

She Would Be a Lady.

CHAPTER I.

"I'm going to be a lady's maid when I grow a bit older. My mother's cousin is own maid to the Countess of Firtop, and you should see the lovely clothes she has—silks and satins and laces, and real gold brooches; it's a rare fine thing to be a lady's maid, I can tell you," and Susan Harper arched her neck, tossed her head, and looked at her companions with undisguised pride and self-satisfaction.

"I don't think nothing of being a lady's maid," sneered Emma Bligh; "it's only like an upper servant, nothing better, and if a lady's maid does get fine clothes, why, they're only cast-off things, as have been worn before by her missus. I'm not going in to service when I grows up. There's ten pounds in the bank that my uncle left me, and when I get it I'll have a little shop and sell tea and cheese, and sweets and candles, and I'll have a husband who'll work to keep me; that's what I will. It's better, having a home of your own, to living in a countess' kitchen."

"Lady's maids don't live in the kitchen," retorted Susan, "and you've got to get the home of your own, and isn't every girl with a face like yours as tam get a husband, Emma Bligh?"

Emma was about to retort angrily, when Mary Matthews interposed, by saying:

"Don't quarrel, girls, but let us all say what we're going to be, and when we grow old we'll see if it comes true; what are you going to be, Eva Randolph?"

"I?" said the girl thus addressed, opening her round, gray eyes and with a half-vacant, half-dreamy expression of countenance, as though she were peering into the future. "I mean to be a lady."

"A lady!" echoed the three who had spoken. "How are you going to manage that? Where's the money to come from?"

"I don't think it is money that makes a lady," replied Eva, in the same dreamy manner; "my dear mamma used to tell me that money wouldn't do it."

"Then how will you set about it?" questioned the others.

"I mean to work hard and to teach myself, and to get other people to teach me, and always to do what is just and right. And I mean to read about great and noble women and to try to be like them. It will be very hard work, but I shall do it."

"But ladies don't work," objected Mary Matthews, who, although she had great faith in Eva's talent and industry, yet could not help thinking that her plans for the future were, to say the least, extremely visionary.

"Some ladies do," replied Eva, confidently; "I've heard that the queen works very hard, and then the ladies who went out in the war last year to nurse the sick soldiers, see how they must have worked. I think ladies do a great deal of work, and I mean to be one, and I mean to work."

"Well, we shall see," laughed Mary Matthews, "but now there's only one more of you, beside me. What are you going to be, Lilas?"

"I shall be the same as Eva," was the reply, uttered in all apparent seriousness.

But at this the other girls laughed aloud, and not without some malice in their mirth, for Lilas Lampier was the most idle, selfish and sensual, as she was by far the best looking girl in the party. Her hair was golden, her eyes were dark, with heavy silken brows and lashes. Her complexion was like the warm pink glow inside a sea shell, and her features bid fair to be firm and delicate.

But she was only twelve years of age, and she was very dirty at the present moment, for the baby she had been carrying had contrived to bespatter her with the mud from which she had more than once rescued him, and to which he had managed to return while she had been talking.

"You needn't laugh," she said, hotly, irritated by their very frank remarks; "I ain't a fool, and I'm as good looking as any of you."

"Yes, mother says you're far too good looking to come to any good," retorted Susan Harper.

"Your mother is a spiteful old cat, and you may tell her I say so," retorted Lilas, losing her temper, "no one could blame her for good looks, and if what some folks says is true, not for goodness neither."

To this Susan retorted by springing to her feet in a passion and tearing off Lilas Lampier's hat.

What further damage she meditated I cannot say, for the shrieks of the small children, under the care of these five girls became so shrill and piercing with terror at the prospect of a fight between their guardians that hostilities had at once to be suspended until silence could be restored.

Before the girls could recommence their discussion a huge bloodhound came bounding into the midst of the group, scaring the little ones out of their wits, and terrifying even the elder girls.

Lilas was the only one of the party who retained her presence of mind; but she knew the dog, and she now called it by name.

"Leo! Leo!"

The animal looked at her and gave his tail a condescending wag of recognition, but he did not care for shabbily dressed people, and probably he was no judge of feminine beauty, so he did not approach the girl even when she held out her hand to him.

Before she could repeat the invitation, however, a young man had leaped the gate which led into the meadow, and seeing at a glance the consternation which his four-footed companion's presence had produced, he called him off, and then approaching the group, said:

"I hope my dog hasn't frightened you; he wouldn't bite."

"Oh! I wasn't frightened," said

Lilas, with a smile which showed her white teeth; "but the rest were!"

"I see you are a brave little girl," and he nodded and went on his way wondering how it was that the children of some of the working people were possessed of so much delicate beauty.

But Lilas Lampier was not, in the strict sense of the word, the child of working parents. Her father was a Frenchman—a French "patriot" of humble extraction, some talent, and great want of judgment. He had been compelled to escape from France with his child, whose mother had been an English dancer and had died soon after the birth of her daughter. The poor exile tried hard to get work and failed. He was restless and excitable, and at length, unable to endure his exile any longer, he left his child in the care of some distant relatives of his late wife, while he himself went back to Paris. What became of him there those whom he had promised to write to in England did not know. He might be in prison; he might be dead for aught they knew—almost for all they cared.

Lilas would have liked her father to be with her, but she had no great love for him. Indeed that young person's affections were principally centred in herself. She had shelter and food from her mother's cousin, whom she called aunt, and such clothes as her relative could afford to give her, and she nursed the children, worked about the house and was treated neither better nor worse than if she had been Mrs. Flood's eldest daughter.

So much for one of our heroines. She means to be a lady, a lady, according to her ideal of one. To have fine clothes, dainty food, a soft couch, nothing to do, and every wish and whim gratified, as soon as it can be formed, that is Lilas Lampier's notion of being a lady, and of the life that a lady should live.

Eva Randolph's ideas are widely different. The lever that is to help her onward in life is hard work, strengthened by self-denial.

By earnest seeking after all that is true and noble, and by eradicating anything that is base and unworthy in her nature, she hopes to succeed. And poor Eva is worse than being simply an orphan, for her father's death left her to the tender mercies of a step-mother, who would have sent her to the workhouse, but that the parish authorities would then have taken care that the girl's share of her father's property should be applied to her use.

Mr. Randolph had died without a will. He had no near relatives, and Eva was left to the care of her step-mother. Mrs. Randolph's widowhood did not last long. Her first husband had been a surgeon; her second was a small shopkeeper. Mr. Church, when he married her, quite understood the condition of affairs, and willingly accepted the responsibility.

A little ready money was very useful to a man in business, and a small income from houses which, though they could not be sold, could be let to tenants too simple to ask for proof of his right to receive the rent, helped to cover many expenses, and to enable him to put away money against a rainy day.

There was no one to grumble or to bring the dishonest couple to book. Eva did not know she was being robbed. She was told every day of her life that she was eating the bread of charity, and she believed it, and she worked hard, harder than any servant would have done, to satisfy herself that she earned her food and shelter.

Such was the condition of affairs, on this, her thirteenth birthday.

CHAPTER II.

The day after the conversation of these girls had taken place Eva Randolph sat in her own room, busily at work upon some delicate lace, in the making of which she was remarkably clever.

Her fingers were very rapid in their movements, but her thoughts had wandered far away from her occupation. She was wishing that she had time and money wherewith to get a good education, and thinking thus, her mind soon traveled beyond the question of ways and means, and she had given herself up to the building of some very airy castles, the harsh voice of her step-mother roused her from her day-dreams.

"Eva, come down, you're wanted!" shouted Mrs. Church.

The girl dropped her work, and descended the stairs, to find in the best sitting-room, the Honorable Mrs. Westbrook, the mother of the young man whose bloodhound dog she had and her companions the previous afternoon.

She was a tall, proud-looking woman with fair hair, blue eyes, and large, regular features, and she bore about with her an air of perfect satisfaction that it had pleased Heaven to make her superior to all her fellow creatures.

Completely assured upon this point, Mrs. Westbrook could afford to be gracious to her inferiors, and she now condescended to smile kindly upon Eva, as she said:

"So you are the little lacemaker?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, looking up brightly, instead of dropping a courtesy, as any other girl in her station would have done.

A slight frown contracted the lady's face, but second thoughts transformed it into a smile, and she next asked:

"Are you as clever at mending lace as you are said to be at making it?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I am very fond of mending old lace," replied the girl.

"Then I shall get you to mend some lace for me," said Mrs. Westbrook, graciously; "but you must come up to my house to do it. I could not

allow it to be taken away. I suppose your mother can spare you?"

"Oh! yes, she can go; but she isn't my girl," volunteered Mrs. Church, who was always afraid of being taken for her full age, which was considerably over thirty. "She's too old to be my own daughter, as you can see, ma'am. I married her father, who was my first husband, though I was his second wife, and I've taken care of her ever since, for she hasn't got no relations of her own?"

"Indeed! Then what was her father's name?" asked the lady, graciously.

"Randolph—Algernon Randolph" replied Mrs. Church, proudly. "He was a surgeon at Trebourne; so I married beneath me when I took a second husband, as you see, ma'am."

"Algernon Randolph!" repeated Mrs. Westbrook, while something like an expression of pain passed over her countenance. "And so he is dead?" she added; "and this is his daughter?"

"Yes, ma'am, Did you know him?" asked Mrs. Church, in alarm, for it suddenly occurred to her that any friends of her late husband might become unpleasantly curious as to the amount of property he possessed when he died.

"Yes, I knew him," said Mrs. Westbrook, sadly, "but it was long before he was married—when he was but a young man, in fact; but I shall be glad to help his daughter. Will you come up to my house to-morrow at ten o'clock, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Eva, grateful for the changed tone of kindness, almost of affection, which the lady now used toward her.

The change was due to the respect in which her dead father was held, and she valued it upon this account far more than if it had been brought about by any personal regard for herself. So Mrs. Westbrook went away, and Eva returned to her room.

But Mrs. Church was ill at ease. Over and over again she assured herself that no one could blame her for appropriating to her own use the money that legally belonged to her stepdaughter. She gave her a home and she and her husband only appropriated the girl's share of her father's property, and exacted two-thirds of all the money she earned at her lace work in return.

Mrs. Church knew that the girl's own property entitled her to good clothing and a fair education, quite as well as any one could tell her so, but for five years she had gone her dishonest way unquestioned, and it certainly would be extremely inconvenient if any investigation were to take place now.

"What could Mrs. Westbrook know of her late husband?" she wondered. "Was the great lady aware that he had a small income independent of his profession?" And, worse still, "Did she know that he had died intestate?"

As she pondered these questions, Mrs. Church thought of making her husband a sharer in her anxiety, but second thoughts convinced her that she had best be silent. Mr. Church was not an amiable man; he was scraping together a very nice little fortune, and it was more than likely that if he thought there was any danger of losing Eva's money, he would, by some imprudent step, precipitate the very crisis they both dreaded, for he greatly disliked the girl whom he was daily robbing, and he grudged every mouthful of food that she ate.

So Mrs. Church said nothing to her husband about Mrs. Westbrook's visit, except that she wanted Eva to mend some lace for her, and that the girl was to go up to the Grange to do it.

(To Be Continued.)

A PRINCE IN MIDAIR.

Lo Bengula, stuck on a Ferris Wheel, said, "It Is Not Nice."

Prince Lo Bengula, of the Matabeles, the latest royal African Prince to be conquered and taken to London, had an experience when he was taken up on the big Ferris Wheel at Earl's Court.

Lo Ben was induced to come again to the window, but he evidently did not see anything at all attractive. "I am afraid; we shall all die to-day; oh, my father. Why won't it go down?" he said.

He tried to light a cigarette, but the match would not catch on the box, and the cigarette would not stop in his lips, and his straw hat wobbled all over his woolly cranium. "It is evil," he exclaimed, "I do not like it."

Lo Bengula stopped again some one hundred feet from the ground, and Lo Bengula cried, "Oh, we must get down. I lose all my money; ikona musika!" is now.

Lo Bengula raged there, climbing on the outer edge of the wheel, and he called to the cordage. He followed a chain and pulley and a steel cable, and finally the rescuing basket was lowered to another car.

Lo Bengula opened the door of the car and invited Lo Ben to step inside. "I no go," said Lo Ben. "I want not to die to-night!"

After much persuasion and the promise of some golden guineas the difficulty was overcome. Lo Ben landed in the basket, and with the combined weights of the three persons, it slipped down about six inches. Lo Bengula's cry rang like a blast from twenty trumpets, after which he sank down almost paralyzed. When terra firma was reached he gurgled out, "Oh, my father, my father, bona!" Good.

KAISER A LINGUIST.

The Kaiser is "at home" to some 20 of his friends once a week. He never fails on these occasions to make reference to his progress in the study of the Turkish language, which he has begun since his visit to Constantinople.

FARMING OF THE FUTURE.

PLOWING AND HARVESTING WILL BE DONE BY ELECTRICITY.

Forcing Houses Will Be Established for Stimulating Vegetables and Flowers—There Are Great Changes Coming for the Tiller of the Soil.

The model farm of to-morrow and of the future must avail itself of the most economical systems of plant propagation, and the geomagnetifiers must play an important part in its workings. Beneath the rich soil in the gardens where the delicate vegetables are growing networks of invisible wires are laid, collecting and distributing the atmospheric electricity to all the plants.

In the forcing houses similar arrangements are made for stimulating the winter vegetables and flowers for the market, while overhead powerful arc lights make the night as brilliant as day and help to mature the plant growths in half the regular time required by nature. In the fields of wheat and corn the more powerful current from a storage house work out similar results, lessening the season of growth and doubling the yield per acre. Excessive drought and the danger from late and early frosts are thus partly avoided on the electric farm, while, if necessary, two crops can be raised in one season where formerly only one could be grown. The electric power that the farmer has at his command enables him to regulate the growth of his plants to suit the season or the markets. One portion of the garden can be forced, while the other half is kept back several weeks.

There is no limit to the use of the new invisible power which he gathers from the atmosphere around him or generates from the wasted forces of the neighboring stream of water. This leads to the examination of the source of the new power that propels the machinery on the farm.

A SMALL STREAM OF WATER.

That formerly flowed across the farm in an irregular course, fertilizing the lower meadows and irrigating the upland districts, has been widened and deepened near its source, forming a large storage reservoir. This artificial pond has been dammed at its lower end, and as the water tumbles over the open water gates it turns several large turbine wheels.

These wheels do not move the machinery of a flour mill but constantly manufacture electricity for use on the farm. By means of the huge storage reservoir the work of making electricity can go on through the driest season, for the water power never gives out, and the electric power is always ready to do its work. From this storage house the motive power is conducted to all parts of the farm. The forcing houses for winter plants are connected with the power houses by overhead wires similar to those which disfigure the city streets for trolley lines. The great barn and living houses are lighted by electric lights that get their source of energy in the same place. Movable cables radiate from the storage houses to every part of the fields and to those electric motors are attached for performing the various labors assigned to them by the inventive genius of man.

The electric machinery worked by the motors is full of interest. Here are huge plows that turn over six furrows of fresh soil at once, haysacks and reapers which perform their duties automatically, electric weed killers and fertilizers, corn huskers and shellers, hay choppers and gigantic threshing and fanning mills. Electric vehicles rush across the extensive fields with loads of grain, hay or vegetables, moving their broad tires without difficulty over the rough, uneven surface, and behind the plows and harrows the automatic seeders follow in close succession, dropping the corn, wheat or other seed at regular intervals in the freshly turned furrows. Everything is performed by machinery, guided by disciplined hands and propelled by the new motive power that has caused all the revolution.

There are two general types of these electric plows, which will serve to illustrate the general principle of operation in each class. The first type is propelled by a fixed motor.

THE FIELD SELECTED

For plowing is divided into sections of exactly the width of the cable used for pulling the plows. A heavy, powerful electric motor on wheels is stationed each side of the field, and a strong cable connects them. This cable winds and unwinds upon a spool as the machinery is set in motion. To this cable the plow, which is capable of turning from three to six furrows of soil at once, is firmly attached. When the electric motor on the side of the field is set in motion it winds up the cable and drags the plow toward it, and when it reaches that side of the field it turns around, and the reverse action of the other motor repeats the operation.

The second type of electric plow is run by a movable motor attached to the plow itself. The cable is fixed to an anchor on the opposite side of the field, and the electric motor follows this cable, dragging the heavy plow with it. Even the weeding is accomplished by electricity. The force that stimulates plant growth and gives motive power to all the machinery can also kill and destroy. Electrocutation is applied to the weeds just as successfully as to prisoners in our jails. The delicate current of electricity may give life and vigor to plant life, but a powerful current destroys every germ of life, animal or vegetable. In the spring of the year the new weed destroyer goes over the field, and annihilates weeds, insects and larvae.

As the vehicle moves along a series of many wire brushes drags on the earth and kills everything that comes in contact with it. A field overgrown with rank weeds can thus be comparatively cleared in a remarkably short time of every noxious growth.

Death is just as sure and sudden as if each plant received a lightning stroke from the summer clouds. The weeder goes over the field after a storm, so that the wet stalks will act as more perfect conductors. There comes from Buda-Pesth the first

ELECTRIC TREE DESTROYER

the farmer who has extensive woodlands to clear finds science ready to help him in this respect. The tree-destroying machines were invented to fell the giant trees in the forests of Galicia. They are comparatively simple in their construction, but veritable giants in their operations. A small motor carried on a movable truck is drawn up to the whole product of the forest and secured to it by chains and steel clamps. The automatic saw chisel is next put in position, and when the electric current is turned on it eats its way rapidly into the huge trunk and nearly severs it in two. While the machine is being adjusted to another tree the first one is easily pulled over by ropes and sawed up by a huge saw operated by another motor.

To complete the picture of the model farm the owner should travel from one part of the extensive estate to another in his automobile victoria or upon a motor bicycle. Where electricity can be obtained so cheaply thousands of the newest inventions can be introduced without difficulty. In his spacious living quarters his wife no longer stews over obstinate wood or coal fires; she simply turns on the electric current when needed and cooks the dinner without fuss or worry. Electric fans turned by the power that cooks her dinner and lights her house make the atmosphere of the mid-summer day delightful and refreshing. There is no longer any tri-weekly churning to try one's temper, for the near-by creamery converts the cream into butter by the latest and most approved methods. Even the drinking water is pumped up from artesian wells by electricity and supplied in a cool and refreshing stream to all who ask it.

Weak and Nervous.

THE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY OF WELLAND.

Subject to Frequent Headaches, Was Pale and Emaciated and Grew so Ill She Could Barely Walk.

From the Tribune, Welland, Ont.

Miss Hattie Archer, of Welland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance extended among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—In the fall of 1897 I was taken very ill, I was nervous, weak and debilitated. At this time the least exertion caused great fatigue. My appetite was poor and I was attacked with frequent sick headaches. I gradually grew worse until I was so weak I could barely walk through the house. I was very pale and emaciated and finally became entirely incapacitated. Various medicines were resorted to but gave no relief. Later I was treated by two of the best physicians of the town. One said my blood was poor and watery. I followed his advice for some time but did not improve. Then the second doctor was called and he said he could help me, but after thoroughly testing his medicines without benefit, I gave it up, and despaired of ever getting well. My grandmother had been reading at that time much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and persuaded me to try them. That was about January, 1898. From the first the results were really marvelous, being far beyond my friends' expectations. After taking five boxes I can stand more fatigue than I could for two years. I have gained weight splendidly; can take my food with a delightful relish, and again feel cheerful, healthy and strong. I would further say that the change is wholly due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I hope that my testimony will prove beneficial to other girls similarly afflicted.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation, or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say it "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

HAND ORGANS AS CIVILIZERS.

Congo Free State negroes are being Christianized by a hand organ. Captain Becker, a Free State official, thoughtfully took one with him to his post, and, finding that the natives enjoyed the music, and being, also desirous that they should marry in Christian fashion he announced that the organ would be played at every Christian wedding. The result was that weddings took place almost daily, and it was discovered that many couples got married more than once in order to procure the music.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest flashes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.—Johnson.