

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER VII.

Sheila Fraser was a little perturbed during the week that followed as to the very apparent change that had come over Jack Glendurwood. He came to Dinglewood nearly every day, but in an almost pointed manner he gave her to understand that his visits were to Mrs. Fraser, and not to herself.

She racked her brain to find the real reason. Was it jealousy of Beverley Rochfort, with whom she certainly had flirted, though very mildly, since he had come on the scene; or was it caused by the knowledge that, as day after day went by, the poor Marquis of Iverton's condition grew worse, and he, John Glendurwood, would be to a certainty in the dealman's place and heir to the dukedom before many months had elapsed?

The thought of this approaching event, it need hardly be said, whetted Sheila's eagerness and intense desire to become Lord John's acknowledged fiancée. She might worry and think until she was tired, but she would never guess the real reason of this change, never dream that it was her unwomanly cruelty and indifference to Audrey that had opened Jack's eyes to her true character, and planted the first seeds of contempt in his breast toward her.

He had got the whole story from Marshall, who gleaned it from Audrey, and certainly Miss Fraser's conduct did not sound well when her furious temper and her virulent abuse of a poor, nervous, naturally shy creature was detailed in a calm, collected manner.

Mrs. Fraser knew nothing about her new maid until Marshall, seeing her so much better, ventured to tell her, and was more than repaid for her kind action at the pleasure her mistress expressed in having the girl about her.

As for Audrey herself, she seemed to be in one long, pleasant dream. Mrs. Fraser's sweet, low voice and delicate beauty, her gently uttered thanks and consideration for the comfort of those about her was a new and a delightful sensation. Marshall's patience and ready will, more than pleasant, and her life so peaceful and happy that she could hardly realize it was herself who lived it and not another.

Mrs. Fraser made no further remark about Audrey's eyes, nor did she seem to recognize that vague, curious likeness that had so startled her. She was still confined to her room. But she was not dull; she had plenty of visitors. Miss Fraser came first thing in the morning and chatted in a desultory fashion with her stepmother, and after her came Mrs. Thorngate, who was welcomed eagerly by the invalid.

Audrey was never in the room when the doctor's wife called, but she always noticed how tenderly Mrs. Fraser spoke to her when Mrs. Thorngate had gone away again, and what a flushed, eager look there was on the wife's face. At first Audrey had been afraid to meet Mrs. Fraser, but beyond a frown and a sharp glance at the girl Sheila said nothing; she knew better than to object to any arrangement her stepmother might make. One afternoon, toward the end of the week, Mrs. Fraser sent the girl out for a walk.

"You have sat long enough over that sewing; a brisk walk will do you good; besides, I expect my lawyer down from London on—on important business."

"Are you happy with me, my child?" she asked in low tones, a soft sound as if it were behind her voice.

"Oh! so—so happy!" Audrey cried, kneeling beside her. "I wrote and told Jean how good you were to me, and I heard from her this morning. She says you must be an angel, and so I think you are."

"Kiss me," murmured Constance Fraser, gazing up into the lovely girl's face almost hungrily, certainly passionately.

Audrey laid her cool lips on those of the older woman.

"I love you," she whispered, involuntarily.

"My dear! My dear!" Mrs. Fraser clung to her for a moment, then with another kiss and a tender smile waved her on.

"It must be true, I feel it here," she said to herself, as she was alone, and she pressed her hand to her heart. "Oh, heaven! if this comes to me, how shall I thank Thee for Thy goodness?"

Audrey soon equipped herself. She no longer wore the hideous black bonnet, but a smaller one, with a bright crimson ribbon as a relief to her dark locks. Mrs. Fraser had sent Marshall into the village, and had bought the girl many garments, which provoked wonder and intense pleasure in Audrey's breast. She could not bring herself to realize that they were all for her.

It was a bitterly cold day, but Audrey did not seem to feel it; she planted her hands in her warm muff, and danced along, stinging gaily to herself from very exuberance of spirit. The world was beautiful, after all—so her simple, childish heart determined. She was quite rich, for she had four good friends—there was her sweet mistress, and dear Mrs. Thorngate, and Marshall, and King Arthur! She did not know which she liked best. She walked down one of the secluded paths, and shrank, so she thought, out of sight as she saw a party of people coming up from the lake, where skating was in high swing. Sheila, in a magnificent sealskin, with a cap to match, on her ruddy hair, was walking beside Beverley Rochfort. She looked bored, as indeed she was, and cross, too, into the bargain, for there was Jack still chatting to plain Louisa Everest, and he had not been near her all the afternoon.

Sheila did not catch sight of Audrey's lovely face in among the bushes and trees, but Beverley did, and his heart leaped with passionate admiration as he gazed. He had seen her about three or four times, and his pulses thrilled to madness when he even thought of her. He let his eyes linger on her now, and then he grew ashen white to his very lips. Some one else had seen Audrey, and was going boldly through the bracken

toward her. It was John Glendurwood. He touched Sheila's arm; he had soon fathomed her and her intentions. It gave him pleasure to tease her, especially since he discovered that her money would never be shared by him.

"Glendurwood has good taste," he said, curiously, with a disagreeable smile.

"I always knew that girl was no good!" she exclaimed angrily. "What business has she to talk to me—my guests in this way? It is disgraceful!"

"You should blame the guests, not her. Glendurwood sought her deliberate; that I can vouch for myself. She is very beautiful!"

"I do not care to discuss the appearance of my servants, Mr. Rochfort," was Sheila's spiteful remark.

"No, nor any other person, servant or no servant, when they have a face like this girl," thought Beverley to himself.

Jack was only asking after Mrs. Fraser, but he made no haste to join the others when he had received an answer. Instead, he turned and walked beside the girl as she moved onward.

"Have you nothing to say, Audrey?" he asked, after a long pause.

She looked at him in a shy, startled way, but she said nothing.

"I don't know, my lord," she said, timidly.

They were going away from the beaten track into a lonely and wilder bit of the grounds. Jack felt that every scrap of moral courage and worldly wisdom in which he had been trying to infold himself ever since that night in the avenue was fast vanishing. He had not allowed himself to dwell much on Audrey's beauty and unfathomable charms, and yet, despite himself, he had done nothing else but think of her, and now, at this first opportunity of being alone with her, he forgot the wide difference that lay between them; forgot all but that he loved her. She was so young, so fresh, so innocent; her beauty of mind was no less than her loveliness of face and form.

"Audrey!" he said. He put out both his hands and held them toward her, the muff dropped to the ground and her small fingers nestled into his. "Audrey!" How sweet her eyes were, how brilliant! He shook off the intoxication that was stealing over him. "My darling, my little child!" he said, huskily.

She drew nearer to him and gave a little glad cry.

"Ah! You love me," she whispered, "you!"

"Yes, I, my dearest, dearest one! Did you not know it before, Audrey?"

"I knew you were my friend," she faltered—for something in his eyes, bent on her, made her heart beat and the blood mount to her cheeks.

"Friend and lover, ay, little one, your lover till I die. Are you frightened, Audrey?"

She smiled timidly, and her head drooped so that he had to catch her whisper.

"Not frightened, only happy."

With an exclamation of joy he drew her to him, folded his arms about her and sought her lips.

He kissed her long and silently, holding her small form close to his heart; then he lifted his head and smiled down at her.

"Audrey, do you love me?" She looked at him out of her blue eyes. There seemed to be heaven itself mirrored in their depths, but she made no answer. Her speech was gone, she was like one bewildered, yet so very, very happy. No words could come, only as he repeated his question she came to him with a passionate gesture and buried her face on his rough coat. A clock chiming five roused them.

"I must go!" Audrey cried in surprise and dismay.

Jack laughed at her eagerness. "Never mind, we shall soon alter that, young lady, when you belong to me altogether. What, you will go? Well, then, you must give me another kiss—another! Oh, darling, darling! How have I lived without you so long? I shall come early to-morrow, my sweet one, and we will confess all to Mrs. Fraser, who will give us her help, I know. Heaven bless you, my dearest! Bless and guard you!"

Audrey smiled through the tears that would come, and then, turning, ran fleetly away.

Jack Glendurwood stood gazing tenderly after her, all ignorant that a stealthy figure in the background was creeping after him as he walked through the bushes. A smile was hovering on his lips when suddenly above his head swung a heavy, loaded stick, and as it came down crash on his skull Jack gave a sobbing cry and fell insensible to the earth.

"I said I'd be even with you, my lord, and I've kept my word," muttered Henry Downs to himself; then, with many backward glances, he rifled the coat pockets of all they contained, shuddered as he saw the blood trickling down the white, still face, and dived in among the bushes and left his victim to his fate.

me. If he thinks I have forgotten that he is mistaken. He loves this girl, but he shall never marry her. I love her—how his dark eyes flamed—and I swear she shall be my wife!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

The story that Audrey heard from her mother's lips was a short and pitiful one—a story full of a woman's misery, a man's treachery, and a husband's broken heart.

Years before, when Constance Gascoigne was a girl of nineteen, and had just made her debut in the world, she went to stay with a half-sister of her mother's, down in a small country village. The aunt with whom Constance stayed—Lady Anstruther—had two sons, one following no occupation, the other a young officer in a crack dragoon regiment, and with this cousin the beautiful young girl fell most violently in love.

He on his side returned the love with more than usual fervor. Constance was, in his eyes, the most beautiful, the sweetest, the dearest woman in all the world. For a month the lovers lived in a paradise; when suddenly an abrupt ending came to the all too brief halcyon time. Frank's regiment was ordered to Burma; they were to leave in a fortnight.

What was to be done? Lady Anstruther, already an invalid, was distraught at the thought of losing her youngest and best-beloved son. Her heart's best love was given to Frank, although by no outward sign did she ever allow the world to guess that he was dearer to her than her eldest, Roderick. She was in no condition to be worried, and that there would be no end of worry connected with their engagement the lovers knew full well. Sir Edwin Gascoigne would never consent to his daughter's marriage with a man who had nothing to depend upon except his pay, and who was, moreover, the son of a banished man. Sir Edward had always hated it.

It was not a moment for delay, and Frank, full of eager desire to bind his darling to him, determined to make her his wife before the day of his departure came.

"When once we are married, my dearest," he had urged, "not all the objections in the world can part us for long. You do not mind roughing it with me, I know, and if Sir Edwin is very, very angry, you can stay with mother till I have made all my arrangements for you to follow me out to Burma."

His entreaties, his passionate pleadings won the day, and Constance consented to become his wife. They would have taken Roderick into their confidence had he given them the opportunity; but Frank's brother had gone away almost immediately on Constance's arrival—had, indeed, shunned meeting the girl in such a marked manner that Constance had felt vaguely hurt.

"I am afraid Roderick does not like me," she had said to her lover; but Frank laughed the idea to scorn.

"Roderick is a queer, odd sort of chap," he had answered; "but I'll stake my existence that his feelings for you are not anything approaching dislike."

"You are so much alike in face, and yet you are so different in nature," Constance often said, gazing with admiring eyes at her lover.

The two men were, indeed, strangely alike. Both had coal-black hair, and clear skins, and eyes of the deepest, rarest blue. There was barely a year between them, and in height, figure and general bearing they were the fac-simile of each other.

They were married quietly one morning, the only witness to the ceremony being Marshall and the village clerk, and then, after a week of mingled ecstasy and unutterable pain at the thought of their forthcoming separation, the young couple parted. Constance to return home to her father's house, her wedding ring suspended round her neck till the moment was opportune for speaking out her story, and Frank to make his final arrangements.

They had one farewell meeting, in which Frank sought to cheer and console his young wife by every means in his power. He told her he had written full particulars of their marriage to Roderick, and begged her to confide in his brother, who had promised to do all in his power to assist them.

"Bear up, my darling," he had pleaded; "in six months from to-day, please leave you will be with me, and never leave my side again as long as life lasts. If your father is obdurate—well, we must do without his forgiveness. Kiss me once more, my wife, my heart's beloved, and remember, dearest, whatever comes, trust in Roderick."

(To be continued.)

Just Like a Man.

"John," said Mrs. Stubbs, "suppose you were sitting in a car and should see a poor, tottering woman collapse because she had been holding a strap for twenty blocks, what would you do?"

"Why," replied Mr. Stubbs, "I am so tender-hearted I think I should hide my face."

"Ah, in grief?"

"No, in a newspaper."

Behind the Scenes.

"I positively cannot sing to-night," said the soprano.

"At last!" exclaimed the manager.

"At last what?" queried the self-styled footlight favorite.

"You have found out that you can't sing," replied the manager.

And that's how the trouble began.

Domestic Deeds.

Gyer—Mr. and Mrs. DeStyle would be only too glad to have a skeleton in their family closet.

Gyer—You don't say!

Gyer—Fact. They had one, but it got out last week.

Dealing in Futures.

Shortleigh—Say, old man, can you lend me \$100? I'm going to be married.

Longun—What security can you give?

Shortleigh—I'll tell you the name of the girl's father.

Never Silent.

Dolly—Do you believe this world is a stage?

Dick—Yes, and every woman has a speaking part.

Constant complaints never get pity.

—From the German.

# AGRICULTURAL



## Smoke in Handling Bees.

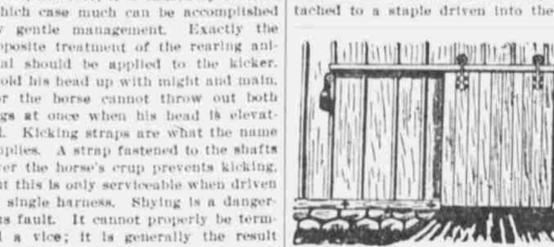
How differently men use or misuse smoke when handling bees. Some men even ask me if I ever "smoke in the entrance." As a rule, such men will jar the hives in taking off the cover, they pry or pull off the super with a snap, says an exchange. About this time the bees, angry bees, begin pouring out at the entrance and from the top of the hive and then the bee-keeper begins using the smoker; but the bees are mad now, and no amount of smoke will pacify them.

The most important place to use smoke is at the entrance, and it should be used there as the first step in opening the hive. Subdue the bees first, then all the jarring will only make their subjection the more complete. So many times has some man cautioned me about attempting to handle some colony, saying that those bees were perfect tigers and that I would be stung to death. I always say: "Give me the smoker." I give them a good, thorough smoking at the entrance before attempting to open the hive. I then open the hive carefully, using a little smoke if there is any sign of obstreperousness.

As a rule I pass the ordeal without a sting, while the owner looks on with amazement. The whole secret lies in subduing the bees before opening the hives. Smoke the bees first, and then you can usually handle them in peace and comfort.

Self-Opening Door.

The arrangement for opening this door consists of a half-inch rope attached to a staple driven into the up-



THE SELF-OPENING DOOR.

per edge of the door and passing parallel with the track beyond the boundary of the door when open. The rope passes over a small pulley and a weight is attached at the end. It is better if the weight and pulleys are fixed inside the building. By attaching the rope to the opposite side of the door a self-closing arrangement will be obtained.

Flax with Skim Milk for Calves.

For calf feeding purposes instead of grinding flax have it boiled, one part of flax to six parts of water, making a jelly. The boiling process lasts from one to four hours. If the flax has been soaked for eight or ten hours in water, one hour's boiling would put it in fairly good condition. If, on the other hand, the flax has not been previously soaked, it will take from three to four hours to cook it thoroughly. In feeding our calves on skim milk we use about two-thirds of a teacupful twice a day for a calf 3 weeks old in conjunction with the skim milk. The amount is increased from time to time as the calf grows older. After the calf is 5 or 6 months old we do not feed the cooked flaxseed, but feed it in the ground form in conjunction with the grain ration. In this way we are able to raise practically as good calves on skim milk as we formerly reared on whole milk.

Butter in the South.

A skilled Northern dairyman who went to Georgia some years ago once wrote that he found that he could make as good butter there as he made in Vermont, could make it at a lower cost and could get a better price for it. When once the live-stock industry is well established in the South in connection with cotton growing, we will soon hear less of its taking four or five acres to make a bale of cotton, for the men who rotate their crops and feed stock and make manure will soon put a bale as the minimum per acre. More pea hay, more corn and more cattle will do more for the cotton farmer than anything else, when they cease to look on everything but cotton merely as "supplies" to enable them to plant more cotton, for they will find that the "supplies" will soon be as profitable a part of their farming as the cotton.

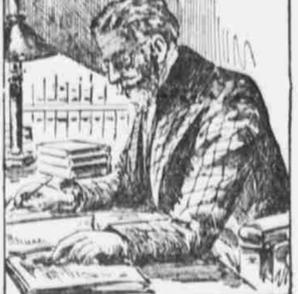
Varieties of Potatoes.

In choosing varieties of potatoes for spring planting, it is advisable to select those that have been more recently produced from seed; provided, of course, that their quality and productiveness have been tested and are generally known. The variety that is newly produced from seed is generally more vigorous than it is likely to be after a few years' contest with potato beetles and the blight and rots, all of which help to decrease potato vigor and productiveness. But it is not advisable to plant potatoes, however good, which are very unlike standard sorts, and whose qualities are not generally known. There is so much difference in potatoes that the mere fact that a potato is a potato is not enough with most consumers to secure a market for it until after they have given it a trial.

Short Rotation of Crops.

Every farmer realizes the value of a short rotation of crops in maintaining the fertility of the soil. Yet it is not at all uncommon to see to timothy and clover and mow the field for three or four consecutive years till every vestige of clover has disappeared and nearly all the value of the clover plant as a renovator of the soil is lost, says a writer in *Ohio Farmer*. I believe sowing timothy with the clover is all right. I always practice it. Then I am quite sure of a catch, and I get more and better hay. There are also other advantages which space forbids I should enumerate here. I believe, though, that the meadow should be mowed but once and never more than twice before plowing.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1408—Henry IV. defeated rebels at Brechin Moor.

1568—Miles Coverdale, first translator of the Bible, buried at St. Bartholomew's.

1634—Assassination of Count Wallenstein, commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war.

1750—British frigate *Vestal* engaged and captured the French frigate *Belona*.

1793—British flag hoisted for first time on island of Corsica.

1795—Joseph Haldorsham of Georgia became postmaster general of the United States.

1797—Bonaparte and the Pope concluded treaty of Tolentino.

1803—Egypt evacuated by the British.

1804—French army concentrated at Bordeaux for invasion of England.

1807—French defeated the Russians at battle of Peterswalde.

1820—Cato street conspirators, who planned assassination of British cabinet ministers, arrested. Five of them executed on May 1.

1827—Authorship of the *Waverley* novels acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott.

1829—Virginia Legislature condemned first high tariff bill as unconstitutional.

1830—Bread riots in Liverpool. Thousands of lives lost by earthquake in Chile.

1854—Mrs. Kendal, famous English actress, made her debut at Marylebone theater. Czar of Russia proclaimed war against the Turks.

1855—French spoliation bill vetoed by President Pierce.

1856—Duchess de Carmont Laforce murdered by her groom in Paris.

1857—Fanny Davenport made her New York debut at Chambers street theater.

1858—British defeated 20,000 Sepoys near Lucknow.

1861—Order of the Star of India instituted.

1863—Capt. Spike and Grant announced discovery of the Nile in Lake Nyana. National banking system of United States organized.

1865—Wisconsin ratified the constitutional amendment.

1868—Disraeli became Premier of England on the resignation of the Earl of Derby.

1869—Martial law declared in Tennessee.

1875—United States passed presidential election bill, providing that no State could be disfranchised without the joint approval of both houses.

1878—Silver remonetized.

1884—Remains of the victims of the *Jeannette Arctic expedition* reached New York. House of Commons voted to uphold Gladstone's Egyptian policy.

1885—Dedication of Washington monument at Washington, D. C.

1889—Richard Piggott confessed forgery of the Parnell letters. President Cleveland signed bill admitting Washington, Montana and the Dakotas to statehood.

1891—Egyptians defeated Osman Digna at Tokar. Charles Foster of Ohio appointed Secretary of the Treasury. Gen. Da Fonseca elected President of Brazil.

1893—Episcopal jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. celebrated.

1894—John Y. McKane sent to Sing Sing for election frauds at Gravesend, L. I.

1895—Ex-Queen of Hawaii sentenced to imprisonment for conspiring against the republic.

1896—The Confederate States' Museum, at Richmond, Va., dedicated. Dynamite explosion in Johannesburg killed and injured 300 persons.

1897—Fleet of the powers bombarded the insurgents at Canea, Crete. The powers ordered Greece to withdraw from Crete.

1899—Russia curtailed Finland's rights in self-government.

1901—First territorial legislature of Hawaii convened. United States Steel Corporation incorporated.

1902—President Roosevelt refused to reopen the Sampson-Schley controversy. Miss Ellen M. Stone released by the Macedonian brigands.

1904—United States Senate ratified Panama canal treaty.

1906—Armstrong insurance investigating committee presented its report to the New York Legislature.

Before and After.

"After all," said the moralizer, "happiness is merely a mental condition."

"Yes, after all," rejoined the demoralizer, "but before that it is more of a financial condition."

Up to the Editor.

"Are you writing for publication?" asked the inquisitive caller.

"I don't know yet," answered the would-be humorist, as he jabbed his pen into the man's back.