

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 XI.—(Continued.)

The door had opened while he was speaking, and Mrs. Burgess had entered with a radiant face, bearing several sheets of manuscript in her hands. So great was her excitement that she did not heed the presence of the doctor, and hastening to her husband, she held the manuscript before his eyes with trembling hands.

"Look!" she cried; "at last I know the secret which is killing our poor Claire—I have discovered the name of the man she loves! Read these pages; they were written by her last night."

Philip Burgess seized the proffered sheets and ran his eye over their tear-blurred surface. Suddenly a name arrested his attention; he uttered an inarticulate cry, flung the manuscript upon the table and grasped the doctor by both hands.

"Gresham!" he cried, joyfully, "I accept! It is no longer a question of acquiring a fortune at the price of my honor, at the cost of my name, but of saving my daughter's life!"

Claire herself was a silent auditor of the triumphant exclamations. She had reached the open door and paused upon the threshold, hearing her father's words. In the next moment she described her precious manuscript, the secret of her life, lying exposed upon the table, and with a wailing cry of dismay she staggered forward and flung herself upon her mother's breast.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she sobbed, a burning flush mounting her pallid brow, "what have you done?"

"Pardon me, my child," replied Mrs. Burgess soothingly, as she caressed the drooping golden head; "but I could not see you suffer and remain in ignorance of the cause another day."

"Well done, wife!" exclaimed Philip Burgess; "had you not acted thus promptly, I should have rejected the happiness of Claire's life—for now she will live!"

"My life—my happiness!" gasped the young girl, raising her head and glistening in dismay at her father's; "oh, father, you have not read the secret of my foolish passion!" And when he nodded to her with an assuring smile, she added, in despair: "It is a relic of our past happy life which I have not had the strength to combat against. Instead of forgetting this man whom I met by chance in that brilliant world now closed to us forever, I have been so foolish as to cherish his image in my heart."

"And justly, Claire," replied the old gentleman; "are you not worthy to bear the proudest name in the land?"

"Ah, but if you knew his name!" sobbed the girl.

"I know it, and he will be here shortly."

"He—here!" gasped Claire, recoiling a few steps and standing alone.

"Yes—Lucian Courtlandt! He comes to demand your hand in marriage."

Completely overcome, Claire tottered to the nearest chair and sank into it, and it is doubtful if she heard Martha open the door and announce:

"A lady and gentleman to see you!"

A moment later Lucian Courtlandt appeared upon the threshold with his haughty mother leaning upon his arm.

The young man was pallid but composed, while Mrs. Courtlandt's stern features were wreathed in smiles. A few words of welcome were exchanged between Philip Burgess and his wife and Mrs. Courtlandt, Claire meanwhile sitting there with drooping head, apparently unconscious of her surroundings.

Presently, however, the words of Mrs. Courtlandt penetrated her dulled hearing.

"Old friends," remarked that lady, with affable condescension, "I have the honor of demanding the hand of your daughter Claire for my son Lucian."

At these words, Claire struggled to her feet and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Poor child!" thought Lucian Courtlandt, "how beautiful she is!"

"Miss Burgess," said Mrs. Courtlandt, gently, "are you willing to be my daughter?"

Poor Claire murmured some inarticulate words, and her head sank lower upon her mother's breast.

Then Lucian advanced and took one of the pendant, snowy hands.

"Claire," he murmured, "will you be my wife?"

men shook hands; Burgess heartily, Gresham with slight constraint.

"Well, aren't we as fine as fine can be?" exclaimed the former, with a glance thrilling with pride upon his charming domain.

"Fine, very fine indeed!" was the crisp, business-like reply; "but I have something of the utmost importance to say to you, and as we are alone for the moment, no time could be more opportune."

"Oh, then, you need not hesitate!" his old friend by the arm and led him to the farthest corner of the wide piazza, out of earshot of the windows; "now then," he continued, "as to-morrow is the wedding day, I should like to know how Claire has accepted the conditions?"

"Conditions—what conditions?" inquired Philip Burgess in a puzzled way.

"Why, the child, of course."

"The old man started and paled guiltily. "I haven't said a word to her about the child!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the doctor, in wild dismay; "she's got to know about it."

"Of course she has! Now that you are here, why don't you tell her yourself?"

While they stood conversing they had failed to notice that Claire had been gradually approaching the house, with her hands filled with dewy, fragrant roses; in fact, they were not aware of her presence until she was close upon them, and her cheery greeting disturbed the awkward silence that had fallen.

"Were you speaking of me?" she asked, earnestly.

"Yes," answered Gresham; "we were speaking of you and your approaching marriage."

With a desperate effort that was really pitiful to behold, the father began:

"Claire, I have something to say to you before your marriage. Listen, my child; it is a matter of serious import—to you."

"Is it something about Lucian?" she asked.

"Yes."

than the present." As he spoke he took she exclaimed, brightening; "anything you have to say of him I shall be only too happy to hear. I can never tell you how content I am at the prospect of becoming his wife!"

With one despairing glance at Gresham, Philip Burgess turned away, mentally ejaculating:

"I can't, I can't tell her, for it may kill her!"

Fortunately, at this moment Martha came out upon the piazza, and announced that her mistress was ready to see the doctor, if he would kindly come in.

"I will go with you," whispered the old man in Gresham's ear; "her mother can tell her better; women can weep together."

And they entered the house, leaving Claire standing there, with an expression of dazed bewilderment upon her fair face. One by one the fragrant roses tumbled through her fingers, and fell unheeded and writhing to the ground; and though she was scarcely conscious of the impression, it seemed as though a tiny cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had risen upon the horizon of that perfect day.

At last the roll of carriage wheels upon the avenue beyond the lawn arrested her attention, and, raising her eyes, she described the Courtlandt livery rapidly approaching the house through the trees.

Her heart stood still with a dizzy throbbing, but when the equipage drew up and the widow Courtlandt alighted alone it was with a heart heavy with disappointment that she crossed the piazza to greet the lady.

Mrs. Courtlandt took the girl in her arms, and disposed of a light kiss upon her brow; then linking her arm in Claire's, she led her to a retired nook, where stood a rustic seat screened by dense vines, that lent an agreeable twilight against the brilliant glare that reigned around.

Being seated, the lady took Claire's hand in hers and said:

"This is just the opportunity I have been seeking; I have wanted to talk with you, my dear. Lucian will be here in an hour, and this is the last time that we shall be together before your marriage. First of all, I wish to thank you for the sacrifice you have made, and the noble sentiments which have prompted it."

"Sacrifice! Noble sentiments!" murmured Claire, in astonishment; "indeed, madam, I deserve no praise. My action in the matter has been prompted by purely selfish motives."

"Oh, I know that devotion has become second nature with you," replied the lady, patting Claire's cheek; "but your self-denial cannot escape our gratitude. But you shall be rewarded, my child; we will woo you back to health, and, ere long, you will be reconciled to Lucian. Yes, yes, I hope that some day my son will love you."

"Love me, love me, do you say?" faltered poor Claire, like one in a dream; "he is going to marry me—"

"What credit is there in his giving his hand?" were the next paralyzing words; "are you not a thousand times more generous in giving his child a name?"

"His child!" muttered the girl, in a stupefied way; then suddenly seizing the widow's hand, she exclaimed violently, "his child!"

"Listen, Claire; if it is your will, we will unite our forces, set up our batteries against our common enemy, against this woman whom I hate, as you ought to hate!"

mother of his child! But I do not understand why she does not oppose my marriage?"

"I will tell you, Claire. Lucian worships me and is passionately attached to his child; I promise you that he is entirely reconciled to his marriage with you, and regards it seriously, as he does all other obligations in life."

"Yes," came the bitter response, so low as scarcely to be audible, "he has a noble heart!"

"He will be here in a few minutes, and I will tell him where to find you," said the lady, rising with the relieved air of one who has executed a painful duty. "So kiss me, my dear, and I will go in and say good morning to your mother."

Claire submitted to the caress, and when left alone sat for some minutes among the swaying vines. At last the burning words rose to her lips:

"Heaven help me, how I loved him! Fool that I was to dream that I should be loved in return. Why, they have been speculating upon my approaching death; and if he leads me to the altar to-morrow, he counts upon my lying dead before it is long. This luxury—this gold—are but the price of my dishonor! I want no more of them, and only ask to return to the misery of poverty!"

Her last words escaped her lips in a sigh of unutterable anguish, while to her unheeding ears came the beat of the horse's hoofs that bore her expectant bridegroom!

Upon the spur of the moment she determined to go at once to her father, inform him that she retracted her promise, and break off the unhallowed match then and there, despite the consequences. She sprang to her feet full of her resolve, and ere she could take a step the sound of voices arrested her. Her woman's curiosity asserted itself; she parted the veil of vines with trembling hands and gazed out across the sunlit lawn.

There she saw Lucian, the man she loved with the one absorbing passion of her life, standing in all his manly beauty, in conversation with Dr. Gresham, who was about to take his leave. The two men were shaking hands and exchanging smiling words of congratulation.

The girl's heart rose in her breast as she listened, and she clung faintly to the vines for support until their thorns entered her delicate flesh. The physical pain and the mental anguish roused her once again to the exigency of the moment, and with precipitate steps she turned and fled in at the open door.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

The Spinster Has an Unpleasant Prospect in that Line.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents. The coming of age makes no alteration in her position, says the Westminster Review. Until the day of her death, if she remains unmarried, the place she occupies in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. When a woman marries she changes the authority of parents for the no less unqualified authority of husband. As the Russian statute says, no woman can reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent.

The "unlimited" power of the parent, therefore, is withdrawn and that of her husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to visit a neighboring town with a "pass" from him. He names the time she is to stay, and at the expiration of the term she is bound to return or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence is regarded also as of less weight than that of a man. "When two witnesses do not agree," the code runs, "the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman."

According to the tenets of the Russian Church, marriage is a sacrament and is theoretically indissoluble. There is no such thing as a civil marriage and divorce, except in one case, is practically unobtainable by a woman. The exception is the deprivation of civil rights and banishment of the husband. If the wife chooses she can follow her husband into exile, and Russian literature is full of pathetic stories of women, tenderly nurtured, braving the terrors of the long Siberian march. All children, however, born in exile, are regarded as belonging to the lowest class of society. If, on the other hand, the wife seeks, on the plea of her husband's banishment, divorce, the church in this case relaxes her discipline and grants the plea. Although the statute recognizes adultery and desertion as grounds for divorce, the law is beset with such difficulties that it is never resorted to except by the wealthy, who can always make the tardy wheels revolve more swiftly.

While divorce is difficult to obtain there are other means resorted to which reach the same destination, only by a different route. Laws in Russia are made not to be broken, but to be evaded, and both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities have learned the art of evasion to perfection. Marriages may be annulled if any informality has occurred in them, and if parties are willing, the rest is only a question of money. In some parts of the empire the marriage service is enacted with this contingency in view. The certificate may be left undated, or the age of the contracting parties omitted. In some parts of Little Russia a relative, during the ceremony, gives the bride a slap, to prove in case of need that she has married under compulsion. Women who succeed in obtaining a separation from their husbands on the ground of informality are received into society, are allowed to marry again and may even be separated again without loss of position. There is, however, a more healthy public spirit arising, which tends strongly in favor of an adjustment of the present laws.



"You've done a good job," said the householder, surveying his doorstep, which was well cleared of snow, and the sidewalk, which was bare as it had never been before through the winter. "But I'm not going to pay you any more than the 15 cents that I said I would pay. You ought to have done that job in half an hour, and you've taken nearly all morning."

"That is all right," said the big, blonde man. "I tek my time, mister; I don't hurry. I kess I gom glean dose steps again for you next dime, no?"

"Yes, you can come and clean them again if you like," said the householder, "but I should think you would want to make more than 30 cents a day. I am satisfied, if you are."

"That is all right," repeated the man. "I lose two job by hurry already. Dey dell me in de old gountry dat everyting is hurry, hurry here, and I say I will hurry, too. I get me a job on de railroad section and I shovell dat rock into de car in a hurry, you bet, und de boss he say, 'That blamed towhead is wort de rest of de gang. Why don't you work like Dootchy?' he say to de odder ones. Und I hear dat and I hurry faster as before und I kill mimeself pretty soon, already. Und ven dey quit und go to de boarding house dose men say to me, 'You got to take your time, Dootchy. Go slow und de vork laad longer und you lif longer. You vork like dat to-morrow und you get de

head beat off you.' Und I laff, for vork does not hurdt mine head. So I go to vork de nexd day und I shovell harder as before und de boss he swear at dose odder men und he say, 'Get a moving on you. Look at de Dootchman und see how he vork. He alid go to schleep.' Und dey vork, too, like me. But ven dey kvit one man he gom to me und he hit me ofer de head mit a shovell und anoder man gom und he keek me in de ribs und dey all keek me und dell me I vould better to go slow und not dry to mek dem kell demselves. I vas too sore so I gan go to vork de nexd morning und I lose mine job.

"Und den dey gif me job in de boarding house und de woman she dell me to beel de potatoes. I tek de kulfe und I say to mimeself 'I vill hurry.' I haf not beel potatoes before dat und I silce off de beel kveek. De voman gom to look at me, but I raise not mine head. Und pretty soon she say: 'Cheest look at dat Dootch fool! He bare half of dem potato into de ban, Ged right out of here! Dere is half a bushel of goot potatoes spoil.' So I lose dat job. Now I tek my time und mebbe I keep mine job, no?"

"Next time you come you see how fast you can do your work," said the householder, who had listened sympathetically. "I won't fire you if you do it in ten minutes. There's a time to hurry over your work and a time to go slow. You'll find out which they are if you don't get discouraged."

Chicago Daily News.

TOPIC OF THE WEEK

Canada's standing army averages 25,000 effective men.

Austrian law permits boys and girls to marry at the age of 14.

The bonds of the Philippine Islands are quoted higher than British consols.

The maximum trainload on the Trans-Siberian Railway is 500 tons; in America, 2,500 net tons.

The Mecca Railway has now reached a point directly east of the Dead Sea on the high tableland of Moab.

In time of war France is prepared to put 870 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field; Germany, 810; Russia, 210.

A meeting has been held at New Britain, Conn., to urge the building at that place of a suitable memorial to Ellihu Burritt.

Electric tramway cars in Rome are now fitted with postal boxes, the contents of which are collected every quarter of an hour.

A Virginia kitchen, in which the food values of the sweet potato will be demonstrated, will be a restaurant feature at the world's fair.

Original medical research of great value has been recently done by Japanese army surgeons upon the influence of insects in spreading germ diseases.

In the South of Ireland, near Inchigeelagh, is the "Cats Well," the waters of which are supposed to exert marvelous remedial effects upon ailing tabbies.

The Red Cross Society of Russia is the richest in the world, having \$8,000,000 in its treasury; it is well organized and can do efficient work from the beginning.

A Mr. Goodman, of London, wagged that he could smoke eighty-six cigars down to an inch in less than twenty minutes. He did it with forty-two minutes to spare.

Experiments have shown that a person speaking in the open air can be heard equally well at a distance of 100 feet in front, seventy-five at either side, and thirty behind.

In over 2,000 major surgical operations in Egypt upon natives, only three cases of appendicitis were met with. This is attributed to vegetarian diet, light clothing and moderate living.

There are 85,000 professed converts to Christianity in Korea. Schools are maintained by the native churches and the hospitals established by the missionaries care for 60,000 persons each year.

Portugal is the most illiterate country in Europe; nearly 68 per cent of her population cannot write. In Italy the proportion of illiterates is 53 per cent; in Russia, 36 per cent; in Spain, 9 per cent, and in Britain not quite 4 per cent.

It is stated in a message from Rome that the Academy of Sciences at Turin has divided the Ballauri prize of \$6,000 between Signor Marconi and Professor Grassi, of Rome, and has awarded the Brasso prize of \$1,750 to the Duke of the Abruzzi.

The Austrian marriage laws are very severe. They prohibit marriage between Christians and Jews and between Christians and infidels. A marriage between a Protestant woman and a man who said he had no particular creed has just been annulled by the Supreme Court.

Oklahoma has seven educational institutions of higher learning under control of the Territory, and many schools and colleges under the supervision of

religious denominations. The State has more than 250,000 children of school age, and 3,000 young men and women in the institutions of higher learning.

A laguna known as the "Paso de Colombia" and situated on the northerly end of the island of Cozumel, off the east coast of Yucatan, has recently been rented from the Mexican government by one Senor Valerio Rivero with the intention of utilizing the waters as a breeding place for the common turtle, as well as for the tortoise variety.

According to amendments made to the Japanese pension law of 1902, the annual allowances made to the families of military men who were killed or who died from wounds received in battle, according to rank, are as follows: Colonel, \$375; lieutenant colonel, \$300; major, \$225; captain, \$150; first lieutenant, \$112; second lieutenant, \$90; non-commissioned officer, \$75 to \$30; private soldier, \$28.50 to \$18.

Colorado Springs, Colo., has the purest water of any city in the United States. The supply is derived from the reservoirs and lakes on the sides of Pike's Peak, which are fed by springs and melting snow. Chemical analyses of the water have repeatedly shown it to be purer than that of any other city in the country, due to the fact that the supply is derived at such an altitude as to make contamination impossible.

England's Worst Colony.

England's worst colony is undoubtedly British Honduras, situated at America's very doors. It is a slice of Central America, fringing a large and wealthy country. It is not utilized by Great Britain and has no regular communication with the mother country.

Its only connection with the outside world is by an occasional banana steamer from New Orleans or a leaky logwood schooner infested with cockroaches. The colonists are a community of hermits, so far as the great world is concerned. They have no cable communication with any part of the globe, and they generally hear of a great event about six months after it has happened.

They celebrated King Edward's coronation on the day originally appointed for it and did not hear of his illness until weeks later. When at last the king was crowned his loyal subjects in British Honduras were holding the intercession services to pray for his recovery. Probably they are now rejoicing over the close of the Boer war, and in a month or two they will be exulting themselves over the Venezuelan blockade.—Boston Advertiser.

The Courage of Childhood.

The late George Francis Train loved children. The children of New York will miss him from Union Square, where, in fine weather, he would play with them all day long.

"Citizen" Train used to tell of a little Union Square girl to whom he once gave a rich cake. She ate it, and asked for another.

"I'd like to give you another," said the old man, "but it would make you sick."

"Give it to me, anyway," said the little girl. "At the dispensary I can get medicine for nothin'."

Her Surprise.

It was the first pair of bed-socks that Beth had ever seen.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, surprised, "I wouldn't want to wear soft-shelled shoes."—Judge.

Some people become so industrious, from being driven by work, that they cannot enjoy a rest. A hard working man is ill at ease on Sunday, because he is not at work.

Ayer's

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla

It. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."

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Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Rich Blood

Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

Swabian Humor.

Max Nordau was talking recently to an American woman about humor.

"Next to the Americans," said Nordau, with a polite smile, "I think that the Swabians are the most humorous people in the world. A Swabian, if he has nothing funny to say, keeps silent. Stupidity is unknown among this race."

"One night in Swabia, in my early youth, I called on a Swabian maiden. She was very pretty. Perhaps I stayed longer than I should. Suddenly, at any rate, the young girl's mother called in a loud voice from upstairs:

"Gretchen! Gretchen!"

"Yes, mother," Gretchen answered.

"Gretchen, it is very cold here. Will you ask that young man to shut the front door from the outside?"

An Easy Way to Do It.

Mineral, Idaho, April 11.—Mr. D. S. Colson of this place has something to say which will be of interest to many men. Mr. Colson claims to have found a simple way to get rid of pains in the back, Sciatica or Rheumatism. He has cured himself and also claims personal experience in proof of his method.

Mr. Colson says:

"I had awful pains in my hip. They got so bad at last that I could hardly walk. I tried several things but got no relief till I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I had taken but a few of these pills till the pain left me entirely."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly did me lots of good and I consider them a great medicine."

The remedy that cured Mr. Colson is the same that has been making such sensational cures of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy and Rheumatism all over the country. The name of the medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Too Hasty.

"Jones has a new addition to his family."

"Indeed? I must congratulate him!"

"Hold on—it's a son-in-law"—Atlantic Constitution.

Permanently cured. No other nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 50 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As Others See Us.

Chapperton—My friend Napleigh is aw—seriously ill, doncher know?

Miss Caustique—What's the trouble, Chapperton—The aw—dootch says he has concussion of the brain.

Miss Caustique—Indeed! Did he accidentally bump his head against a cobweb?

Perrin's Pile Specific

THE INTERNAL REMEDY
No Case Exists it Will Not Cure

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