

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER VI

The news of Mrs. Fraser's sudden increase of weakness and ill health reached Mrs. Thorngate the following afternoon, as the vicar's wife was returning from some of her parochial ministrations.

"What is wrong with her?" she asked Dr. Sentence, anxiously, as she met him riding homeward.

"I confess she puzzles me," he answered. "I sounded the heart this morning, and, except for extremely weak action, I can trace no definite signs of a malady."

"I think I will go on to Dinglewood and see her," Mrs. Thorngate said to herself, as she was alone again. "Constance Fraser and she were warm friends."

"I want to see how that child is getting on, too."

She was just passing her own gate as she thought of this, and was suddenly astonished by being confronted by a young man, who proceeded to fold his arms about her and kiss her cheek most heartily.

"Well, Aunt Agatha, here I am once again, you see," said a soft, singularly pleasant voice.

"Beverley, my dear boy! How you startled me! Oh, dear!" and poor Mrs. Thorngate fairly gasped for breath.

"Poor Aunt Agatha! What a shame! I am awfully sorry, dear. I thought you saw me. Come in and sit down, you see old thing. Where's Uncle Gus?"

Mrs. Thorngate allowed herself to be led up to the rectory by the strong arm. Her surprise was vanishing and only pleasure remained. Beverley came home once again! She could scarcely believe it.

"Beverley, that dear, handsome, scapegrace son of her dead and gone, yet still beloved sister, Margaret! Mrs. Thorngate's child-benefit heart clung to this young man with the tenacity of an ivy plant. He was, after her husband, her dearest and most treasured possession on earth. Once inside the cozy dining room she embraced him warmly.

"Let me look at you, darling," she said, holding him off at arm's length and frowning her eyes on his extremely handsome face, with its dark eyes, olive skin, clear-cut features and short-cropped beard. "Oh, my dear! I am glad to see you once more. You are creature, never to have written me a line all these months! And now you want something to eat, and there is nothing decent in the house."

"You will sit down and take your ease. I have already ransacked the larder, and with very good results. Your cold beef was beyond reproach, my dear aunt."

Mrs. Thorngate laughed.

"How good it is to see you in your old chair," she said, tenderly. "How I wish Gus was at home."

"He will be back in a few days, I suppose?" Beverley Rochford observed casually, after having learned the reason of his uncle being away. To an onlooker it might easily have been perceived that the young man had no very great regret in the rector's absence; but Mrs. Thorngate did not observe it.

"And now you will make up your mind to stay with us, will you not, my dearest? I can assure you we are not very dull down here, now; we have the Duchess of Harborough, with the Marquis of Iverne, and Lord John Glendurwood at Craiglands. The Frasers are at Dinglewood; the Everests settled in Glasgow for the hunting; no end of smart people one way and another."

Beverley smiled complacently and stroked his short, silky beard. Since necessity would force him to make the rectory his headquarters for at least some few months, he was not at all averse to hearing his aunt's news.

"I am not surprised they should come here; it is a good country. I don't know a better, and I have traveled through a good many in my time. I suppose I can get a good mount in either Glasgow or Manchester?"

"No need to go so far," smiled Mrs. Thorngate. "Your uncle has two hunters in the stables, and he will be infinitely obliged to any one who will give them a little exercise, more especially as he cannot be here to use them himself. Would you like to go and have a look at them, my dear boy? You will find Peter still in the stables; in fact, very little is changed in the year and a half you have been away."

"I don't mind if I do. But where are you off to?"

Mrs. Thorngate explained her reasons for going to Dinglewood.

"I think I will leave the horses, and accompany you," he said; "it is just as well to resume acquaintanceship with the folk around."

And so, chatting languidly in his soft, musical voice, Beverley Rochford walked through the muddy lanes to Dinglewood. He remembered he had made a distinct impression on Sheila Fraser when he met her before, and although he had no definite plans in his mind, he felt he should be wise to renew the friendship with this extremely wealthy young woman.

He let Mrs. Thorngate's cheery tongue run on, and was not very communicative about himself.

"Just back from the Cape," he observed, when his aunt pined him on this point, "and an uncomfortable time I have had of it. Gold mines, indeed! More like treadmills. Never worked so hard in my life, and nothing for it!" He laughed softly. "Aunt Agatha, I have come home with empty pockets!"

A slight shade passed over Mrs. Thorngate's face.

"We must not let that last, Beverley," she replied; then a little more hurriedly, she still had your small income, of course?"

fond of him to let that last.

"You must have a chat with Gus when he comes back, and until then, dear, look upon me as your banker," she said, gently.

"Dear Aunt Agatha!" Beverley murmured, pressing her hand. His gratitude was entirely assumed, since he had settled this arrangement in his mind before he left Port Elizabeth; but Mrs. Thorngate never doubted it for a moment.

"You will be a rich man some day, Beverley, you are so clever. Brains like yours always succeed."

"They certainly have served me very well so far," agreed Mr. Rochford. There was a curious smile on his face as he recalled how often his brains had carried him through disagreeable and awkward crises. "I must tell you all about my plans to-morrow, Aunt Agatha. Are those the lights of Dinglewood? I had an idea it was much further away. What a fine property it is! Miss Fraser is a lucky young woman. Is she appropriated yet?"

"There is no definite engagement; but I don't think I am far wrong if I say Sheila's fancy leans toward Lord John Glendurwood. I think you met him when you were here before."

A grim look settled on Beverley Rochford's handsome face; his lips compressed themselves into a tight, ugly line.

"Yes, I know Glendurwood," was all he said; but a keen listener might have detected something hard and strange in his voice. "He is a very decided prig, Aunt Agatha."

Mrs. Thorngate made no reply to this, for, truth to tell, she had a weak spot in her heart for Lord John, and was one of his warmest admirers.

"I hate prigs! I knew one out there"—with a comprehensive nod backward at some unnamed bourn—"to whom I took a fancy." Beverley laughed softly. "He was the surliest chap I ever came across, but what a plucky one! We knocked against each other pretty often. I felt sorry for him, somehow; he seemed all sorry for me. He gave me a packet to bring home to some lawyers here, and made me swear I would honestly deliver it."

He called himself John Marsh, but I am quite sure that was not his name. He must have been a good-looking fellow when he was younger, with eyes as blue as well as your large sapphire ring, Aunt Agatha, and coal-black hair. A strange combination! I never saw it before."

"Why, that's just what that child is like!" cried the rector's wife.

"What child?"

"Miss Fraser's maid, and a protegee of Gus! Such a lovely little creature. I wish you could see her, Beverley."

"I never waste my admiration on servants," he said as they reached the low, wide porch-like entrance of Dinglewood House.

Miss Fraser was dispensing tea to her grace the Duchess of Harborough and one or two other people. She received Mrs. Thorngate in the warm, pretty fashion she always assumed before Jack's mother.

"How good of you to come! Dear mamma will be so pleased to see you! Thanks, she is really better this afternoon—at least I hope so. Oh! she frightened me terribly when she fell down in that fainting fit! I did not wait her to go, but she would do it. Mr. Rochford, will you come and sit here? Dear god-mamma, may I introduce Mr. Beverley Rochford to you? He has just come back from foreign parts, and will entertain you, I am sure!"

The duchess moved her ample skirts so that Beverley might sit down. Lord John was speaking very plainly and earnestly.

"Sheila," he said, as he drew the girl apart from the rest for a moment, "how comes that man here?"

"What man? Oh, Mr. Rochford? Why, he is dear Mrs. Thorngate's nephew. Stupid Jack, as if you did not know that!"

"I did not know it, or I should not have asked the question. I have never seen him down here before, and I have never heard Mrs. Thorngate speak of him."

"Oh, he is her joy and he beloved. I call him handsome, don't you? But, of course, no man ever admires another; I forgot."

"Whoever he may be, I know him as one of the greatest blackguards it has ever been my lot to meet."

"Good gracious, Jack, how awful! and Mr. Thorngate a clergyman, too?"

"Mr. Thorngate has nothing to do with him. I doubt if he would ever let him inside his house if he knew as much about him as I do."

Beverley was in the best of spirits. He had carefully noted that whispered conference at the fire, just as he had noted that Lord John Glendurwood did not vouchsafe him any greeting. He was much relieved as Sheila came up to them and treated him to a smile. He did not quite understand her expression, but he studied it well and determined to think it over. He was a most amusing man; he could tell an anecdote with just enough disregard for the truth as to point it well and make it more palatable. His voice was so pleasant, his bearing so graceful, and his face so handsome, that he won everybody's heart.

"You must come to Craiglands," cried the duchess, with decision.

Meanwhile Jack Glendurwood was striding through the chill February afternoon; a slight frost and all of snow had prevented the most that morning, and he felt a trifle bored.

By this time he was at the stables, and, going in, he examined Sheila's mare Diana and gave a word of praise to the head groom. As he was sauntering across the court yard he ran against a man hurrying in from a side avenue, which was the servant's entrance and exit from Dinglewood and the village.

belonging to him at the house the day before.

Jack looked at the man. He had not had him long, and did not particularly care for him. He felt that Downs was lying at this moment. He whistled to the dogs scattered about, and turned down the avenue from which his servant had hurried. He had not gone many steps before he came to a standstill. There, just in front of him, her hands pressed close to her breast, crouched in the black cloak and veil in which he had first seen her, stood Audrey.

She was perfectly erect, and held her head proud and high. The light was fast growing dim, but he could see how white her face was, and how her eyes were glowing.

"What are you doing here alone?" he exclaimed, almost perceptibly, coming close up to her. As he did so he noticed that her breath was coming in great panting sobs, as from some one who had been mortally frightened. "What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, hurriedly. "Will you not speak to me, little friend?"

"I have no friends," she said in a voice that was hoarse with agitation and excitement; "I—I am all alone in the world. Even Jean cannot help me now."

Jack Glendurwood moved a step nearer, and his foot kicked against a bag that was on the ground; but he did not notice it. "Something has happened," he said, earnestly and kindly. "Will you tell me what it is?"

Audrey gazed before her in a set, fixed dazed fashion for another moment or so; then she gave a little cry, and pressed her two hands before her eyes.

"Oh, if I could have only killed him!" she sobbed, feverishly, yet kindly. "How dare he! How dare he!"

Lord John started and his pines thrilled. He was about to question her, and then, like a flash of lightning, the truth came to him—Downs' stammering awkwardness, the girl's shame and misery. The man had evidently insulted her—perhaps had kissed her! A hot tide of color surged to Jack Glendurwood's face.

"It shall not occur again," he soothed her, and still clasping her hands; "you must not come out here in the dusk alone, too—too pretty, my child. Now you are going to be brave, you will not cry any more?"

But the tears were fast coursing one another down her fair, white cheeks.

"I am going away," she said, as well as she could speak. "Miss Fraser won't keep me any longer. She said I was to go at once. I—I know I am stupid, but if she would only give me a chance I should do better—but she won't, and now I must go back to the home and they will scold me, and—"

"Sent you away like this—at this time of night? Oh, there must be some mistake!" Jack's voice was full of just indignation.

Audrey assured him it was only too true, and eased her sorrowful little heart by peering out her disappointment and misery, until suddenly she remembered, with a start, that she was presuming dreadfully on his kindness, and came to a premature stop.

"I shall never forget all you have done for me!" she said in low, broken notes, and then she had lessened her hold and was out of sight.

He stood gazing after her, and then, a thought urged by some wild, unaccountable impulse, he lifted his hand and kissed the spot her lips had touched.

"I love her!" he said to himself, vaguely, yet with a rush of joy filling his heart. "I love her! My darling! My darling!"

THE REAL LINCOLN.

He Was Neither Ungraceful, Nor Awkward, Nor Ugly.

For many years it has been the fashion to call Abraham Lincoln homely, says a writer. He was very tall and very thin. His eyes were deep-sunken, his skin of a sallow yellow, his hair coarse, black and unruly. Yet he was neither ungraceful, nor awkward, nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches.

His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone or absorbed in thought the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men, and the shoulders stoop, as though they too were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash, or twinkle merrily with humor, or look out from under overhanging brows, as they did upon the Five Points children, in kindest gentleness.

So, too, in public speaking. When his tall body rose to its full height, with a head thrown back and his face transfigured with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer I—I has in the high, clear tenor that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over listening crowds.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slowly and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man, but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed and in the fashion of the time and place.

In the same way he cared little for the pleasures of the table. He ate most sparingly. He was thankful that food was good and wholesome and enough for daily needs, but he could no more enter into the mood of the epicure for whose palate it is a matter of importance whether he eats roast goose or golden pheasant than he could have counted the grains of sand under the sea.

Their Brand.

"Did you know that politicians have a particular kind of sweets to which they are partial?"

"I didn't know it about politicians especially. What is the kind?"

"Candied dates, of course."—Baltimore American.



The barber hushed the last vibrations of the Spanish fandango by laying his hand across the strings and shook his head.

"Not me," he said, "You go to a lawyer an' ask him what he thinks of it. I got myself in a great mix-up once by buttin' in with good advice. There was a feller name o' Brank come to me once an' while I was cuttin' his hair he told me about another guy name o' Sturgis 'at owed him \$3.50 for some paperin' he'd done for him. I don't remember now jest esactly how it was, whether there was any dispute about the work or not. I didn't pay so much attention to it, anyway. But he claimed Sturgis owed this \$3.50 an' he couldn't git it out of him."

"Why don't you sue him? I say."

"What good 'ud that do me?" he says. "I'd have to pay a lawyer \$10."

"Why don't you take it out of his hide?" I says—jest like you might say it. I didn't care nothin' about it one way or another. Sturgis uster keep a mug with me an' I had his trade steady."

"That's what I'd do, I s'rs—jest talkin'. I'd go up to him an' I'd say, 'You pay me that \$3.50 you owe me, doggone you, or I'll take it out o' your hide.'"

"I've a notion to do it," he says.

"Do as you like about it," I says. "It ain't no business o' mine."

"Well, sir, right there an' then Sturgis comes into the shop. As soon as he seen who was in the chair he looked kind o' abbergested, but he didn't go out, an' I was hopin' he would. He set down an' picked up a paper an' begin readin'. Brank seen him in the glass an' he looked kind o' abbergested, too, but he didn't say nothin'. I'd most got through with him, but when I seen

his fists doublin' up under the cloths I begun all over agin, snippin' here an' there an' steamin' up. I thought I'd get Sturgis tired out, but he sat there 'sif he had all the time there was. At last, when there honestly wasn't nothin' more I could do, I wiped off his face an' neck an' jerked the cloth off him. At the same time I whispered to him not to make no fuss in the shop."

"I guess he didn't understand what it was I said to him, for he didn't wait to put on his collar. He just walked up to Sturgis and he says: 'You pay me that \$3.50 you owe me, doggone you, or I'll take it out o' your hide.'"

"I tried to step in between 'em, but I wasn't quick enough. Sturgis didn't say nothin'; he just hauled off an' knocked Brank kerslap into the mirror an' scattered the tonic an' hair brushes an' razors an' shampoo mixtures all over the floor an' the next minit they was trompin' an' smashin' 'em into the ground. I picked up a cane chair an' threw it at Sturgis an' it missed him an' brought down the mug rack. Sturgis left off poundin' Brank long enough to return the chair an' this time it didn't miss. I got it on top o' my head and I concluded to draw out an' call for help. When I got back with the marshal Sturgis had gone an' Brank was jest comin' to his senses."

"Well, I had 'em both arrested an' Brank told the justice I'd put up a job on him an' I got fined \$10 an' costs for lettin' in a breach of the peace. Then I sued Sturgis for damages an' lost out, an' the result o' that fracas was I busted up in business an' had to get out o' town—jest by talkin' a little."

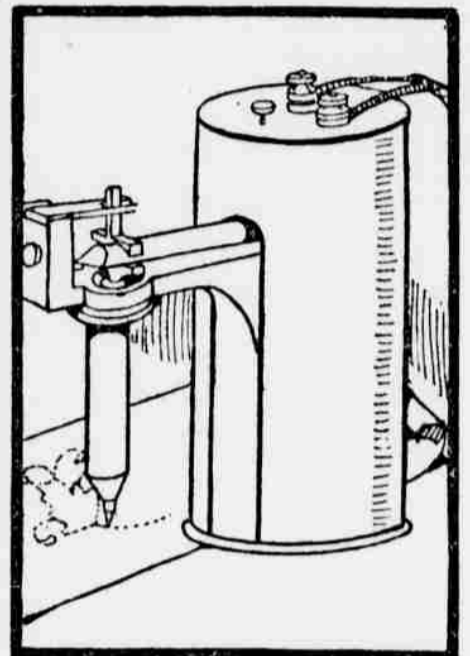
"That's the trouble with you barbers," commented the listener. "You will talk."

"The cured me," said the barber. "Chicago Daily News."

STENCIL PERFORATOR.

Device for Quickly Making Perforated Patterns and Stencils.

An electric machine for quickly making perforated paper patterns and stencils has been invented by a New York man, and is shown in the illustration below. Formerly this work was done by hand, the process being very slow. In using the apparatus several sheets of comparatively thin paper are secured on a plan surface, the upper sheet having a light tracing in pencil mark of the design to be perforated. The machine can be freely moved around on the upper sheet, the design being followed with the tracing point, which rotates up and down like the needle on a sewing machine. The needle perforates the several sheets at one time, duplicates being thus secured



WORKS LIKE A SEWING MACHINE.

at one operation. One of the stencils is preserved for use in making more stencils from a motor, push buttons being used to regulate the speed. To prevent the paper sticking to the needle at each perforation, a guard is placed close to the end of the tracing point, the guard stripping the paper from the needle as it raises up.

"MOUNTAIN-SCRATCHER."

There are few things that rouse the Swiss inhabitants of Alpine villages to contemptuous anger so much as the spectacle of ignorant tourists anxious to attack the unknown heights of dangerous mountains. These villagers have spent their lives among the mountains, and realize their perils. When they see some stupid newcomer starting out alone on what may be nothing less than a suicidal venture, says the London Express, they say to each other, "Another mountain-scraper!"

The sensible tourist never by any means purchases an ice-axe. One day I noticed a man enter one of the shops. He looked at the ice-axes, and finally bought one. "No one but a mountain-scraper would buy an ice-axe at a toy-shop," said my guide.

The next day I started out for an easy excursion to the glacier, having the same guide with me who had pointed out the mountain-scraper at the shop. He at once told me that the "scratcher" had also started for the glacier, unattended.

When we began to get on the glacier the guide fastened the rope round my waist. "Not being a climber, I had only my alpenstock. The guide's ice-axe was ample for the cutting of necessary steps."

In a short time we saw the mountain-scraper. He was clipping away with his ax on a broad slope of ice that reached away into illimitable distance.

Without wasting words the guide stopped me and untied the rope. "Stay where you are," he said. "That fool is right in the track of the avalanches. I must get him out of that at once. He may be killed any moment."

The guide soon came near his man, but he was over him, and a deep crevasse separated them. I saw the guide thrust his ax forward, but the man's nerve failed, and he did not grasp it. The guide saw that he must act promptly, and the trust the point of the ax into the man's coat and under his leather belt, and pulled him up by sheer force.

The two came back to where I was waiting. There was a low rumbling noise, which grew louder and louder. White drifts of moving ice came hurtling down over the slope where but a few moments before the man had been standing. We had reached him just in time.

A Nasty Knock.

Rev. Rodney Swope, rector of the Vanderbilt Church at Asheville, said the other night in the course of an address:

"These subtle attacks are the most unexpected and the most wounding. You have heard about the clergyman and his aged parishioner? The parishioner said that he thought clergymen should be better paid."

"I am pleased to hear you say that, Brother Brown," exclaimed the young man, beaming with good will and happiness. "It rejoices my heart to hear you say that."

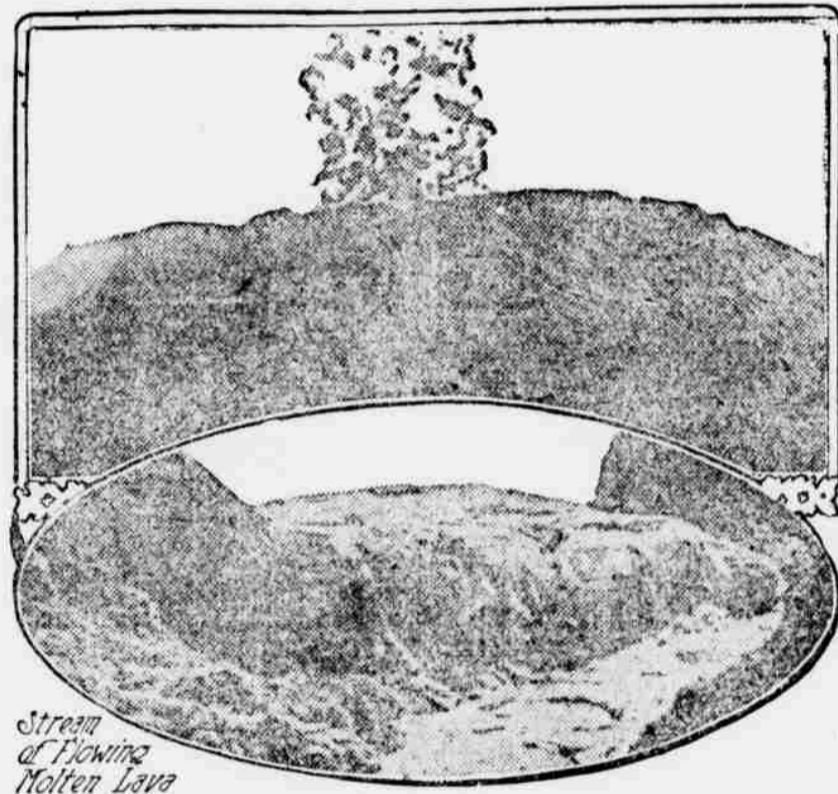
"Yes," resumed the parishioner thoughtfully; "we'd get a better class of men, then."

A Hard Fighter.

"I always understood Capt. Shirk had quite a fighting record?"

"So he has. He always fights fiercely against any attempt to have him assigned to duty in the field."—Philadelphia Press.

MAUNA LOA BELCHES LAVA AND FIRE.



REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF MAUNA LOA, IN ACTION.

The eruption of lava and fire from Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, is increasing, and more than one flow has reached the sea. A new flow extends over thirty-five miles of waste land. It is moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is fifteen feet high and half a mile in width.

Volcanic eruptions and lava flows are not feared in Hawaii. They have been happening since the beginning of the islands. Outbreaks from Kilauea and Mauna Loa, the two active volcanoes of the islands, are looked on as safety valves against destructive seismic activity.

The present outbreak began recently, when over the mountain there spread a vast curtain of smoke. A vast column of light reflected against the smoke and illuminated the entire heavens. It was visible for many miles in every direction. During the day the appearance of the outbreak from a distance is of a great pillar of smoke rising from the top of the mountain. Excursions from all parts of the islands have been organized to go and see the wonderful spectacle.

HUDSON BAY ROUTE GAINS.

Canadian Transcontinental Lines Building to Great Arm of Sea.

The use of the Hudson Bay route to Europe can no longer be regarded as a mere visionary scheme. All of Canada's great railway systems are pushing their lines in the direction of ports on the shore of the bay. It will be reached from the south, the southwest and the west. The more important lines will run from the west and the southwest, from the wheat fields and the cattle ranges.

The rapid development of Canada's great northwest within the last few years and the assurance of an even more rapid development in the years to come have brought about new conditions. The Hudson bay route is open for four or five months each year. It is shorter by from 700 to 1,000 miles than are the present routes between the wheat fields and the markets of Europe. It offers a saving in freight handling. Grain and cattle from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta will require only one transfer on their way to Europe. The matter of distance and of general shipping convenience is best realized by reference to a map, where comparison may be made between the direct rail routes from Winnipeg or Calgary or Edmonton to Port Churchill or York factory and the devious rail, lake and canal routes to Montreal or New York. Churchill and York, like New York and Montreal, are practically 3,000 miles from Liverpool.

There is little doubt that within the next few years the Canadian Pacific,

the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Great Northern will all have terminals on Hudson Bay. So, in all probability, will some of the smaller roads of eastern Canada have their terminals on James Bay, which forms a pocket at the southern end of the Hudson Bay shore line.

This is a matter which is somewhat more than likely to have an important bearing on the interests of American producers and of American transportation lines.—New York Sun.

The Actor's Heaven.

At the Players in New York a number of actors were arguing about the meaning of the word "happiness."

In the midst of the argument Henry E. Dixey appeared, and one of the contestants said:

"Dixey, what is your idea of happiness?"

Mr. Dixey smiled thoughtfully. Then he replied:

"My idea of true happiness is to lie on a couch before a bright fire, smoking a large Havana cigar given me by an admirer, while I listen to a woman who worships me reading aloud flattering press notices about my acting."—New York Tribune.

Cotton Fabric in Inca Tombs.

Peruvian tombs dating back to the time of the Incas have been found to contain fine specimens of cotton fabrics.

A steady-going woman is one who keeps on the go so steadily that it is difficult to find her at home.