

The Planter's Daughter

OR FATE'S REVENGE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Walk from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope,"
"Wayward Winnifred," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
In the dimness of the shadowy hall after the outer glare she scarcely noticed the form that loomed before her until two arms encircled her and she felt herself drawn into her father's embrace.

"Claire, my darling child!" exclaimed the old man fervently; "how happy, how unutterably happy I am to-day! Dr. Gresham has just left your mother. He has made a thorough examination, and is entirely satisfied with her condition. A great change has taken place in her, which he assures me will be permanent."

Claire struggled out of that fond embrace, and stared at her father in amazement.

"What do you mean?" she faltered; "can it be that mother's life was in danger?"

"We have purposely kept you in ignorance of the facts," was the smiling reply; "but now that all danger is past, I can speak frankly. Yes; we entertained the gravest fears for your poor mother's life. Gresham warned me that our miserable poverty was killing her by inches."

"Killing her!" gasped the girl; "killing my mother?"

"Yes, my child; and her salvation is due to the thought of your marriage, of your happiness—to this respite of peace and comfort."

Claire turned away with a ghastly pallor overspreading her countenance, when the dim light of the hall served to conceal; and staggering towards the staircase she supported herself for a moment upon the newel-post.

"Merciful heaven!" she thought, her brain in a dizzy, sickening whirl; "my refusal to marry signifies our return to the misery of poverty, and that will kill my mother. Father, if I have been of advantage to you, do me a favor in return!" She paused an instant for breath, and then went on swiftly: "When Mr. Courtlandt asks for me, beg him to excuse me; say that I am overcome with diffidence—anything you choose, so long as I do not see him until to-morrow."

She was glad to have spoken some reassuring words to the sufferer, Gresham hurried him out of the room with the murmured words:

"Leave her alone for the present; she needs rest."

Later in the afternoon, when the sun sent his blood-red lanes through the closed blinds of that stately flower-scented drawing room, the widow Courtlandt found herself alone with the bride. Approaching the chair where Claire lay apparently lost in a day dream, the lady said with tender solicitude:

"Will you not retire to your room and rest you, my dear?"

Claire raised her heavy eyes with a total absence of expression as she replied:

"Thank you, madam, I am resting here."

"Are you suffering?"

"No; I am only weary. I may say so now, I suppose," with a faint smile, "since the comedy is over."

Bending over her, Mrs. Courtlandt pressed her lips lightly upon the pallid brow.

"I admire your bravery," she said.

"I have need of considerable yet," murmured Claire, "in order to face the enemy."

"The enemy! Whom do you mean?"

"Those who wish me dead."

"My dear child, my fondest hope and dearest wish are to win you back to life and health. I would give the last drop of blood in my veins to see you well and happy!"

"You have a kind heart, madam!"

There entered at that moment a little child, with a marvelously beautiful face, great, wondering eyes and ringlets of jet black hair that touched his waist. With a glad cry he opened his tiny, dimpled arms and ran to the elder Mrs. Courtlandt.

"Grandma!" he cried, affectionately, nestling in that lady's arms.

"Who is this child?" demanded Claire.

"Can you not guess? He calls me grandmother."

Attracted by her voice, little Leon walked shyly to Claire, exclaiming:

"Oh, what a pretty, white lady! Won't you take me in your lap?"

Claire stooped and cast her arms about him.

"I cannot lift you, my darling," she faltered, after a valiant effort; "I am not strong enough."

With glad alacrity Mrs. Courtlandt raised the boy and placed him on Claire's lap, while the latter murmured, kissing the sweet lips:

"Yes, these are his features, his eyes—his son!" and with a sudden access of affection, gathering the child to her bosom, "and my son!"

"My mamma," faltered the child, with a puzzled expression.

"Yes, Leon," said Claire; "are you not willing? Will you not be my boy?"

"Yes, yes," cried the boy; "I love you, white lady!"

With the child nestling in her bosom, Claire suddenly raised her eyes to find Lucian Courtlandt standing upon the threshold of the room, silently regarding the lovely picture. Quickly putting the child from her, she exclaimed:

"Mr. Courtlandt, I suppose you have come to receive some tidings of me; make your mind easy on that score; I am suffering horribly."

"Claire, retract those cruel words," he cried.

As she did not speak, and in the awkward pause that ensued, Mrs. Courtlandt took little Leon's hand and led him towards the door.

"Good-by, little white mamma," lisped the child, and then went tripping away.

"Good-by, good-by," sighed Claire; then, turning to Lucian, she added:

"Pardon the irritability of an invalid. I beg you not to be offended if sometimes I am lacking in a due sense of my obligations."

"Obligations!" cried Lucian contemptuously; "the obligation is entirely upon my side. Do you fancy that I fail to appreciate the immense sacrifice you have made for me to-day?"

Claire shook her head sadly, as she answered:

"No, no; my part of the contract will not be fulfilled until I am gone. Would you have chosen me, had you been told that I could be cured?" she demanded.

"Is not the mother of your son alive?"

"Yes," came the reluctant reply, "she is alive."

"Do you love her, or not? Answer me, upon your word of honor, as a gentleman."

He turned away from her and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

"How much you will have to say to each other the day after my death!"

It is probable that his patience would not have stood this last hard test had not a servant suddenly entered the room.

"Mr. Courtlandt," he said, "there is a lady at the door asking for you."

"A lady!" he gasped; "what is her name?"

"Mrs. Hastings."

"Sylphide here? How dared she come?"

Ere he could command himself sufficiently to articulate a word, Claire rose from her chair.

"You see," she said, with cutting disdain, "the poor woman has been neglected for two weeks, and she has come to find you." Then, as she staggered towards an inner door, she cried:

"She will not even wait until I am dead!"

As she passed out of sight he came to his senses with a start. He turned to find himself face to face with Sylphide.

"What are you thinking of?" he said. "Why are you here—here in my wife's very apartment?"

The rigidity of her features relaxed, the spell was broken, and in a low, tense tone that thrilled with indignant reproach she replied:

ried as many years as you have known her days. But, my good sir, you have but one wife, as your child has but one mother—and I am she!"

"Sylphide," he faltered, advancing a step, but pausing abruptly as though her accusing eyes distilled some baleful influence; "Sylphide, why are you here? What have you come to do?"

"Why am I here?" came the sharp retort; "are you aware that it is two mortal weeks since I have seen either you or my son? I am here to satisfy myself that I have not been forgotten. Since I have been separated from you," she continued piteously, "I have become as one mad; the strangest fancies have taken possession of me. I imagine that you will never see you again; a fiend keeps whispering in my ear that they have stolen your heart and your child's heart from me. Heaven help me, I doubt the very sunshine which is all the warmth I have left in life!"

She pressed her hands upon her eyes for an instant, as though striving to blot out some hideous prospect; then, removing them, she concluded in low-toned desperation:

"There must be an end to this! Whenever these horrible vagaries overpower me, I must be so placed that I can see you, speak to you."

"Impossible!" he interposed, firmly. "While Claire lives I must not—I will not, see you!"

"It is true, then!" she panted; "my suspicions are correct. Your paternal solicitude is all a farce; you have cleverly dissembled yourself of me in order to marry a woman who, in all probability, is no more an invalid than I am!"

In the very desperation of despair, Courtlandt glanced from right to left, impatiently hoping to find some proof of a convincing nature that would satisfy this most odorous of doubters; as luck would have it, Fate stepped in at the eleventh hour, and discovered to his wandering eye a web-like bit of lace which Claire had repeatedly pressed to her lips, while she occupied the chair beside which it had fallen unnoticed. Daring upon it, Courtlandt held it aloft by the two corners before Sylphide's eyes. He cried:

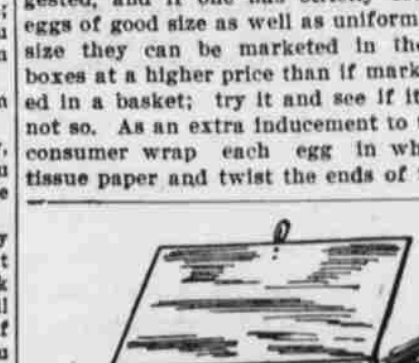
"Take back those words!" he cried; "shut that stain in your blood, let life bleed! Let the light of it dissipate your fears; she will not last long. But I conjure you—have pity upon her; let her die in peace."

She crept a step or two towards him and laid her hand upon his wrist.



Box for Carrying Eggs.
Most poultrymen are familiar with the egg carriers used on the market and those who have a considerable quantity of eggs to handle use these carriers; the farmer, however, is in the habit of carrying eggs in a basket and often many of them become broken resulting in considerable loss. The illustration shows one of the boxes which may be made from cheap material and which will answer as well as the boxes sold for the purpose. Any grocer who handles quantities of shipped eggs will give a customer some of the cardboard filler such as are up in the crates; then buy some cracker boxes and fashion a neat box like the one shown, cutting the pasteboard fillers with a sharp knife so that they will fit the wooden box.

Boxes made to hold one dozen eggs and others to hold two dozen will be large enough. These boxes ought to have covers with a hasp coming down over a staple so that the box may be locked if need be. These boxes will cost but little if made at home as suggested, and if one has strictly fresh eggs of good size as well as uniform in size they can be marketed in these boxes at a higher price than if marketed in a basket; try it and see if it is not so. As an extra inducement to the consumer wrap each egg in white tissue paper and twist the ends of the



To Move Wire Fences.
It often becomes necessary to move a fence from one part of the farm to another. It is a simple matter to move posts, but the wire presents a more difficult problem. The most common method is to slowly and laboriously roll it up on a barrel, haul it to the place where it is wanted and as slowly unroll it again. A much better and quicker way is to take a couple of old wheels, the larger the better, and fasten them together by nailing pieces of board to the spokes next the axle. The wheels when fastened together should be about two feet apart. Now take two planks and fasten firmly to the sides of the wagon box so they will extend backward about four feet. Mount the wheels on these planks so

they will turn easily. Fasten one end of the wire to one of the boards that connect the wheels and drive astride of the wire. One man turns the wheel while the other drives, and the wire can be rolled up as fast as the team can walk. To unroll fasten wire to one of the corner posts, drive ahead and the wire will unroll itself.—C. V. Gregory, in St. Louis Republic.

Wood Ashes for House Plants.
It is not generally known that wood ashes, mixed with compost, are very beneficial for most pot plants. Palms are wonderfully benefited, and so are crotons, dracaenas, marantas, in fact, all foliage plants. In many instances, when the plant has nearly exhausted the soil, if the top be scraped off to a little depth, and a sprinkling of wood ashes and fresh soil be added, the plant will be all right until time to re-pot. To many a lover of flowers this hint, to add a little wood ashes to compost, will bring many a brightened flower and much improved foliage. The mixture should be worked into the earth immediately or some of the ammonia in the manure will escape into the air and be wasted.

The Prolific Scale.
The total number of descendants from one individual of the San Jose scale during the time between the middle of June and the last of November has been calculated at 3,216,080,400. As all these millions obtain their food by sucking the sap from the plant they are on, it is not to be wondered at that a tree which in the spring was apparently in good condition may be nearly or entirely dead by fall.

Apple Trees 70 Years Old.
On the farm of John Carson, near Russellville, Howard county, Missouri, is an apple orchard which was planted seventy years ago. The land was pre-empted at that time, and the original "sheepskin" deed was signed by Andrew Jackson. The orchard bore a good crop this year. Many of its trees are three feet in diameter.

wages bill to keep the place in good order, what was expected to be a pleasure becomes an annoyance and a bore. A small place, well cared for, and everything kept up nice and orderly gives far more satisfaction than an overgrown place that is a drag on the means of its owner. In all our operations we are too apt to think we can do more than we really can. In gardening matters it is especially so.

Repairing Harness.
Most premises have old leather traces about, and a number of parts of harness, such as breast, pole and holdback straps, can be made of these, by one handy at such work. Select a piece long enough for a breast strap, fasten a snap at one end; 18 or 20 inches from this snap cut away all but

the best outside ply, rivet a buckle, punch a number of holes, and there you are. The pole and holdbacks may be made from old light traces. A belly-band for chain harness would have a large loop at one end instead of a buckle.

A back band for plow harness may be made from old leather or rubber belting. The leather belting, if pretty fair, will make good traces.

These hints are not for repairing valuable new harness. One should be very careful about riveting on these. The illustration shows how I made a clamp for sewing harness from two kerosene barrel staves fitted in block so the bolts will draw at least 1/4 inch. This makes it clamp the work at top. Use two 3/4-inch bolts. This clamp, if properly made, will hold any part of the harness while being sewed.—W. A. Clearwaters, in Iowa Homestead.

Diseases of Sheep.
The diseases which have been found most troublesome and stubborn are those occasioned by parasites. Of these there are several different species.

Scab is caused by a parasite, but it is external rather than the most dangerous, which are internal. The latter are: Stomach worms, lung worms, intestinal worms, tape worms and nodular worms.

For tape worm oil of male fern seems to be the favorite remedy, a teaspoonful being a dose. Two teaspoonfuls of powdered areca nut is also a good remedy. One teaspoonful of turpentine given in milk is said to be effective. Most of these should be given after fasting and followed with a laxative.

The latest remedy for stomach worms and nodular worms is what is known as the iron remedy. Give in grain sulphate of iron (copperas, sometimes called green vitriol and must not be confounded with blue vitriol), a dose being ten ounces of the drug to thirty-five lambs. Give daily two weeks, then stop one week and give again. Mix in water and apply the water to the grain.

Ayer's

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes, if the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

—Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me.

H. C. DORRILL, Saratoga, Pa.

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

Impure Blood

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

An Obituary Mixed.
Edward L. Adams, representing the United States as Consul General at Stockholm, Sweden, was for several years editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. While occupying that position he wrote an obituary notice of a neighbor's child, whose trousers had caught fire during a Fourth of July celebration, burning the little fellow so badly that he died in consequence. Mr. Adams ended his article with the statement that the sympathies of friends would go out to the bereaved parents. His shock next day may possibly be imagined when the types made him say that "the sympathies of a large circle of friends will go out to the burned pants."

For His Encouragement.
Notwithstanding the disparity in numbers, Charles XIII., of Sweden marched bravely with his 8,000 men against Peter the Great and his 80,000 Russians.

"What is your object, your majesty?" remonstrated one of his trusted generals, "in taking such a frightful risk?"

"I want to show the Mikado of Japan," replied the king, "that a Czar isn't the whole cheese."

Shortly afterward the demonstration was complete.—Chicago Tribune.

It takes two to make a quarrel until you have one of your own, and then it is always the other one who makes it.

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Must Bear Signature of

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Very small and so easy to take as a sugar.

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SOLELY PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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