

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)  
On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montleu. Lady Grace was sitting there, too. She kissed them both. "You bring the outer air in with you, my child," said the old French lady; "you are as fresh as a new picked rose."  
"We have had a good canter across the common, dear madame—it makes one feel fresh. Did you both have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I find you have got the ponies into such order that they are as quiet as lambs. At least Evans gives you all the credit."  
"He wants to see you drive them in the park," resumed Lady Grace; "he says with a new set of harness, and you in the front seat, there would not be a more elegant turnout in London."  
"Fancy such honor for a state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half grave, half ironical.  
Lady Grace took her hand and drew her toward herself.  
"My dear, what ails you to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you say these things before. Has Mr. Hastings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever offend you?"  
"Offend me? Lady Grace—how should he? He was far above me when we met before."  
But her voice trembled, and she hid her face from the room.

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know if anything ever passed between them that should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"  
Madame de Montleu hesitated.  
"I should not feel justified in telling this to anyone else; but you have the interest as much as I have. The summer before last, when he first came home, they met by accident. He was handsome and fascinating, and, I believe, the first man of ton and breeding she ever met with. No wonder, then, that poor romantic child fell in love with him. Somehow they met again, and he made an excuse to call at the farm, and she was at home alone. I dare say he took a fancy to her, large-eyed, graceful child as she was, and flattered and talked to her as men of the world will. She mistook it for love—a romantic devotion, no doubt, such as her foolish little brain had conceived might be possible between a great gentleman like the master of Hazell Court, and her own humble self. I warned her—I wanted to spare her the heartache—the misery of such a delusion might cause her; but, poor child! she was so honest, so true herself, she could not believe the man she worshipped as a hero could be capable of what she deemed baseness, and at last, by a cruel lesson—an act not at liberty to tell you—she found that while he was feigning love for her, he was, in truth, devoting his real attention to her cousin Flora. It was a grievous blow. Perhaps his presence brought back a bitter remembrance, and she involuntarily resented what she deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."  
"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace said. "Twice to-day I saw him look at her as if he should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet—you may be right, for I remember fancying there was a tinge of regret in his expression."

CHAPTER XIII.  
Lord Harold Erskine had never been to stay at Endon Vale since Winifred had lived there, and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—it kept the nephew whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed heavily as she laid it down. Winifred understood what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they were alone and said:  
"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me."  
"I do not think, my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that he fears his presence might make you uneasy."  
"Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "why should you—why should he think of me? Am I not here for your kindness and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me; but he will have forgotten me now, and why should he not meet as if such a thing had never happened?"  
"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and she wrote to him that very day, begging him to come.  
The next day he arrived, to his aunt's great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected. The restraint wore off, and they relapsed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.  
Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Lord Hastings was at the Court, he took himself at once to see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.  
"I shall most likely sleep at the Court to-night, aunt, and we will ride over together to-morrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"  
"Of course, my dear," said Lord Harold, "and I shall be glad to see you. I was glad to hear of your coming to dinner after he had gone. She dreaded seeing Mr. Hastings again, particularly before Lord Harold; and then she wondered if her name would be mentioned between the two men, and Mr. Hastings, they would say about her. Mr. Hastings had an unpleasant recollection of Mr. Clayton's remarks about Miss Erskine's flirtation with Lord Harold Erskine, and an uncomfortable sense of the latter's present golden opportunities; and Lord Harold remembered uneasily that something had been said about Hastings and Miss Erskine wandering together in the Hazell woods. By common consent, then, her name was avoided as much as possible, and the two men had plenty of other topics for conversation, until the next day. The following morning Lord Harold, without himself calling on the Champions, and Mr. Hastings volunteered to accompany him. They found Lord Hastings and his sister playing croquet with Flora and Reginald Champerlain on the tennis lawn. It was curious enough that, although Flora looked handsome, and used all the arts that she had once thought fascinating, both these men contrasted her unfavorably with her cousin.  
The two gentlemen did not arrive at Endon Vale until it was time to dress for dinner, and only just appeared in the drawing room as the gong sounded for the second time. Sir Clayton gave

He redoubled his attentions on seeing that they anchored here. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:  
"For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Erskine sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Erskine, won't you sing me something?"  
"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of Fee's singing, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."  
"My dear Miss Erskine, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I am afraid your temper is getting spoiled by Mrs. Clayton's example; mine has suffered already from her baneful influence."  
"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry chattering of her friend. She was not worldly-wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.  
Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them.  
(To be continued.)

## MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA.

They Are Many and Active, and One Is a Monster in Size.  
"You may talk about your mosquitoes up here in the North," said a resident of Bayou Sara, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bayous you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture."  
There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noisome swamp bayous, and no matter which kind samples you will wish it had been some other kind, but it will seem that no other kind could bite quite as bad as that one. There are gray mosquitoes—long, gaunt, wretched-looking fellows—reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is one we call a gallinipper down there, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spread of wing an inch wide, and a kit in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.  
This fearfully equipped insect monster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and a suction pump. As he can bore through your boot and puncture your foot with ease and dispatch, you may well imagine how much protection clothing or gloves are against his assaults. Fortunately, though, this giant mosquito isn't poisonous. The damage he does to your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for days.  
"All the remaining eight varieties are full of venom and vim to get it where it will do the greatest harm to the greatest number, but the worst of all is the smallest one of the lot. This is a gray mosquito, not more than an eighth of an inch long, but every place that he sinks his stinger in on you will instantly rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn as red as fire and pain like a hornet's sting. As the reservoir containing the insect's poison is possibly larger than a fly speck, the virulence can be imagined.  
"The experienced person never goes fishing in those mosquito-infested bayous," continued the Louisiana, according to the New York Times, "unless he has his head and face incased in netting, fixed on a light steel frame, and with thick gloves on his hands. Gloves, though, are no bar to the big gallinipper mosquito's kit of tools.  
"Why does any one go fishing in those noisome places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bayous of Louisiana. Perch, bass, jackfish, as the picker's called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark, sluggish, root-angled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his hook and line."

## ADVENTURES OF YOUNG LADS SMITTEN WITH A DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD.

A HEROIC attempt to have a vacation at all cost was made by a certain boy, whose experience is related in Chums. He joined a circus with the intention of becoming a lion tamer; but there was no vacancy in that department, and before he made up his mind what else he would like to do, the circus people worked him in as a "tent man." He had to help to put up and take down the great tents at each stopping place. Incidentally, he worked all useful that they looked him up in an empty men, in fact, found him so useful that they locked him up in an empty leopard cage each night, in order that, after having been kept at work all day by a rope and he might not have a chance to abandon his circus career after dark. Ultimately, the boy hid for twenty-four hours in a disused lime-kiln in one of the towns he visited, and finished his outing by giving himself up to the police authorities in order to be sent home.  
Not long ago an American boy, thinking that a vacation spent on his uncle's farm was likely to be without adventure, stowed himself away and journeyed a long distance on the buffers of a freight train. He thought he had done a rather fine thing, but the railway people held a different opinion.  
"It's our turn now," they said.  
Then they explained to him that to send him back again would cost three dollars, and he already owed them three dollars for the trip down. So he was taken to the machine shops and directed to earn six dollars by filing tubing smooth. A watchman was deputed to keep a fatherly eye on him after hours.  
The new hand managed to write to his people; but, very wisely, they agreed that to "serve his time," might teach him a useful lesson, so they paid no ransom. It took the boy nearly three weeks to file his way to liberty.  
At a harbor of Continental Europe, in which a submarine was being undergirded, a third young-adventurer was smitten with a desire to become a "stowaway." He was continually begging one of the crew, whom he knew, to smuggle him on board. At last, after a quiet little talk with the boy's father, the sailor consented.  
In the dusk of evening the boy arrived at the meeting place appointed, close to the sea. "We must hidefold you," said the sailor. This was done, and then the boy was led about here and there for some time, between two grinning mariners, and watched by a grinning parent. When he was thoroughly dazed, he was pushed into a narrow, cold metal apartment, and cautioned to keep perfectly still until some one came for him.  
"And mind you keep that bandage on till you're told to take it off," added the sailor.  
The boy waited—for hours, it seemed to him—hardly daring to breathe, but trying to think that he was having a great time. Then he took off the bandage, he was in total darkness. More hours went by, and no one came back for him. He was now not only hungry, and cold, but also frightened. No sound reached him. Was he really alone in the submarine boat in the depths of the sea?  
No he was not. At 1 o'clock in the morning his father, still smiling, rescued him from an old ship's iron cistern, in which he had been imprisoned on the beach. The submarine boat and her crew had, in the meantime, been towed away to another seaport; but the boy was no longer interested in a seafaring life.

## FRIGHTENING A STRANGER.

Scheme of a North Carolinian Failed to Work as He Expected.  
Between two towns in North Carolina I met a man driving an ox to a cart and on the straw in the cart was a young man who appeared to have met with an accident. Of course, I inquired what happened and the father said in reply:  
"Wall, stranger, that's my son Ben and I reckon I kin give it to ye straight. Me and Ben was in Grovesville this mornin' to get a pair o' butes. We went into a stob and asked fur butes and in that stob was a humble-lookin' critter who was eatin' crackers and cheese and askin' the way to Pineville. He was a humble-lookin' critter, wasn't he, Ben?"  
"He was, pop."  
"It wasn't none of Ben's bizness about the critter," continued the old man, "but he was feelin' kinder colty and wanted to do sunthin' smart. He looks the man over and then he says: 'Pop, I'm goin' to skerr that kuss outer this town and half way up the mounting.'  
"As how?" sez I.  
"By yellin' in his ear, sez he.  
"Mebbe he'll skerr and mebbe he won't," sez I. "He looks powerful lonesome and down-hearted, but yo' can't allus tell how a critter will perform."  
"That's what you said and I said, wasn't it, Ben?"  
"That's what we said," sighed Ben. "I didn't want you to yell, but yo' felt colty and wouldn't take my advice."  
"I jest wanted to skerr him, pop."  
"Yes, yo' wanted to skerr him. Yo' got around behind him and drew a long breath and let'er go. It was a mighty yell, Ben—the powerfullest yell I ever heard. I'm braggin' about that yell, Ben."  
"Thankee, pop."  
"But it didn't skerr nobody like yo' thought it would. The stranger jest riz up slow and drawed back his fist and let yo' hev it on the nose, and yo' didn't know nuthin' fur the next fifteen minits. When yo' cum to he said yo' could hev me if yo' wanted it. He said that, didn't he?"  
"Yes, pop, he said that," whispered Ben.  
"But he didn't want no mo'," continued the father as he turned to me. "He got all he wanted and some to spare, and so we put him in the cart and are takin' him home for the doctor to work at. Mebbe he'll die and mebbe he'll git well. If he dies I shan't blame that humble-lookin' critter 'tall. If he gets well he won't never do no more yellin' in anybody's ear, unless thar's a handy bill to dodge be hind."  
"That's all—and the pureshun will move on."

## TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.

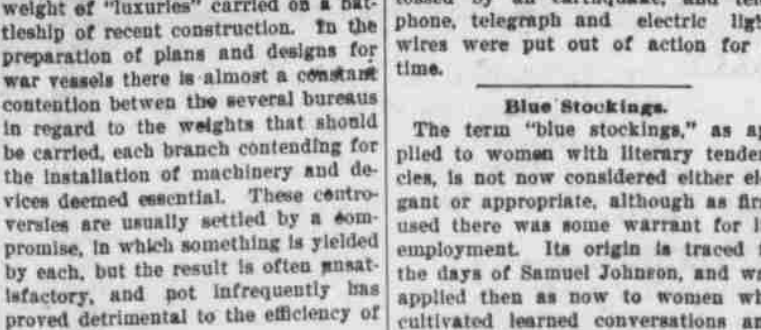
Figures of 1902 Show Decline in Some Imports from the United States.  
The latest available commonwealth statistics throw some light on the course of trade between America and Australia during 1902 and indirectly indicate the possibilities of 1903.  
The largest increases were in railway and telegraphic materials, the demand for which will be well maintained during 1903, as well as for flour and grain stuffs, as Australia will remain largely dependent on outside supplies until the early part of 1904. There will, however, be a decrease in the imports of arms and ammunition.  
Many of the decreases were unquestionably a result of the imposition of the federal duties, while others were occasioned by the uncertainty with respect to the final shape of the imports of organs, harmoniums and pianos shows the extent to which the spending power of the residents in the rich state of the commonwealth has become reduced.  
The heaviest decrease was in boots and shoes, but this was occasioned largely by the heavy stocks caused by over shipments in 1901. The total value of the American imports during the first ten months of 1902 was £1,553,710, as against £2,115,106 during the corresponding period of 1901, a decrease of 551,395.  
The decrease in Australia exports to America was extremely marked, the value falling from £2,140,064 in 1901 to £1,101,385 in 1902, a decline of 938,679, or nearly 50 per cent. This was occasioned by the short supplies of various descriptions of pastoral produce, caused by the ravages of drought, the exports of greasy wool, for instance, falling from £22,581 in 1901 to £7,490 in 1902.  
A considerable portion of the American goods shipped to Sydney are re-exported to the United States, the quantity consigned to ports other than Sydney being comparatively small. Brisbane is the nominal terminal point of the Canadian-Australian line, but the bulk of the trade is with Sydney, to which port the vessels proceed after leaving Brisbane.  
The course of trade between the commonwealths and Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries has been affected in precisely the same manner as that with America, says a correspondent of the New York Times, and it is estimated that the total falling off for the year will amount to several million pounds. Whether 1903 will show an improvement remains to be seen. At present the outlook is none of the brightest and it is evident that a time of trouble is in store for the infant nation.  
His Answer.  
A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing." Very shortly the answer came back: "Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."  
No Longer Bent.  
He's bent on marriage now, but when his married life advances He'll find himself, like other men, In straitened circumstances.—Philadelphia Press.  
Uncle Raustus.  
"Stidder huntin' fur trouble," said the sable philosopher, "take de number of yo' door, so's he can't n' wiar you at w'en he look in de directory."—Atlanta Constitution.

## ODDEST COUNTY JAIL IN THE UNITED STATES.



Graham County Jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments, hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars. Here and there in the rocky walls holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apartments a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of the rock-hewn jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade, and in the winter it never goes below 40 degrees.

## WITH THIS TRAINED OSTRICH HE HAS A WINGED STEED.



Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, recently visited the Hot Springs ostrich farm, and had the experience of riding behind one of the largest ostriches in the country. The ostrich is known as "Black Diamond," who is big and fleet, and docile as a well-trained horse. Black Diamond was hitched to a runabout, and Secretary Hitchcock had the novel sensation of riding behind this bird that trotted as fast as a horse can run.  
"LUXURIES" ON BATTLESHIPS.  
Modern Vessel Carries 350 Tons of Unnecessary Articles.  
Rear Admiral Bowles, chief of the Bureau of Construction, has made a calculation based on investigations made by officers of his bureau of the weight of "luxuries" carried on a battleship of recent construction. In the preparation of plans and designs for war vessels there is almost a constant contention between the several bureaus in regard to the weights that should be carried, each branch contending for the installation of machinery and devices deemed essential. These controversies are usually settled by a compromise, in which something is yielded by each, but the result is often snafu, factory, and not infrequently has proved detrimental to the efficiency of the vessel.  
At a recent meeting of the Board of Construction Admiral Bowles declared that on each battleship there were 350 tons of luxuries, a statement which startled the members of the board. Included in these so-called luxuries are materials of every description that cannot be classified as necessities, such as furniture, ice machines, refrigerators, radiators and the machinery required for them.  
It is pointed out that flagships are supplied with two bathrooms and apartments for the flag officer, while purser's cabin is deemed sufficient for two officers, in which fifteen or twenty officers live. There will be undoubtedly a protracted discussion as to what constitutes luxuries, but officers generally believe that much of the weights which Admiral Bowles de-

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