

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jack had gone. He had waited on at the little cottage a weary week after that evening when Jean had crept down and as gently as possible had told him of Audrey's strange aversion to seeing him. "It is only a whim," Jean said, hurriedly; "we must humor her."

That same night it was, when they were sitting alone in the tiny dining room, that Jack suddenly poured out the whole miserable story into Jean's ears: the story of that ball; of how he had been hoaxed into driving over to see Mr. Benson, who had never sent for him; of all the horrible things he had heard about Audrey; and, lastly, of how he had come upon her in the summer house, with Beverly Rochfort at her feet kissing her hands.

"Put yourself in my place, and judge as I judged. Do not view things as they are now, or you will be harder upon me than I deserve," he said, as he leaned his weary, aching brow on his hand.

"I will not be hard upon you at all, Lord John," Jean said, very gently; "for I think I should have been misled as you were by such apparently strong circumstantial evidence. I am glad you have spoken out to me, and I only wish Audrey had done the same, for then we might have arrived at the truth."

"What is it you mean?" Jack asked, looking up at her, eagerly.

"I mean that I now am convinced that Willie is right, and that there was some plot contrived against you both at that ball. I have no definite proof, only a woman's intuition to work upon, but that shall be enough. This must be sifted, Lord John, sifted to the very dregs. I love you both," she continued, tears dimming her eyes. "You have been more than good to me, and now that Audrey's mother is gone I feel I must be friend, sister and mother in one. You will see that I am right, and that you and my dear one were both the victims of some conspiracy. On the face of it the whole affair is absurd. Don't you love each other better than all the world? I shall write to Willie and tell him all my doubts."

And the result of that letter was to put Willie Fullerton on the track of Murray, whom Jean seemed convinced could throw some light on the subject.

A week had gone, and Audrey was wonderfully better; it was her first real day of convalescence, and Jean was sitting with her, reading. Downstairs Jack was trying to comfort himself, when suddenly a familiar voice accosted him, and he found himself shaking hands with Marshall. Marshall, grown older, and looking very well in her simple black for her beloved mistress. It somehow comforted Jack to see her; she seemed to bring back a little of the sweet influence that had surrounded Constance Fraser.

She had come direct from seeing Mr. Fullerton, who had briefly told her all, and she now asked to see Audrey at once. "Let me nurse her, my lord," she entreated; "her, my dear's own child. Will you go up and tell her I'm here, my lord? Perhaps I'd best not go straight without saying."

Jack's face flushed; he hesitated; then he rose and went out of the room. He could not bring himself to tell Marshall he was forbidden his wife's presence.

He went steadily upstairs and stood outside the door. The handle was turned, and from within came the sound of a faint, low voice. He meant to have called Jean, but the sound of that voice stopped him.

It was Audrey speaking. His heart beat violently; then turned as cold as iron in his breast. She was speaking of him, but how bitterly! Each word seemed to go through him like a knife. Jean had been pleading his cause, but he only heard Audrey's answer.

"I refuse to see him, Jean; I refuse to hear his name mentioned again. Yes, yes; I know you think me a foolish child, a fretful invalid; but I am more than this. I may not be very old in years, but I have suffered as much as any woman of fifty. Do you forget all I have written in that awful letter? Oh, Jean! Jean! You don't know how his words have struck home! He says I have wronged him—I, who—who—"

Her voice grew choked for a moment, but she soon mastered her emotion. "No, Jean; there can be no friendship or kindly feeling between us. As he has judged me, so let me live; my pride and my honor will support me without him. I—I trust I shall never see him again; I shall be happier when I know he is far away. He said he was going on a tour of the world. Why does he not start? Why does he add to his former cruelty by staying here?"

"Audrey, you are unjust, you are unlike yourself; you judge your husband most cruelly. If you could only know how he has suffered—"

Audrey broke in with a hard, bitter laugh.

"I see he has won your heart, Jean. Well, we will say no more, except that I am firm, and that if Lord John has any pride left he will not force himself upon me, but go at once."

But Jack heard no more; he did not know that the hard, contemptuous tone suddenly broke with a little gasping sob; he did not see the thin, small hands cover the white, lovely face; he did not know that Jean had slipped from her chair and was holding Audrey's weeping form clasped in her arms. No, he knew none of this, for he had gone straight downstairs, he had picked up his hat and miter, and opening the door, he had walked out into the wind and rain, looking neither to the right nor the left, turning his back deliberately on all that he held dearest in life.

Before the dawn was broken Willie Fullerton had followed Jack Glendurwood up to town, but though he searched every club, chamber or well-known haunt, he nowhere found the man he sought, and when he awoke from a well-earned night's rest, it was to read a telegram from Mr. Sampson, stating he had received one from Jack, who had sailed the evening before from Southampton in the *Minosta*

for Australia, and might be absent for years, perhaps forever. So after all, Sheila had been partially successful, for she had separated this man and wife.

It was deputed to Jean to tell Audrey that her husband was gone, but she let two days elapse before she broached the subject; the fit of weeping had done good rather than harm.

"If only we had him here now, all would be as right as ninepence," the doctor had said to Jean on the morning following Jack's hurried departure.

"But he is not here, and he will not come, so we must think of what will be best under the circumstances."

The young doctor had a look of warm admiration for Jean. "What courage, determination and common sense she possessed, and withal how large a heart! Certainly Willie Fullerton was to be envied!"

"I am afraid she will fret when she is told all," Jean added, thoughtfully; "still it is best all should be known. I shall keep nothing from her, either now or in the future," and so, when at last she spoke of Jack's departure, Jean very gently but thoroughly put all the facts before Audrey that Mr. Fullerton had managed to glean about the masked ball and its miserable results. She was shown Murray's confession, signed and attested by Sheila Fraser. She was given all the information there was to give, and then Jean very sensibly, and with more than ordinary tact, went softly away, and left her alone to fight the battle out by herself.

When they met again there were tear stains on the girl's white face, but she was wonderfully quiet.

"Will you send for Jack's mother, please, Jean, and ask her to come home? Now—now I am alone I should like her advice. It is only right and proper as his wife I should consult his mother."

Ten days later news came to Mountberry that Craighlands was preparing to receive her grace of Harborough, who was returning with her son, Lord Iverne, and her daughter-in-law, Lady John Glendurwood, and, as may be supposed, the village was greatly exercised in its mind over this intelligence, having had its curiosity whetted considerably by the vague and unsatisfactory rumors that had been circulated about the same said Lady John.

Dinglewood House was shut up, and it was understood vaguely that Miss Fraser was visiting, though where no one exactly knew. It was generally voted annoying that Sheila should have been absent just now. She could have thrown light on a good deal of what was perplexing, and have, moreover, given the real account of what had happened at the ball; whether it was true that Lady John had flirted and behaved so abominably, or whether Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate were correct in saying that somebody had imitated her ladyship's domino, and cleverly tricked the whole room of guests into imagining that it was Lady John who so thoroughly disgraced herself and her husband's name. Then Sheila, too, could have given the exact history as to what had occurred between Lord John and his wife, and what was the meaning of all the extraordinary rumors that had been circulated.

But Sheila was not on hand to be questioned, and, in default of encouragement, it was really wonderful how soon the excitement and curiosity began to die away and how readily everybody grew to consider Audrey as having been most injured by the trick that had been so wantonly played upon her. In fact, by the time Christmas was due, Lady John and her doings were a theme too old to be mentioned anywhere, and the affairs at Craighlands would have been passed over as almost indifferent and uninteresting, but that, just as the joybells were proclaiming the birth of a new Christ-child, the icy fingers of the death angel were laid upon the heart of Duncan, Marquis of Iverne, and he was taken from his bed of suffering to a reign of peace and rest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a week since they had carried away all that remained of the once handsome, merry young Lord Iverne and buried him with pomp and solemnity in the Harborough vault. A telegram had received a curt announcement of John Glendurwood's safe arrival—a telegram briefly giving the sad news of one brother's death to another, but no answer had been vouchsafed, and the lawyer could not but entertain strong doubts as to whether the new Marquis of Iverne was gone still further on his travels, and so their message was unread.

Craighlands was very sad in those days. The duchess seemed to break down altogether after her son's death. Yet, despite all this, she was gentle and kind to Audrey beyond description; she could not have given the girl more love if she had been her own child. They were quiet days, and peaceful, and Audrey found many little duties to perform which helped to make the hours fly. She was very pale and delicate, but she refused to allow Jean to consider her an invalid, and was never weary of flitting about the duchess, eager to do all and anything in her power to alleviate the sorrow which was oppressing the mother's heart. The only distraction was Willie Fullerton's weekly visits, when his breezy, happy manner seemed to change the very atmosphere.

She had fallen heavily and it lay on the ground during the whole month of January and onward. Despite this, however, Audrey would persist in going out as much as possible.

"It does me good," she said to Jean, who was fearful of every cold wind that blew on her darling. "I must go, Jean. I—I feel sometimes as if I should go mad in the house!"

She had this restless feeling on her one afternoon toward the middle of February. "I shall walk into Mountberry. I want to see Mrs. Thorngate—do you mind, dearest?" she asked the duchess, who sat,

half dozing, half dreaming, by the fire. "Take care of yourself, Audrey. Put on stout boots! This snow is so penetrating!"

Audrey walked briskly over the snow, a slender, graceful figure in her heavy, black garments, her lovely face lovelier than ever in its somber setting. She was warmly greeted by Dr. Thorngate, who was just leaving the vicarage as she arrived. Audrey thought he looked worn and troubled.

"My wife will be rejoiced to see you," he said, and his gaze followed the girlish form in an affection that was deepened only by admiration and respect.

Mrs. Thorngate was troubled, too, and though she welcomed Lady Iverne with all her old love, she was not herself. Audrey felt pained and full of sympathy.

"I am sure you would rather I did not stay, dear Mrs. Thorngate," she said, simply, rising and drawing on her wraps again. "You have something on your mind, and will be better alone."

Mrs. Thorngate's answer was to burst into tears.

"My heart is broken!" she sobbed. "Oh, Beverly, my boy, my boy! And I have loved you, honored you, believed in you so much!"

Audrey knelt down by her friend.

"Let me help you. Tell me all," she begged, her own eyes growing dim and misty with pity.

It was a very brief story. Beverly had written to his aunt that morning. He was in a terrible predicament. Two years back he had committed forgery out in Africa; he had cleverly escaped detection, and had come to England, thinking all danger gone. Unluckily for him, his movements and real name had been discovered; he had been tracked. If the money were not forthcoming in the next twenty-four hours he would be handed over to justice.

"Audrey, what can I do? What can I do? I cannot sit here and know that he, the boy I have loved, is condemned to a felon's cell. He has been my joy, my one delight, and Gus refuses to let me help him!"

Audrey felt her heart beginning to beat with a sense of pain and apprehension. The very mention of this man's name fell like a black shadow on her heart. She trembled as she recalled all the evil his cold-blooded treachery had worked between herself and Jack; the memory of his passionate love words raised a blush of shame to her face even now, but she put her own feelings on one side to minister to Mrs. Thorngate's sorrow.

"Will you let me take this off your shoulders?" she asked. "Hush! Not a word. We are friends, are we not? Rest, and be at peace, for, by God's will, I will save him from what you fear!"

(To be continued.)

OLD STYLE CLOCKS SIMPLE.

Still Manufactured and Sold by Dealers and in Good Demand.

Conspicuous by their simplicity or their quaintness or both among the many sample clocks of more modern designs shown in the salesrooms of a clock-manufacturing concern were a few of the old styles. There were old-time, so-called Gothic clocks, once a favorite style; not a very big clock and with the top not flat but carried up to a ridge line like a sharp-pointed roof, with the gable end to the front, and having as its base, on either side, at the top of the body of the clock, a little spire, the lower section of the door of the clock, below the dial, painted with some sort of design.

There were cottage clocks, these smaller than the Gothics, and like all these old-time clocks are simple, and trim looking, with upright, square-cornered cases.

And then there were bigger clocks, larger than the cottage clocks and larger than the Gothics, clocks with their long door deeply recessed within a wide bordering molding, tall, square, cornered, prim-looking and yet engaging clocks, such as once, made of mahogany or mahogany veneer, stood on many and many a mantelpiece, clocks with big dials and long hands and with a sonorous tick.

Among these large clocks there were some with cases less severe in design and finished, with some ornamentation about them and gilded half-columns, one on either side of the case, in front, clocks such as once adorned the shelf of many an old-time parlor.

These old-style clocks were not old clocks, but new clocks. Such as are still manufactured and sold.

"Clocks are now made of many materials as to their cases and in innumerable styles," said the salesman, "and we are adding new styles all the time, and the great majority of people buy these clocks of later designs. But we still continue to sell clocks of a few of those once familiar old styles. Some of these old-style clocks we make with modern spring improvements within their old-time cases and others of them we still make with the old-time clock-weights."

"Of all these new old-style clocks comparatively few are sold in the city. They go mostly to smaller towns and to the country. But it would not do to say that they are bought by old-time people clinging to old-time ways and styles. They may find such buyers but other buyers anywhere may fancy them for their quaintness or for old-time associations."

Didn't Help Matters.
Daughter (in tears)—But, papa, what have you against Charles? I am sure he would make a good husband.

Irate Papa—He's an idiot, and is only after your money.

Daughter—Oh, no, papa; I know he would marry me without a cent.

Irate Papa—Would he? Then he is a worse idiot than I thought.—Pele Mele.

Her for the Single Bliss.
Miss Elderleigh—Now that you have a husband, I suppose you haven't a single wish ungratified.

Mrs. Wedderly (sighing)—Only one—and that is a single wish.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE DIVORCE EVIL.



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

I am opposed to divorce. Extreme cruelty is about the only reasonable plea, in my mind, for putting asunder a couple whom God has joined together. I know there are plenty of people who will claim that God has little enough to do with much of our marrying these days, but, though there is a great deal of light-mindedness among our young people on the subject of marriage, I still think that the union of any couple in marriage, particularly if there is a child, or children, has much of God in it, and if the parties concerned do not know it, so much the worse for them, for they will suffer accordingly.

Ignorance is our worst enemy, and it is ignorance that prompts people to regard divorce lightly and marriage as a thing easily set aside. I wish the divorcee could realize that, instead of being honorable in the sight of the world by her "legal" separation from the man she has married and easily tired of, she is a creature standing barely within the law. We are far down in the scale of humanity when we are just grazing the law. Laws are not made for noble and courageous and upright people; not for people who know how to make blessings of their burdens and make torches of their faith to carry them over the rough places; the law is not for the proud man made in God's image, who knows better than to complain; not for the gifted woman who understands the value of patience and her duty to the human race. The law is not for the man whose word is as good as his bond or the woman who, as most of her sisters do not, understands the nature of an oath. The law is for people who easily "true bargain," who whine under duty and squirm about for release from their share of the heat and burden of the day.

We are in a sorry plight when the law must settle our difficulties—we admit our failures as men and women when we cannot order our own lives to some working out of sweetness and light. We have no right to make laws to legalize immorality. We have no right in the light of human reason or plain logic to license any evil.

Many people ask if one does not think it better to part than to live unhappily together. No. I think it better to stop living unhappily. It takes two to make unhappiness. Let our men and women be men and women in the best sense. Let them stop playing at life and get down to plain living and working in which alone the human being finds his highest development. Let women stop being lazy and men stop being false not only to the wives they have married, but to themselves and the whole human race! Let us earn to have pride in morality and stop running after false gods of fashion. Home and its sanctity, the family with its holy ties of love and common sympathies, these are the priceless treasures which to-day many women spurn for fine costumes and the dissipation that seems to be a mania with the fashionable woman.—Chicago Journal.

Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Graves of the Stone Period.

Stone Chambers, which once formed places of internment, are frequently discovered within large barrows of earth raised by the hands of man. They are to be referred to the period of the Danish Invasion, which is generally termed among antiquaries the "Stone Period," because the use of metals was then in a great measure unknown; and while a few are to be found in Great Britain, there are many more of them in Denmark. These tombs, which are covered with earth, have most probably contained the remains of the powerful and the rich. They are almost all provided with long entrances, which lead from the exterior of the



GRAVE OF THE STONE AGE.

mound of earth to the east or south side of the chambers. The entrances, like the chambers, are formed of large stone, smooth on the side which is turned inward, on which very large roof-stones are placed. The chambers, and even the entrances, which are from sixteen to twenty feet in length, are filled with trodden earth and pebbles, the object of which, doubtless, was to protect the repose of the dead in their graves, and the contents which are found in them consist of unburnt human skeletons (which were occasionally placed on a pavement of flat or round stones), together with implements and weapons, pieces of amber, or bone, ornaments, pieces of clay, and urns of clay. In some cases smaller chambers have been discovered, annexed to one side of the passage which leads to the larger chamber, and one of these smaller chambers we have engraved as a specimen of the sort of tombs we are now describing.

The sketch represents a chamber which was discovered in a barrow, situated near Paradise, in the parish of the Vale, in the island of Guernsey. On digging into the mound, a large flat stone was soon discovered; this formed the top, or cap-stone, of the tomb, and on removing it, the upper part of two human skulls were exposed to view. One was facing the north, the other the south, but both disposed in a line from east to west. The chamber was filled up with earth mixed with limpet-shells, and as it was gradually removed, while the examination was proceeding downwards into the interior, the bones of the extremities became exposed to view.

Wasted Rehearsals.

Amiable American ministers to foreign countries cannot always resist the coaxing or coercion of worthy but uncultivated countrywomen who desire a presentation at court. One woman, who, after much pleading and pressure, had received a promise that she and her daughter should be presented at the next levee of a certain minor European sovereign, came, the day before the event, to the minister's wife. She seemed in much perturbation, yet re-

luctant to state her errand. At last she came to the point.

"It's the kissing hands," she confessed. "Jenny and me ain't sure we've got it right. We've practiced a lot—Jenny kissing mine and me kissing Jenny's—but Jenny gets laughing, so we don't know any better in the end than we did in the beginning. Would you mind telling me which side up is right—palm-side or knuckle-side? And do you catch hold anywhere, or does the queen hold it steady without?"

The wife of the minister was able to assure the perplexed matron that "knuckle-side" was correct, and that lightly sustaining finger-tips were permitted to be placed beneath the fingertips of royalty; moreover, that she need concern herself about none of these little niceties, since only the subject of a sovereign was expected to kiss her hand at all. For an American, the deep courtesy was sufficient. Instead of being relieved, however, the woman was much annoyed.

"A person might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," she declared, "and if I'm going to courtesy, I'd rather kiss, too. Besides, there's all that practice wasted, and Jenny'll never get done laughing at me, kissing her hand for nothing all those times. All is, if she giggles, I believe I'll up and box her ears!"

Water Drops as Torture.

A drop of water, even three or four drops, falling on the head seems a thing unworthy of attention; nevertheless in China a slow and continuous dropping of water on the head has been found to be a method of torture under which the most hardened criminal abjectly howls for mercy.

When a professor in the Sorbonne, the famous university of Paris, stated this to his class the other day one of the students laughed incredulously and said it would take a good deal of that sort of thing to affect him.

The professor assured him that even one quart of water dropped slowly onto his hand would be beyond his endurance. He agreed to experiment.

A quart measure filled with water was brought in, a microscope hole was bored in the bottom and the performance began, the professor counting.

During the first hundred drops the student made airy remarks. With the second hundred he began to look less cheerful, then gradually all his talk died away and his face took on a haggard, tortured expression. With the third hundred the hand began to swell and look red. The pain increased to torture. Finally the skin broke.

At the four hundred and twentieth drop the skeptic acknowledged his doubts vanished and begged for mercy. He could bear no more.

Moths and Butterflies.

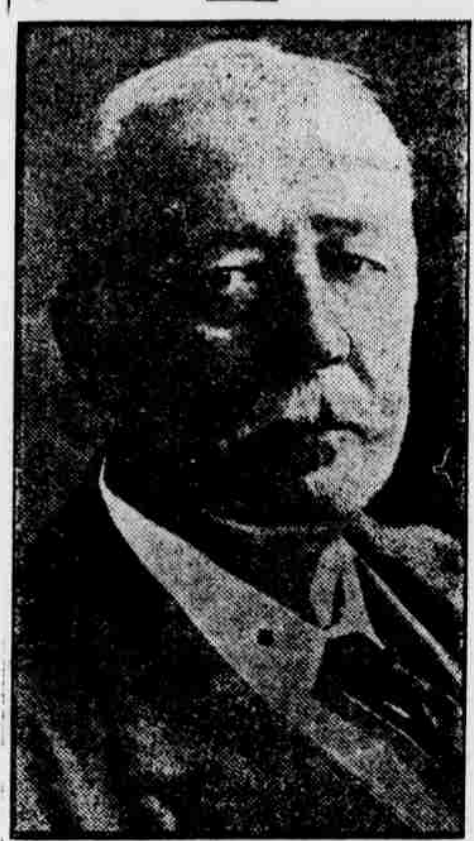
Some moths look very much like butterflies, but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each has little slender feelers growing from the head, but the butterfly's feelers, or antennae, as they are called, have knobs on the ends. The antennae of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them and sometimes little spires, but they are never knobbed. Then, too, in alighting the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop or are nearly flat.

A Martyr.

The Friend—If your married life is so unhappy, why don't you get a divorce from your husband? Unhappy Wife—Because he would then marry some other woman and make her unhappy.—Chicago News.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who, when he bought anything at a store, asked the clerk, "What is the damage?"

OLD AND NEW UNCROWNED KINGS OF EGYPT.



LORD CROMER.



SIR ELDON GORST.

Lord Cromer, British Agent and Consul General in Egypt, in other words ruler, has resigned his office after more than twenty years of service, which has resulted in no less good to the country than fame to himself. Sir Eldon Gorst is his successor. Lady Cromer, Lord Cromer's second wife, whom he married in 1901, is the daughter of the Marquis of Bath. They have three sons. The wife of Sir Eldon Gorst is of Scotch parentage, and was married in 1903. The new agent is 49 years old, and has spent most of his life in the Egyptian service.

IMPRESSED THE FOREIGNERS.

American in Europe Wore Badge of National Republican Committee.

A well-known New Yorker who spends a good part of his time in Paris relates how he once met a fellow countryman who invariably sported a huge red badge bearing the legend of the National Republican Committee.

After a time the New Yorker's curiosity got the better of him and he asked his fellow countryman why he was displaying such an emblem to the foreigners.

"It's just this way," cheerfully explained the other. "One day at one of the big hotels I noticed a number of chaps who got the best of me at all times. I thought me that it would be a good idea to consult one of the waiters as to the reason. Incidentally I tipped him.

"A great light burst upon me when I was politely informed by the waiter that one of the gentlemen indicated was the Legion of Honor, that the other sported the insignia of the Order of the Star of India, and that the third was the proud possessor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Gentlemen wearing these and other orders, added the waiter, were invariably given the utmost consideration.

"It didn't take me long to drop in line. I dug down into my trunk and pulled out the badge you now see adorning my manly chest. I put it on and have worn it ever since. Of course none of our French friends has the least idea what it represents, but it's a decoration, and that goes with them. Since I donned it nothing has been too good for me."—Harper's Weekly.

Judging by a Sure Sign.

Wise—He's very wealthy.
Mrs. Wise—Yes, and very stingy and mean.

Wise—Come, now, you're not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes.

Mrs. Wise—I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

His Intelligence.

Purchaser—You told me that parrot I bought of you was the most intelligent bird in your collection, while the fact is he doesn't talk at all. Dealer—That's what I meant when I spoke of his intelligence.

There is a good deal of cheap wit about hugging girls in the waltz, but as a matter of fact, when a man hugs a woman, he does not do it in a crowd.

Perhaps the new woman is a failure because there is no new man to play second fiddle.