

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By  
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Very well, then. I went over to lunch with Hastings, as you know, and after lunch we had a game of billiards, and then went into the stables to look at the horses. And such horses, too! Well, after we had left the stable and he had hit the deer, he ordered the chestnuts round, and we started to come over here. How those horses did fret, and prance, and rear! But he took it as coolly as possible, and soothed and quieted them, until they went off like lambs. They continued very quiet for about a mile, when we came to a gate where a girl was standing, and then they shied and reared again, until I thought they would have upset us in the ditch. But Hastings was not a bit disconcerted; he held the reins with one hand, and with the other took off his hat to the girl, as if she had been an empress. She was so graceful, and had such lovely eyes! I was anxious to know who she could be, and asked him. Guess, Flo, who it was."

"How should I know?" answered his sister, pettishly. "How provoking you are!"

"Well, then, it was our cousin, Miss Eyre, and I can tell you she is nothing to be ashamed of, either. I could see how much he admired her, and was just going to tell him of our connection with her when the chestnuts bolted, and, by the time he got them to the gate again, it had gone out of my mind. However, the information will keep till another time."

"Reginald," cried his sister, white to the lips with rage, "you will not dare to tell that low-born girl that I related to you?—you will not dare?"

"Reginald knows better than to do anything so foolish," interrupted Mrs. Champion. "But in case you should be tempted to do so," she added, turning to her son, "remember that not a tithe of that five hundred pounds I promised you for your last season's debts shall pass into your hands."

"Oh! very well, that's enough," responded Reginald, sulkily. "But I can tell you one thing, Flo—I believe he's tremendously cut with that girl, and that he's gone off after her now."

And having uttered this remark with the amiable intention of annoying his sister, he proceeded to quit the room.

"I think Reginald gets more unbearable every day," exclaimed Flora, angrily.

"Twenty-one is not generally a very agreeable age in a young man," remarked her mother.

And so the fates conspired to keep a secret from Errol Hastings, which, as it turned out, was very important he should know.

He called at Hurst Manor the day after Reginald lunched with him, and accepted Mrs. Champion's invitation to stay and dine.

"Mrs. Champion," he said, as they sat together in the drawing room, "I am going to beg a favor of you and Miss Champion."

"I am sure we shall be but too happy to grant it, if it is in our power," she returned, smiling.

"I think of giving a ball at the Court," Mr. Hastings continued, "and before I issue my invitations I want to secure the promise of your presence and co-operation."

"A ball at the Court; that will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Champion, with unusual animation. "Bachelors always give such charming parties; besides, which, it will gratify my long-felt desire to go over your house."

"If you really have any curiosity to see my domain, I trust you will not wait for the ball. Why not ride over this afternoon before dinner? Your brother, I have no doubt, will accompany us."

Miss Champion looked at her mother in a dutiful interrogative manner, and Mrs. Champion replied immediately:

"Certainly, my love, if you persuade Reginald. You look a little pale—a ride will do all the good in the world."

Reginald being agreeable, the horses were ordered round, and Miss Champion left the room to equip.

"Apropos of this," said Errol, "I am expecting an influx of visitors to the Court, and I shall beg of your charity to come and help me to entertain them. Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar are coming for a fortnight, until their place at Endon Vale is ready, and she has promised to play hostess to the occasion. Lady St. Ego and her daughters will come up from Hertfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Lady Marion Alton and her niece, and several bachelor friends, so I shall need some assistance in my novel part of host."

"When in the hall to take place?" inquired Mrs. Champion.

"I hardly think I am justified in dignifying my gathering by the name of a ball; but I mean to invite every one round for twelve miles; and as this is such a very quiet time of the year, I do not apprehend many disappointments. Indeed, I only intend giving ten days' notice."

"That will be quite enough," Mrs. Champion agreed; "no one thinks of giving parties in the country at this time of year, and as a ball will be a boon to the young people, I prophesy your entertainment will be a great success."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hastings. "I assure you I shall spare no pains to make everything go off well."

Flora came in at this juncture, looking very handsome in her perfectly fitting habit, and they all walked out of the window to the horses, which were waiting at the door. He placed her in the saddle, mounted himself, and bidding adieu to Mrs. Champion, they started for their ride.

Reginald usurped the greater part of the conversation on the way, much to his sister's annoyance, but she had no intention of betraying any ill-humor before Mr. Hastings. When they arrived at Hazel Court, they dismounted, sent the horses to the stables, and proceeded to explore the house. Miss Champion not only expressed herself, but was in reality, delighted with everything she saw.

Flora was rather silent as she rode home. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to be the wife of a man like Errol Hastings, and the mistress of a place like Hazel Court. He was speaking to her in low, earnest tones; and as he passed the Farm did not turn to look for Winifred. And Winifred, sitting under her favorite slump of beeches, book in hand, looked with wistful eyes after them; and when he had passed out of sight, without once turning to look for her, she hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

Poor Winifred! It was only the day before that Errol Hastings had sat with

her under those very beeches, and talked to her in the low, fascinating tones peculiar to him when addressing women. And she had fancied she read love in his deep blue eyes. They had met more than once since the adventure in the wood, and he had always stopped to speak to her. And the previous day, as she had been sitting reading in the garden, she had heard the prancing hoofs, and, looking up, had seen him pull up his fiery chestnuts, which had frightened her so much, and he had come to her, and, throwing the reins to the groom, jump down and enter the little gate.

Winifred's heart beat fast as she saw Mr. Hastings coming up the garden toward her.

"I have come to call on Mr. Eyre—is he at home?" Errol asked.

"No," replied Winifred; "he has been out since two o'clock, and I do not expect him until the evening."

"I am sorry," Errol had answered, looking in her face, as he always did now; "but if you will allow me to make his absence to-day an excuse for calling again, I shall not regret it too much."

"Can I say anything to him for you?" asked Winifred.

"I am afraid not," Mr. Hastings said, smiling. "It is on a question of a new method of farming, which I fear is too abstract for me to discuss with you. But I am interrupting your reading—is your book very engrossing?"

And as he spoke he glanced at the cover of the book and observed with some surprise that it was an old French romance.

"Will you let me send you some books to read?" Errol asked, smiling. "I make a point of collecting all the best works, both foreign and English, and it would be such a pleasure to me to think some one besides myself would take an interest in reading them."

"Oh, how kind you are!" exclaimed Winifred, eagerly, blushing with delight; "it would be such a treat to have something new to read."

"What shall it be?" asked Mr. Hastings—history, novels, poetry, or theology? When you read Tennyson, look for my favorite poem, 'Ozymandias.' I am sure you will agree with me in admiring that. Do you sometimes indulge in romance, Miss Eyre?"

"Sometimes," laughed Winifred. "Do you?"

"Yes," said Errol. "I must plead guilty, although I am long past the age when youthful folly is permissible. But when I am alone I like to sit and look at a beautiful landscape, until my very power of vision is absorbed in thought; and I like to go back centuries, and live in the past ages, that from the wide distance from us seem golden. Do you ever fancy you would like to have been one of the celebrities of the olden times? I should like to have been Alexander, and conquered the world; or a Leonidas, dying gloriously in battle; an undoubted hero, like Alcibiades; an emperor, like Caesar; a Mark Antony, beloved by Cleopatra; or a Launcelot, if you might have been Guinevere."

His voice had dropped while he was speaking, and as he uttered the last sentence in a low, thrilling whisper, his eyes sought hers with a passionate expression of admiration.

Winifred colored deeply, and the tone of her voice was haughty as she made answer, looking far away into the woods: "I would not have been Guinevere to the noblest Launcelot who ever breathed. Had I been chosen by such a soldier-knight as King Arthur, I think I could have appreciated him too well to requite his love with falsehoods."

"I beg your pardon, I ought to have remembered; but for the moment I did not think of her falsehoods. I only recollected that she was beautiful and charming."

Errol had never once taken his eyes off Winifred's face while he had been speaking. And as he watched her, he thought that of all the women he had ever known, none had such a sweet grace of womanliness as this one. He rose suddenly to free the temptation.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Eyre; I have detained you already too long."

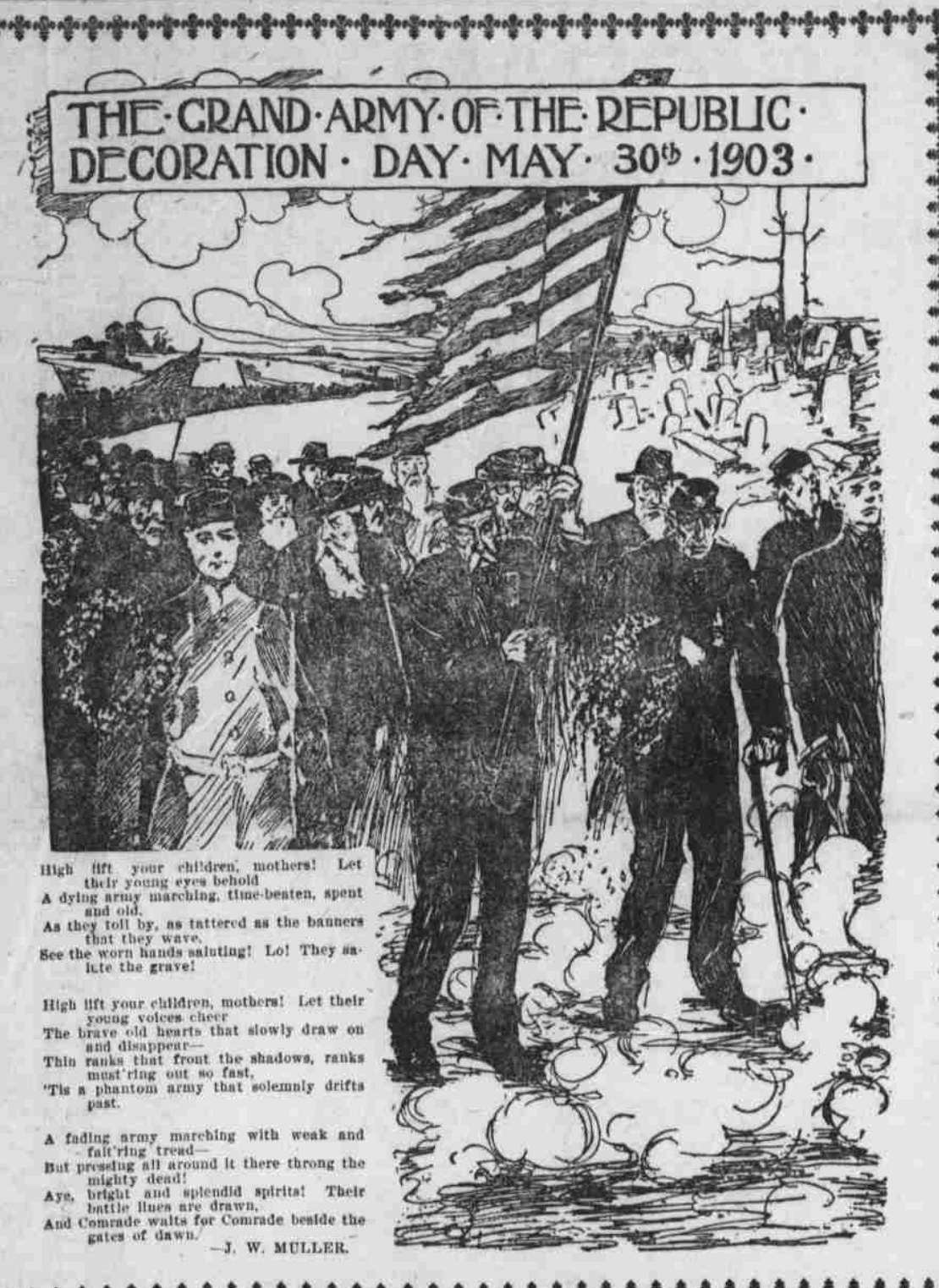
And Errol Hastings held out his hand to her. She put her own timidly into his, and he clasped it for a moment, with a strong, passionate clasp, looking into her eyes the while with a look that brought the blood rushing to her face. Then he turned slowly, and went back to his phaeton, her eyes looking dreamily into the distance. Her reverie was diverted by seeing a young farmer, with a coarse, heavy, tanned, and bushy face, the red, biting off the tops of the grass viciously with his stick. She had seen him pass before, when she was talking with Mr. Hastings, and his presence annoyed her. He came deliberately in at the garden gate, and walked up to where she sat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Eyre," he said, putting out his great coarse hand to her. "I suppose I may come in now you are disengaged?"

Winifred was compelled to give him her hand, as it was a hall where he had been so often, and she was thinking how pleasant it would be to be the wife of a man like Errol Hastings, and the mistress of a place like Hazel Court. He was speaking to her in low, earnest tones; and as he passed the Farm did not turn to look for Winifred. And Winifred, sitting under her favorite slump of beeches, book in hand, looked with wistful eyes after them; and when he had passed out of sight, without once turning to look for her, she hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

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High lift your children, mothers! Let their young eyes behold A dying army marching, time-beaten, spent and old As they tell by, as tattered as the banners that they wave, See the worn hands saluting! Lo! They salute the grave.

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A fading army marching with weak and failing tread, But pressing all around it there through the night dead! Aye, bright and splendid spirits! Their battle lines are drawn, And Comrade waits for Comrade beside the gates of dawn.

—J. W. MULLER.

**RIGHT ABOUT FACE!**

MRS. ADRI IN KRAAL.

"Ho, here comes old Waddy with his drug store, boys; let's have some fun out of him!"

More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy jests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant looking, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped.

"Hello, Waddy! what's that, a-rand medicine have you got in your basket to-day?"

"How's your liver, Waddy?"

"Why don't you avaller some of that stuff and cure yourself, old quack you?" were some of their questions.

He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Balm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuralgia, lumbago, gout, pleurisy."

"O, give us a rest, we've heard all that before; haven't you anything else?"

"And here are the miraculous Electric Pads. By their use paralyses are cured, club feet straightened—"

"Well, I guess we won't take any today, as none of us are paralyzed or club-footed. Just give us one of your wonderful exhibits of ventriloquism and then dance a jig!" and the poor, simple old man tried to do as they asked, and when he had ceased the curious guttural sounds and shrill calls, he accepted their request for a song.

"Now the jig, Waddy," they cried, and setting down his basket, he began hopping briskly round on the ground. The wind carried away his hat and blew his long beard about his face, but he was in earnest and did not pause. "Let's dance too," cried the boys, and they began capering round, bumping against the old man and each other with such force that three of them were knocked down and a sound of smashing glass and loud hurrahs from the rolling, struggling boys.

"O, you have broken my bottles and spilled my precious medicines; even my basket is ruined," said the poor old fellow, and he began to cry like a child.

"And here, he's blubberin' like a baby; I'd be ashamed," said some of the boys. A few of them looked ashamed of themselves. Just then, around the corner came Herbert Page, one of the tall high school boys. He stopped at sight of the crowd and seeing his own brother Charlie there, asked: "What's the trouble, youngsters?"

"O, nothing, only old Waddy's basket got smashed," said one. "We were helping him dance a jig and fell on it," said another.

"Yes, I think I understand. Here, Mr. Wadsworth, let me see your basket. How many bottles were broken? Four? Worth two dollars, eh? Well, you youngsters can have two dollars to pay for my mischief, I guess."

"Pay old simple-minded Waddy? I guess not," Mr. Wadsworth, indeed, said one boy, scornfully.

When Herbert had pressed the basket into shape and placed the "Electric Pads" in it, he said, "I've only a half dollar with me. Will it pay for Charlie's share in this mischief?"

The old man took it thankfully, and went away with a sad face.

"The boys were very quiet as Herbert looked soberly at them. They began to see that they had been rude and thoughtless."

"Do you know who that poor old man is?" asked Herbert.

"Why, Old Waddy, of course; he's a simple-minded fellow. I've known him all my life."

"He is Barton Wadsworth, a veteran soldier, and a Gettysburg hero. He received the injuries that made him what he is now. He gets a small pension, but it will hardly keep him in the plainest food and clothing, and he keeps a shabby over him, so he tries to earn a little money by selling those medicine boys have destroyed. I noticed some of you fellows taking part in the exercises on Decoration Day with great enthusiasm. Now it strikes me that there would be as much patriotism in showing honor and respect to living soldiers as to dead ones, and I'm perfectly sure that I would as soon die for my country as to have my mind so injured that every boy I met would make fun of me."

Then Herbert went on and left a thoughtful group of boys instead of the noisy, heedless crowd he had found.

"I say, fellows," said one lad, looking up from the hole he had been digging with his toes. "Old Waddy—Mr. Wadsworth, I mean—does show signs of having been a gentleman once. Ever notice how neat and clean his hands and clothes always are?"

"Yes," said Charlie Page, "and he never forgets to lift his hat when he meets a lady he knows, mother says."

"Let's pay him for those bottles we smashed," said another.

The old fellow was as grateful when the boys went to his poor room to pay what they owed as if they had made him a magnificent present.

They had had a taste of doing right and relished it. It was "About face," with a right good will. Instead of following him with jests and ridicule and making a joke of his infirmities of mind and body, they took pains to treat him with respect and kindness.

After a while some of the fathers of these boys began to notice the great change in their treatment of the old man, and then to feel an interest in him themselves. Then the necessary steps were taken to procure for him an increase of the pension, and now he no longer carries a basket of medicine to sell, and he would almost lay down his life to serve one of those boys—Normal Instructor.

**Memorial Day.**

Gathered once more in the "City of Silence," comrades and friends, with our flags and bright banners.

Uncovered heads, as a token of homage, Honor we give these dead heroes of ours.

Heroes, who fought on the land, or the sea, Soldiers, who came at their country's first call. Shoulder to shoulder, they marched to the conflict, Leaving their loved ones, their homes and their all.

Years have passed by since the soldiers from battle marched to their homes, with the flags and the stars.

Once more they meet, in the "City of Silence," Sadly, to keep a Memorial Day.

Year after year, as our country grows older, Stronger their love for the Red, White and Blue.

Deeper the feeling of appreciation For our brave soldiers, so loyal and true.

Comrades are gone, who were with us last May time. Tape sounded call, for the last triumph. Over the river our soldiers are gathered. Safe into camp, but they may not come back.

Though the Grand Army may lessen in Footsteps may falter and veterans grow gray, Honors are theirs from a thrice grateful Nation Lovingly keeping Memorial Day.

—Margaret M. Darling, 1 Deo Moines News.

**When Antietam Was Red with Blood.**

Doubly sacred to the hearts of many western families are the waters of Antietam, because those waters were crimsoned by the blood of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons during one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War. The sketches herewith given will be of special interest to the veterans of the Eight Illinois cavalry, the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth and Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry; the Seventh, Fourteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Indiana volunteers, and the Second, Third, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin volunteer infantry, for they were all most terribly mixed up in the many bloody encounters of the 10th and 17th of September, 1862, along the Antietam from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg.

God alone knows who owned the good right arm, that was found in the corn field, but it probably belonged to one of Gen. Sedgwick's commands, who made their famous charge through the cornfield just north and east of the historic Dunker Church, for it was plowed up in this field five years after the battle, and has been since that time in the office of Mrs. D. Fahrney and son of Hagerstown, Md. Its wonderful state of preservation cannot be accounted for as a chemical analysis of the soil in which it was found shows no preserving or mummifying qualities.

The old mill and falls near the stone bridge was the scene of a bloody conflict between the Federals, who were defending Hagerstown, and the Confederates, who were endeavoring to gain possession of the town. It is said the slaughter of horses and men was such at this cavalry fight that the Antietam ran blood for several hours below these falls. The ground in this locality, especially along the banks of the stream, is almost solid

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7:00 a. m. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.	Yamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
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