

The Planter's Daughter OR FATE'S REVENGE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

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

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Well," she said, faltering, "for the present it would be best for you not to try to see him; give him time to forget you. It is his only chance of never knowing of the cloud that shadows his life. So, when he no longer recognizes you, I see no reason why you should approach him as a stranger, if that will satisfy you."

"Satisfy me?" cried Syphide, slipping off the sofa and falling upon her knees; "oh, madam, think what you are asking of me! You, too, are a mother, you have also a son whom you fondly love—you ought to sympathize with me! Then, in mercy's name think! Is there no other hope for me? Could I not take my child and go away, abroad, anywhere—where we are not known? I am wealthy in my own right, I will rear my boy as nobly as any mother can. Oh, madam, say that I can do this, and I will bless you to my dying day!"

"Yes, you could do it," was the cold reply, "there is no law to prevent it. But I warn you that, in whatever part of the world you may be, your baleful secret will find you out again. Then, when your son is grown to man's estate, what will he say to his mother when he learns the truth? Will he not taunt you with his rule? Will he not blame from his lips be harder to bear than blame from mine?"

"Heaven have mercy upon me—yes, yes!"

"I think I perceive in him already signs of his father's pride; Lucian will be pitiless upon you when he learns that he has fallen an innocent dupe to your ambition."

Syphide staggered to her feet and caught at a chair for support while a vivid flush mantled even her brow.

"Oh, madam," she murmured, "do not insult me; I have enough to bear. I love

Syphide turned away and bit her lip until the blood started.

"Very well," she said after a moment, with suppressed force; "have your own way. I will send my child to you tomorrow. Now leave me, madam. I cannot support your presence another instant."

Mrs. Courtlandt bowed and withdrew, silently congratulating herself that the most trying episode in her hitherto untroubled life was over. The instant the door was closed, Syphide flung herself, face downwards, upon the floor in a very agony of despair.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she wailed; "I have given my child away, sold myself—and all for a wrong which is not of my own committing! Oh, father, why did you not tell me? Why have you left me to learn all from the lips of the man who hates me? Oh, blessed mother, I—who suffer as you must have! I have closed my ears to the tongue of evil gossip, but their portals have been forced open, and were I stone deaf I must have listened to this calumny!"

The sudden opening of the door aroused her to a realization of the fact that she was no longer alone in her misery. She did not rise, but she turned her head and saw her husband standing there in the noonday sunlight with folded arms, mute and severe as a supreme judge. She dragged herself a little way towards him and sank at his feet.

"Lucian," she breathed, "Lucian! speak to me! Have you seen your mother?"

"I have just left her."

"Yes, you know all?"

"Yes, I know all."

She shrank away from him and hid her face, fearing to look upon him. At last, when the dead silence remained unbroken, she raised her head and stole a fear-

ful glance at him. He stood just as he had paused when he had entered, like one petrified, looking down upon her in infinite sorrow and perplexity, but without a shadow of anger in his look.

Taking a little heart, she crept a step nearer him and raising herself, she laid her cheek upon his pendent hand. He started at the soft contact, but did not shrink; only the touch brought with it a sense of the reality.

"Syphide—Syphide!" he exclaimed, "is this thing true?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known that this awful doubt hung over your birth?" he asked.

"Since the night we were married."

"And who informed you then?"

"My cousin, Oscar Couramont, the man who has sought to defraud me of my fortune."

It was too late for prevarication; therefore she spoke frankly, daring the consequences.

"Syphide, you deceived me!"

"I know, and in my misery, I can only ask your forgiveness."

"You have it."

His acquiescence was too ready to satisfy her; it seemed like callous indifference; but she had no time to think of this new phase of her trouble.

"Lucian," she cried, "what do you think of your mother's proposition concerning our child?"

"I think it is a wise one. At least, he had better be with her until the truth is proven."

"Then you mean to investigate the matter?" she gasped, fearfully.

"Certainly—in the interest of my child, if not in my own."

"Will it affect—our—our union?"

"It will cancel it."

She uttered no sound, but nerves and muscles seemed to refuse their office, and she sank into complete unconsciousness at his feet!

CHAPTER VII.

The last sad parting was over, and the poor young mother lay, more dead than alive, upon her bed at the hotel. Lucian had gone to take little Leon to his mother, and the only faithful Diana was left. As the hours sped on and night drew near, the comatose state into which Sy-

phide had fallen, when they dragged her child from her arms by main force, had deepened rather than lessened, and the milder woman became more and more anxious in her lonely vigil.

At last, when the twilight actually set in, she became so apprehensive for the safety of her mistress that she rang the bell and ordered the nearest physician summoned. He came at once—an elderly man, with an air of importance and respect about him. Diana waited with bated breath while he raised the eyelids of his patient, and made a thorough examination. Turning to the woman at last, he said:

"This lady has undergone some violent mental shock. Can you give me any of the facts of the case?" he asked.

"No, sir; I am not at liberty to speak. Indeed, I do not know the facts myself. All that I can say is that she has been separated from her child."

"Ah! Well, my good woman, if you are the lady's attendant, I must warn you that she is in a most critical condition. This syncope may last for hours, even for days, and it is of the utmost importance that she be kept extremely quiet. For the immediate present there is no danger of disturbing her; therefore, I should advise that she be removed at once to some place where she can be made comfortable, to some place where, when she revives, she will not recognize her surroundings."

And with these words he took his hat and departed, leaving Diana alone, in a state of dread and anxiety. What could she do by herself and unassisted? Where should she, a complete stranger in a great city, take her mistress?

OLD FAVORITES

The Mistletoe Bough.
The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.

The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to
Be the star of this goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!"
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking place."

Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?"
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.

And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried:
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!

O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

"Only Waiting."
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless souls shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

—Frances Laughton Mace.

THE PENALTY OF WEALTH.

Millionaires Whose Lives Are Made Miserable by Cranks and Promoters.

Three men in the Wall street district, New York, receive requests in the course of a year to back schemes the financing of which would break the Bank of England or bankrupt the government of the United States. They are John W. Gates, J. Pierpont Morgan and Edwin Hawley. These proposals run through the whole gamut of human ingenuity, from a new method of scratching matches to the promotion of a South American revolution or the prevention of earthquakes and other seismic disturbances. They pour in by letter and persons from all quarters of the globe.

These things are the penalty of spectacular wealth. They are some of the troubles that beset the man who makes his millions with a blare of trumpets and under the glare of limelights.

Mr. Gates has been hounded so by importunate persons that he hardly dares set foot in the street. He was importuned in restaurant after restaurant, until in self-protection he had a dining-room fitted up in his office and there he now takes his luncheon. Mr. Morgan has been forced to adopt the same method.

One of the things that bothers Mr. Morgan most, although it costs him no money, is the camera with a flash behind it. If there is one thing he hates more than all others it is being photographed, and he has become an adept in springing from the door of his office building into a coupe and banging the door behind him. It was he who was the recipient of the proposal that he finance a scheme for making earthquakes impossible. Just after the eruption of Mount Pelee a Frenchman wrote him, most earnestly asking his help and assuring him there were millions of dollars in the plan. Scarcely a day passes but some man writes to him of the unearthing of a priceless painting, disfigured by time, but bearing beyond all doubt traces of the work of some dead master. Another class of men whose palms itch for the book agents, not only the inoffensive ones who have editions de luxe to

sell, but the ones who are preparing volumes of biographies of the moneyed men of the country in which the person approached may have his history written up at so many thousand dollars a page. There is also the bibliomaniac, who fastens himself upon Mr. Morgan to dispose of some ancient tome, colored in red by a monk and in yellow by Father Time.

Mr. Gates has had opportunities to place himself in the class with Santos-Dumont as a navigator of the air and to become a second Castro in the formation of a new South American republic. Three men with theories of airships who needed only money to make them fly have offered Mr. Gates a handsome share in ventures if he would produce the capital for construction.

Mr. Hawley, who was a protege of Collie P. Huntington, has been besieged more by Western promoters because he came from the Pacific coast. Offers of interests in mines in the Western States and in South America, Mexico and Europe have been cast at him as if the whole world were a Klondike and he the first miner on the ground.

THE CITY BOY.

Why He Is Generally Left in the Rear by the Country Boy.

That the country is the better place to raise boys is the teaching of all experience. Go over the list of the men who have done things in your city. A large majority of them are country bred. Why?

The boy wherever you find him needs wide spaces for the development of the vital forces that are in him. He instinctively covets elbow room. The boyish swath is a wide one. He is necessarily noisy. He bubbles over for the same reason a tea kettle does. He is full of spontaneity and runs over. In the city he is cribbed, cabled and confined. He has little chance to let himself out. What wonder the roundly developed country lad beats him to the goal.

Poor city lad. Here is the picture Secretary Shaw gives of him, in a recent address: "The boy is the most valuable product of society, but in the city he is not fairly treated. He lacks a chance for the free play of his nature. His parents seldom give him a gymnasium or a shop or even a room of his own. They are afraid he will spoil the furniture. It is too expensive to let him do as he pleases. So they give him money and let him go to the streets which are often an open gate to hell." The picture is true.

Poor city lad. There are no wide echoing fields or shady woods where he may wander at his will, giving full play and proper vent to the life forces that run riot in his veins. To him there is no call of the wild. For him there is no company and touch of Nature which the country boy knows and feels.

At home they say of the city boy that he is rude and awkward and destructive. What wonder! The only wonder is he doesn't explode. He is all boy. That's why he is worth raising! Expressions of energy in the boy spell force. He has in him the making of a man. Why scold him and spoil his temper for being what he is? Why spoil him by trying to make him what he is not?

An unspoiled boy—city or country—is about the finest thing on two legs. He is affectionate—under his vest. He is sympathetic if you know how to reach his sympathies. He is honest. And frank. And above all, he stands for fair play. Later on, as a man, he may lose many of these virtues, but as a boy he is admirable.

Give the city boy his chance. Let him go to the country at every opportunity. Let him build a shop in the back yard or in the cellar if he chooses. Give him a room of his own. Of course the room will be topsy turvey betimes. Of course, he is not a young gentleman. He is a boy, God bless him. Let him bring his comrades home with him. Let them together romp and raise Cain. Give the city boy a vent. The country-raised boy has beaten the city-raised boy because he has had a better chance.—Des Moines News.

Making a Good Citizen.

A 13-year-old Italian boy lately prepared an essay on the duties of citizenship, for a club in New York. Among the rules which he laid down are the following:

"If I want to be a good citizen I must be true to my country, true to my state and true to my city. If I do not vote I will not be doing my duty. I must have my own judgment to vote for the man I think is best qualified for the office for which he has been nominated. If I don't I won't be doing my duty. I must not let anybody bribe me to vote for a man I think not fitted for an office. It will also be my duty to be industrious and self-supporting, so as not to be a burden and a nuisance to the public. I must pay taxes, so that the government can be maintained and the officers of the government paid, because the government is for my good. When it is necessary I must help to maintain order and always be ready for public service, and in case of war serve my country. I should know the history of my country and be an intelligent reader and close observer of current events."

Russia's Purchases.

Russia bought from the United States in 1903 nearly \$20,000,000 worth of goods, which is double the average for previous years, and sold the United States nearly \$11,000,000 worth, which is an increase of 50 per cent over previous years.

We give a man credit for being level-headed if he isn't above our level.

Ayer's

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine.

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world for nervousness. My cure is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough."
—Mrs. DELIA McWELL, Newark, N. J.

for
Poor Health

St. Louis, Mo. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Allen Mortals.
Think for a moment of the narrow limits of our knowledge! Sixteen hundred millions of featherless bipeds, more or less, are picking up a living, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, on this pretty planet of ours; of what infinitesimal proportion can you really unveil the secrets and gauge the virtues and the happiness. How many people do you know intimately enough to say whether this lot is, on the whole, enviable or the reverse? Every human being is a foreign kingdom to every other. We make a short excursion into their minds; we touch at a port here and there; and we say gibberish to them as we intimate. We know not how many dark corners are carefully hidden away from all strangers, and what vast provinces have never been reached in our most daring travels. How, then, can we judge one another? Such utter ignorance of our neighbor's thoughts and motives should make us wondrously charitable.

A Heart Story.

Folsom, S. Dak.—In these days when so many sudden deaths are reported from Heart Failure and various forms of Heart Disease, it will be good news to many to learn that there is a never failing remedy for every form of Heart Trouble.

Mrs. H. D. Hyde, of this place, was troubled for years with a pain in her heart which distressed her a great deal. She had tried many remedies but had not succeeded in finding anything that would help her until at last she began a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills and this very soon relieved her and she has not had a single pain or any distress in the region of the heart since. She says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the greatest heart medicine I have ever used. I was troubled for over three years with a severe pain in my heart, which entirely disappeared after a short treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Up-to-Date Magazine Work.
Hack Writer—How would you like an article on Solomon?
Magazine Editor—First rate, if you can only furnish a complete set of portraits of his wives.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
W. & T. TRULAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. & T. TRULAX & MARYIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Something Alike.

"Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?"
"Because neither one is felt," remarked Mr. Wiser.

And then the old maid was heard to remark that current events were certainly shocking.—Brooklyn Eagle.

For Rheumatism

Neuralgia Sprains
Lumbago Bruises
Backache Soreness
Sciatica Stiffness

Use the old reliable remedy
St. Jacobs Oil

Price, 25c. and 50c.

PISO'S CURE FOR
TUBERCULOSIS
Consumption

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.

It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption. It is the only medicine that cures Tuberculosis and Consumption.