satisfaction the people will soon discover it," said one of the company's officials. "If they are a disappointment they will soon go to the scrap heap. They have been ordered in the belief that they will add to the safety of traveling in the tunnel."

There are many difficulties to be overcome in an all-steel car, and the experts of the Interborough company express confidence that many of the most important have been conquered, so that they are warranted in predicting that the all-steel cars are likely to be the future vehicles used in railway travel, both on the surface and under ground.

The necessity of adopting a car which will be absolutely fireproof, so as to make impossible such a disaster as occurred in the Paris subway, is of paramount importance.

A WORLD'S FAIR EDIFICE IN FORM OF A STAR.

One of the most unique buildings at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis is that representing the State of Texas. The general plan of the edifice is in the form of a five-pointed star, in commemoration of the fact that Texas is the Lone Star State.



TEXAS BUILDING AT ST. LOUIS.

When she declared her independence from Mexico the flag of the then republic of Texas bore a single star, and when she entered the American Union the emblem took its place in her State seal. The building, which is here-with shown, will be very conspicuous, being on a raised surface artistically terraced. In the center the edifice consists of a single great dome. Branching off from this are five great wings, each running to a point, with Grecian columns at the ends. Between the wings of the star are the entrances.

Queer Customs in Japan.

Japanese ladies have been known to do without stockings to maintain the harmony between beautiful French slippers and magnificent evening dresses. I have been served by a Japanese hostess who did without everything he did not supply himself—he had a shirt, a collar and a tie and scarf pin and studs, but no trousers. And the effect of their absence was heightened by his wearing braces because he sold them.

The Japanese do not kiss. If a Japanese girl knows how to kiss it shows the work of a foreign instructor; she

WHERE LIFE IS ENJOYABLE.

Delightful Habits and Customs of Certain Places and People.

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who cannot read and write. On the northeast coast of New Guinea, the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral 800 feet high on one side and from fifty to 100 feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly everyone is well off and there are no paupers.

Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but, in the rare event of a man wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absence, he will take only the smallest sum he requires and place a message in the hole telling of his urgent need, promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is inviolable in his independence.

Agneta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is another Utopian example. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employes of a great company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation and pays rent for his house. The surplus, after all expenses have been paid, comes back to him as dividend. If he wishes to go away or if he dies his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.

THOUGHT HAM HAUNTED.

Why a Southern Negro Would Not Move the Meat.

"It is often curious to observe the play of superstition in the nature of the black man," said a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat; "and it is really astounding at times to note the total ignorance of the law of cause and effect which is to be found among members of the black race. Recently I had occasion to observe a rather striking instance of the point I have in mind. It was during hog-killing time out in my country home. Part of a hog had been left out on a platform and the thing I have in mind happened along late in the evening, just as the day was merging into darkness."

"Now, it is a well-known fact that the negro, in common with other peoples who believe in ghosts, associate these uncanny members with darkness. One of the negroes of the place was engaged in taking the meat from the platform into the smokehouse, where it was being salted down. Now note what happened. It is dusk. The shadowy part of the day had set in. It was bordering on ghost time. When the negro was on his way to the platform to get the last piece of meat which had been left he noticed that it was moving restlessly on the platform. Did he get it? Not much. He did not get close enough to touch it. He not only remained religiously away from the piece of haunted meat, but he refused positively to leave his white friends, and when they pressed him for an explanation of his conduct he told them just what the matter was. 'Boss,' he said, seriously, 'dat ham suttinly is ha'nted.'"

Of course, the trouble was soon straightened out. There was a cat under the platform, and the feline member was pulling away at the meat with vigor. The white men explained to the negro that there was no ghost, that it was nothing but a cat that had been hanging around all day. But note the darky's skepticism: 'Mebbe so, boss,' he said, 'but I hasn't seed de cat.'"

Keep a Scrap-Book.

You may make for yourself an interesting book by constructing a scrap-book devoted to one subject. One young girl with a strong interest in the life of Mary Queen of Scots has collected from magazines and other sources articles, illustrations or not, as it happens, verses, pictures of buildings and localities, and portraits relating to this heroine, and has put them into a single scrap-book, making a volume in which she takes much pride. When she cannot obtain a printed copy of an extract she wishes to add, she does not hesitate to copy it out neatly upon the pages of her book—which is merely a large "composition book."

The educational value of such work is by no means slight, since to know one thing well done must needs learn much of many others. Indeed, it has been said more than once that to know one thing completely we should have to know all things.

There is a good suggestion here. You will be surprised, if you begin to gather material upon some topic, to see how much is printed about your favorite subject. One word of caution. Do not choose too wide a subject. Make your limits narrow enough to be within your scope. Your scrap-book need not be upon history or literature, but it should be concerned with something worth the time you mean to spend upon it.—St. Nicholas.

It is cheaper to buy furniture now than it is to carry on a prolonged courtship.

does it as an accomplishment, not as an enjoyment. The Japanese have no pens and ink, but they make a very good shift with a painting brush. The Japanese houses have no chimneys and you are never warm enough until the house catches fire. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have mutton and no beef. Japanese bells, like Japanese belles, have no tongues. Japanese snakes have no poison; Japanese music has no harmony. The Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideograms to dispense with the 30,000 in ordinary use by the Chinese.—Queer Things About Japan.

Kemie and the Cracker.

No one else draws the truly Southern darkey and "Cracker" as Mr. Kemie does. He understands and appreciates them both artistically and humanly. Not long ago he was working in Georgia. "I was sketching," he said, "an angular Cracker who was posing for me. He had stood in various positions for over an hour. When I asked him what I should pay him he replied, 'Wal, I reckon a nickel would do.' I showed him the sketches and asked him his opinion. 'Pears to me it's mighty puddin' business for a man ter be doin'.' But then yew couldn't be throwin' money away like this fer me doin' nothin' but standin' still, so I reckon it must pay yew autherin'."—Leslie's Monthly.

Luxury in Greenland.

The effect of great wealth is to produce a desire for luxurious display in every climate. The fellow tribesmen of Kor-ko-ya of Greenland are dumfounded at his reckless extravagance. He lives in a wooden house, owns a table and a paraffin lamp, and recently at a celebration he treated his employes all around to cod liver oil. Such a scene of unrestrained revelry had never been witnessed in those regions before.

Women Have the Better Record.

Seventy-seven per cent of the women and but 68 per cent of the men taking the civil service examination are able to pass it.

Many a man, like the moon, shines with borrowed light.