

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

Mrs. Thorngate was waiting for her, and came up to her at once. At the first glimpse of her sweet, motherly face Audrey's nervousness went. The vicar's wife spoke cheerfully and kindly to the girl, and as they walked out of the station together her thoughts were very busy.

"What could George have been thinking about when he spoke of this child as 'nice looking'? Why, the words are heresy when used to describe her face! Poor soul! I am sorry for her! Such beauty in her station of life does not mean happiness."

Audrey found herself speaking quite naturally and easily to this kind man, and answered all the questions Mrs. Thorngate put to her in her fresh, clear voice and refined tones.

But whatever the vicar's wife was turning over in her mind it was never permitted to ripen, for just as they were passing in at the rectory garden—a pretty place even in the chill February weather—a young lady, mounted on a bay horse with black points, and attended by a smart groom, rode swiftly along the road. She drew rein as she saw Mrs. Thorngate.

"Good morning," she cried, in a clear, rather hard voice. "Have you seen anything of Lord John? They tell me he came a cropper just by Delf Woods, and went back by train to get another mount, as he had lamed old Hector. You have not seen him, Mrs. Thorngate? Dear me, how tiresome! The day is quite hot, and we shaped the have such a rattling good run."

"It is a pity," Mrs. Thorngate assented heartily, for in her youth she had been a first rate sportswoman, and she sympathized with the girl's disappointment warmly; "but can't you catch them up somewhere, Miss Fraser? Where was the meet?"

## CHAPTER III.

Sheila Fraser explained everything in her sharp way, and Audrey, standing modestly in the background, looked in admiration and surprise at the neat, well turned figure sitting easily in the saddle, at the small oval face under the straight hat brim, and the coil of red-gold hair at the nape of the neck.

How pretty this Miss Fraser was! Her teeth were so even and so white, her cheeks so rosy warm in color; only her eyes seemed cold and hard. They moved about quickly, and to Audrey were just like sharp needles.

"I rode back to inquire after Lord John at his mother's request, because some one said he was really hurt. Now, I wish I had not been so curious. I really don't quite know what I shall do," Miss Fraser tapped her small foot with her whip impatiently, and then frowned. The wind had blown the veil over Audrey's face again, but she could see through it easily, and she did not like that frown, it made the eyes more sharp and cruel than before.

"I suppose it is no use asking you to have some luncheon with me," Mrs. Thorngate said, and then, all at once, she remembered Audrey, and uttered an exclamation. "I very nearly forgot," she said, turning to Miss Fraser, "your new maid has arrived. This is she."

Sheila Fraser looked curiously at the slender form in its black cloak and all. "Oh!" she said shortly, she paused a moment, and then addressing Audrey, "you had better go up to Dinglewood at once; ask Bircham; she will tell you what your duties are, and—er—what is your name?"

"Maxse—Audrey Maxse," Mrs. Thorngate replied, quickly.

"Well—er—Maxse, you must alter your dress. That funeral chap and veil are simply absurd. Please see to that at once."

Miss Fraser bent from her saddle to ask one or two questions confidentially of the vicar's wife, and then her face flushed, and she uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"Here he is, after all!" as a horseman came fleetly toward them.

Jack Glendurwood pulled up with a jerk.

"Halloo, Sheila, you here? Why, I thought you would have been at Sherwood Downs, at least, by this time."

He was thoroughly well pleased of all mud, and looked as speak and span as Miss Fraser herself, as he removed his hat and greeted Mrs. Thorngate.

"Heard you had a cropper, and, as your mother was anxious, I rode back to see what was left of you," Sheila replied in a curt, somewhat masculine manner.

"Poor mother," he said, lightly. "Well, the best thing we can do is to tear down to Welland! The hounds went through there a few minutes ago, I heard; I thought I might catch them up here, but as they have not come this way, we are pretty sure of tumbling in with them in that direction."

He looked eager to be off, and his eyes never went toward the gate where Audrey stood, shrinking back shyly, in her black garments. A few more words exchanged and the two young people rode off, and Mrs. Thorngate came up to Audrey.

"Well, how do you like your young mistress' looks?" she asked, kindly.

Audrey paused for a moment, then in a numb sort of way she answered: "She is very pretty, I think."

"Miss Frase is the acknowledged beauty of these parts—she is an heiress. Dinglewood is a lovely place, I hope you will get on well with her, my dear, and be happy in your new home."

Miss Fraser came home very tired about 6 o'clock, and found Bircham, her first maid, carefully instructing the newcomer in the various duties expected of her. Audrey, mindful of her mistress' commands, had put on her only other gown, a thick gray one of rough material, with neat collar and cuffs, and a black-ribbed apron. Her hair was brushed straight off her face, and rolled in a huge knot at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. She was pale, but her eyes were shining with admiration and surprise and some excitement. Never, in her widest

dreams, had she conjured up so many lovely things as were massed together in Sheila Fraser's apartments, with their silken hangings, their dainty furniture, costly ornaments, and the hundred and one appointments which finished every corner.

"It is like fairyland," Audrey said over and over again in her bewilderment. She hardly liked to tread on the Persian rugs and furs thrown on the floor, and she held her breath as she stood beside the ivory toilet table, and gazed at the brushes and array of bottles and other knickknacks in old Dutch silver.

"If Jean could but see them!" was her thought.

She was quite dazed with all the loveliness about her, and gave little cries of surprise and delight as Bircham lit the pink-globed lamps and stirred the fire into a blaze.

She felt it must be some delicious, heaven-sent dream, and that presently she should wake and find herself in her cold, hard bed at the home, the bell clanging the time to rise.

Sheila's arrival dispelled this feeling, and, as the young lady entered, she seemed to bring a rush of cold air with her that destroyed the illusion of fairyland.

"My bath at once!" she ordered, sharply; and then, looking across at Audrey, she added: "You must remember to have it always ready for me when I have been out hunting, Maxse, Bircham, you have told her everything?"

"Yes, miss, everything."

"Let her remain here and watch you to-night."

Audrey stood in a dusky corner with her hands folded, as Miss Fraser, having plunged into her bath and this refreshed and invigorated herself, sat before the long, ivory-mounted duchesse mirror, and put herself into Bircham's hands to have her hair dressed.

Audrey thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as Sheila Fraser's hair; every thread seemed of burnished gold as the brush went through it, and the lamp light shone on it, and when by and by her young mistress stood adorned for dinner in a black crepe gown, with diamonds glittering in her wavy tresses and around her white throat, the girl was quite dazed.

It had been such a long, wonderful day, full of such agitation and so many new experiences.

## CHAPTER IV.

Audrey woke with a start the next morning, and her first thought was how angry Miss Fraser would be that she was late. The faint, golden rays of the February sun were streaming in through the sides of the blind; the bell was not ringing. She looked about her in a dazed, mechanical fashion, sitting up in bed, with her mass of black hair tressed loosely on her shoulders.

Where was she? Surely that was not Jean's bed in the other corner? Jean never snored like that. She rubbed her eyes, shivered a little with the cold, and then was wide awake. She was not in her old bedroom, but in her new, and that sleeping form across in the other corner was not Jean's small, thin one, but the large-boned, heavy frame of Bircham, her fellow-servant.

She shut the door quietly and went down stairs, and brushed away briskly at the riding habit and other garments for a good half hour; then, with a shy laugh, she determined to go on to the servants' quarters and reconnoiter.

"I must meet the others sooner or later," she thought.

A rosy cheeked housemaid was busy with her broom and stopped to courtesy as she saw what she took to be a guest coming down the wide oaken staircase—there were always two or three strangers at Dinglewood. Audrey was gazing out of her lovely dark blue eyes with deep pleasure and interest at the fresh waders that met her gaze at every turn; her young, buoyant, nervously excitable heart thrilled as with delight at the carved oaken panels, the full-length costume portraits, the figures in armor that stood in their niches, as though guarding the old house as their dead and gone wearers did in the days of yore. The housemaid's respectful courtesy first provoked a smile and then a little sigh.

"I want to find the kitchen; am I going wrong?" she said, and then she put out her hand. "I am the new maid, Audrey Maxse! Shall we be friends? What is your name? If it is like your face it is sure to be nice."

The housemaid stared at her in amazement; but when she saw that Audrey still held out her hand, she put her own rough palm into it, while she grinned good naturedly.

"I baint had frens with no one, I baint, and I likes you! Why, I took you for a lady. There! My name's Lisa."

What's yours, did you say?

Audrey explained all that was necessary, and then Eliza showed her the way to the housekeeper's room, the servants' hall and the kitchen.

"You come down the wrong stairs," she said. "Them's the ones you must use," pointing to her right. "Here's the kitchen. My! Don't the beekus smell nice? Ain't you hungry? You must eat a lot, and then you'll get red cheeks. Here's Mr. Downs!" and Eliza broke off to giggle, as a young man—a very good imitation of a gentleman—entered in through the open doorway that led to the courtyard, thence to the stables and the kitchen garden beyond. "Ho! Lord John's valley," she whispered in a loud voice to Audrey, "and such a swell!"

Mr. Downs smiled with much superiority as he caught Eliza's ingenuous tone of admiration. He was soon chaffing and joking with her, while Audrey, who felt an indescribable vexation and dislike arising within her at the man's presence, went to the doorway and walked out into the courtyard. It was so clear and fresh in the cold morning air that she soon lost her vague discomfort, and began to make friends with the half dozen dogs of every sort and description, who came from the stables to inquire into the new arrival. A voice from behind broke her silence, and, turning, with a

frown, she saw that Downs had followed her.

"You'll get cold out here, miss," the young man said, fixing his eyes on her exquisite face with astonished admiration; "and you're much too pretty—"

Audrey drew herself up. She was very young, and she had never had occasion to feel the sort of angry resentment that this man's bold stare awakened in her breast. She was too nervous to make any reply, but she turned round quickly and went indoors before he knew what she was doing.

"Oh! That's her sort, is it?" observed Mr. Henry Downs to himself. "Who's she, I'd like to know, though she is so pretty, to give herself airs like a queen? Well, we'll soon take that out of her, or my name ain't Downs."

And, dispensing a few kicks to the dogs, the man walked away down the courtyard to give his master's order to the head groom.

Audrey, to her great relief, found that a message had come for her to go to Miss Fraser's room at once. Sheila Fraser was lying in her luxuriant bed, her red-gold hair thrown over the pillows in picturesque confusion as Audrey entered.

"Light my fire at once," she ordered, sharply; "then pull up the blind, and give me those papers and letters, Maxse."

Audrey stirred the smoldering embers into a blaze, threw some wood on to it, and then drew back the silken curtains. Miss Fraser took the letters and stared at the girl.

"I don't think I shall 'ke this girl," she said to herself. "She is evidently stupid, and stares at one in an uncanny fashion. Go to Mrs. Fraser's room—you know where it is—give her my love, and ask how she is this morning," she said, shortly.

She lay quite still as Audrey went away, then, with a sudden movement, she slipped from the bed, went across the rich carpet to the mirror, and gazed silently at her own image. Never before, in the whole of her life, had she ever viewed her own reflection with anything but pleasure. What was it that jarred her now? Not only the lack of symmetry in feature, the difference in coloring—was it not a certain air of unaccountable refinement—something that bespoke the patrician in Audrey's face, and that was wanting in her own?

She was not patrician born—she was of the people. Her father had been a hard-headed Scotch merchant, born of respectable Scotch tradesfolk; her mother the rich and only daughter of a Cumberland brewer. They were wealthy, they had land, they had retinues of servants, but still they were beyond the sacred inner social round. Sheila could remember distinctly the days before her mother's death; she was only a girl of eight, but she was wonderfully sharp and precocious for her years. Mrs. Fraser had no other children. She was an unloved wife, her ambitions did not keep pace with those of her husband, and the rift, begun almost immediately after the marriage, widened and widened until they were virtually separated, although George Fraser never felt nor pretended to feel any sorrow when his wife died. He was considerably enriched by her fortune.

(To be continued.)

### His Mistake.

Fred—The ways of women are past all understanding.

Jack—What's the trouble now?

Fred—While I was in the parlor alone with Miss Pinklegh, she lowered the gas, and, thinking it was a hint for me to propose, I did so, but she refused me.

Jack—Huh! You ought to have known that negatives are always developed in dark rooms.

### Courage Promoters.

"Women," remarked Wedderly, "are a great incentive to manly courage."

"What's the explanation?" queried his friend Singleton.

"Well," replied Wedderly, "since I've been up against the matrimonial game and had a few little tilts with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the toughest citizen in town seems like mere child's play to me."

### Slow March of Music.

It takes time for some operas to come to England, but Gluck's "Armide," beloved of Marie Antoinette, probably establishes a record in this respect. To be exact, "Armide"—produced at Covent Garden last night—has taken 120 years to reach our shores since its initial production in Paris.—London Daily Mail.

### In Boston.

For nice distinctions in the use of the English language even the Philadelphia lawyer might learn something from certain street car conductors of Boston. Thoughtlessly and lightheartedly I said to a conductor the other day: "Do you go to Blank street?" The answer came: "No, but this car passes that street."

### Bright Modern Thievery.

A new idea in stealing was reported to the Kansas City prosecuting attorney. A woman gave her feather beds to a cleaner, weighing the feathers before and after, and found that they came some thirty pounds short. It is not possible that there could have been thirty pounds of dirt in them, so she claimed that that amount was stolen.

### Perhaps.

She—They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Why?

He—I think it has something to do with the increased difficulty experienced in finding the keyhole.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Usual Variety.

Jaggles—Is his flying machine a success?

Waggles—Half way so. It always comes down flying.—Puck.

### No Tragedy.

The engineer was asleep. Happily no tragedy followed. It was time to be off duty and he was in his bed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The crown of Portugal is valued at \$6,500,000, a world's record for crowns.

## ONE OF COLORADO'S WONDERS.



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Justice has only recently been done to one of the most majestic mountains of Colorado. For some years a persistent rumor has been afloat that the famous Mount of the Holy Cross had suffered an accident in the shape of a rock slide which had destroyed one of the arms of the cross, or rather had filled up one of the transverse canons and excluded the snow therefrom, thus obliterating a portion of the cross. Photographs showing this defect have actually been made, but a short time ago the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad sent its photographers, W. H. Jackson, the noted landscape artist of Detroit, and George L. Beam of Denver, on a trip to the wonderful Holy Cross region, for the purpose of proving or disproving the statement as to the partial destruction of the cross.

Leaving the town of Red Cliff, after an immense amount of hard traveling through an almost unbroken wilderness, the summit of Notch Mountain, a long and jagged eminence directly opposite the Mount of the Holy Cross, was reached, and from the first point of view one of the arms of the cross did appear to be missing. However, on bearing to the right and rising higher a fine thread of snow became visible on that portion of the summit, and after continuing in this direction for some distance the entire left arm appeared and it was found that the cross was as complete and beautiful as ever.

A comparison of the new photographs with the first one ever made, which Mr. Jackson took thirty-three years ago, shows practically no change even in the masses of snow on the mountain, to say nothing of any alterations in the masses of rock of which it is composed. Evidently the story of the demolition was started by persons who had not ascended to the proper height or at the proper point to obtain the full view of the cross. Doubtless this magnificent mountain will retain its shape and remain one of the wonders of America for many generations to come.—Toledo Blade.

## MEMORIES OF THE FARM.



When I was a boy we had one unflinching job—husking corn. We husked all winter. We husked from crop to crop. It was like a curse on my life. It was the unflinching remedy for the least appearance of laziness. "Go down to the north field and husk a few bushels of corn." That was the order and it had to be obeyed. And with a corn crop running into the billions of bushels they still husk it by hand. Why doesn't somebody who is sorry for farmer boys, invent something?—Bushnell, in Cincinnati Post.

## SILENCE CLUB OF PARIS.

Members Do Not Talk Unless They Have Something to Say.

"It is not surprising that the first year of the Silence Club of Paris has closed with such gratifying results that the club may be said to have achieved success in its decidedly unique sphere of usefulness," remarked a psychologist to a Washington Star man.

"I look for similar clubs to be established in this country among the cult, as their foundation and purpose is anything but a joke or of a freakish nature. The idea is new in this country, however, though the success of the Paris institution will give it an impetus among the advanced thinkers among us and those who have made the interesting problem of mental philosophy a critical or a pastime study.

"The rules of the society do not call for absolute silence, but the members are supposed not to talk unless they have something to say. Chatter is absolutely tabooed. Each member pledges himself to avoid noisy places and participation in public demonstrations. At a recent meeting the members declared that since they had joined the club their nervous systems were in much better condition than before they became members.

"Of course such a club could not be composed of the fair sex, even though they were all devout believers in and followers of psychological teachings. A congregation composed of silent women would be impossible of conception, and while our fair sisters may experience chagrin that they are to be shut out of participating in any form of club life among themselves that is also indulged in by their brothers, this is one form

of assembly that bars them out. Neither would politicians be eligible for membership, unless as a disciplinary measure.

"The club is based upon the sound psychological principle of not doing unnecessary things or calling the brain cells into play by unnecessary thought. In practical everyday life this principle is exemplified in the establishment of retreats among certain of the religious creeds to which members may repair for meditation and rest, and in medical circles it is shown in another form in the so-called rest cure. If one wishes to enter into a study of a mild form of this particular principle let him consider the amount of wasted energy, physical and mental, that the average person each day expends in needless talk and needless action; it will be found to be prodigious.

All rules of mechanics converge to the concentration of force and the elimination of waste energy. In human affairs generally every individual endeavors to expend as much energy as he can in the simplest as in the greatest of his endeavors, seeming to think that the more force he puts into an act, a thought or a speech the better it is."

### The Ears of Insects.

Simply because a bee has no ears on the sides of its head it is no sign whatever that it is wholly without some sort of an auditory nerve. This is proved by the fact that grasshoppers, crickets, locusts and flies all have their ears situated in queer places—under the wings, on the middle of the body and even on the sides of their legs. The common house fly does its hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads which occupy the place which are taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug or shell-less snail has its organs of hearing situated on each side of its neck, and the common grasshopper has them on each of its broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the bases of the wings and in others on the bottom of the feet.—Scranton Truth.

### Queer Things in Kansas.

A Kansas City man has just succeeded in getting a patent on an electric motor fastened on a cow's back, the electricity being generated by a dynamo attached to her tail. It strains the milk and hangs up the pail and the strainer. A small phonograph accompanies the outfit and yells "So!" when the cow moves. If she kicks a hinged arm catches the milk stool and lams her over the back.—Osawatimie Globe.

### His Normal One.

First Nurse—The doctor says you must observe old Mr. Skinflint's mean temperature.

Second Nurse—He hasn't any other kind.—Baltimore American.

### Uncle Eben.

"Don't criticize folk foh not bein' satisfied," said Uncle Eben. "When a man is real satisfied, he's liable to git de big head an' be disagreeable."—Washington Star.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Give love the power and it will always help.

There are still some folks who think that making a noise in church is religion.

If we fail to kill our doubts they will kill us.

The happy Christian is always a busy one.

Some people never look up as long as they can stand up.

The wider the Bible is opened the harder it strikes at sin.

Every land flowing with milk and honey has giants in it.

When a lazy man looks toward heaven, angels close the windows.

Whenever a wise man makes a mistake it teaches him something.

The man who is always going to start to-morrow never gets there.

You can tell how much people love the Lord by the company they keep.

The nation has no better friend than the mother who teaches her child to pray.

No matter how much religion we claim to have, all that counts is that we live.

We are all the time making character, whether we are doing anything else or not.

Lazarus did more for the Lord without saying a word than Martha did with all her bluster.

There is something wrong with the man who is more concerned about his reputation than he is about his character.

## MAP IS AID TO PEDESTRIAN.

Beneficial to the Walker When He Is Properly Equipped.

"The bicycle, and later the automobile, gave a great impulse to the sale of road maps, but," said a man who takes his outings afoot, "useful as good maps are to those who by such means traverse the country maps are, as they have always been, no less useful and desirable for the pedestrian."

"I wouldn't dream of walking anywhere without a map. The map is not only a guide, but it is a companion and friend that tells you about the country as you go along. It tells you not only precisely where you are at whatever moment you consult it, and the distances here and there, but with the country outlined before you and its features marked there on the paper you can find a far greater satisfaction in the walk than would be possible without the aid of this pocket companion."

"Aside from the help the map gives you in getting where you want to go, halt where you will where some inviting prospect attracts and open up the map."

"Only be sure that you hold it correctly adjusted to the points of the compass, and then the map will tell you what arm of the sea or what bay or lake it is whose waters you see far away to the east, or what village it is whose church spire you see rising to the north; it will tell you the name of the brook you have just crossed, and of the stream you'll be coming to a mile further along on the road."

"With a map, in short, every feature of the country near and far is revealed to you. You know not only where you stand at the moment, but with intelligence the country round about as far as the eye can reach. A region new to you, it is all the more interesting because of its novelty, but the enjoyment you find in it is vastly broadened and heightened by the illuminating knowledge you gain of it from the map."

"Invaluable as a guide, the map is scarcely less to be esteemed in its capacity of companion and friend for telling you of what you see, it makes, in a way, most pleasantly acquainted where otherwise you might be simply a passing stranger."—New York Sun.

## Paradoxical!

A young woman who has been doing missionary work on the east side had an experience last week that came near ending her charitable efforts. On one windy, cold day she met in the streets three Italian children—two girls and a boy—who were barefooted. She stopped them, and they told her that their parents couldn't buy them shoes, they were so poor.

The charitably inclined young woman first fitted them out with stockings and then bought them three pairs of shoes. The children started for home looking very happy. The next day she met one of the girls on the street.

"Won't you come and visit us?" asked the girl.

"I'd be pleased to," said the missionary, who felt that what she had done was appreciated. "Where do you live?"

"Oh, you'll have to go out to Englewood, N. J.," said the little girl. "We're going to move to-morrow. Papa has bought two houses out there."—New York Sun.

## Strives to Please.

Uncle (to little Bertie, aged 5, who is being taken off to bed)—Good-night, Bertie. Of course, you always remember your uncles and aunts in your prayers?

Bertie—Oh, yes, Uncle Felix. Shall I tell you what I say? "God bless Auntie Kitty and make her thin, and God bless Uncle James and make him fat, and God bless Uncle Felix and—" which do you want to be—fat or thin?"

And many a woman's greatness is due to the smallness of her husband.