ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Had it been possible for Winifred to guess Errol Hastings' real feelings she would have been forced to confess how greatly she had misjudged him. He was for the first time in his life unreasonably, bewilderingly, in love, and his judgment was at war with his passion. Reflection did not help him, either.

"I have heard," he thought, "of men counting the world well lost for a woman's sake, but I never realized the feeling until now. Now I feel that I would give all I possess if I could raise her to my position, or sink to hers. She is only a bright, charming child yet, but what divine womanhood she will grow into when she begins to love. I cannot imagine any greater happiness than to look into the depths of those beautiful eyes, and read there, 'I love you,' or to take those little, slender hands in mine, and hear the confession from her lips. But I could not trust myself to stay here and see her often; silence would be impossible. If it were not for our cursed Hastings pride I might tell her now, this very day, how I love her, and marry her if she would have me. But that cannot be. Have all my ancestors kept their resolve in spite of everything until now, and shall I be the first one to break it by my weakness or cowardice? No! no! no!" he thought, passionately—"the honor of our house first."

And so Errol made up his mind that he would see Winifred no more—he would not yield to temptation, or expose her to disappointment, and when he passed the next day with Miss Champion he kept his face steadily averted from the Farm, little guessing how bitterly the woman he loved was commenting on his apparent neglect.

Several days passed, and the house was full of guests. Everyone declared that Hazell Court was the most charming country house to stay at, and that Mr. Hastings was the perfection of a host. He and Lady Grace Farquhar made the most delightful arrangements for the general amusement; and everybody was amused and pleased in consequence. Miss Champion and her brother were over at the Court almost every day, somewhat to the chagrin of Lady Ulrica St. Ego, who had resolved to do everything in her power to win Errol Hastings. Her sister, Lady Angela, had similar intentions toward Lord Harold Erskine, who was almost as rich, though not of nearly such old family.

One day, when Errol had ordered his four-in-hand to take the party driving, he asked Miss Champion, who was sitting on the box beside him, which way they should go.

"Over the common and up the hill, I think is the prettiest," answered Flora, with the malicious design of passing the Farm, that Winifred might see them.

Just as they came up to the Farm, Winifred, who had been standing at the gate, turned and walked away to the house.

"I say!" cried Lord Harold, "what an elegant woman! Miss Champion, you are the great authority in the county—please tell me who that young beauty is!"

"She is a farmer's daughter," said Flora, coldly; and Errol almost hated her for saying it.

"A farmer's daughter! I could have sworn, with that figure and tournure, she belonged to one of the best families in the county. I was just indulging a hope, Hastings, that we should see her at the ball. Do you know her?"

"Yes," said Errol, gravely, "I have that honor."

"Could you not invite her?" Lord Harold went on.

"Ask the ladies," answered Errol, with an unwonted tinge of sarcasm, "whether they would consent to the presence of a girl who was only a farmer's daughter?"

"Indeed, I am sure I would," cried Miss Alton, who was too pretty to be jealous; but the others remained silent.

Winifred had turned away from the gate with a swelling heart.

"He may not care for me," thought the poor child; "but he need not come past so often with his aristocratic friends to show how far above me he is!"

The day before the ball, Errol had retired to his sanctum, after lunch, to write two or three letters, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" and Lady Grace appeared on the threshold.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" she said. "I have always wished to see your haunt, and a request I have to make to you has at last given me a fair pretext."

"You might have taken my consent for granted," he answered, with a pleasant smile; "but I am quite content that you should think it necessary to ask it, since your scruple brings you here."

"My request relates in a measure to one of the dearest friends I had, poor Winifred Champion."

"Champion?" said Hastings, interrogatively.

"Yes, the daughter of old Sir Howard."

"I did not know that there was another daughter than Lady Valanton."

"Yes, but she made a mesalliance, and Sir Howard, who is a dreadful tyrant, has never allowed her name to be mentioned since. I was very fond of her, poor girl, although she was some years younger than I was, but I never saw her after she ran away, for I was abroad with my husband, and before I returned to England, she died. Her governess, Madame de Montolieu, was a very good and charming person, and I have always kept up a correspondence with her from time to time. I invaded your retreat this afternoon on purpose to ask if I may have the pony carriage, in order to drive over and pay the old lady a visit."

"Why not take the barouche, Lady Grace? Lady St. Ego and Lady Marion have declined driving this afternoon, and the young ladies intend to ride over to Mrs. Champion's before dinner."

"Thank you, I would rather not disconcert my old friend by too much state; besides, I have a great fancy to drive your pretty ponies."

"By all means, then," exclaimed Errol.

Lady Grace Farquhar arrived, very quickly at the little cottage, and prepared for a long chat with Madame de Montolieu, who was very glad to see her.

"I heard," she said, "that you had arrived at the Court, but I scarcely ventured to expect you until after the festivities were concluded."

"I should have come over long ago," Lady Grace answered, gayly, "but I am doing my duty at the Court as hostess. You see, dear madame, I am getting so old that it seems quite natural for me to be acting as Mr. Hastings' mother."

"This Mr. Hastings," asked Madame de Montolieu, "do you like him?"

"I think him charming. He is so agreeable, and clever, and well bred."

"But is he good, and honest, and true?"

Lady Grace looked a little surprised at this question, the more so as it was put with an unusual degree of earnestness.

"I cannot tell, but I should think so," she replied. "It seems to me as if his greatest failing was the hereditary Hastings pride. Why do you ask?"

"I remember his mother," remarked Madame de Montolieu, checking herself. "She was very good and amiable."

"She was, indeed!" sighed Lady Grace. "I have been going to ask you, in so many of my letters, what has become of poor Winifred's child. She was a bright-looking, intelligent little girl."

"Ah, Lady Grace," said the old French lady, sighing, "she gives me the keenest anxiety."

"How so? Is she not turning out well?"

"Too well, too well," ejaculated Madame de Montolieu, with an expressive shake of the head. "She is all the fondest mother or friend could wish; beautiful, amiable, graceful and accomplished—a child to be proud of. Ah, dear Lady Grace, I fear greatly that I have taught her too much, she is so far beyond her father's station; but, indeed, I did it all for the best. I hoped Sir Howard would have noticed and brought her out, but he sternly refuses to have anything to do with her; and they are all so cruel and disdainful to the poor child it breaks my heart."

"It is just like that detestable old Sir Howard," cried Lady Grace, with unusual energy. "He always insisted on sacrificing everything to his stubborn pride. Can nothing be done?"

"I fear not," replied the old lady; and then she proceeded to tell her friend of Miss Champion's treatment of her cousin.

Lady Grace was highly indignant.

"I can quite believe it," she remarked. "Miss Champion has an air of haughty superciliousness that offends me greatly. I cannot understand how it is that Mr. Hastings seems to admire her so much."

At this moment the door opened, and Winifred entered. She drew back on seeing a stranger.

"Enter, my loce," said Madame de Montolieu. "This is Winifred Eyre," she added, addressing her visitor.

Lady Grace was fairly astonished at the sight of such a graceful, elegant creature.

"Come here, my dear," she said, gently, "and let me see if you are like your mother."

Lady Grace left the cottage that afternoon perfectly charmed with Winifred. "I will see if something cannot be done to bring her into a position for which she is fitted," she thought, as she drove slowly back to the Court. "Ah, if I could only have had such a daughter!" and poor childless Lady Grace sighed heavily.

CHAPTER V.

Winifred had just left the Farm on her way to the cottage, when she met and was accosted by Hawkins, the gamekeeper.

"I beg your pardon, miss, for making so free," he said, taking off his cap respectfully, "but I thought maybe you'd like to see some of the grand doings up at the Court to-morrow."

Winifred colored painfully, and Hawkins, remarking it, was terribly concerned.

"I am sure, miss, I meant no offense—I hope you won't take what I said as a liberty." The man looked anxiously at her.

"Indeed, no," exclaimed Winifred, recovering herself; "I am much obliged to you for thinking of me, Hawkins."

"You see, miss," said the gamekeeper, eagerly, "it was in this way. I says to myself, why, the doings at the Court tomorrow will be quite a sight; there's the ballroom done up in that beautiful way as 'ud be a show in itself, let alone all the county fam'lies coming from miles round. They tell me as how the master would make everybody promise to be there by half-past nine, so thinks I, if Miss Eyre 'll just step round about ten o'clock I could let her into the little garden that the ballroom looks into, and she could see all the gay doings without a soul being the wiser."

"Thank you, Hawkins," said Winifred, gently; "it was very good of you to think of me."

As Winifred went on her way she was terribly hurt at a proposal so injurious to her dignity; but it was impossible for her to feel any annoyance with the man, who had evidently spoken from sheer good-will and the wish to afford her a pleasure. But the idea of her, Winifred Eyre, going to look in surreptitiously at a window to see the upper classes amusing themselves was a dreadful offense to her pride.

But it frequently happens that when we violently repudiate an idea at first we are all the more likely to come round to it afterward. And as Winifred walked along, insidious thoughts crept in to undermine the stronghold of her determination.

"After all," whispered Curiosity, "why should I feel so bitter at the thought of being only a spectator of this grandeur? I shall never be able to participate in it, and why should I refuse an opportunity I have so often coveted, of seeing a really grand ball?"

Then she fell into a train of thought. "If I had only the advantage of being Sir Howard's granddaughter, that Flora Champion has—if I could have met Mr. Hastings in society, and ridden and danced with him as she has done, I think I could have made him love me; but as a farmer's daughter, what chance have I with an admired, aristocratic beauty?"

Here words failed her, and she sat down on the bank in the lonely woods, and the tears streamed down her face. So intent was she on her misery that she did not hear footsteps approaching her, and when a man's voice sounded tenderly in her ears, saying, "Miss Eyre, are you in trouble?" she started, blushing, to her feet.

"Mr. Hastings," she exclaimed, covered with confusion and crimson shame; but somehow the sight of his handsome face banished the memory of her sadness, and a bright smile came into her eyes.

"I am so glad to see a smile again," Errol said, with the tenderest inflexion of his voice, "I could not bear to see you in distress."

"When people have not very much to occupy their minds," Winifred answered, "they are rather subject to fits of depression, without adequate cause. I envy you almost now—you are so busied in entertaining and amusing people, you have no time for regrets."

"No time for regrets!" echoed Mr. Hastings; "for the last three weeks my life has been one unceasing, haunting regret."

Winifred looked up into his face inquiringly.

"It is a trouble I cannot ask anyone to share—you least of all," he said, after a pause.

Winifred's eyes drooped beneath his gaze—it was so sad, yet so eager.

A voice was heard calling, "Hastings, Hastings!"

In an instant he had taken her hand, kissed it passionately, and was gone. Winifred turned away quickly, and went on her way to the cottage. She was trembling, confused, glad, surprised. She scarcely knew what her real feelings were. But as Hawkins' proposal recurred to her mind, she determined to accept it.

When she arrived at the cottage, she found Lady Grace, as has been described. When she had accompanied her to the pony carriage, she returned to the little drawing room.

"Dear madame," said Winifred, kneeling beside her old friend, and hiding her face. "I want you to take me to the Court to-morrow night."

"The Court!" exclaimed Madame de Montolieu, in overwhelming surprise; "has Mr. Hastings, then, invited you to his ball?"

"Oh, no, not that," Winifred answered, quickly, with a deep blush. "To-night, as I was coming here, Hawkins met me, and asked me if I should like to see the ball. He said he would let me into the little garden under the ballroom, and there would be no one else there. At first I was angry at the idea, but I have changed my mind; and, oh, madame," she concluded, earnestly, "I do so want to go."

Madame de Montolieu looked at her with impressible astonishment. She almost failed to believe her senses when proud Winifred Eyre made such a request.

"I know it must seem strange to you, Winifred said, imploringly; "you think I am forgetting my pride, and my self-esteem; but I have a reason—indeed I have."

"Winifred!" cried Madame de Montolieu, in a pained voice, "you are thinking too much of this Mr. Hastings."

She caressed the head that lay in her lap pitifully and tenderly while she said:

"I will go with you if you wish it."

"I do wish it; thank you a thousand times."

The next evening, shortly before ten o'clock, Winifred and her companion, cloaked and veiled, appeared at the little garden gate. The faithful Hawkins was waiting for them, and, true to his promise, not another person was to be seen. He had placed two chairs for them behind a clump of laurels, and as the ballroom windows were down to the ground they could see plainly everything that took place.

Winifred saw Lady Grace Farquhar, robed in delicate satin and lace, standing with other ladies on a kind of a velvet dais, receiving the guests as they entered with stately graciousness. Then she saw something that made her tremble and turn pale. Mr. Hastings entered the room, looking more handsome and courtly than she had even imagined, and on his arm leant Flora Champion, with the proud dignity of an empress.

A jealous pang shot through Winifred's heart at the sight, and when she saw Hastings bend down to Flora, and perceived the smile that was reflected back in his eyes, she clinched her teeth over her lips to keep back the tears of mortification. She turned to Madame de Montolieu and said, in quick, gasping tones: "It is enough—let us go!"

(To be continued.)

LATE PRESIDENT'S SURNAME.

Comes from Gaelic MacFhionnlaigh, Meaning "Fair Hero."

The surname of MacKinley or McKinley (the latter as spelled by the late President) is the same with Finlayson, both meaning "son of Finlay." The name is distinctly Scottish, but occurs also in the north of Ireland among the descendants of the settlers of the "Scots plantation of Ulster."

The name, unlike most other Scottish surnames beginning with Mac, is not a very common one, and occurs only sparingly in the public records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as McFindlay, McFinlay, McInlay, McKindlay, McKynlay and McKinley.

In Gaelic orthography, says George F. Black in the New York Times, the name is MacFhionnlaigh (with fh silent). So early as the end of the tenth century the name Finlay is found borne by a powerful earl. Finlaic, son of Ruaidhri, Mormaer or earl of Moray, a province which at that period included almost the whole northern Scotland. The "Icelandic Saga or History of Olaf Tryggvisson," gives his name in a Norse form, Finnleik, and states that he suffered a severe defeat in Caithness at the hands of Siguard, earl of the Orkneys, about 985 A. D. In the year 1020 Finlaic was murdered by his nephews, the sons of his brother Maelbrigde, and Tighernac, the Irish annalist, in recording the death of his successor, calls Finlaic Ri Albain; that is, "king of Alban," indicating that he claimed a position of independence, both from the earls of Orkney and the kings of Scotland.

His son was Macbeth, the usurper and murderer of Duncan, whose obscure career Shakspeare has invested with the splendid light of genius. The Duan Albanach, an old Irish poetical chronicles of the kings of Dairiadh, said to have been written about the year 1057, in giving length of Macbeth's reign, says: "A seacht bliadhna deag mac Fionnlaoich;" literally that is "seven years and ten (ruled) the son of Finlay." The early forms of the name given above show us that it means "fair hero" (from Gaelic fionn, fair, white, and laogh, hero), a meaning which is quite in accord with the principle upon which early Celtic personal names were compounded.

Effect of Rag-Time Songs.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, what did Pharaoh say to Moses?

Children—We don't know.

Teacher—Oh, yes, you do. He told Moses to go and do something. Now, what did he say?

Class—Go way back—and sit down! —Baltimore American.

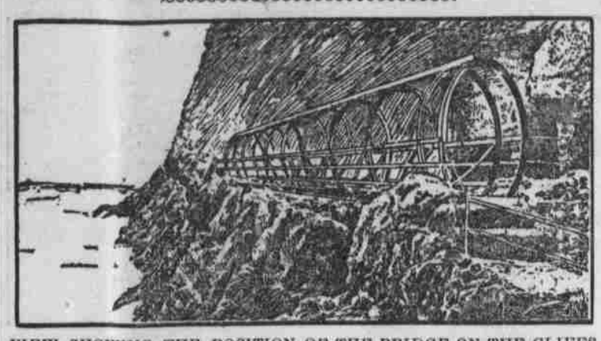
This False World's Ways.

"Any society news out in your suburb?"

"Oh, yes; those folks who moved there only a month ago are moving away just when it is their turn to give a garden party."—Detroit Free Press.

The man whom gin ruins writes his name on the margin of defeat.

A Curious Elliptical Bridge



VIEW SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE BRIDGE ON THE CLIFFS.

A clever and peculiar example of bridge construction has recently been carried out upon the seacoast of County Antrim, in the north of Ireland. At this point the shore drops precipitously into the sea, the cliffs, which are known as "Gobans' Cliffs," being 200 or 300 feet high.

The seacoast scenery is of the wildest and withal most beautiful in its solemn grandeur in the north of Ireland; and to enable visitors and tourists to view the spectacle from its most advantageous points, and also to gain

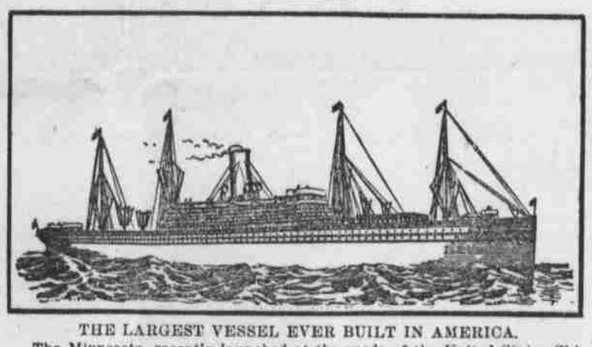
PECULIAR BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION.

access to the many remarkable caves in the vicinity, a walk has been cut out and built in the face of the cliffs. This pathway is only from two to three feet in width, and winds along the face and climbs the cliffs in a most extraordinary manner, which from a short distance imparts to the promenade a most perilous appearance, since immediately below the waves thunder among the rocks. But the walk has been most skillfully and cleverly designed and constructed. Steps are cut roughly and broadly into the solid rock, but to insure perfect safety to climbers a hand rail has been provided. The intervals between the rocks are spanned by delicate and spider-looking bridges of iron. The length of the walk so far constructed is nearly three miles, and it is to be continued for another two miles, which it is anticipated will be completed within a few months.

The most notable triumph of engineering in connection with this work is the erection of what is known as Gobans' bridge. This structure is distinctive owing to its curious design, being elliptical in shape. This piece of work was rendered necessary to span a gap 65 feet in width, giving access from the mainland to an isolated rock known as "The Man-of-War."

Owing to the exposed position of the site of the bridge, the turbulency of the surf playing upon the rocks immediately below, and the strength of the tides, it was found impossible to erect the bridge on the spot. Under these circumstances the structure was erected at Belfast and transferred intact to a scow. The latter was then towed to "The Man-of-War" rock and carefully brought to, as far as possible, immediately below the spot where it was to be installed. Lifting tackle was then placed in position upon each side of the gap to be spanned at the roadway level, and the lifting cables attached to each end of the bridge. The hoisting operation had to be carried out with extreme care, owing to the cramped space in which the lifting tackle was operated, and to prevent the structure being thrown by its own swinging motion when suspended in the air against the face of the rocks, which would have seriously damaged it. The structure was, however, lifted to its position without mishap. It was originally intended to stay the bridge when in position with guys, but when the bridge was erected it was found to be sufficiently rigid to dispense with these additional supports.—Montreal Star.

TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "MINNESOTA."



THE LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT IN AMERICA.

The Minnesota, recently launched at the yards of the United States Shipbuilding Company, New London, Conn., for the Great Northern Railroad Company, is the largest vessel ever built in America and has the greatest freight capacity of any ship in the world. She is 630 feet long, nearly 74 feet wide and 56 feet deep. She has nine decks. The Minnesota will ply between Seattle, Honolulu and Yokohama, and in order to make these long trips she has been provided with bunker space for 6,000 tons of coal, which will be automatically delivered to the stokers. Her total carrying capacity is about 30,000 tons dead weight. The Minnesota will not be an "ocean greyhound," her speed being only about fourteen knots, but every provision has been made for the comfort of passengers and crew, and several novel features introduced in her construction have resulted in a great economy of space. It is said that if the Minnesota should prove as successful as is hoped for the purpose for which she is intended several vessels of exactly similar model and size will be built as soon as possible for the Pacific trade. It is believed that vessels of such enormous carrying capacity, where there will no abnormal consumption of coal in the effort to get great speed, will be more economical of operation than any steamships ever built.

REAL FEMININE INSTINCT.

Jennie Was Bound to Succeed in Newspaper Work.

She had a gawky girl with her when she appeared in the editorial rooms of a woman's magazine.

"My daughter Jennie," she announced by way of introduction.

"A fine looking girl," commented the editor.

"Yes, and I want to tell you about her," said the woman. "She knows more about how to do things than any other girl living."

"She does?"

"Well, she thinks she does. She can sit in the parlor and give me advice better than any one I ever knew."

"Capable, is she?"

"With her tongue, she is. I don't seem to ever do anything just right myself, so she tells me. She advises me about cooking."

"Yes."

"And I've been cooking since before she was born, while she never has made anything but fudges. She tells me how to make pretty things out of barrel heads and old boxes, too."

"Most important."

"But I don't see that she's able to make any of the things herself. And, say! you ought to hear the advice she gives me on how to be beautiful. Why, the rules she lays down wouldn't leave a woman time for even sleep!"

"It's a woman's duty to make herself attractive."

"But I don't notice that she's worked herself over into any Venus. And then there's etiquette——"

"But why do you come to us? Is she inclined to shirk her own duties? Do you wish us to advise her——"

"Advise nothing!" retorted the woman. "She's so loaded up with advice that I thought you might like to give her a job. Seems to me that every woman who gets hold of a pen or a typewriter gets the idea that she's a regular mine of wisdom and is specially ordained to tell other women how to do things. I figure that in another ten years half the women in the country will be telling the other half what to do and how to do it, and in twenty years there won't be anybody left to do anything except give advice. That being the case, I suppose Jennie might as well start in now. All you've got to do is to give her a pen and a bottle of ink and a page on which to spread herself and she'll be in the front rank mighty soon. She's got the real feminine idea."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Yankee Ideas Invade Syria.

For the first time the ancient and primitive methods of labor in the Holy Land have been disturbed by the introduction of Western inventions. The natives of Syria have been jolted out of the rut of ages by the boom of the thrashing machine and the musical whirr of the reaping machine!

Last summer an enterprising American imported the first reaper and set it to cutting the grain in the Syrian fields. He had it sent all the way from Chicago. Then a little later a steam thrasher, the product of an Indiana foundry, was heard of in Coele-Syria. It created great excitement among the native farmers. They were afraid of it at first, then later concluded it to be the work of the evil one and tried to destroy it. They were with difficulty brought to see its many advantages over the old way of treading out the grain.

The American windmill speedily followed the thrasher, and a month or more ago a flour mill, with machinery and oil motor engine complete, from Indianapolis, began grinding wheat in Lebanon.

A helping hand—four aces.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A FEMININE FINANCIER.

Chicago Woman Proves She Has a "Head for Business."

The people who rashly allege that women have "no head for business" will find it hard to maintain their argument in the face of a tale told by the Chicago Post. The story began with the wife. "George," she said, "mother has sent me a check for forty dollars to get a new gown."

"Very thoughtful and kind of her," he commented.

"It's to be spent for nothing else, she says."

"Quite right."

"I wish you'd put it in with your bank account. I'll ask you for it when I want it. I can't do my shopping just now."

That was the first chapter of this financial tale. Now we come to the second.

"George," she said, about a week later, "I wish you'd bring me home the money to-night. I'm going down town to-morrow."

He brought the money home and gave it to her, and that ended the second chapter. The third contained a surprise.

"George," she said, toward the close of another week, "I wish you'd bring me home that forty dollars that mother sent."

"Why, I gave you that last week," he protested.

"Oh, you gave me forty dollars, of course," she admitted, "but you remember mother said her money was to be used for a gown and nothing else."

"Yes."

"Well, I didn't use that for a gown, so the money wasn't hers. I got some things for the children and the house with it, and now I want her money for the gown."

"O-ho!" he exclaimed. "So you misappropriated funds."

"I did nothing of the kind!" she asserted.

"She gave you the money for a certain purpose and you expended it for something else," he argued. "That's a clear case of misappropriation."

"Not at all," she insisted. "If I had spent it for the gown it would have been her money; but so long as I did not it was yours, and I spent it for your children and your house. Now I want the money that mother sent."

The poor man brought home another forty dollars, and considered the incident closed.

But in the course of another week the wife remarked, "You have fifteen dollars left of mother's money, and I believe I'll take it now."

"But I gave it all to you," he protested.

"You gave me forty dollars," she replied, "and I spent twenty-five dollars of it for a skirt. That was mother's money, but the other fifteen dollars went for the children and the house, so that wasn't mother's. There's just enough left for a jacket."

"I'll meet you to-morrow," he said, "and we'll go together and get that jacket. I don't believe I care to take any more chances with that money."

QUEER STORIES

A day in the planet Eros is 5½ hours.

On all South London street railways the fare is now one cent.

By the sea San Francisco is farther from New York than it is from Liverpool.

The tubes in the boilers of a large ship would reach ten miles if placed end to end.

The average European is 5 feet 6 7-10 inches high; the average American, 5 feet 7 8-10. Their respective weights are 138 and 141 pounds.

Regarding cuckoos it is said that the long tail of these birds so interfered with their balancing that they have necessarily developed strong feet with two toes pointing backward and two forward. By this arrangement the cuckoos are able firmly to grasp their perch.

It may be the Ozark rocks and caverns in Arkansas contain evidence of a more primitive man than has been found elsewhere in the middle Mississippi valley region. It is just possible that they may contain the evidence, sought by scientific men for years, that cave men existed on the American continent at the end of the last glacial epoch.

It is believed that the largest mule in the world is owned in Callaway County, Mo. The animal is the property of "Mike" Murray, of Hereford, and it stands eighteen hands high and weighs 1,841 pounds. The mule is barely three years of age, and its owner expects to have the phenomenon weigh upward of 2,000 pounds by the end of the year. Mr. Murray is not working the mule, but is feeding it for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904.

Not Her Only Loss.

The widow Simonds had appeared before Squire Benson with one complaint after another. This time she accused one of her neighbors of stealing two ducks.

"I missed them from the duck pond yesterday," she said, plaintively, "an' this morning, square, I'm jest as sure as I'm standing here that I saw them in Harr'et Shaw's yard. They had a different look from her own ducks."

"O, nonsense!" said the squire. "Mrs. Shaw is as honest as the sun, and you know it! Why, I've got half a dozen ducks in my yard this minute that are exactly like yours!"

"Well, square," said the widow, lugubriously, "these two aren't the first nor the only ones I've missed this summer, but you know I never was one to make complaints till I'm sure of my ground."—Youth's Companion.

Where No Wheels Can Be Used.

In the whole of the Madeira Islands there are no wheeled vehicles, for the roads are too rough and mountainous. There are a few heavy sledges drawn by bullocks, but the favorite modes of locomotion are hammocks slung on poles and borne by natives and basket sledges. The latter are used for descending the mountains, and are skillfully guided by a runner behind.

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