

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
The morning after Mr. Hastings' visit, a letter came to Mr. Clayton, announcing that one of his bailiffs was supposed to have robbed him to a considerable extent. The man himself had no idea that he was suspected. Francis Clayton was beside himself; he vowed vengeance against the delinquent—he would convict him—he would get him transported—his wife and children should be reduced to shame and beggary!

"I find I shall have to go back to England," he told his wife. "I shall leave you here, and return for you in a week or ten days."

"Oh, do take me with you, Francis," said the little hypocrite, pretending to look disappointed.

"Fshaw! I tell you it is not convenient."

"But what am I to do if you go? I cannot go to all these balls and dinners we are engaged to, alone."

"Nonsense. Madame de St. Geran will chaperon you if you still want to chaperon," added the agreeable husband, with a sneer. "She knows every friend and acquaintance we have in Paris."

Madame de St. Geran was an old friend and friend of Francis Clayton's, and she had for some reason tolerated what she called "her English bear." Francis Clayton, assuming the privileges of an old friend, paid her a most unfashionably early visit, and she received him in a demi-toilet of elegant simplicity in her own boudoir, and was most graciously pleased to accede to his request.

"Tell Madame, your wife," she said, in parting, "that at nine o'clock this evening I shall have the honor to call for her to take her to the opera and afterward to the ball given by the Duchess de Beaucour."

And Francis Clayton bent over her hand and kissed it in a manner that might have edited and astonished Madame de St. Geran's wife. Then he returned to the hotel, delivered the message to Fede, her good-by, and kissing her coldly, jumped into his brougham, which was in attendance to convey him to the station.

Madame de St. Geran called for Mrs. Clayton at the appointed time, and they spent two hours very pleasantly at the opera, during which several gentlemen of their acquaintance dropped in to see them, and paid their court to either lady, as taste or diplomacy suggested. Once or twice the Frenchwoman looked curiously at her lovely companion, who for once was as bright and sparkling as in the olden days.

"How is it possible," she thought, "for a man to be indifferent to a creature so divine?"

They had seen enough of the opera, and their carriage being called, they drove off to the ball. In the first room Mrs. Clayton met with Mr. Hastings. She took his arm, and they joined the dancers.

"My husband is away," she whispered, "and I shall dance to-night to my heart's content. If he were here he would not let me."

The dance was over, and they were wandering together through the magnificent conservatory that led from the ballroom. Suddenly Mr. Hastings felt his companion's hand tremble, and he quickly laid his arm around her, and she looked into his face. It was crimson with blushes. The words, "Are you ill?" were on his lips, but at that moment he caught sight of Col. d'Agullar advancing, and was discreetly silent. A quick glance, an undecided bow, passed between them, and they both moved on. When Mrs. Clayton returned to find Madame de St. Geran, Col. d'Agullar formed one of the knot of men who stood talking with her. They were obliged to speak then; and against her better judgment, against her own resolve, she went back to the ballroom. They were perfectly discreet, their conversation was simply such that the merest acquaintances might have held; the danger was in the fascination the presence of each had for the other. She did not dance with him any more than she did with Mr. Hastings; but when she went home she reproached herself bitterly for the time she had spent in his society, while she never gave a single thought to Errol Hastings.

It was three weeks before Mr. Clayton returned to Paris for his wife, and almost that time she met Col. d'Agullar almost every day.

Fede wanted to do her duty—wanted with all her might. If Francis Clayton had been a little kind and forbearing to her, she would never have suffered a thought even to be false to him. But he was cruel, tyrannical and suspicious and even—well! she almost hated him. Now and then she would make a great effort, and strive to be good and patient and keep from quarreling with him; but he was so harsh and ill-tempered that her design always failed. She was making fresh resolves as she sat looking pensively into the fire, on this particular morning, but all of a sudden her thoughts were most unexpectedly put to flight by the abrupt entrance of her husband. "Francis!" she exclaimed, rising and kissing him.

"Yes. I suppose you did not expect me. What a wretched fire! I am almost frozen, and the room is as cold as death. Ring the bell and order me some lunch. A terrible fear seized on Fede. If he was angry and jealous about Mr. Hastings, what would he say when he knew that during his absence she had been constantly in the society of Col. d'Agullar? She had never fully realized her imprudence until this moment. What could she do? If he told him, he was certain to be very violent; if she concealed it, and he became aware of it, the consequences might be terrible. "It is better to get it off my mind at once," she determined.

"Mr. Hastings was here this morning. Dear. He came to wish me good-by."

"In anticipation of my return, I suppose."

"Really, Francis, I have scarcely common politeness with you. What a poor opinion you must have of yourself to be so suspicious! Mr. Hastings is going to England on business, and Col. d'Agullar is going with him."

"D'Agullar?" cried Francis Clayton, starting. "Has he been here?"

"Yes."

"And you have met him?"

"Yes."

"And danced with him?"

"I danced with him," answered Fede, trying to speak gaily. She was accustomed to violent outbursts from her husband, but on this occasion surpassed anything she had ever witnessed.

He said such terrible things to her,

the entrance of Lady Grace. She was very glad to see him; asked him why he had not been over before, and a thousand questions about his travels. They had been talking some twenty minutes when the door opened, and to his surprise Miss Eyre entered, with an air of perfect unconcern. Lady Grace, evidently not knowing they had seen each other that day, introduced them. They bowed coldly.

"Though I think you have met before," her ladyship remarked, interrogatively.

"Mr. Hastings called once at the Farm to see my father about something. We did not meet as equals," and she gave him a defiant flash of her proud eyes.

Her ladyship pressed Mr. Hastings to dine and stay the night at Eudon Vale, but he pleaded an engagement at home. She insisted, however, on his taking lunch before departing, and to his consented. During lunch his hostess discussed her projects for the coming season.

"I shall be about to appear in a new role," she said, with a kind glance at Winifred; "that of chaperon. I am going to bring out my adopted daughter, and I trust she will not disappoint my expectations."

"Miss Eyre will, I don't doubt," said Mr. Hastings.

"Sir Clayton has taken a house in Eaton Square for the season," she continued; "we propose to commence occupying it in a fortnight. I hope we shall see you constantly, Mr. Hastings."

"I shall be very glad," assented Errol. "I propose to be in town a good deal, and have taken a set of rooms in Piccadilly."

"Sir Clayton's voice made itself heard at this juncture, almost for the first time. "Are you going back to the Court this afternoon, Hastings?"

Errol answered in the affirmative.

"I shall be very glad," said Miss Eyre and I will bear you company part of the way. We have ordered the horses for three o'clock."

Winifred bit her lip with vexation; and Mr. Hastings saw it, and would have excused himself had it been possible.

The horses came round; he offered to mount her.

"No, thank you," she said, coldly; "I like to be put up by some one whose skill I have tested."

She seemed to delight in wounding him. She kept persistently on the other side of Sir Clayton, and scarcely spoke. Presently they came to a gate, from which the two top railings of the figure before her were broken.

"Come, Winifred," said Sir Clayton, "there is a capital piece of practice for you." The groom had gone up to unfasten it. "Don't open it, Mason!" shouted the baronet. "Miss Eyre is going to leap it."

And Winifred immediately put her horse at it, and was over in a moment. "Does she sit well?" Sir Clayton asked, triumphantly, turning to his companion.

"Harold Erskine taught her to ride."

Errol's reply was less enthusiastic than it would have been if the last sentence had been unspoken. But, nevertheless, he admired the graceful figure before him, and he was not a little proud when they parted, Sir Clayton pressed him to dine there the following week. Before he answered, he looked at Winifred, whose gaze was fixed blankly in the distance.

"I will make her love me," he vowed, impatiently, and he accepted the invitation.

(To be continued.)

PORTUGUESE HOTEL CLOCKS.
Their Irritating Influence Upon Strangers Trying to Sleep.

It is the fashion for Portuguese clocks to strike the hour twice over. Heaven only knows why for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus of its flight. The habit is apt to be irritating, especially in the night, when your bed like enough a straw mattress and a bran pillow chances to be near one of these monsters, which rings its four and twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which merely stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works (and the supposition is reasonable), they will, of course, differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking with intervals, during a maddening half-hour.

You may happen to want to know badly which of the monsters is the least mendacious, and the bells at your bed head communicate with two servants, one a Gallego and the other a Portuguese. In such a case ring for the despised stranger without hesitation. He will be with you in a minute, fresh and smiling, though half-judged, and if he distrusts his own judgment about the clocks, he will not mind saying so, and will hasten to awaken the landlord himself rather than that you should remain in doubt. I regret to add that his more concealed fellow servant will more probably say whatever first comes to his tongue, more heedful of his own comfort than of your desires. Thus is the installation of the Gallego waiter in Portugal justified, as that of the German-Swiss with us.—Chambers' Journal.

The Wandering Shade.
As I wandered down the street I noticed that the said street was paved with divers and many bowlders which doubtless were the remains of some ancient fortification. They were rough and full of seams and ridges and valleys, and I marvelled greatly how the people of this otherwise progressive modern city stood for it.

Just then a passing vehicle caught my fancy.

"Gadooks and by dern!" thought I, "but methinks I will have a ride; for not since the days when we rode in sedan chairs and upon joggly war horses have I ridden save on the wings of a thin mist."

So I climbed upon the wagon and smiled a ghostly smile of rare contentment.

"By castor and jing!" quoth I, "but this is the real thing!"

Just then, however, we struck another of the bowldered places, and, alas! my spectral spine was driven into my ancient and honorable skull so that I was forced to fade away swiftly and reorganize.

For, by my halldom! nothing of the days of yore was ever so soul-destroying as the things I sang upon in this modern city.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Raise Pay of Employes.
The New Zealand government is raising the wages of its railway employes to the extent of \$100,000.

The average savings bank deposit in this country is more than \$400; in all European countries it is about \$100.



Then and Now.
"When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."

"How about you at the present writing?" asked the inquisitive youth.

"We still have but a single thought," replied the proprietor of the sad visage. "We both think we made fools of ourselves."

Fate of the Moderns.
"Sir Clayton has taken a house in Eaton Square for the season," she continued; "we propose to commence occupying it in a fortnight. I hope we shall see you constantly, Mr. Hastings."

"I shall be very glad," assented Errol. "I propose to be in town a good deal, and have taken a set of rooms in Piccadilly."

"Sir Clayton's voice made itself heard at this juncture, almost for the first time. "Are you going back to the Court this afternoon, Hastings?"

Errol answered in the affirmative.

"I shall be very glad," said Miss Eyre and I will bear you company part of the way. We have ordered the horses for three o'clock."

Winifred bit her lip with vexation; and Mr. Hastings saw it, and would have excused himself had it been possible.

The horses came round; he offered to mount her.

"No, thank you," she said, coldly; "I like to be put up by some one whose skill I have tested."

She seemed to delight in wounding him. She kept persistently on the other side of Sir Clayton, and scarcely spoke. Presently they came to a gate, from which the two top railings of the figure before her were broken.

"Come, Winifred," said Sir Clayton, "there is a capital piece of practice for you." The groom had gone up to unfasten it. "Don't open it, Mason!" shouted the baronet. "Miss Eyre is going to leap it."

And Winifred immediately put her horse at it, and was over in a moment. "Does she sit well?" Sir Clayton asked, triumphantly, turning to his companion.

"Harold Erskine taught her to ride."

Errol's reply was less enthusiastic than it would have been if the last sentence had been unspoken. But, nevertheless, he admired the graceful figure before him, and he was not a little proud when they parted, Sir Clayton pressed him to dine there the following week. Before he answered, he looked at Winifred, whose gaze was fixed blankly in the distance.

"I will make her love me," he vowed, impatiently, and he accepted the invitation.

(To be continued.)

He Waited for the Finish.
"Before a man is married," said the humorous lecturer, "he is only half a man."

"There," said the maid of uncertain age as she nudged her escort, "did you hear that?"

"And after marriage," continued the lecturer, "he loses his identity entirely."

"Yes," answered the escort afore said, "I heard that."

Signs in the Windows.
He—They say the eyes are the windows of the heart. Now, when I look at your eyes—

She—I hope you notice the signs in the windows?

He—Signs? What signs?

She—"No admittance except on business."—Philadelphia Press.

A Philosopher.
"Wouldn't you like to be able to write a great novel?"

"And lose all my pleasure in reading novels? I should say not!"

HAIDING THE SELECTION.



Now there arose a quarrel among the little band of captives, who were surrounded by the hungry cannibals. They were trying to induce some one of their number to offer himself as a sacrifice.

"Let them take you," said one of the captives to another. "You are so tough that they will break their teeth on you, and give the rest of us a chance to escape."

"Sir!" said the captive addressed. "You are very fresh, I must say."

"Take the fresh one," commanded the chief of the cannibals.

Her Specialty.
He (at the reception)—And you neither sing nor play?
She—No.
He—Then I suppose you either read or paint?
She—No; my specialty is giving imitations of the society young man.
He—How's that?
She—I merely sit around and try to look intelligent.

Not Going.
"No, Jimmie, I am not going to Maggie Mulligan's party! The Mulligans ain't in our set, an' I don't like Maggie, an' I've got nuthin' to wear, an' besides I ain't been invited, anyhow!"

Another Variation.
Ethel—There, I've forgotten to attend a function to which I was invited. How careless.
George—You should have an engagement calendar.
Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden.

Considered as an Investment.
"Do you think your flying machine is safe?"
"Safe!" exclaimed the inventor. "I should say so! Why, my lectures are paying me 60 or 70 per cent on my original investment."—Washington Star.

Funny Part.
City Nephew—Wouldn't it be funny, Uncle Nicodemus, to pull the old mule's tail?
Uncle Nick—I can't say about 't' funny part as it, but 't' 'ud be dinged apt to be fatal.—Baltimore American.

Apt to Be Charitable.
"The impromptu speaker may be all right in his way," said Deacon Jones, "but as for me, give me the minister who writes his sermons every time."
"Why?" asked Deacon Smith.
"He is more likely to realize their length," was the significant reply.

Popular Phrases.
"What is a sharp intake of the breath?"
"It generally precedes a rapid output of talk."

Too Strenuous a Life.
A well-dressed lad, the son of wealthy parents, recently decided it would be quite many to earn a few coppers for himself by selling daily papers. He stopped a tattered newsboy in the street, and said to him: "Do you think I should be able to earn money as you do if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?"
"Why do you want to sell papers?" "I'm tired of being idle."
"Well," said the philosophic little newsboy, with a serious air, "d'yer think you can hold thirty-six papers in one hand, lick three or four boys bigger gerrun yourself with the other hand, while yer keeps two more off with yer feet, and yells 'Evenin' News' all the time?"
"No-o, I don't," replied the well-dressed boy.
"Then ye are no good in the news-boy biz," replied the tattered philosopher. "Yer'd better get yer people to 'prentice yer to somethin' light!"

Heated Gloves for Motormen.
Electrically heated gloves and shoes are proposed for motormen.

THE WORD FULLY EXPLAINED.

When He Understood It, "Bestizes" Gave the Old Man a New Idea.

Back from the day's hard work in the wheat field the discontented parent sat down to interview the young man who was home from college in quest of a brief vacation and more cash.

"I do not comprehend the meaning of many words which have appeared in your letters," complained the parent. "For instance, in your last letter you wrote this: 'Financial bestizes are on the blink again.' I comprehend 'the blink'; that is what your education is on up to date, but 'bestizes' is beyond me. Explain."

The young man smiled a superior smile and gracefully lighted a tinted cigarette. He said:

"'Bestizes' is a new word in the language and can be used as a substitute for all the other words—or, rather, it is a word which may be used to express the universe in its infinite entirety and in minute detail; anything, and everything, separately or together is 'bestizes.' The purpose of 'bestizes' is to relieve monotony of diction in the classics of the future."

"Thus the reformer will protest against the 'bestizes' of political abuse; historians will allude to the ancient Roman 'bestizes' of Julius Caesar; the poet will sing the sweet 'bestizes' of the springtide; even the parson will minister to the spiritual 'bestizes' of his flock—all the various entities in literature, science, religion, and art will be known as the intellectual 'bestizes.' But that is not all."

"You don't say?"

"'Bestizes' are also people and things. For instance, in your distinguished person you represent my own parental 'bestizes.' Ha! ha!"

"Indeed?"

"And you are 'bestizes' in a general sense."

"Am I?"

"You eat 'bestizes,' drink 'bestizes,' and engage in 'bestizes.' Merely 'bestizes' comprises all the 'bestizes,' and it is very odd 'bestizes' that you should be the 'bestizes' under the remarkable 'bestizes.' Ha! ha!"

The young man laughed uproariously, for he was tickled by the fun he was having with the old man. As the latter rose to answer the dinner bell he remarked:

"You needn't go back to that college. I don't believe you are just out for the classical 'bestizes.' You can report for more appropriate 'bestizes' in the wheat field with the rest of us at 4 a. m. to-morrow."—Kansas City Star.

Worships a Big Rag Doll.
Carrying in his arms a huge rag doll, dressed in the clothing of his dead wife, "Jerry" Mooney, a farmer living near the village of Montague, Lewis county, N. Y., goes to his work in the fields each day.

For fifteen years, ever since his wife, Molly, died of paralysis, Mooney has carried this dummy about with him. He refuses to believe his wife is dead. After her burial he made a rag woman and dressed it in his wife's clothes.

He often places the figure in the favorite chair of his wife and spends long evenings before the fire talking to it. At meal time he draws the chair containing the figure up to the table and helps it to food. On Sunday he dresses the figure in the best clothes his wife had at her death, gets out all of her jewelry and places it about the neck and on the hands of the doll.

Mooney and his wife came from Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, in the early '60's and settled on a small farm. They were rigid Covenanters and, having no children, lived by themselves. When his wife died in 1888, neighbors, not seeing her dead in bed and her husband sitting by the side of the body talking to her.

Mooney will permit no one to enter his house. The existence of the rag woman was discovered by persons who watched the house and saw him carrying it back and forth from the fields. On all other subjects Mooney is rational.

Age of Criminality.
With reference to New York's special police court for childish offenders, it is noteworthy that both British and American law fix the same age of criminality. In deduction of theology the legal codes of all nations regard man as sinless by birth. Before attaining a certain age he is regarded as incapable of crime.

In England and America this age is 7 years, and before this a child cannot be prosecuted. After his 7th birthday a child is accountable for its deeds, but if under 14 the prosecution must show that he was acting with criminal intent. The same age of criminality is held in Russia and Portugal. In France and Belgium a child must be 8 years old before being prosecuted. In Italy and Spain a further year of grace is accorded.

In Norway, Greece, Austria, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland, says the London Chronicle, the age is 10. The little German can play pranks with impunity until 12 years old, while in Sweden no prosecution is allowed when the offender is under 10.

The Pleasant Way.
Tess—Yes, Mr. Trotter was on my card for one dance last night and I enjoyed it very much.
Joss—Nonsense! He's as clumsy as an elephant.
Tess—I know that, so I induced him to sit it out.—Philadelphia Press.

Comets Lighter Than Air.
Professor Habinet has proved that comets, instead of having a solid body with a gaseous tail, are much lighter in weight than our air. Even if a comet were to strike the earth it would hardly penetrate its atmosphere.

What England's Navy Costs.
The navy which gives England the supremacy of the seas costs \$155,000,000 a year, or a little more than the United States pays in pensions.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

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

DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware,
Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Lumber

Wood,
Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

THE GLACIER

Published Every Thursday
\$1.50 A YEAR.

Advertising, 50 cents per inch, single column, per month; one-half inch or less, 25 cents. Reading notices, 5 cents a line each insertion.

THE GLACIER prints all the local news fit to print.

When you see it in THE GLACIER you may know that others see it.

REGULATORS
REGULATOR
and
DALLES CITY
Between Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday.

Daily round trip to Cascade Locks, affording the visitors a fine opportunity to view the scenery.

Leaves The Dalles 7 a. m.; arrive at Portland 4 p. m.
Leave Portland 7 a. m.; arrive at The Dalles 5 p. m.
Leave Hood River, down, 8:30 a. m.
Arrive Hood River, up, 3:30 p. m.
H. C. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

O. R. & N.
OREGON
SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 9:30 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Pt. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 4:15 p. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:00 p. m. Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:35 a. m.

70 HOURS
PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
No Change of Cars.

Lowest Rates. Quickest Time.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change.	6:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	6:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.	Willamette River. Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings.	8:30 p. m. Tue., Thu., and Sat.
7:00 a. m. Tue., Thur., and Sat.	Tamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	6:30 p. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:30 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.
A. N. HOAR, Agent, Hood River.