

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

And Fenner, trembling and cringing like a beaten spaniel, went quickly out. Errol returned to his writing table, and commenced a letter to Winifred. He had served her now; would she be more disposed to look leniently on his offense, and let her love conquer her womanly pride. "I will at least make the trial before I go," he said to himself, and then he took up his pen and wrote thus:

"I enclose you a note, Miss Eyre, from the man Fenner. You will see by that that he engages to discontinue his annoyance of you, and to leave you for the future free and unmolested. And now, before I leave England on my long voyage, I pray you to hear the appeal of my heart to yours. Winifred, I love you with all my soul, with the truest, deepest strength of which passion is capable, and I come to you to decide my future. My happiness, my misery, are in your hands. It is for you to seal my perfect bliss by consenting to become my cherished wife, or to punish a faint born of love, and to condemn me to a life of sorrow by driving me away from the sunshine of your presence. Do not decide hastily. I shall not leave this for a week, and if your answer is what I scarcely dare to hope it will be, I shall not leave at all. If you cannot find it in your gentle, womanly heart to forgive me, I shall go out into the world and seek to forget the only woman in the world I ever really loved."

When Winifred broke the seal, and read Errol's letter, her first emotion was one of intense relief. Then, reading the avowal of Errol's love, for a moment her heart rebelled to him, and a sad, fond recollection of the handsome hero of her past worshipfully made the tears start into her eyes. Then her quick pride came to the rescue—she tore the letter to atoms and threw them from her. "I will never forgive him—never!" she cried, passionately; and then she thought what that letter would have been to her if it had come a few days sooner.

It wanted but one day to the completion of the week, when Arthur Le Marchant rushed into Errol's room.

"My dear Errol," he exclaimed, "what is this I hear about your leaving the Court? It surely is not true!"

"My dear fellow," said Errol, gently, "I cannot tell whether I am going or not. You shall know tomorrow. I am waiting for my verdict, and if it is adverse to me I shall go away, and try to forget my trouble."

Two days after Errol said to Le Marchant:

"It is all over, and I'm going. Don't ask me any questions, old fellow—I'm hard hit."

Before Mr. Hastings left the Court he made his friend promise to play host there in the shooting season during his absence; and on the last day of August he was standing on the deck of his beautiful yacht *Oenone* looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. His thoughts were full of tenderness to the woman who had scorned him.

"She is right," he said, "but I think, if she had known how I loved her, she would have found it in her heart to forgive me."

A fortnight later Lady Grace Farquhar, by dint of subtle diplomacy, managed to secure what she had for some time past set her heart upon, and that was to practically adopt Winifred Eyre as her protégée, if not as a daughter. She was very anxious that Winifred should have an opportunity of being introduced to society and the coming shooting season at Sir Clayton's estate, Endon Vale, seemed to afford Lady Grace the opportunity. Among those who would be present for the shooting, her nephew, Lord Harold Erskine, who was quite taken with Flora, Champion and whom she knew that young lady, in default of becoming Mrs. Sir Clayton's estate, Endon Vale seemed to afford Lady Grace the opportunity. Among those who would be present for the shooting, her nephew, Lord Harold Erskine, who was quite taken with Flora, Champion and whom she knew that young lady, in default of becoming Mrs. Sir Clayton's estate, Endon Vale seemed to afford Lady Grace the opportunity.

BARTER AT THE CROSS ROADS.

Two of the Natives Talk Two Days to Make a Deal.

At Carter's cross roads I came upon two native Tennesseans who sat on a log and whittled while they talked. One was a young fellow with a silver watch and the other owned the poor old mule hitched to a post. They had come together to make a trade and had been talking for an hour and as I rode off one of them said:

"I'm trade yo' even up, Jim, and if that don't hit yo' it's no use to talk furder."

"I can't do it, Tom," replied the other. "That there mule is wuth two such watches."

When the latter arrived she found her kind hostess alone, all her guests being away on an excursion to the neighboring woods. They had spent a pleasant afternoon together, and just as the wheels of the returning carriages were heard, Lady Grace sent her young friend a message, proposing that she should come on to the drawing room. This she did, and when they entered the drawing room there was no one in it but Lord Harold Erskine, who came up immediately to be introduced.

"Harold," said his aunt, "I leave Miss Eyre to your charge until dinner time, so do your best to amuse her."

Lord Harold forthwith devoted himself to being agreeable to his new acquaintance, and succeeded perfectly. She felt quite at ease, and chatted gaily to him. Presently the door at the further end of the room opened, and a magnificent lady, dressed in sweeping lace and silk, entered. The crimson color flushed into Winifred's cheeks as she recognized her haughty cousin. They had never met since it had been agreed the farmer's daughter was to be noticed.

"What will she do?" wondered Winifred. "Will she come to me, or will she wait until Lady Grace introduces us?"

(To be continued.)

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"You seem to be enjoying unusually good health," said the friend of the family. "The last time I was here you were up against a severe attack of dyspepsia."

"That's right," replied the jovial head of the household. "I bunked the undertaker out of a job, all right, all right."

"How did you manage it?" was the friendly interrogatory.

"I got hold of my wife's cookbook and made a bonfire of it," was the significant reply.

Not Even a Comparison.

La Mont—Yes, I heard them discharging a 10-inch gun the other day.

La Moyné—You did not seem much disturbed by the rumrump.

La Mont—No, I heard my wife discharging the cook before I left home.

Same Old Diet.

"How many meals do they have at your boarding house?" asked the bosom friend.

"One," replied the boarder, sadly.

"What meal is that?"

"Oatmeal."

An Explanation.

Miles—How did De Jones get to be such a confirmed woman hater?

Giles—Oh, he was a floorwalker in a dry goods store for seven years.

The Conspicuous Medal.

Pianist—You see those small medals? Well, I got those for playing the piano when I was in Germany.

Chorus—But the large one, Herr Hair, how did you get that?

Pianist—Oh, that one, the people in our firm gave me that for not playing around home.

They Wanted Her to Go.

"Yes, daughter is going abroad to continue her studies in singing."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Everybody in our flat contributed to a fund to send her to Berlin. They were all so kind. They wanted her to go as soon as possible and some of them said they'd be glad to send her still farther. And when I asked them if they wouldn't miss her voice they admitted that they would for a time. And then they quickly added that of course this mustn't stand in the way of her going. And old Mr. Bascomb said, in his serious voice: 'What is our gain is Bertha's loss.' Of course he meant it as Bertha's loss. He's so funny."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Do Worse.

"Young man," said the stern father, "do you think you are in a position to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Sure thing," replied the knowing youth. "Why, only last week she refused to accompany me to the theater because she had nothing to wear."

Her First Impression.

"What is that number on his automobile?"

"Why, Jennie, that is the number of the machine."

"Indeed? I thought it was the number of people he had run down."

He Knew.

Mrs. Haytop—Hiram, what is a gilded investment?

Haytop—Well, I guess as how it's a gold brick, Mandy.

Progressive.

Giles—By the way, what became of that fellow Skimmey who was in the coal business here last winter?

Miles—Oh, he sold out about a month ago and went to Arizona. Last I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a stage coach.

Giles—In other words, he evolved from a light weightman to a highwayman.

As It Should Be.

Husband (during the spat)—Oh, well, a man is supposed to tell a few lies when he is doing a courtship stunt.

Wife—Yes, I suppose so; but it's up to him to reform after he gets married.

Natural Supposition.

"Rosa," said the old man, "I know you are engaged to that young lady and call on her every night."

"What of that?" asked the youth in the grown-up hat.

"Well, er—would you mind giving me all the cigars that get broken in your vest pocket?"

Best's Garden.

Now in our little garden plot Belle digs and plants with joy; I wot it will not tire me much to hoe—For most seeds don't come up, you know.

Preliminary Steps.

Ping—What is the first thing to do in learning to run an automobile?

Pong—The first thing is to get your life insured and the second is to have an obese bank roll for repairs.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.)

DEALER IN

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IS A RAINY-DAY FINANCIER.

A Small Boy Who Has an Original Plan for Earning Money.

"The small boy—or at least one small boy—has found a new way of making money," said a young woman the other day who had made the discovery.

"Recently," she continued, "I went down town to do some shopping. When I left the sun was shining brightly and the skies were blue. Through the vagaries of our delightful New York climate, when I got out at the 110th street station on my way home it was raining cats and dogs, or hailing cabs and umbrellas, as you prefer. I was gathering my skirts for a frantic rush when a boy's voice accosted me.

"Take you home cheap under an umbrella, lady?" he inquired.

"How much?" I said.

"Where to?" he asked, promptly.

"One Hundred and Nineteenth street."

"Three blocks for 5 cents," he responded. We were off in a moment, and I questioned him.

"Yes; soon as school's out, over to the elevated station and take 'em home. Three blocks for 5 cents for one person. When they're two together, I walk behind in the rain and let 'em carry the umbrella 'emself. Oh, yes, I generally make about 25 cents a rainy day from the ladies, but always more if it don't look like rain early in the afternoon and the rain comes sudden."

"I could make more if I had rubbers with me, but ladies' feet is such different sizes I'd have to carry a whole store of 'em. No, 25 cents isn't a great deal, but it's money for a 10-year kid."

"And then, you know, a good many of the ladies pays me extra. There was a lady before you, a few minutes, that gave me a quarter. You look so much like her I'd almost think you was her. A quarter? Oh, thank you, thank you very much, ma'am."

"Yes, it's a paying scheme," said the young woman, according to the New York Times. "That clap is the sort," she went on, "who'll grow into a penniless young man, persuade some clever belle to marry him, and then make people say they wonder how he ever happened to bind himself to such a girl."

MAXIMITE IS SAFE TO HANDLE.

It Will Not Explode from Ignition—Insensitive to Shock.

Hudson Maxim, the inventor of "Maximite," which has recently been adopted by the United States Government, gives a clear account of his remarkable invention in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

"Maximite," he says, "which has recently been adopted by the Government, has satisfactorily stood every test to which it has been subjected, and there is none of the foregoing requirements which it does not fulfill perfectly. It is very inexpensive of manufacture, has a fusion point below the temperature of boiling water; cannot be exploded from ignition, and, indeed, cannot be heated hot enough to explode, for it will boil away like water without exploding. It is, therefore, perfectly safe to melt over an open fire for filling projectiles. In the same manner, should the material be any chance catch fire, it would simply burn away like asphalt, without exploding. When cast into shells it not only solidifies into a dense, hard, incompressible mass on cooling, but it expands and sets hard upon the walls of the projectile, like sulphur. That is to say, it expands in the same way as water does in freezing.

"When a shell filled with it strikes armor plate, the Maximite does not shatter a particle, and it is so insensitive, that it not only stands the shock of penetration of the thickest armor plate which the shell itself can go through, but it will not explode, even if the projectile breaks up on the plate."

Style.

"And have you seen your little baby brother yet?" inquired the caller.

"Yes," replied little Ethel Blingore, "and I was so disappointed in it."

"Why?"

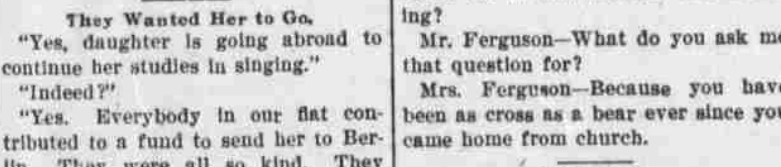
"Because it doesn't look a bit more stylish than the one our washwoman's girl"—Philadelphia Press.

The most perfect echele in the world is said to be that at Shipley, in Sussex, South England. It will repeat twenty-one syllables.

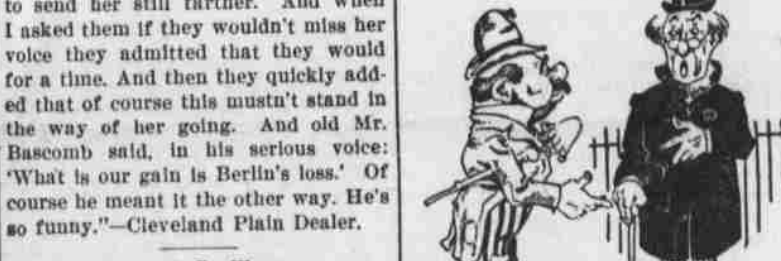
Too much style is apt to produce that attired feeling.



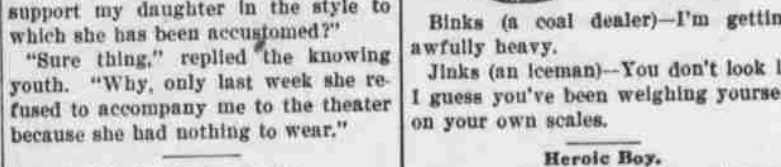
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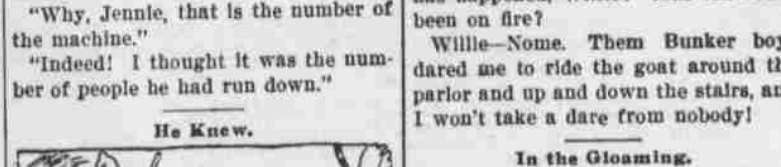
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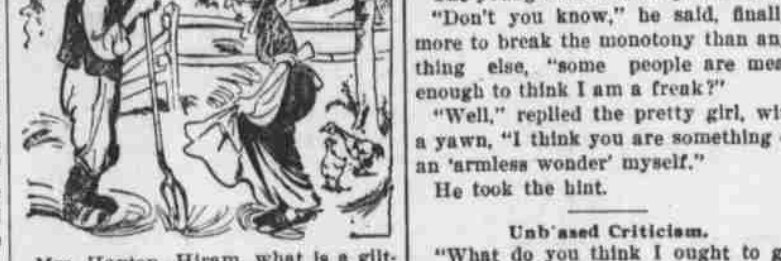
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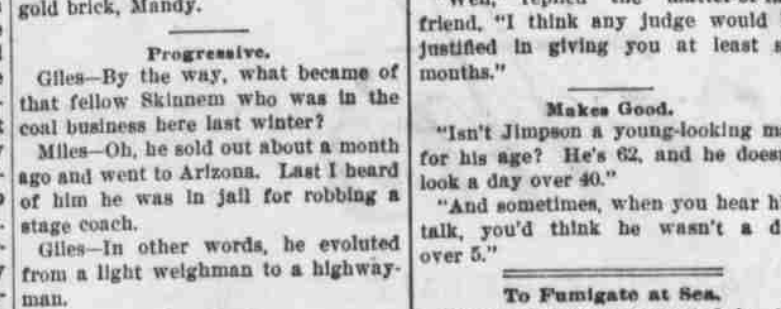
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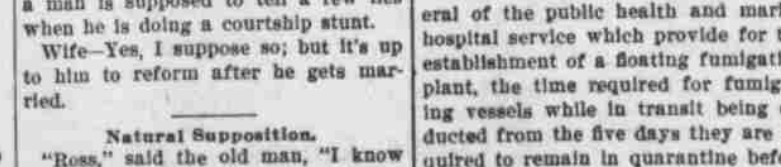
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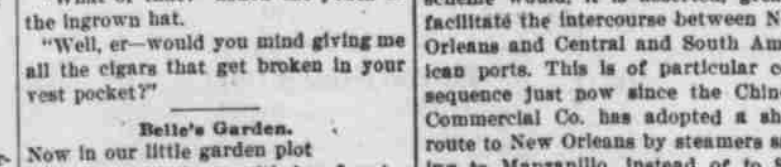
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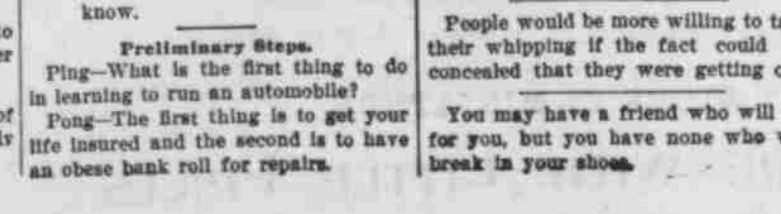
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Natural Supposition. "Rosa," said the old man, "I know you are engaged to that young lady and call on her every night."



Best's Garden. Now in our little garden plot Belle digs and plants with joy; I wot it will not tire me much to hoe—For most seeds don't come up, you know.



Preliminary Steps. Ping—What is the first thing to do in learning to run an automobile?

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

All Lady Grace Farquhar's guests had arrived, save one. That one was Winifred Eyre. On the morning of the day on which she and her cousin were to have appeared at Endon Vale, a letter came to Lady Grace, saying that Madame de Montolieu was seriously ill with an attack of bronchitis, and that until she was sufficiently recovered Winifred could not leave her.

Miss Champion, of course, arrived at the same time, and if the truth must be told, she was very well satisfied with what had occurred. The idea of driving over to Endon Vale with her cousin had been most distasteful to her; and now that she was relieved from that unpleasant necessity she was radiant, and, as her brother, who accompanied her, remarked, in a most unusually good temper.

The greater part of Lady Grace Farquhar's guests were strangers to her; those she knew were Lord Harold Erskine, Miss Alton, the Honorable Evelyn Van and his sister. As the reader will pass some time in the company of the visitors at Endon Vale, it may not be superfluous to enter into a few particulars concerning them. Lord Harold Erskine, as has already been mentioned, so will begin with Mr. Francis Clayton, who from his cousinship to the host claims priority of mention.

Francis Clayton was a man who would have completely baffled the researches of those estimable people who persistently pry into everyone. There was not an amiable trait in his character, nor a kind action of his on record; and yet he passed muster in society, because he possessed a certain degree of manner, and because his income was a very large one. He was not a man to charm women, yet there was many a one who would have been content to ignore his willful qualities and take him for the sake of his rent roll. Francis Clayton was 37, and it was his boast that he had never made any woman an offer of marriage.

Miss Alton had been at Endon Vale some days, and was a great favorite with everyone in the house. Her aunt, Lady Marion, was in Ireland, and as she was not particularly attached to her prim old grandfather and grandmother, whom her aunt visited annually, she had been very glad to accept Lady Grace's invitation to spend a month with her. Marion, of Fee Alton, as her fond aunt had christened her, was the prettiest, spiritiest little coquet in the world. Her mother and Lady Marion were twin sisters, and the former having formed an attachment for a handsome young captain in the army, whom her father would not hear of taking off with him, and subsequently accompanied him to India with his regiment, where she died. Two years after, her handsome young husband caught a fever, and then their two children were sent to England. The elder, a boy, died on the passage home, and the little girl was received with open arms by her aunt as a precious charge from her dearly beloved sister.

Lady Marion was by this time married to a baronet of considerable wealth, but she had no children; and when Sir Marmande Alton died, ten years after their marriage, the title went to a younger brother. He was, however, able to leave her a handsome income for her life, and Lady Marion Alton lived in very good style. She was devoted to her niece, who she insisted should take her name; and to prevent any inconvenience from their both having the same Christian name Lady Marion rechristened her pretty little niece Fee, and a very appropriate name it was.

At the time we write Fee Alton was 18, and just through her first season. She was small, but perfectly symmetrical; it was only sorry that prompted people to say sometimes she was nothing but an animated doll. Everyone admired her, and liked her, and she liked everyone in return. She was the life and soul of a party, with her quick wit and keen sense of the ridiculous, and if she was a little malicious sometimes it was impossible to be angry with her, she was always so eager to atone for it.

As opposites frequently attract each other, she was at the present time engaged to a desperate flirtation with Col. Ivers d'Aguilar, a tall, dark, melancholy looking man (albeit decidedly handsome), who was very much in love with her. He had been all through the Indian war, and on his return to England, looking very thin and worn, he was made quite a hero by all the women, and looked his part extremely well.

I suppose that if two men from the opposite poles had been brought together under one roof, they could not have differed more essentially than Col. d'Aguilar and Mr. Clayton. One was generous in heart and mind, chivalrous to women, irresolute, diffident in himself, and with the courage of a lion; the other—well, we already know what Francis Clayton was. And yet these two men had something in common—a sentiment which in one was a tender, chivalrous affection; in the other a base, selfish passion. This sentiment was love of Fee Alton. For the first, absolutely the first time in his life, Mr. Clayton was, as he confessed to himself, in love—confoundedly in love with a pretty, little, malicious, teasing, impudent fairy, and could not help himself.

Lady Grace's guests included Mr. Frank, a connection of her husband's, who had recently come into a very good living, but had strong sporting tendencies; Captain Culloden, of the Guards, a very plain, quiet individual, with a good income and considerably less brains; and the monstrous John Fleeson, a universal and most