

# The Planter's Daughter

## OR FATE'S REVENGE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

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

### CHAPTER XVII.

At her wistful end for a reassuring reply, poor Claire flung her arms about the old man's neck, and allowed her head upon his breast, while he, made unresponsive by the horror which had taken possession of him, stood cold and rigid as a statue, offering her no support.

"You must know, dear father," she began, "that I loved my husband, and I told myself that he would never love me. The thought unseated my reason until I fancied that cruel fate was pursuing me, ever crying in my ears, 'you have agreed to die, and yet you still live! Goaded to desperation, I forgot you and mother, and I planned the fatal draught.'"

"And this man was so blind as to be unable to read the direful secret in your soul!" he cried unheeded. "It was his indifference that has driven you to despair! He has no heart! Had he himself poured out the poison, he could not seem more culpable in my eyes!"

"Oh, father, father!" she trembled now with such dire apprehension that she was forced to cling to him for support. Her agitation seemed to exasperate Philip Burgess the more.

"Heaven be praised," he ejaculated, "that I am neither so old nor infirm that I cannot hold a weapon! I will kill him, kill the rogue or fool, whichever he may be, who has so misused the angel whom I intrusted to his keeping!"

"Father," she said, fixing her magnetic eyes upon his face, "since I still live, since I have agreed to live, believe me, it is only because a fresh hope has found its way to my heart, a hope imparted by him."

"By him?" muttered Philip Burgess. "Incredulously. 'What has he done that should deserve pardon at his hands?'"

"During the terrible crisis of yesterday and last night he never deserted my bedside, even for a minute. He sent every one away, and watched by me alone. When I lapsed into slumber, I felt my hand moistened by his burning tears. When I awoke he was there by my side, and I asked myself whether this meant remorse. In the early gray of the morning he left me, thinking that I slept, left me with the imprint of his burning lips upon my brow, and I asked myself whether this could be love?"

She had spoken the truth, and her plaintive words carried conviction with them. The old man was touched, and the ready tears welled from his founts, and plashed upon her bowed head.

"It may be so, my darling," he murmured, "heaven grant that it is so! Come, let us go to him together and see."

As he cast his arm about her waist, and laid her head gently upon his shoulder as they entered the shadowy hall, out in the garish sunlight, unseen hands parted the hedge that fringed the lawn, and the face of Nemesis glared through livid, haggard, vengeful—the face of Sylphide Courmont!

"Alive!" she panted in dismayed surprise. "That creature lives! So all in vain has heaven removed the first obstacle which separates me from Lucian. I am free—yet she lives!"

It would have been an appalling story to have looked into her soul then, as she let the shuba snap back into place, gathered the rich draperies of her sable attire about her, and with a rapid step took her way up to the villa.

As fate would have it, she crossed the sheltered nook where Camille had taken refuge after his alarm caused by the vision of innocent Claire at the uncurtained window. At Sylphide's approach Camille sprang about, and faced her, as though she, too, were another haunting specter.

"Camille!" she said, herself surprised. "Mrs. Hastings!"

"Hush! You must not know me, must never have seen me—"

Her words were cut short by the joyous cries of little Leon, who, in hot pursuit of a sportive terrier, came bounding in among the trees. Instantly Sylphide's eyes shot fire.

"Leave me with this child," she breathed, imperatively. "Go into the avenue and wait for me. I have much of importance to say to you. Go, go quick!"

As the man only too readily obeyed the command, she knelt with outstretched arms, and accented the boy, who had abandoned his pursuit, and drawn himself up in military array before the veiled intruder.

"Leon—my son!" she cried, beseechingly, her voice softening to a yearning tenderness.

"No," he answered, proudly; "I am not your son; I am mamma's son."

"But I am your mamma, my darling!" "Oh, no, you're not! My mamma is mamma Claire, my white mamma!"

"That woman again," groaned Sylphide. "They have robbed me even of my child. But I will repay them! He shall go with me. We shall see, Lucian, whether you will not follow me then!"

She caught at the boy, who struggled to free himself.

"Leon, come to me, come!" she pleaded.

"No, no!" he screamed, in terror. "Let me go! Let me go! I do not know you!" His frantic cries, mingled with the barking of the little dog, attracted Claire herself in haste to the spot. As she suddenly appeared, Leon broke from Sylphide's grasp, and flew to meet her, clinging in childish terror to her robe.

Claire wavered an instant, stricken with a sudden conviction.

"His mother!" she faltered. "I know you now. Madam, you are Sylphide Courmont."

"Yes," came the defiant reply; "I am Sylphide Courmont, and his mother. But he repulses my caresses; he does not even recognize me."

"I understand your grief, madam, and I pity you."

"Indeed? I am worthy of pity, am I not? I am wretched indeed since heaven and earth have conspired to betray me. I have been robbed of my name and fortune, and of the man I loved. I have been robbed even of the child for whose sake I descended into the valley of the shadow of death."

"What brings you here, madam?" murmured Claire, terrified by her vehemence; "why do you seek to enter my home?"

"Your home?" asked Sylphide; "are you going to summon your people to eject me? It is true that I have ventured to intrude upon your home, but what single thing have you which does not come from me? You lay dying upon a miserable pallet in New York; three months only you had to live, your father and mother were famishing; father, mother, husband, child, and life itself, I gave you all! And you dare to tell me to my face that I am in your home! Verily, madam, you are ungrateful."

Trembling with alarm, poor Claire replied: "It is true that without your interference I should now perhaps have been in my grave; but if you have saved my life, confess that you did not intend to; if you have married me to Lucian Courmont, you chose me, as you have just admitted, because you considered me condemned to death. Now, what can I do to repay you? I am prepared for anything—but death."

"I demand nothing, wish nothing, expect nothing from you."

"Then why are you here? Oh, I dread to understand! You came expecting to find me dead. Well, your hope has proved delusive. You need remain no longer."

Those final words appeared to contain the venom of a deadly serpent for Sylphide.

"I shall not depart until I have seen Lucian," she said, firmly.

"Lucian!" gasped Claire in dismay; "you shall not see him; I do not choose that he shall see you. I am still very weak, madam, but I think I can summon the strength of a lioness to my aid in defense of my happiness! Besides, you know that he no longer loves you."

"No longer loves me!" hissed the enemy; "pray, how do you know that? How can you judge of the empire which I have exerted over him? Ah, I do not come unarmed; I bring with me the memory of three years of passionate love!"

"I tell you, you shall not see Lucian! I am his wife before the law!"

"At all events you shall give me my child!"

"No, no! Stand back!"

"Stay! What are you doing here?" The few but imperative words cut short the terrific struggle of a moment, and as the two women recoiled, little Leon flew into his father's arms.

"Embrace your child, if you will," Lucian Courmont said to Sylphide, "but bear in mind that he is also my son, and he shall never leave me. Now, you need delay your departure no longer."

She returned his stern look with lances of fire.

"Have you not heard the news?" she asked, with swift intensity; "alavery has been abolished; I am free!"

"But I am not free," he answered steadily; "you remember our compact—while Claire lives we are to remain strangers. You have violated your oath. Farewell—forever!"

She faced her doom as the great oak breasts the storm; she paused an instant, irresolute, then lowered her veil and turned away. Presently she stopped and looked back to find Claire nestling in her husband's arms.

"Farewell," she breathed, "but not forever. We shall meet once again, Lucian Courmont, once again—on the day of reckoning!"

(To be continued.)

### Shamed by Boys.

Inspired by the condition of a street which, it is said, the officials had neglected, says a writer in Youth's Companion, certain small boys in a Maine city called on each resident of the street and offered to clean the sidewalk and roadway in front of his house for one cent a week. Everybody accepted the offer enthusiastically. Most of the boys paid in advance. The boys worked hard for two days, hoeing, sweeping and carrying refuse to the "dump," nearly half a mile away. Then all of a sudden the regular city teams appeared, and when the boys got home from school they found their occupation gone. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that it was their activity that shamed the street commissioner into coming round, and every citizen who patronized the amateur brigade feels that he got his cent's worth. Therefore the word goes out to try the scheme in other communities. With variations, it has indeed been tried elsewhere, and whether a street cleaning department is lazy or only forgetful, it has generally worked well.

### Blissful Voyage.

Mrs. Noah was very happy. "Just think," she mused, as she emptied the suds out in the sea, "we have two of everything, even flatirons, and no neighbors to borrow them."

The place should not honor the man, but the man the place.—Agesilaus.

### FEUDS ARE DUE TO POLITICS.

Only Anglo-Saxons Bury Their Enmities on the Evening of Elections.

In the United States I am told that people who have been fighting each other with all the ferocity of a Presidential election are able to meet, the very evening after the result is made known and chat and joke with each other as if nothing had ever occurred to separate them. As a rule, Englishmen are also able to fight their political contests with no unnecessary malignity, and in the House of Commons, for instance, personal hatred between members of opposite parties is almost unknown, although there is plenty of personal hatred between men of the same party.

Irishmen, and, to a certain extent, Scotchmen and Welshmen, are not as free in this respect from personal feeling as Englishmen. When Irishmen do differ they differ all over. There are plenty of Irishmen in the House of Commons who have not exchanged a word with each other for years. Indeed, during the days when the old split subsisted, it was quite a common sight to see Irishmen separate themselves even in the dining-rooms according to the group to which they belonged.

In France it is pretty much the same thing, for there political differences follow the same lines as religious and social cleavages, and, therefore, are the more acute. I never expect a French politician to speak of a political opponent in any terms but those which would rightly be applied to a man who ought to be in penal servitude and had just escaped the gallows. But even in France there are mitigations. Old Grey, when he was president of the Chamber of Deputies—although he was a very stout republican—used to play billiards with Paul De Cassagnac, the swashbuckling Bonapartist.

In Germany the socialists are so bitter in their hostility to all other sections of the imperial parliament that any one of them who would venture to accept an invitation from Count Bulow, the Chancellor, would lose all his influence with his colleagues; in fact, he would be politically ruined.—M. A. P.

### A SWITCHMAN'S DAUGHTER

Becomes the Wife of a Son of Former Senator Thurston.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Cotter to Clarence Thurston in St. Louis recently was invested with romance.

The groom is the eldest son of John M. Thurston, the distinguished lawyer, orator and statesman, who was the intimate friend of Blaine, and who once represented Nebraska in the United States Senate. She is the daughter of a railroad switchman in Omaha.

The romance began in Omaha fifteen years ago, when Clarence Thurston and Nellie Cotter went to kindergarten together.

The children grew up together and their love for each other became fonder with the passing years. The fact that his father was general solicitor for the Union Pacific and her father was a switchman in its service was nothing to him when they were children. And then when the opportunity came he took her to be his wife.

When John M. Thurston was elected to the United States senate and went to Washington to live the son went with him, and in the gay society of the capital he met many beautiful women from all parts of the world, but his heart remained true and faithful to the Omaha girl.

### Senses of the Reptile.

An Austrian doctor has lately published the results of his observations upon the special senses of animals, especially upon the sense of reptiles. He concludes that these are capable of going directly towards water, which appears to attract them, even at long distances. Light acts upon them independently of heat. Their sight is generally good, and is probably their most acute sense, yet their vision is limited. Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances above ten times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of serpents is poor; the boa constrictor, for example, can see no further than one-third of its own length. Some snakes see no further than one-eighth of their own length. Frogs are better endowed and see twenty times their length.

### Her Prayer.

Gladys had lost two front teeth, says Lippincott's. She had been told that God would give her some new ones. She was to take part in the Easter exercises at Sunday school. In spite of all wishing, however, the teeth refused to put in on appearance, and Easter was at hand.

One night Gladys's mother heard her talking after she had put her to bed. She went back and saw her kneeling beside her bed in the moonlight.

"Oh, God," she was saying, "if you haven't got my new teeth done, won't you please drop my old ones down again till after Easter?"

### Curious Legal Custom.

A curious custom is in vogue in many parts of India. If a dispute arises between two landowners two holes are dug close together, in each of which defendant's and plaintiff's lawyers have to place a leg. They have to remain thus until either one of them is exhausted or complains of being bitten by insects, when he is judged to be defeated and his employer loses his case.



A man may be perfectly square and move in the best circles.—Philadelphia Record.

He—If I tried to kiss you would you call for help?—She—Would you need it?—Smart Set.

Mrs. Buys—Have you any low evening gowns? Saleslady—Low cut or low price, madam?—Boston Post.

The Debutante—I think she's just as pretty as she can be. The Wallflower Most girls are.—Detroit Free Press.

Between the acts: Governess—Well, Marjorie, have you done crying? Marjorie—No, I haven't. I'm only resting!—Punch.

"Didn't you feel like killing the waiter when he stood up for you for a tip?" "Yes, I felt like giving him no quarter."—Cornell Widow.

"So Jagsby has absconded. Another good man gone wrong." "Nonsense. It's merely a bad man who has been found out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Wackum—How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself? Mrs. Snapper—That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick.—Tit-Bits.

"So you think your country will be lost?" "I haven't quite made up my mind," answered the King of Corea, "whether it is going to be lost, strayed, or stolen."—Washington Star.

Ma—Oh, how cruel! In India they whip children with young palm-trees. Willie—Huh! Don't you spank me with your palm? And it ain't such a young palm, either.—Boston Post.

"Marriage," remarked the moralizer, "is a lottery." "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "but it's one of the games of chance that clergymen do not try to discourage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Passenger—Why don't you pronounce the names of the stations so that we can understand them? Brake-man—What do you expect for thirty dollars a month—a college professor?

He—Yes, I remembered you at once as the girl I was engaged to in the mountains some seasons ago. "What a remarkable memory for faces you have, haven't you?" "No—for rings."

"I wonder if he's really of any use in the world," remarked the girl in blue. "Oh, yes," replied the practical girl in gray; "he can be used to make other men jealous."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Are you at all familiar with Plato?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No, that's one thing Josiah always blames me for. He says I never make real close friends with anybody."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kate—Charley and Bessie are very fond of each other. Bertha—Rather say they are both very fond of Charley. It is a case of two souls with but a single thought, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Mamma—Why did you take little brother's candy and eat it up? Why didn't you ask him if you could have it? Little Alice—Why, I did, mamma, and he said I couldn't.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

He—I suppose you hold that a man should never deceive his wife? She—Oh, no, I wouldn't go as far as that. How would it be possible for the average man to get a wife if he didn't deceive her?—Boston Transcript.

Detained: Mrs. Smith—We missed you so much at our party! Mrs. Jones—And I was so vexed when I couldn't come! You see, our cook had company unexpectedly, and she needed us to fill out the card tables.—Detroit Journal.

Hoping Against Hope: Gayboy (time 1 a. m.)—I say, old chap, isn't this a little late for you to be out? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you? Enuek—I hope she will, but she can't know pretty straight for a woman.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Collis—And when you told him I was married did he seem to be sorry? Friend—Oh, yes; he said so quite frankly! Mrs. Collis—Did he really? Friend—Yes, indeed—he said he was extremely sorry, although he didn't know the man personally!

"No, thank you," said Miss De Mure. "I don't care to meet any new young men." "My!" exclaimed Miss Gaddie. "You are select all of a sudden!" "No," replied Miss De Mure, glancing dreamily at her new ring. "I've merely been selected all of a sudden."—Philadelphia Press.

Another brute: Mrs. Pretty—Isn't it strange? Mrs. Beuti has not put on mourning for her husband. Mr. Pretty—I understand that her late husband particularly requested that she should not. Mrs. Pretty—The brute! I suppose he knew how lovely she would look in it.—Plek-Me-Up.

"You ought to have a place in grand opera," remarked the sarcastic passenger who was trying to read. "Oh, I don't know," replied the fat party across the aisle, who was giving an imitation of a song. "I've got a place in Grand Rapids that's good enough for me."—Detroit Journal.

"Yes, sir," said the Denver hotel clerk to the new arrival, "that white-capped mountain away off there is in the Rockies, and it is a hundred and fifty miles from here." "Who would have imagined it was so far?" commented the guest. "Oh," was the airy response from the clerk "if the atmosphere was only a little clearer it would be three hundred miles away."—Judge.

# Chronic Sores

## Eating Ulcers

A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissues beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract so much from one's personal appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in an unhealthy polluted condition, and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves, for the sore is the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure. A blood purifier and tonic is what you need—something to cleanse the blood, quicken the circulation and invigorate the constitution, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy. It counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system; and when the blood has been purified the healing process begins and the ulcer or sore is soon entirely gone. S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, external or internal, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on "The Blood and Its Diseases" free.

# SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### Difficult Horseback Seat.

There are no better horsemen in the world than the cavalry officers of the Italian army, yet even among them there are very few who could perform the feat recently achieved by one of them.

### A Sure Protection.

Barton, N. Dak., May 9.—Many cases are being published of how diseases have been cured and lives saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills, but there is a family in this place who use this remedy as a protection against the coming on of diseases and with excellent results.

### Right in His Line.

Mother—I don't know what in the world to do with my son. He is a born rover. Neighbor—Why not make a Methodist minister of him?

### YOU CAN EARN \$25.00 PER DAY

Getting Water, Oil or Coal with AUSTIN WELLS DRILLS Made in all sizes and styles. Write for Catalogues and list of users in the West.

### BUY THE WASHINGTON SHOES

SOLE D SHOE MFG. CO. SEATTLE

### PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CENTS

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over 30 Years.