

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

When Frank was gone, at first she felt as if she must rush madly after him, but she restrained herself; and fortunately she got her father's permission to return to her aunt, and try to cheer the poor woman up. Roderick was back at her home, and proved a courteous and kind friend to his brother's wife. He besought her not to speak to her father about the marriage, urging all sorts of reasons for the delay. Roderick also advised her not to confide in his mother; and, bearing in mind Frank's wishes, she did all the young man advised.

So the days went by. Four months were spent; the time was drawing near for her father's annual winter visit to the Riviera, and Constance felt she ought to accompany him, when suddenly the current of her life was changed by two events, the first of which brought the color to her cheeks and the thrill to her heart, the second of which plunged the girl's soul into the deepest, darkest misery a woman can ever know.

Just as the letter in which she had written, in timid, gentle words, the maternal hopes she might assure herself of a blow fell upon her which all but crushed out her life, as it successfully broke her heart. One day a woman presented herself at Lady Anstruther's house and asked to see Miss Gascoigne. Marshall, who guarded and shielded her young mistress by every means in her power, would have refused this woman admittance, but Constance took the matter into her own hands, and a meeting followed.

When Marshall went in to look after the girl, thinking she had given the stranger enough of her time, she found Constance standing before the fire, her face ashen white, her eyes staring and expressionless, like the eyes of the dead.

"Marshall," she said, with tones that were husky with emotion, "Marshall, I—I have been deceived. I am not Frank's wife!"

"Not Mr. Frank's wife! Oh, come, Miss Constance, you are altogether wrong! Why, didn't I see you a-standing before the altar with my own eyes, and didn't I hear you swear to belong to each other?"

Constance put out an icy-cold hand. "Dear, true friend," she whispered, between her pallid lips, and then she took up a piece of paper and gave it to Marshall.

"Read that, and you will see I am not wrong," she said, with a wintry smile. "The wedding you assisted at was only a farce. Here is the certificate of Frank Anstruther's first marriage, as, first and only one, for that woman who has just left me as his lawful, legal wife."

"I will not believe it! I will not believe it!" So cried Marshall over and over again, while the poor girl crouched down by the fire and rocked herself to and fro, asking herself in a wild, mad way, what was to become of her.

"Mr. Roderick will put this straight," was Marshall's verdict, and for a brief time a flame of hope sprang up in the wretched creature's breast; but alas! it soon died down and was crushed out forever.

Roderick took the matter up immediately. He sought out every clew, followed the truth up to the bitter end, and, lastly and sorrowfully, had to own his brother a liar and a villain.

Constance seemed turned to stone. She shed no tears, she made no moan; she bore herself with a pride that was something marvelous.

"What was to become of her? What of her child?" The question haunted her day and night.

Fortunately, her aunt's health became so bad, she was permitted to stay buried in the country house without further molestation from her father, who went off to Monte Carlo and enjoyed himself, doubly free from his daughter's presence. Letters arrived from Frank by every mail, but they were tossed into the fire unread.

"I leave you to communicate with your brother," the girl had said in her one and only interview with Roderick, and the hot blood of triumph had surged into his veins.

How well his evil, jealous plan had worked! Better than he could have hoped or dreamed. Frank was miles away; he could not stand forth and refute the horrible lies. Constance, bound up in pride and misery, refused to do as she should have done, write to him direct, and so learn the real truth. His two puppets worked at his will and hastened his revenge.

Revenge on the brother he had always hated; revenge on the woman he had loved in a wild, unreasoning, passionate way, and who had shrunk from his very friendship in a manner that had chilled him to the heart. It was a cruel, wicked, unmanly act—the act rather of a demon than that of a man.

As day after day went by, the time approached for the birth of Constance's nameless child. She had made no plans, arranged nothing. Roderick did everything. He it was who guarded the girl in her mother's house, where, with no one about her but Marshall, not even a whisper of her condition caught the wind; he surrounded her with every comfort, every care, but he never saw her, and she sent him no thanks.

The day her child was born, Marshall came to him; she had no liking for Roderick—in fact, so great was her anger and hatred toward poor Frank she could scarcely bring herself to address any one connected with him; but there was nothing else to do, and even the old woman, in common justice, admitted that Roderick was acting with more than a brother's love to the unfortunate girl.

"She refuses to see the child," Marshall said, "and when I urge her, all she says is, 'Let it die! Let it die!' We can't do that, you know, sir. What are we to do?"

Roderick had already foreseen this contingency and was prepared. "The child must be removed. I know a woman who will take it and be thankful for the money. The mother will never ask for it, never wish to see it."

And thus, despite Marshall's longing to keep the helpless, hapless child, was the matter arranged. Constance never asked after her baby, and when she was told by her faithful maid what had been done with it, she made no sign, either by word or look. The doctor who attended her had been taken into confidence by Roderick, and he pitied the poor young mother from the bottom of his heart, for he saw that a blow had been struck which could never be healed.

Constance was scarcely convalescent before she received a visit from her father, who was in a state of much perturbation.

"Knew how it would be," he said, when he first saw the girl's white face. "Boxed up here with a dying old woman—enough to kill you in reality. And who could have put this into the papers? Anstruther says it must have been some officious person in the village who thought you were ill, and must needs kill you."

Constance took the newspaper from her father's hand, and read the announcement of her own death in a short paragraph. She was silent for a moment, and then, as she handed it back, she said, with a faint smile:

"It is a pity you have to contradict it, father."

"Eh! What nonsense! Now, Con, I shan't let you stop here any longer. I never saw such a change in any girl! Pack up your trunks at once and come away! Why, you look forty?"

How little did poor Constance think, as she journeyed to London with her father, that at that very time Frank Anstruther was reading the account of her death, not only in a newspaper, but in a loving, tenderly indited letter from his brother Roderick, who had hit on this idea of separating Frank from his wife as being the best. If he had hinted at anything else, Frank would have rushed back to England at once, but with Constance dead and buried, what was there to bring him back?

Roderick's shrewdness was verified; Frank never came home. And when the London season was at its height, and Constance Gascoigne was winning fresh laurels for her beauty and wit, the news arrived of an outbreak of fever in Burma, and Frank Anstruther's name was among the dead. They called him a hero; they sent home accounts of his courage, self-sacrifice, and bravery, and Constance's heart turned with a despairing, yearning agony to the man she had loved so well, and she longed to be buried with him, shut out of the world forever.

She saw Roderick as little as she could. It was from his lips that she learned of her child's death; the woman who had taken it had reported always how delicate it was, and the end, always expected, had come at last.

Then it was that Roderick spoke; that he showed himself in his colors. He pleaded for her love; he told her how he had adored her ever since their childhood's days; how he had given place to Frank against his longing, and entreated her to forget all and become his wife.

When he left her that day Roderick knew his plan had failed; come what might, Constance would never be his wife. To lend aid to his final coup he had lied to her about her child. He knew that it lived, although if neglect and poverty could have killed it the poor little thing had its share. Stung to the quick with the bitter words that came from Constance's lips at his offering of love, he determined she should never be told the truth. He had one interview with the woman who had charge of the child, and after giving her a large sum of money and sworn her to secrecy, he went out of England, and was lost to the world that knew him forever. He had lived for one thing only during the space of four years, and when he knew he had lost his triumph, he cast the dust off his shoes and vanished.

Then came the time of George Fraser's wooing, the miserable hopeless time when Constance learned that her hand was the price of silence over her father's dishonor and dishonesty. The rest we know up to the day that Audrey came to Dinglewood as maid to Sheila Fraser.

CHAPTER IX.

"And you are my mother?" They were the only words Audrey could utter. She was bewildered, amazed; her heart was beating with a nervous excitement in which pride and joy mingled largely. She felt as though she were in some sort of dream, or waking trance; every box and then she passed her hand over her eyes as though to clear away the confusion that existed.

She was kneeling beside Constance Fraser's slender figure, the pretty, white hands were clasping hers, the soft, musical voice was ringing in her ears. And this was her mother! She—Audrey Masseur—the waif and stray, the nameless nobody, she was this delicate aristocrat's child!

"You are my child, my darling. My own, my very own!"

Audrey gave a little cry and nestled close to her new-found mother.

"It is too beautiful, too beautiful to be real!" was all she could say; and then, as she felt the soft, tender lips pressed to her brow and cheeks, she began to wake from her dream.

"Tell me, tell me how it all happened, how you found that I was not dead?"

"It was your face that first seemed to whisper hope," Mrs. Fraser replied. "When you came in that morning it was as though Frank stood before me again. You have his very eyes; the expression in them is exactly what lived in his. I began to wonder, to dream. I was not happy till I had learned your history. Now you know why I have had so many long chats with dear Mrs. Thorngate. I determined to confide in her; I knew I could trust her, as, indeed, that has been proved. At once she took matters into her own hands. She communicated with her husband, who made every investigation about you, my darling, and discovered, thank heaven! that when you were placed in the home through the influence of Sir Henry Bulstrode, certain things

belonging to the woman supposed to be your mother were deposited in the care of the matron, Miss Irons. I examined these few poor things—an old satchel, a Bible, a bundle of old letters; and in the satchel, hidden away in the lining, we discovered the certificate of your birth, together with the last letter Roderick must have written to the woman before she died. Oh, my darling! my darling!" she cried, holding Audrey pressed close to her. "How can I ever describe the exquisite joy that came to me when I knew what heaven had sent me? I seemed to live again—to grow, as I once was, strong and full of courage. Kiss me, my child, my baby! Kiss me, and let me hear you say you have forgiven me for my cruel desertion of you!"

"Forgiven you! Oh, my poor, dear, sweet, new mother, don't say such a thing! When I remember how you must have suffered, how cruel that wicked man has been to hide me from you all these years, I feel almost mad."

"That eventful night ended in more excitement, for the report spread to the house of the discovery of Jack Glendwood, insensible and horribly wounded, and in the tumult that ensued Sheila worked off some of her violent feelings. She broke in abruptly upon the lengthened conference between Audrey and her mother, and blurted out the news without any warning; but her eyes glistened gladly as she saw the color leave Audrey's face and lips, and heard the moan that came from the sorrow-stricken heart. Constance Fraser turned pale, too, but the sight of her child's face gave her courage. As though she had read it in large letters, she knew the truth then.

"It may not be so bad, Sheila. These things are always exaggerated," she said, as she put her hands tenderly on Audrey's shoulders. "It seems to me incredible that Jack should have been attacked like this. Surely such a man can have no enemies."

"He has been robbed of all the jewelry and money he had on that will be a clue," Sheila said, apparently with indifference, but watching Audrey keenly as she spoke. All at once she seemed to realize that things were not so bad for her. This sudden illness of Lord John's might, after all, prove a good friend to her.

* At any rate, it would separate him from Audrey, and that was a great deal. She noticed with the keenest pleasure the anguish that had dawned on the young girl's face. She must not let her step-mother notice her hatred of the girl that had stepped in between her and her happiness.

"But I am forgetting," she said, in a frank, pleasant manner. "I have to offer all sorts of congratulations to you, mamma. Why, it is like a fairy story. And so this pretty little girl is to be my sister!" She had come up to the slender drawn-up figure. "We must be good friends, you and I, Audrey," she said, glibly. "Let us seal that bargain with a kiss."

Constance Fraser's delicate face flushed. This was not what she had expected; her generous, noble heart was deeply touched and she trembled visibly.

"Thank you, dear Sheila," was all she said; but she gave the girl a look of unutterable gratitude. "You have always been kind to me. I—I should like to think you and my Audrey were friends."

Sheila stood silent for a moment, then, laughing softly, she pressed her lips to Audrey's cheek.

"There! It is done!" she said. "And now for the latest news of poor Jack."

Audrey had stood motionless all through this little scene; but her mother's hand felt the tremble that ran through the young frame. She fathomed only too well all that her child was suffering. As well all that her child was suffering. As well all that her child was suffering. As well all that her child was suffering.

My darling!" she said, in tones of the deepest tenderness.

Audrey gave a little cry, and turning, clung to her new-found comforter and protector.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she whispered, brokenly; "and I—I love him so! What shall I do if he dies?"

Then, with those loving arms still about her, she swept out the story of her simple love. It was an old and a new story; and though her heart was torn with anguish at this calamity that had befallen her beloved, the girl's sorrow was inexpressibly soothed by the remembrance that the heart she leaned on now beat only for her, and would be hers henceforth and to the end.

(To be continued.)

Broke Up His Dreams.

Stubb—Great Scott, man, what is the matter with you?

Penn—I-I fell over a cellar door last night.

Stubb—But you look as though you had been clubbed. Cellar doors don't club people.

Penn—Yes, but there was a policeman sleeping on the cellar door.

Sure to Tumble.

Gussie—But, dear boy, if the rich man refused to give you the hand of his daughter I don't see why you should persist in giving him tips on the races?

Reggy—Sh, I want him to go as broke as I am and then perhaps when we are on the same level he won't have such a strong objection.

Sure Thing.

Gunner—And you say that tall man is playing for the heart of the beautiful Boston heiress. What chance has he? Why, she has a heart of ice.

Guyer—Oh, he'll capture her all right. He is an official of the ice trust.

Wisdom of Experience.

"They say," remarked the mere man, "that 'because' is a woman's reason—and it is about all the reason she has."

Often So.

He—Marriage is a pottery.

She—You mean a lottery, don't you?

He—No, I mean a pottery—a place for making family jars.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Beaumont.



Decay of Apples.

The care with which a fruit is handled in the packing house is one of the important factors in determining its shipping quality.

writes G. H. Powell. It is the one factor above all others that keeps the thick skinned fruits, like the apple and orange, immune from the attacks of the common molds. These fruits do not often decay as long as the skin is whole unless they are weakened by overripeness or by other adverse conditions. The least abrasion or cut in the skin gives the decay a foothold, and, once started, the decay is likely to continue under the most favorable transportation conditions.

It is well known that decay in fruit in transit and in storage generally develops from a wound on the surface, though few persons know how common these injuries are. The commonest injuries are caused by punctures of insects, by the stem of one fruit penetrating another, by cuts from the finger nails of the handler, by ruptures caused by the rapid growth of the fruit, by windstorms or by cutting the surface in some way.

In the first illustration decay is shown starting from a cut on the surface of an apple; in the second figure decay occurs around a codling moth injury.

There has been a gradual improvement since the beginning of the fruit industry in the methods of handling the crops. The early crude methods of harvesting and packing are giving way to better methods in the orchard and in the packing houses. There needs to be further improvement along these lines in every branch of the fruit industry.

Feeding Tankage.

Tankage has been found to be a valuable hog feed by a number of our stations. The Iowa station, for example, fed corn and tankage at the rate of 95 parts of the former to five parts of the latter. The tankage was worth \$32 per ton and contained about 42 per cent of protein and 16 per cent of fat; the price of corn meal was \$22 per ton. The experiment was conducted for a period of 49 days. The hogs weighed 205 pounds at the end of the experiment. With the ration containing tankage 100 pounds of gain was produced at a cost of \$1.50, while with corn alone 100 pounds of gain was produced at a cost of \$5.10. These results, therefore, show a saving of 46.6 cents per month per hog in favor of tankage when fed in connection with corn under the conditions mentioned. Besides this, it should be remembered that the manure also became more valuable on account of the amount of protein fed.

Vitality of Seeds.

The persistent vitality of seeds has often been noted, and, while there is some doubt as to the reliability of reports of wheat taken from Egyptian graves of ancient date germinating when planted, many notable, if less wonderful, examples of nature's preservation of the life of seeds come to life from time to time. One of the most noteworthy of these refers to 400 seeds taken from Fort Conger, about 400 miles from the pole, by the Peary party in 1899, having been exposed in this northern climate for a period of sixteen years, their presence there being the result of the Greeley expedition in 1833. Packages of lettuce and radish seeds were brought to the United States, and, after a further period of six years, were planted, and, while the lettuce seed had lost its vitality, fully one-half of the radish seed germinated and grew to maturity and perfection.

Farm Seeds.

In the winter most of farmers take time to think over the work for the coming season and to plan out what they will do when the frost gets out of the land in the spring. The first matter to be settled is that of farm seeds, most of which should be ordered early in winter. This is necessary for several reasons, one of which is that the seeds may be tested as to germinating ability. If the first seed selected fails to give good results there is time to order and secure more seed, which should in turn be tested. The value of the seed in the field regulates to a great extent the size of the crop possible from it, and this is better understood now than it was ten years ago.

Alfalfa and Alkali Soil.

Prof. Ten Eyck says that no crop is better adapted for taking alkali out of the soil than alfalfa; but for pasture it will probably be better to sow Bromus inermis with the alfalfa, since alfalfa alone is considered an unsafe pasture for cattle. A liberal application of barnyard manure will help to put this land into condition for seeding. Probably the early fall will be the best time to seed.

Fall Alfalfa Seeding.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station has gained much experience in fall and spring seeding of alfalfa, and says that the principal objection to spring sowing is that weeds come up and choke out the young plants before they get a good start. The fall seeded alfalfa on dry land was able to withstand the severe winter climate perfectly—in fact, better than the common red clover. Under average conditions, from 20 to 30 pounds of seed should be sown to the acre. Manure gave better results on Pennsylvania soil than did commercial fertilizer. Lime did not give satisfactory results. In some instances it gave no appreciable results, and in others it was decidedly harmful, but in no case it applied to advantage. Deep, well-drained soils are the best for growing alfalfa.

Thinks Red Hog Best.

A Nebraska farmer thinks the Duroc hog has the ability to make a pound of pork on as small an amount of grain as any hog. By nature he is a better rustler, a hog that is better able to take care of himself than any other, a quality that has been essential on any farm. When I got my first red sow I had the Poland Chinas, and it was noticeable how the red ones were up and about in cold weather when the black were piled up in the nest. This very thing made it possible for the red sow to produce a better and stronger litter of pigs than the black, and they are better producers of larger litters. They do not need the care that the white hog does to keep them from getting mangy, in this Western country.

To Ship Dressed Poultry.

Stock shipped without ice should be packed in clean cases, which should be lined with fresh wrapping paper. Some careful shippers wrap each bird in waxed paper, and such care usually pays, as the stock so packed reaches market in the best condition. Occasionally birds will soften up so much en route that blood will run from the mouth, thus softening much of the contents of the case. To prevent this a piece of paper may be wrapped around the head of each bird. Mark all packages with the name of the shipper, kind and number of birds, and net weight. No shipment of poultry, dressed or alive, should be made to reach the market later in the week than Friday morning, except by special arrangement with the dealer.

Poultry Supports a Town.

Thirty-five hundred dollars a day for eggs alone is what Petaluma, Cal., receives in cash on the average every day in the year. Petaluma has a population of about 6,000, but with its million feathered inhabitants, according to the last chicken census, that of 1900, it is from a hen's point of view the metropolis of the world. In Petaluma almost every one who has an acre or two of land makes a business of raising chickens, while others make a business of raising poultry on an enormous scale. Petaluma is also a cash town. Its merchants pay spot cash for all kinds of farm products, from a dozen of eggs to a hundred cases, or 1,000 tons of hay. The poultry industry has put business on a solid, cash basis.

Grain Rations for Sheep.

F. R. Mumford, of the Missouri Experiment Station, in presenting a summary of all the work that has been done at the experiment stations on the feeding of sheep, showed that sheep produce more meat from a pound of grain than any other class of farm animals. In fact, it was shown that a pound of mutton can be produced from about half as much grain as a pound of beef. Even the mortgage-lifting hog requires more grain to produce a pound of human food than the sheep. With the combination of corn and clover hay for food, and dry shed for shelter, sheep will always give good account of themselves and respond readily to the care given them.

Stalks to Take Seed From.

The kind of stalk from which to make selections is one free from suckers and possessing a tolerably large circumference at the base and gradually tapering toward the top, as this is the type that stands drought best and is not so apt to be blown down as a high, slender one. In selection, weight should be attached to good root and leaf development of the mother parent, as all nourishment and growth are largely dependent upon the thoroughness with which these two organs do their work. Poor root or leaf development is indicative of meager growth and small, poorly developed production. All selections should be made from perfectly healthy plants.

Texas Favors Barred Rocks.

A Texas man thus tells why he believes the Barred Plymouth Rock the best all-purpose fowl raised in America: It answers every requirement in cold as well as in warm climates and if given proper attention will prosper under almost any conditions. As market birds the fowls are of an attractive shape and size from the time they weigh two pounds until full-grown. The color also meets the market requirements. If given reasonable care, they rank with the best nonsetting breeds as layers and as mortgage lifters they excel other live stock raised for market purposes.

Farm Notes.

Good corn is not an accident. It is the result of skill.

A Western man has discovered that his poultry does much better when provided a bed spring on which to roost. He says they rest better and thus are made more profitable.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1206—Charles of Anjou defeated Manfred at Benevento.

1686—Canta Godefrey D'Estrades resigned his commission as Viceroy of New France.

1714—Gibraltar and Minorca ceded to the English.

1776—Battle of Moore's Creek, N. C.

1780—Bank of Pennsylvania, first in the United States, chartered.

1794—Act ordering a United States census passed by Congress.

1799—Congress authorized the revenue marine service flag.

1801—Congress assumed jurisdiction over the District of Columbia.

1805—Napoleon started on his second journey across the Alps into Italy. . . . The first Trappist monks arrived in Lexington, Ky. . . . Thomas Jefferson inaugurated for the second time President of the United States.

1811—Massacre of the Mamelukes at Cairo.

1814—French defeated by the allies in battle of Troyes.

1815—Napoleon I. escaped from Elba.

1817—Alabama territory formed.

1821—Missouri admitted to the Union as the twenty-fourth State.

1820—William Cramp established his shipyards at Philadelphia.

1844—Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State, and other eminent public men killed by the bursting of a gun on the steamer Princeton.

1849—Emigrant ship Florida wrecked off English coast; 200 lives lost.

1851—Macready's farewell at Drury Lane theater, London.

1852—British troopship Birkenhead wrecked on South African coast; 438 lives lost.

1850—Explosion on steamer Princess near Baton Rouge; 25 lives lost.

1861—Territorial government established in Colorado. . . . Abraham Lincoln inaugurated President of the United States. . . . Revenue cutter Dodge surrendered to the Confederates at Galveston.

1863—Confederate blockade runner Nashville destroyed near Fort McAllister.

1864—E. S. Grant made lieutenant general.

1867—Nebraska proclaimed a State by the President.

1868—Articles of impeachment of President Johnson adopted by House of Representatives.

1869—Congress by joint resolution passed Fifteenth amendment to the Constitution.

1871—Treaty of peace between France and Germany concluded at Versailles.

1872—Yellowstone National Park established. . . . Thanksgiving services in London for recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid.

1875—Civil rights bill passed by the Senate.

1878—Bland silver bill passed over veto of President Hayes.

1881—William II. of Germany married to Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein.

1888—Explosion on ferry boat Julia at South Vallejo, Cal.; 30 lives lost.

1890—Firth of Forth bridge, near Edinburgh, inaugurated.

1892—Supreme Court affirmed constitutionality of the McKinley tariff act.

1893—Grover Cleveland inaugurated President of the United States.

1894—Prudente Moraes elected President of Brazil.

1895—Wedding of Anna Gould to Count de Castellane in New York.

1897—Fifty persons killed and injured by explosion of gas mains in Boston. . . . Japan adopted a gold standard.

1898—Rebellion broke out in Venezuela. . . . Attempt to assassinate the King of Greece.

1900—Relief of Ladysmith. . . . British defeated Boers at battle of Paardeberg.

1902—Paris celebrated centenary of Victor Hugo's birth.

1903—Fire in Cincinnati caused \$2,000,000 property loss. . . . Edwin L. Burdick murdered in Buffalo.

1905—Theodore Roosevelt inaugurated President of the United States. . . . Beginning of the battle of Mukden, Manchuria.

Actions Discourt Words.

Green—I told my wife last week that it would be necessary for us to economize.

Brown—What did she say?

Green—She didn't say anything at the time, but the next day she bought me a box of bargain-counter cigars.

She Could Tell.

The celebrated palmist gazed thoughtfully on the palm of the strange gentleman.

"I can see," she said, solemnly, "that you are a suburbanite."

"How in the world can you tell that?" asked the stranger.

"By the corns."

"Yes. You have been using the snow shovel so much you have corns in your palms."