

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Dr. Sentance's hopeful prognostications were fulfilled. Jack Glendurwood awoke after that long, heavy sleep a different being. It was evening when the slumber left him, and at once his gaze went round the room in search of that lovely girlish face that had haunted his dreams so delightfully.

"Audrey!" he whispered, faintly, and some one came hurriedly out of the dusk and knelt beside the bed.

They said no words, only his hand clasped itself round her two little ones, and he lay gazing at her sweet eyes as though they were heaven itself.

"Now you have turned the corner, and are going on well, I am going to look after your wife, Lord John," Dr. Sentance said, cheerily.

"My wife!" What a world of passionate tenderness, even though it was whispered and not spoken, rang in those two little words! Audrey's heart thrilled.

"She must rest; she is young, and needs plenty of sleep, and she has been fretting over you in a most terrible fashion. Come, Lady John, you can leave his lordship with a light heart, for he could not possibly be better. The best nurse, absolutely the best nurse I have ever had, Mrs. Fraser!" he declared, pleasantly.

Sheila Fraser did not return to Dinglewood, nor did she vouchsafe to correspond with her stepmother. She remained on in London, a victim to the most bitter disappointment and mortification.

For nearly two minutes Sheila and Beverley were struck speechless as Lady Daleswater rushed in with her bad news.

The girl had turned ashen white, and Beverley's hands clinched themselves involuntarily. Lady Daleswater recovered herself first.

"Who is this gentleman?" she asked coldly, feeling annoyed that she had betrayed her family affairs before a complete stranger.

Beverley answered her at once. "I am a man to whom this intelligence is more painful than you can possibly imagine, Lady Daleswater," answered Beverley.

"Mr. Beverley Rochfort means that he is madly in love with this girl, who has flung herself at your brother's head," said Sheila sullenly. "It will be better to explain everything to you, dear Lady Daleswater."

The countess listened attentively; she was so deeply enraged with her mother, brother and the poor innocent little creature who had allied herself to the ducal family, that every nerve thrilled to be able to seize upon something, however faint, that might be worked upon to bring about an annulment of this odious marriage. She uttered a sharp exclamation; it almost sounded like joy as she listened. "All is not so bad," she cried. "Sheila, don't you understand? Mr. Rochfort, as this creature's guardian, cannot only object to the marriage, but, according to the letter of the bond he holds, can insist on the girl living where he wishes. Mr. Rochfort, that piece of paper must be in my lawyers' hands to-night; and unless I am very much mistaken, they will ratify what I say—that you will have absolute and entire control over the girl."

Sheila's cheeks grew a shade rosier as she heard Lady Daleswater's clear, proud tones.

"The countess is right," she said to Beverley, as they were alone; "you will be able to break this absurd marriage. You must! You must!"

"There are other ways of disposing of the marriage tie, besides simple annulment," he said to himself, cynically, and he smiled into the flames. "If that course fails, as fail it must, for we have not a leg to stand upon, I don't think I shall be very disheartened. My wits have never failed me, and my day will come!"

It was quite nine o'clock and the earl had just returned from Mountherby, and had poured an account of what had occurred between himself and the duchess into his wife's ears. Lady Daleswater was simply furious with resentment against her mother, but she did not discuss the matter further as Sheila came in.

The legal advisers of the earl and countess had answered her ladyship's hasty summons promptly, and all they waited for was Beverley Rochfort to appear.

Just when conversation on the vexed and important question was in full swing, a note was brought in and handed to the countess. She read it through, and grew white to the lips with mortification.

"Mr. Rochfort has deserted us and gone over to the enemy," she said, curtly, and then she handed the letter to her husband and bid him read it aloud.

Beverley wrote very clearly and briefly. He had already consulted his lawyer, who had told him promptly that any question of annulling the marriage was as impossible as absurd; therefore he begged Lady Daleswater to accept his decided refusal to join her in this matter.

"I am sure when you are less, and I may say, justly, incensed at this marriage," he wrote, "you will see that as a man of honor I can do nothing but this, for were I to enforce my guardianship, I must rob Lady John Glendurwood of the large fortune which was bequeathed her by Mr. Roderick Anstruther on his deathbed. I regret that I can offer your ladyship no avail in the matter."

"It is a good move," he said, alone in his room. "Of course, if that confounded paper would have stood the light of day I would not have scrupled to use it, but it is too feeble a bridge to carry me over. This other is a safer and a surer one! Once a friend in John Glendurwood's house, the rest will be easy!" and he laughed softly.

Poor, sweet, young Audrey, how little did she know the storm clouds that were gathering over her—clouds born of Judas-like treachery, envious hate, mean spite, degraded passion, and other evil human motives.

CHAPTER XV.

The excitement and gossip about Lord John Glendurwood's romantic marriage

lingered much longer than the proverbial nine days.

A month passed away, and a curious month it was to Audrey. Every day she sat with her mother studying French and Italian, and having her first lessons on the piano and in singing. Audrey lived in her dreams and in her studies. She was so strangely, incomprehensibly happy. To define her condition of mind would be an impossibility. It seemed to her as though some fairy had suddenly touched her with a wand, and everything about her had changed to this delightful existence. In a dim, misty sort of way, she recognized that she had become a grand lady, but that was not by any means a certainty.

She wrote often to Jean Thwait and reiterated her vows of never-ending love, but somehow Jean's letters pained her and left a sort of discomfort.

Jean, in fact, was alarmed at all that had happened to her whimsical friend, and now that Audrey was a grand married lady she was separated from her humble childhood's companion by a social chasm they could never bridge over, therefore Jean wrote timidly and with much constraint, and both girls sighed over the simple yet strong friendship which had lived and now was ended.

March having come in like a lamb, was going out in the most approved leopards fashion. How the wind blew, and how dreary the gray skies looked above the tossing trees.

"We shall have a fall of snow, depend upon it that is what is coming," declared Dr. Sentance. "Take my advice, Lord John, fold yourself up in as many rugs as you can find, and flee away south to the sun and the warm breezes."

"Where ought I to go?" he asked, wearily.

"Well, I think Florence would be an excellent spot. Suit both her ladyship and yourself."

"I—I am quite sure that Aud—my wife will never consent to this arrangement."

"Pray, why not?"

"She—oh, well, hang it all, doctor, look how she neglects me! I might be dead and buried and she wouldn't care! She has never been near me for a month—never since I was so bad!"

"It strikes me that you are a very foolish young man, Lord John, if you imagine your young wife doesn't care anything about you, and as to her not coming to see you, well, I think if you reflect a little you will agree with me that so young a girl is apt to be shy and modest. Modesty is so rare nowadays, my lord, I would not try to do without it if I were you."

"The young man's cheeks were quite healthy in color."

"I dare say I am a fool, but I have been worrying myself that, perhaps, Audrey had married me only out of pity, when she thought I was dying and—"

"And a lot more nonsense of the same sort, of course," broke in the old doctor, cheerily, his eyes twinkling as he spoke. "You don't seem to realize, my lord, that you are the hero of a romance. It is not every one who can boast of such a marriage as yours, but, though romance has its pleasant points, it also has its disagreeable ones, and unless I am very much mistaken, that sweet little maiden will be ever so much happier when she is rescued from the curious and carried away for a time by her husband."

Jack Glendurwood nearly shook Dr. Sentance's hand off.

"What an idiot I am!" he exclaimed.

"Most lovers are," was the dry reply.

"And you will take my advice about this foreign trip?"

"I will go and find my—my wife this very moment, and if she agrees we will start at once."

CHAPTER XVI.

Audrey had finished her Italian reading and was sitting before the fire on a low stool, playing with one of Jack's dogs, who seemed to adopt her as their mistress while he was ill, when the door opened slowly behind her.

The duchess had had this little room arranged for the girl especially; it was a dainty place, fit nest for so exquisite a bird.

"I do believe Pat could speak if he liked, mother dearest," Audrey laughed softly, not looking round.

"If any one could make him speak, you could," a voice answered her, softly.

The girl sprang to her feet, while Pat, a shaggy, rough-haired Dandy Dimont, ran forward with a whine of pleasure to greet his master. Audrey's face was first red and then white.

"Oh! What have you been doing?" she cried in deepest anxiety. You— you—"

"I am walking across the room," Jack laughed, very gently; "and I assure you I feel better every step I take."

Audrey's heart was beating so wildly, it seemed to send a thrill through all her limbs. She was startled, and was very shy and nervous. She had no idea he was so well as this; it was a great shock to turn round and see him standing there, smiling with his eyes and lips as he had smiled that first day of their meeting.

"Well," said Jack, as he came to a standstill before her, "are you not going to say something to me, Audrey?"

"I am very glad—"

There she stopped, for he had suddenly thrown his arms about her and drawn her close to his heart.

"My dearest, my sweetest wife!" he murmured, passionately, while a flood of color rushed into her cheeks. "My own, my very own!" and then, before she was aware of it, he had stooped and kissed her lips softly, whispering tender words all the while.

With an almost inarticulate cry she buried her face on his breast and clung to him with a force which was the sweetest sensation Jack Glendurwood had ever experienced. He saw then how wise the old doctor had been, and was grateful to the common sense that had prompted him to end the unsatisfactory condition of affairs.

By and by he sat down in the big chair, and she nestled on the floor beside

him, and holding and kissing her hands alternately, Jack unfolded his plan for taking her away directly.

"Sentance says I must go," he added, plaintively, as he waited for her answer. "It will cure me entirely."

"Then"—she blushed quietly—"then let us go at once, my—my darling."

And so, when Constance Fraser entered the room a little while later, she found the two sitting together, and learned that as soon as everything could be arranged, the young couple were ready to start.

With smiles and deepest blessings, they took their departure a few days later. Audrey bought a present for Jean in every foreign town she visited, and when the season was over Jack had promised she should have her poor little school friend to stay with her for as long as she liked.

They had not settled where they would live permanently, but they were both inclined to Craighlands. Lord Iverne was going to be taken abroad by his mother to some mineral waters, and the poor fellow had expressed a wish that his brother and his bride would make Craighlands their home for a time.

"It will be so near mother," Audrey had said, and Jack had not told her that Mrs. Fraser would no longer inhabit Dinglewood House. He felt that it would give her so much pain, and, besides, he was so ashamed and angry with Sheila for her cruel conduct, that he determined not to discuss her just yet.

There was no need to let Audrey know how Sheila had behaved, for Mrs. Fraser would go to Cronberg with the Duchess of Harborough, and would in all probability reside abroad for a few months.

Audrey exclaimed with pleasure as they drove into the pretty grounds at Hurlingham, and was so lost in gazing at them that she was quite unconscious of the sensation her appearance was causing the crowd of fashionable. Of course, they had done nothing but discuss the John Glendurwood marriage, and now the sight of the young man's handsome and well-known face revived the curiosity and gossip afresh.

"Jack Glendurwood is here with his wife! Have you seen them? What is she like? A nurse girl, wasn't she? Of course she is awful? What hardship to bring her out so soon; she must be raw, however pretty! What will Sheila Fraser and Lady Gladys Daleswater do? These and dozens of quick questions and remarks of the like sort ran like wildfire through the throng.

Jack was very calm. He lifted his darling down and gave a few directions to the groom, while Audrey looked around her, a picture of exquisite simplicity and unsurpassable loveliness in her soft white silk dress, with a little high white bonnet crowning her dark locks. She was not only beautiful, she was that most desired of all things, "good form."

From head to foot her attire was perfection. Constance Fraser had carefully superintended this, and had chosen nothing but the prettiest and most youthful dresses.

"I see our mothers," said Audrey, turning to her husband.

"Come along, we will go to them," returned Jack, who could scarcely conceal a smile as he read the utter amazement and admiration written on nearly every face. Audrey walked through the crowd quite easily. The strains of the band sounded pleasantly in her ears, and she smiled across to where her mother sat waiting for her to come. The duchess bent toward Constance Fraser.

"My dear," she said, warmly and tenderly, "the child has conquered already. She is perfect; look at her walk, at her carriage. Why, there is scarcely a woman here who can hold herself like Audrey does. I am proud of her!"

Lady Daleswater was standing some distance away from where her mother was sitting. The rupture between them was open gossip, so neither took any precautions about guarding against remarks on the fact of their not speaking.

Sheila Fraser was with the countess; in fact, she was staying with the Daleswaters. There was a younger brother of the earl's whom Gladys had destined for this reason, and because she knew that Sheila was an implacable foe to the girl who had dared to thwart her plans, and who she determined in her imperious fashion should yet be made to suffer.

(To be continued.)

Mutual Proposition.

"When 'knighthood was in flower," said the sultur with the cast-iron nerve, "the young man always came to see the lady fayre with plenty of steel."

"Well?" yawned the beautiful girl, impatiently.

"And now that armor is out of style I come with plenty of brass. Will I suit?"

"No, you had better come with plenty of tin. Those are the kind of young men that are popular with girls these days."

With a deep sigh the jilted Romeo vanished in the frosty night.

Among the Trees.

Willie Bird—Oh, look, ma, what a funny-looking bird! What kind is that, ma.

Mrs. Bird—That's an airship, Willie. It is operated by men.

Willie Bird—But they haven't any feathers like we have, ma.

Mrs. Bird—No, my dear, the airship men have all been plucked.—Toledo Blade.

As a Reminder.

"This tablecloth," remarked the dental student boarder, "reminds me of the moon, because it is so different."

"How's that?" queried the landlady.

"The moon," explained the d. s. b., "is subject to an occasional change, you know."

Too Scientific.

"Why doesn't that scientific lecturer introduce some humor into his popular lectures?"

"I suppose because he has too much respect for the attraction of gravity."

—Baltimore American.

Possible Explanation.

Mabel—Oh, no; he hadn't the face to even try to kiss me.

Stella—Perhaps you didn't have the cheek to tempt him.



"You look as if you'd just eaten a lemon somebody had handed you," observed the flat dweller to the suburban householder. "What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong," replied the householder, gloomily. "Nothing's right. Society is rotten to its core; our youth is degenerate, our government is a farce, morality is dying, religion is dead, honor is an empty name, marriage is a failure, life is a hollow mockery. There's nothing to it."

"That so?" asked the flat dweller, cheerfully, as he handed his coat to a waiter. "How's the grub to-day?"

"Dead sea fruit and gail and bitterness."

"Bring me a pint bottle of hyssop, William, and see if you've got any funeral baked meats," said the flat dweller. "Never mind that order, though. On consideration you may make it the usual thing and hand me the bill of fare. What's the specific trouble?"

"My wife announced this morning that she is going to clean house early this year and have done with it," said the householder. "You know what that means."

"I suppose it means house cleaning."

"That's the size of it, exactly. It's liable to happen any time now. I'll go home some evening and find all the furniture out on the front porch, fall headlong over a bucket of paint in the hall and I'll know that it's begun. For the next two weeks I shall eat my dinner

in various rooms of the house, beginning in the children's bedroom and winding up in the summer kitchen. I won't be able to sit down on anything without sticking to the varnish. I shall taste soapuds in everything I eat and get fresh paint over all my clothes. In the morning I shall be aroused from slumber by the rhythmic whack of the carpet beater and the drafts from the open windows will give me the indigestion. My wife will go about in a dusting cap and a wet gingham apron and my wearing apparel will be scattered around from the garret to the basement."

"It must be pretty bad."

"Must be pretty bad? You bet it is."

"I imagine it is."

"You imagine? Don't you know it is?"

"Well, not by actual personal experience," replied the flat dweller. "Only by hearing unfortunates like you tell about it."

"Do you mean to tell me that your folks don't clean house?"

"Certainly they don't."

"You mean to say that you are sensible enough to let things go in a sane, orderly way year in and year out without wrecking your happy home just because the leaves are budding?"

"I didn't say that," said the flat dweller.

"Then what in nation do you do?"

"Do?" echoed the flat dweller. "We move."—Chicago Daily News.

CUBA IS PROSPERING.

Ships Fruit to This Country and Gets Growers from It.

It is said that the orange crop which was gathered in Cuba in January is the largest the island has known. Nearly 700,000 crates were shipped to the United States.

As for pineapples, the shipments from Cuba to this country grew from 341,657 crates in 1900 to 878,962 crates last year.

Cuban tomatoes, raised in large quantities near Guines, forty miles from Havana, were commanding \$5 a crate in New York on New Year's day. About 400,000 crates have reached the United States this year.

Tomato raising is a new idea in Cuba and has not as yet been entered into very extensively, but growers are devoting more attention to tomatoes than ever before. They can be raised much more cheaply than any other vegetable grown on the island, and thirty-five acres can be set out at a cost of less than \$100.

Buyers on the island pay 80 cents a crate and often \$1, during the season. The duty is only 10 cents and the freight 35 cents. The heaviest shipments are made in March and early April, at a time which is not interfered with by the Florida vegetable.

Early in January the exports of onions began from Cuban ports, and these proved greatly in demand in New York, selling for \$3.25 a crate. The stock is reported nice and clean, but exceptionally scarce.

Until recently conditions in Cuba have been unsettled, because the wealthy Spaniards who have been advancing the grower money were not putting any money out for fear there might be another insurrection when the American soldiers withdraw in June. But this situation has been relieved by American importers who have readily advanced what money was necessary.

The number of growers in Cuba has multiplied over that of a year ago. More than six hundred citizens of the United States have acquired lands on the island and are setting out orange groves, sugar and pineapple plantations, tobacco fields and the like.

BOSTON WAITERS GROW RICH.

Neglected Woman Declares Husband Gets Generous Tips Every Week.

A veteran woman in petitioning for a divorce from her husband, who is a waiter, has caused some little stir by affirming that her spouse receives \$26 per week in tips while he is at work.

The woman avers in her petition that her husband received \$4 a week in one place, \$15 in another one, and got \$26 on the side. She further alleged that her husband had put away in a prominent bank the sum of \$1,200, which she asks that he shall be enjoined from drawing out.

Investigation among the waiters of Boston reveals the fact that a good waiter might make as much as this in tips, or even more. It all depends upon where he is, who he is, what his disposition may be, and what sort of customers he may happen to wait upon.

For instance, if he happened to have a good station in some one of the big downtown restaurants he might make from \$4 to \$5 extra each day in fees. Of course, he would not make so much were he in the suburbs or in some of the cafes that are not patronized by the wealthy. Take the Whipple Hotel, for instance. The head waiter at one of them there says some of his waiters would make \$26 or even more in fees during the winter season when the theaters were running full blast.—Boston Post.

FAMOUS BEAUTY FROWNS ON PHYSICAL CULTURE FAD.



LA MILO.

La Milo, the most famous beauty in Europe, and who artists declare could have served as a model for Venus de Milo, declares that physical culture threatens to spoil feminine pulchritude.

"I don't recommend physical culture which develops muscle and makes one part of the body abnormal at the expense of the other," says La Milo. "A woman does not want to have great muscular limbs. She ought to go to the famous statues and study them. The poetic ideal of the sculptor represents the highest form of feminine beauty, and all a girl should desire in the matter of physical loveliness is to reach, as far as possible, the exquisite proportions of the graven gems which are sheltered in our sculpture galleries. Physical culture is against all canons of true art for women. It was never intended that a woman should emulate a man, whose glory lies in his strength."

AIR ALWAYS FULL OF DUST.

Particles Not Observed Because Too Small to Reflect Light.

"A most interesting study," a prominent government scientist recently remarked, "is that of what might be termed the foreign elements of the atmosphere. The earth's atmosphere contains an enormous quantity of dust, and it is everywhere, in the country as well as in the towns."

"The reason why we do not see it constantly is that the particles do not reflect enough light to make an impression on the retina. A ray of bright sunlight in a dark room reveals innumerable particles, and yet the millions we see are but a small proportion of the whole, being the larger particles."

"It is not at all difficult to collect these particles for the purposes of study. Probably the most successful way is that first used by Pasteur, who drew a stream of air through a tube containing nitrated cotton. The cotton was then dissolved by treating it with ether and the residue washed and dried. The particles may be measured by means of a fine micrometer, a late perfection of which enables measurements of as little as one-seventy-millionth of an inch to be made."

"How these particles are loosed in the air may be readily seen when it is remembered that all mechanical action has a tendency to reduce to a powder whatever substance is in fractional contact, even the waves beating upon the shore make a dust. Rain in falling collects considerable quantities of this dust and snow still larger amounts. This accounts for the 'red snow' sometimes heard of, the color being caused by mineral particles."

"Of the total weight of the atmospheric dust about 65 to 75 per cent is inorganic matter. This portion is absolutely harmless, but in the 25 to 35 per cent of organic matter are to be found germs of almost every kind, and particularly in cities is this percentage dangerous to humanity."

"In the inorganic portion have been found practically all mineral substances, including the metals sodium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, nickel, cobalt and iron. Iron appears in much greater quantity than any other metal, much of that coming from planetary space. The rushing of meteorites through space causes a friction which gradually reduces them to powder containing much iron, some of which joins the earth's atmosphere."

Never Frenzied Her.

"Della," began Mrs. Newlied, timidly, "I don't suppose—that you would—er—object to my getting an alarm clock?"

"Not at all, ma'am," replied the sleepy cook; "them things never disturb me at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Even the bartender has a poor opinion of the man who plays cards in the middle of the day.