



ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)
The party at Endon Vale was broken up. Lady Marston, on being informed of her niece's engagement had come to Endon Vale and carried her off to London, and thence to pay a visit to Berkshire. Francis Clayton had left the day before for London. Miss Champion had stayed on, in the hope of winning back Lord Harold's allegiance; but now that she found each day attracting him more and more to her cousin, she could endure it no longer. The visit to Lady Grace, from which she had anticipated such great results, had been fraught with the most bitter mortification.

That same evening while Lady Grace was in her own little sanctum reading, Winifred knocked at her door, and in answer to her "come in," the girl went in and shut the door.
Lady Grace looked up and smiled kindly, and then she looked again. Winifred did not seem bright and beaming as was her wont—she was nervous, and there were tear stains on her face.
"What is it, my love? You have been crying?" There was such tender solicitude in the tone that it was too much for the girl's overstrung nerves, and the tears came thick and fast.
"O Lady Grace, I am so grieved!"
"Grieved, my child? You have not had bad news from home?"
"Oh, no, not that; but I am so afraid you will be angry with me and never forgive me. It is about Lord Harold Erskine," Winifred said, nervously, and a sudden chill came into the heart of the elderly lady, for she was very fond of her nephew.

"About Harold, my dear?"
"Lord Harold asked me to marry him this morning; and, oh, Lady Grace, I am so sorry!"
"Sorry that he asked you to marry him?"
"Because—indeed, Lady Grace, I never dreamt of such a thing—I thought his position made him so far beyond me. I thought he was kind to me, just from generous-mindedness like you, that I might not feel strange at coming into society I was not used to."
"Then you do not love him?"
"I do like him very much—I could not help it, he is so good—but, oh, dear Lady Grace, I could not marry him, and the tears raised down."
"Then you have refused him?"
"I told him the truth—I could not deceive him."
And then all of a sudden it flashed on Lady Grace Farquhar's mind that there was something noble and high-minded in this girl's refusing such a position and such wealth because she did not love the man. A more worldly minded woman would have had such romantic folly in contempt, and thought the girl a fool for her pains; but not so Lady Grace. Still there was a momentary struggle in her heart before she rose from her seat and kissed Winifred.

"My love, she said sweetly, "I think you have done quite right, if you feel sure in your own mind that you cannot love him. But are you quite sure? Harold is kind and good; he is handsome, and is rich—ought you not to weigh everything in your mind thoroughly before you decide?"
"I like him, I respect him, but I do not love him," Winifred replied, concluding Winifred, pleasantly.
"Very well, my dear, I will say no more. I am sorry, for my boy's sake, and I should have been well content to have you for a niece.
And then the kind-hearted woman took the sobbing girl in her arms and Winifred laid her head on the kind breast and cried to her heart's content. There was a good deal more talk before the two parted, and it was settled that Winifred should go home the next day but one, and stay there a few weeks; and then she should pay Endon Vale another visit, when Lord Harold should have left. But Lord Harold left that very day, after seeing and confiding in his aunt. His parting words were:
"Aunt, do you think there is any hope that she will ever come to care for me?"
Lady Grace kissed his forehead and stroked his head very tenderly.
"I cannot tell, my boy, but I am afraid not."

CHAPTER X.
Seventeen months have elapsed since Errol Hastings had stood on the deck of the Rhone, looking down into the Mediterranean, and thinking of the woman he loved so deeply. She was not a woman, though, then—she was only a fresh young girl; and in her sweet, simple purity lay the charm she had for the man of the world.

He was staying for a month in Paris on the way home, and the brilliant society he mixed with was very pleasant after his long isolation.
Tonight, too, he was to meet an old friend at the opera—a woman whom he had always liked, but who had never seemed so charming to him as she did now, with her pretty assumption of matronhood, her husband was desirable, certainly, and she knew it. Surely the continuance of an old friendship must be grateful to one who could not be very happy. And with a strong interest, very keenly awakened, Mr. Hastings walked that evening into Mrs. Clayton's opera box.

The husband and wife were together alone. The former was gazing intently through his glass at a very showy looking supernumerary, the latter leant back idly, with a strong expression of discontent and weariness on her pretty face. She was prettier, perhaps, than when we last saw her as Fee Alton; but sadder, more pensive, and her beauty was enhanced by the magnificence of her jewelry.
"I am so glad you have come," Mrs. Clayton said, smiling up in Errol's face, and yielding her hand to his gentle pressure—"I was so dull. None of my friends has been up to see me, and Mr. Clayton is so fascinated by some lovely creature on the stage that he has no eyes for anyone else. Francis," she continued, touching her husband—"Francis, Mr. Hastings is here."
Mr. Clayton looked savagely at her, and then he gave a sly recognition to Mr. Hastings.

"I hardly expected to see you here this evening," he said.

"You know, Francis, I told you I asked Mr. Hastings to come," said Fee, maliciously. "Your memory is not usually so defective."

Madame was not in the best of tempers—constant contact with a man like her husband had not tended to increase the amiability of her disposition.

Mr. Clayton turned away to the stage, and left his wife to an uninterrupted conversation with her friend. But all the same he was trying to hear every word that passed between them; he was far too small-minded to be free from jealous and suspicious. Fee was perfectly aware that he was listening, so she dropped her voice to a whisper, and flitted away in a very animated manner with Mr. Hastings. Francis Clayton was gradually becoming furious. At the end of the third act he arose.

"It is time to put on your cloak," he said in a harsh and unpleasant voice.
"Why, dear?" asked Fee, looking up with languid innocence, "are you afraid I shall take cold? You are not usually so solicitous about me."
"I ordered the carriage early, and I do not choose my horse to be kept waiting," he replied, scarcely deigning to look at her.
Mr. Clayton moved toward the door, and his wife resumed her conversation with more animation than ever.
"Are you coming?" he exclaimed, turning impatiently.
"Me—coming?" returned Fee, nonchalantly, raising her eyebrows. "My dear Francis, what could put such an absurd idea into your head?"
To be treated with indifference, and worse, ridicule, is naturally disagreeable to any man; but it made Mr. Clayton, sulky and ill-tempered as he already was, perfectly aflame with rage.
"Marion, are you coming?"
"Certainly not."
"Then I shall go alone. Henry can get you a fiacre when you feel disposed to follow me." And the amiable husband left the box.

Mrs. Clayton was as bitter and angry as a high-spirited woman would be under the circumstances; but she went on talking to her companion very fast, to conceal her annoyance. She was too proud to make any allusion to her husband's treatment of her; and Mr. Hastings appeared not to have noticed it. But he felt for her keenly. He did not quite justify her, or think she had behaved wisely, but he must have been some strong undercurrent of bitterness to change the bright, good-tempered, sunny, little fairy he had known formerly to the indifferent, provoking woman of to-night. "Poor little girl!" he thought to himself. "I dare say she has found out by this time that money doesn't bring happiness."

Mrs. Clayton remained until the fifth act was half over, then she asked Errol to see if her servant was in the hall. He left the box, and returned almost immediately.
"My brougham is at your disposal, Mrs. Clayton, and your servant is just calling it up."
She thanked him, and he put her cloak carefully round her, and gave her his arm.
"Good-night," she said, when she was seated in the carriage. "Many thanks for your timely aid. Will you come and see us to-morrow at our house?"
"Aunt is very well, and at parting he held her hand longer than is strictly necessary in wishing good-by."

The day after their meeting at the opera Mr. Hastings called on Mrs. Clayton; and Mr. Clayton, suspecting the visit, was purposely at home. Fee brightened up when Mr. Hastings was announced. She had always liked him; now in her loneliness and misery she ranked him as a dear old friend. Her manner was all the more cordial because she wanted to annoy her husband.
"Mr. Hastings, I am delighted to see you; I was just feeling so frightfully dull and dull. I hope you bring a whole budget of news."
"I must ask first after my old friend, Lady Marion," he answered. "I cannot forgive myself for my remissness in not doing so last night."
"Aunt is very well, thank you. I heard from her this morning. She says she is dreadfully dull without me, and is longing to see us back again."
"I often think how she must miss you. I almost wonder she does not remain with you."
"So she would, gladly, but Mr. Clayton won't let her. Of course, if we have a difference of opinion she takes my part, and he says something rude to her, and she is offended. It is not so, Francis?"
Mr. Clayton muttered something about a mother-in-law being bad enough, but an aunt-in-law was more than anybody bargained for.

"And as matrimony is altogether a commercial speculation," rejoined Fee, with a delightful smile, "you can't, of course, take more than you bargain for—can you, Mr. Hastings?"
Errol was by no means pleased at being made a third party to matrimonial differences, and made an effort to change the conversation.
"Have you seen anything of Lady Grace Farquhar lately, Mrs. Clayton?" he asked.
"She was here not a month ago; and she has adopted such a sweet, charming girl. They are like mother and daughter; and what that selfish old bookworm, Sir Clayton, seems quite taken with her. I wish you had been here sooner. I know you would have been in love with her."
"I thought Mr. Hastings knew Miss Errol," interposed Francis Clayton. "At all events, I recollect hearing their names connected in some story about meeting in a wood."
Errol started slightly, and it might have been fancy, but Fee certainly thought a deeper color came into his bronzed face. Mr. Clayton seemed to think the same, for he proceeded in his usual amiable manner:
"She and Erskine were awfully sweet on each other when we were staying at the Vale. I dare say that will be a match. Lady Grace seems quite shocking to it; but of course it's a shocking bad one for him."
"Francis," exclaimed his wife, "how you exaggerate! You know Winifred never cared for Lord Harold. She won't take more than you bargain for—can you, Mr. Hastings?"
"Did you say that Lady Grace had adopted her, Mrs. Clayton?"
"Yes, more than a year ago; indeed, before I was married. She was in such sad trouble, poor girl. She was very fond of her father, and he was killed suddenly in a very shocking way. His horse ran away with him, and he was thrown out of the dogcart and killed on the spot. They thought she never would get over it, and Lady Grace took her home and nursed her as if she had been her own child. Old Sir Howard Chapman would have taken her, but she re-

refused to go near them, because they would not acknowledge her father. She was promised to come and stay with me when we get back to town. You must come and meet her."
"I shall be—very—happy," stammered Errol.
CHAPTER XI.
Errol Hastings, riding toward the Bois de Boulogne, pondering much on what he had heard. He was surprised—he tried to believe he was pleased; but somehow or other his satisfaction was not very genuine. Miss Errol had certainly made a fortunate step in life; true she had lost a father whom she had loved, but then she had gained a friend, in Lady Grace Farquhar. She would get introduced into good society, and perhaps, but that was not a train of thought he cared to follow. Had not Erskine already been at her feet?
Mr. Hastings's soliloquy was cut short by seeing Col. d'Aguljar walking leisurely along the Champs Elysees. He drew rein instantly.
"D'Aguljar!" he cried.
"Hastings!" exclaimed the other, and they shook hands warmly.
"I thought you were back with your regiment," said Errol.
"I have a month more leave, and my brother asked me to join him here, and so I came."
A great many questions came into Errol's head that he would have liked to ask Col. d'Aguljar at once; but conversation is neither easy nor agreeable when carried on with a pedestrian from the altitude of a horse's back, particularly when your steed is restive and impatient.
"Come up to my hotel to-night, d'Aguljar, will you?"
"Very well, I suppose you are going to the ball at the Embassy?"
"Yes; but not before twelve."
"Then I'll look in about ten."
And the two men parted just as Mrs. Clayton rolled past in her handsome carriage, drawn by high-stepping horses. She looked like a lovely little Equilinaux enveloped in her soft white furs, and she gave Mr. Hastings a bright smile, and the wave of a delicately gloved little hand. She had not observed Col. d'Aguljar.

Sixteen months had passed since the day when they had ridden together to the avenue of broad-leaved chestnuts at Endon Vale. She was not altered—at all events, it did not seem so in the momentary glance he had caught of her smiling face. Was she then utterly heartless? Could she have lived all these months with such a hateful companion as her husband, and still go on smiling and flirting and give no sign? Col. d'Aguljar knew none of the particulars of the marriage; he had not even heard that she was happy; he had but met her once, and then she had left him at her husband's command, with a smile on her lips. He must have been some strong undercurrent of bitterness to change the bright, good-tempered, sunny, little fairy he had known formerly to the indifferent, provoking woman of to-night. "Poor little girl!" he thought to himself. "I dare say she has found out by this time that money doesn't bring happiness."
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THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF JOHN WESLEY, THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.



JOHN WESLEY.

From an Engraving Belonging to the Northwestern Christian Advocate.
Methodist churches all over the world recently celebrated the 200th anniversary of the birth of John Wesley. In every country under the sun where the apostles of Methodism have penetrated, special meetings will be held, where the most gifted orators in the denomination paid glowing tribute to the great reformer.

John Wesley was born in the rectory at Epworth, England, on June 17, 1703. As a boy young Wesley received his schooling at home, for, although Mrs. Wesley was the mother of nineteen children—of whom John was the fifteenth—she had little respect for the educational methods of the day, and insisted on teaching her own children. At the age of 11 Wesley was admitted to the Charterhouse school in London, where he spent six years. At the age of 17 he entered Oxford University, and when 23 he was appointed Greek lecturer and moderator of Lincoln College. In 1727 he graduated as master of arts, this being the only college degree he ever received, though he was the greatest theologian and perhaps the greatest scholar of his time.

While Wesley was in Lincoln College he was the acknowledged leader of a band of Oxford students called the Holy Club. These young men adopted certain rules or methods for their daily guidance, and in ridicule were called "Methodists." They devoted much of their time to visiting the sick, the poor and the prisoners in jail. Like all great reformers, Wesley had much force of character. During the two years which he spent in the new-world colony of Georgia, at the invitation of Lord Oglethorpe, he devoted himself to his work as a minister and to the education of the children, starting the first Sunday school known.

D. D. Thompson, in his biography of Wesley, says: "The four men who have made the deepest impression upon the religious history of the world have been Moses, St. Paul, Martin Luther and John Wesley, and of these, as a social reformer, Wesley was exceeded only by Moses and St. Paul." Dr. Rigg, in his character sketches of Wesley, says: "No single man for centuries has moved the world as Wesley has moved it."
As regards his physical being, Wesley is described as having been a charming man, handsome, with fine face, smooth forehead, aquiline nose, bright, piercing eyes, and one who was scrupulously neat in person and habit. His manner was sprightly and studiously courteous, his laughter winning, and his conversation delightful.

John Wesley never withdrew from the Established Church. He organized, however, the Methodist Episcopal Church in America and provided for the continuance of his societies in England, and these became the Wesleyan Church. His labors extended over a long period of great usefulness before his death occurred in London, March 2, 1791. His followers have since divided on questions of government, though united in doctrine, until there are now about thirty branches of the Methodist family. At the time of Wesley's death there were about 135,000 Methodists and 641 itinerant preachers. Now there are about 8,000,000 members, about 50,000 itinerant ministers, and about 80,000 lay preachers.

POVERTY INEXCUSABLE.

By a Man Who Claims to Live Well on Five Cents a Day.

Every little while some magazine or paper prints an article to the effect that we are spending too much for our food, that by

swearing off on this, and living on that, we can not only the better enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but can lay by much wealth as the result of a greatly lessened cost in obtaining the articles so essential to our well-being. As most of these are untried theories, however, we continue to breakfast and dodge creditors. But there is no longer any excuse for our poverty of comfort. We are now confronted by tried and proven facts, and if anyone should not be too poor by next Christmas to buy his wife a present he will have none to blame for his impoverished condition but himself; for after several years of personal experience, A. A. Sanders, of New York City, says that a man can live well and be strong and hearty for only five cents a day, and there is no longer any excuse for poverty.

Mr. Sanders became a vegetarian about ten years ago because of ill health. Two years ago he and his two sons adopted their present system of living, which they pronounced ideal. Arising at an early hour—four o'clock in summer and five in winter—they in summer take a cold bath and in winter a hot bath, and depart for the business of the day. Mr. Sanders usually rides his wheel to and from his place of business in the city, a distance of six miles. The young men quite frequently walk, making the trip in one hour and ten minutes. At noon they take an hour's rest, but no lunch. In the evening they partake of their one meal of the day, consisting principally of raw foods such as fruit, nuts, and some form of grain. Their list of food articles includes wheat, oats, beans, corn, lentils, onions, raisins, dates, prunes, nuts and evaporated fruits such as peaches, apples and apricots during the winter, with the addition of all fresh fruits and vegetables in the summer time; milk, butter and eggs, like meat, are never used. These vegetables, Mr. Sanders asserts, furnish them the best of living at an average expense of but five cents each per day.

Housekeeping is an easy proposition where this kind of living is adopted, as most of the foods are eaten raw. The beans, lentils, peas, cereals and the

evaporated apples are thoroughly soaked and then slightly steamed in the way of preparation. Prunes, apricots and peaches are eaten raw after being soaked forty-eight hours; but no seasoning as sweetening of any kind is used in preparing any of the foods.—Utica Globe.

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MONEY IN GOAT RAISING.

An Industry in Which There Are No Unavailable Remnants.

"You can sell every part of a goat but his skin," said John Collins in the course of an interview recently on the subject of his Arizona goat farm. "There are thousands of goats on the farm," he said, "but whether there are 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000 I couldn't tell you for the life of me.

"I can tell you, however, something about the way in which our goat industry was started. By the death of a grand-uncle, my uncle, Harry McCormick and I inherited the Griebel St. Anne silver mines, which are two days and a night of steady burro travel south of Tucson. There was silver in the mines, but by the time we got it out and got it to Tucson we were paying for it at about the rate of 16 to 1. But it wasn't a case of free silver, by any means. It was the most expensive silver I ever got hold of. Finding the venture a losing one, we took lessons from the 'greasers' and bought from them 150 common goats.

"There is nothing but sagebrush and cactus out there for those animals to feed on, but no man ever saw a dead goat, unless he had come to some violent end. They live and thrive where nearly every other living thing starves to death.

"We started out with 150 goats, deriving our profits from the sale of the hides. In 1892 we decided to mix them with Angora goats. After two years the cross disappeared and you get a perfect Angora goat. It is a valuable thing to have. The long hair is sold to the manufacturers of plush for furniture, sleeping cars and such things. The hair next to the skin can be made up into valuable shawls. The meat of the kids is delightful when fresh and is sent in its canned shape to Cuba, the Philippines, other parts of the United States, to China and to many other foreign countries as canned lamb.

"So rich is goat's milk that one teaspoonful of it is equal to three tablespoonfuls of the purest cream. But the best part about the milk is that it is a deadly foe to tuberculosis, and consumptives who drink it are often cured of the disease. We are planning to condense the milk and sell it for medicinal as well as family use. If there is any other dumb animal with more valuable qualities than the goat, then I don't know it.
"No stables have to be provided for the keeping and six ranchers are sufficient for herding up those we want to sell. Once in a while the greasers and Indians get away with a few, but where you've got some scrappy ranchers they are not likely to repeat the performance often.

"As a rule now, we sell the goats on the hoof," continued Mr. Collins, according to the Washington Star. "In order to do so we have to drive them into Tucson. And a tough job it is. Of course, horses are not much good there, as it is so hard to get provender and water, but there is a species of broncho which the natives call 'loco poka,' which is as hardy as a goat. The loco poka is the craziest thing between Arizona and the next hottest country. As long as the notion doesn't strike 'em they're all right, but if ever they make up their minds to stop nothing on earth can start 'em. Whenever one goes, the rest go. A stampeding loco poka might go through a town where a score of his kind are pitched, and every blessed one of them would break loose in some way and go galloping after him. They run till they get good and ready to stop. If you happen to hang on that long you can turn your loco poka around and the rest will follow."
"We use the loco pokas for packing the kid meat to Tucson and, barring this one accomplishment, they are all right."

THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S DIARY.

Extracts Showing How His Ideas and Impressions Were Set Down.

Extracts from the diary of the Shah of Persia, who has quite recently been visiting England, are amusing.

The Shah was mightily impressed by the greatness and incorruptibility of the London police, and wrote concerning them as follows: "The English police gentlemen are men of the greatest culture and honor. Unlike those of many countries, I have been informed that the police of England and the United States are almost incorruptible, and that it is impossible to bribe them except by the touch of gold. These officers carry themselves with great dignity, but there have been occasions on which they have shown commendable alacrity, and have even been known to be present when the public peace has been threatened by certain unseemly and riotous citizens."

The Shah has a very poor opinion of the English climate, if one may judge from the following extract: "It is very necessary for the people of England to wash thoroughly and frequently in order to clear themselves from the constant fogs and rains that fall upon them. So much do they of Britain love water that they sometimes wash twice daily. Even the members of the royal family and the great nobles find pleasure in this somewhat childish occupation."

This despotic monarch's opinion of English women's charms and accomplishments is hardly altogether flattering: "An English lady is very fair to look upon. Her skin is soft and clean, but her figure is unnatural and angular. She has certainly not the pleasing vivacity of a French lady, neither has she the captivating boldness of an American lady, of whom many are in London. An English woman is passionately fond of all animals, and is often devoted to her husband and children."

The Shah was mightily impressed at the great wealth of some of the English people. "Many private individuals," he writes, "are almost as rich as the King himself. It speaks very highly for King Edward's kind-heartedness to say that he never retracts his great wealth existing among his subjects, neither does he punish them in any way for this apparent presumption."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Some men are afflicted with spring fever all the year round.

GEO. P. CROWELL,