

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 fall 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 yet, and my day will come!"

It was quite nine o'clock and the earl had just returned from Mountberry, 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, curiously, 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 rooms. "Of course, if that confounded paper would have stood the light of day I would not have accepted 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 leonine 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 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 rosy 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 Craiglads. 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 Craiglads 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 fashionables. 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 hardihood to bring her out so soon; she must be raw, however pretty! What will Sheila Fraser and Lady Glady's 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 rapture 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 the Fraser thousands should win and use the Fraser thousands 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.)

Metallic Proposition. "When 'knighthood was in flower,'" said the suitor with the cast-iron nerve, "the young man always came to see the ladye 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.

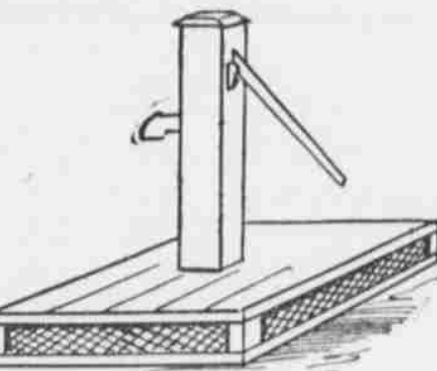


The Garden in Spring.

The first thing to do with a garden plot is to plow it, and harrow the land until it is as fine on the surface as it can possibly be made. If the work is to be done with a horse the longer the rows the better. Use only plump and sound seed, procured from reliable seedsmen and use too much seed rather than too little, as it is easier to thin out the surplus plants than to replant the vacant places. Use only well-rotted manure, and work it well into the soil. If fertilizer is used, let it be broadcasted and harrowed in. The saving of labor will largely depend upon watching the weeds. If the wheel hoe or wheel cultivator is used just as the weeds are appearing above ground the soil will always be kept fine and loose, and fewer weeds will appear after each cultivation. Cultivated in this manner, an ordinary garden can be worked in an hour or two; but if the weeds are allowed to grow until they are several inches high they will injure the garden plants and increase the labor fourfold. That is the main point—to cultivate as soon as the weeds germinate. Do not put in the seeds too soon while the ground is cold, as they may fail to germinate. When the apple trees are in bloom is the best time for planting the garden crops, as the ground will then be in excellent condition, warm, and the danger from frost past. Vegetables and small fruits cost less than corn, wheat and oats in proportion to area occupied and the labor bestowed.

Improving the Well.

Those who remember how pure the water used to taste when it was drawn up from the old open stone-walled well will welcome any plan of improving our present wells. The sweet, satisfying taste which it possessed is not now very characteristic of much of the farm well water. The fact is that people, as a rule, are very careless now-



VENTILATED PLATFORM.

days about the source of drinking water. Wooden curbing, absolutely no ventilation in many cases and poor soils for the purification of water have brought about the change. A farmer who believes that plenty of pure air in the well will aid much in the purity of the water gave us the following plan: The frame for the support of the platform is made of 2 by 4's, allowing a space of four to six inches between the top and bottom parts of the sides. This space is covered on the inside with two screens. The first is a large mesh, to keep out large vermin. Over this is a fly screen, to keep out dirt, insects, etc. The well never becomes foul. In winter the platform is covered with straw and snow.—Iowa Homestead.

Spraying for San Jose Scale.

As a result of experiments with lime-sulphur washes in the control of the San Jose scale, the author of a bulletin by the Georgia Board of Entomology, recommends a boiled lime-sulphur wash. Salt does not appear to be necessary or desirable, but the lime used should be a calcium lime rather than a magnesium lime. Self-boiled lime-sulphur washes are often used with good success, but are more expensive and not quite so satisfactory as boiled washes. For spraying on a large scale, steam-boiling outfits are most satisfactory. It is recommended that hadly infested orchards be sprayed in the fall and in the spring, but where two sprayings are impossible the applications should be made in the spring.

Hard to Plow.

Labor can be saved in plowing, and the work well done by properly laying off the plot. A square acre, plowed with a 15-inch furrow, requires 84 rounds and 336 turns. The same area, in the form of a parallelogram, 2x80 rods, requires only 13 rounds and 52 turns, thus requiring much less time to do the work. The same rule applies to cultivation. The longer the rows the less time required, as there will be fewer turnings at the ends of the rows. It is the turning of the plow or cultivator that causes loss of time, to say nothing of the extra work imposed on the man who is plowing or cultivating.

COMMERCE OF THE SWISS.

Foreign Trade of the Little Republic.

Reaches \$400,000,000 a Year. Few of the trading nations of the globe can exhibit such a wonderful record of foreign commerce as Switzerland. That little republic, which has a population of but 3,314,343 persons—less than that of the city of New York—and which is situated far inland, miles from any large body of water or navigable river, has a foreign trade which amounts to more than \$400,000,000 annually, \$239,333,730 being credited to imports and \$170,655,504 to exports.

The most valuable asset of Switzerland is its position, taken in connection with its curious geographical and geological conformation. Its superb mountains, silver lakes and picturesque cities attract every year thousands of tourists, who leave behind them millions of dollars to be invested in commerce. Switzerland thus becomes a kind of index or thermometer of the prosperity of the outside world. The tourists who go to Switzerland leave behind them in prosperous years as much as \$40,000,000, and these great sums form a tidy capital for industrial and commercial enterprises, of which the thrifty Swiss take advantage to the utmost.

Every bit of arable land is carefully cultivated and made to yield a large return in cereals, vegetables and fruits, with flowers and honey as by-products. In manufactures, too, the Swiss play an important part in the economic progress of Europe—watches, textiles of various kinds, carved woods, chocolates, condensed milk, chemicals and fertilizers being the chief articles manufactured.

The trade of the United States with Switzerland is peculiarly favorable for the latter. In 1904 Switzerland sold this country goods valued at \$20,523,200 and bought merchandise valued at \$10,388,510, totals which have been exceeded proportionately by the figures for the first five months of the present year.

A BREATHLESS MOMENT.

In his "Pictures from the Balkans," J. E. Fraser describes an adventurous descent which he made from one of the mountains of Albania. The experience is one that is familiar to many, but not in the same degree. The circumstance upon which the exciting incident depended was so trivial as to give the peril all the greater horror.

The descent was zigzag. The torrents of innumerable centuries had worn out channels, so that our route cut into the sides of the mountain, out again, and then seemed to slice farther in. At the bends tumbling stones had obliterated the track. Rarely at such points was it more than twelve inches wide.

At first one held his breath, whilst the horse, picking its way as if on a tight rope, walked round the edge of a precipice where was a sheer descent of a thousand feet.

The heart jumped into the mouth when a horse belonging to one of the soldiers slipped. I dared not turn round for fear of disturbing my own horse. For an instant there was a struggle of the animal to regain foothold. Instinctively we halted until the frightened beast recovered its nerve.

At another point we were making our way along the edge of a crevice, where the path was soft and uncertain because of a fall of slaty shingle ahead, which had slid down from the mountain top. I happened to be leading, and was letting the reins hang loose, for I was confident that the horse could pick its way much better than I could guide it. I turned my face to the slaty wall because to look into the gulf, which seemed to fall from my very knee, made me feel positively sick.

Just then a defiant shepherd's dog appeared and raised a barking protest. The horse stopped dead. Had it reared in fright, I should never have been able to tell this story.

To have pressed the horse on might have led to disaster. My Turkish "Tommy," who was away at the time, behind some seven or eight other horsemen, and on safer ground, slipped from the saddle, climbed into the rocks, crawled somehow overhead and past me, and with stones drove the dog off. Then we went on. In a second or two we were on safe ground.

It had been among the most tense two minutes of my life. My dragonman was as pale as paper, and if a mirror had been handy I probably should have found that I was not looking particularly pink.

New Way to Evaporate Milk.

By a new German process the evaporation of milk is now accomplished by the employment of cold instead of heat. After the milk has been skimmed it enters the centrifugal and is now alternately frozen and thawed out during the rotation which causes the separation of the water from the other constituents of the milk. Before putting up the milk thus dehydrated the previously removed cream is again added. The taste is said to closely resemble that of fresh milk.

The Reformed Game.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny! What's the matter? Have you been fighting?" "Worse 'n that, mamma. Me an' the boys has been playin' reformed football."

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who made apple dumplings, and then made a "dip" to pour over them?