

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Audrey fortunately knew nothing of the dislike and anger she was causing. By and by she found the atmosphere very close, for an awning had been raised on deck that formed an impromptu ballroom; and bidding the few around her a hasty "good-night," she slipped away, heedless that Beverly Rochfort was watching her and was following close behind her.

Once outside the awning Audrey drew a deep breath. A few couples were strolling to and fro, but she passed them and went swiftly aft.

Had she been less dazed and weary she might have wondered at the sound of a slight cry quite close, but she was thinking of Jack, and all else was lost upon her.

"I will just breathe some air and then go below," she said to herself. "It was stifling in there."

She stood looking over the moonlit waters for a moment, and then turned to go. As she did so, she was suddenly blinded, a sense of horrible fear and helplessness came over her, a strong, sickly smell penetrated to her brain. She tried to scream, to struggle—in vain. Her limbs lost their strength, her brain reeled—she knew no more.

There was great commotion on board the *Mona* that night. By some mischance Lady John Glendurwood had lost her footing, and had fallen overboard into the still, deep waters below, and, by a miracle of mercy, Beverly Rochfort had been near at hand, had plunged into the water, and, at risk of his own life, had succeeded in saving hers.

This was the news that was telegraphed to John Glendurwood up in Scotland, and which caused his cheeks to turn ashen gray, and then made him rush wildly to the station, en route for the south, while Audrey lay still and white on her luxurious cabin bed, carefully watched by Mrs. Hungerford and Lady Daleswater, whose usually impassive countenance was pale and perturbed.

"The shock to the nerves has been very great," said the doctor, who was summoned hastily; "but for Mr. Rochfort's bravery, my dear Lady Daleswater, her ladyship would not be alive now."

In a dim, far-off way Audrey heard all this and pondered over it. She tried to ransack her brain to account for the accident, but in vain. Even when Jack came, and she felt his arms holding her close to his beating heart, her memory did not clear; she could tell him nothing, for she knew nothing herself; it only troubled her to think about it. So Jack took the doctor's advice and refused to allow any more questions.

"She is saved, thank heaven, and that is all I care," he said, rather brokenly, to his sister, and then, when he found himself face to face with Rochfort, he went straight up to him. "Rochfort," he said, quietly, "hitherto I have judged you harshly; henceforth I will try and amend that judgment. I owe my wife's life to you. Here is my hand. I only hope, some day, I may be able to show my gratitude to you and to repay you for what you have done."

Beverly replied by some graceful words, but as he was alone, he walked to the edge of the yacht and looked across the waters.

"Here endeth the prologue," he said to himself; "now the drama is about to begin."

## CHAPTER XIX.

The party on board the *Mona* was broken up. Audrey's nerves were shattered for the time, so that Jack was not happy until he could remove her from the yacht to the land.

"What do you say to a short honeymoon all alone with me before we go back to Craiglands?" he whispered to her persuasively, and his heart rejoiced at the smile and blush with which she received this idea.

And so, despite all Lady Daleswater could say, he carried his point, and three days after her accident Audrey left the *Mona* and went to the quietest and most solitary part of the island that was to be found.

She had one brief interview with Beverly Rochfort, and her voice trembled as she tried to speak her thanks. Willie Fullerton was standing by, and somehow it pained and angered him to hear her doing this.

"Had I been on board I'll stake my existence it would never have happened," he murmured to himself, not understanding why so curious and strong a doubt of Rochfort's bravery and honesty should cross his mind, but perfectly assured of its existence all the same. The day they left the Isle of Wight Jack seemed full of mystery.

"Now, I wonder if you have the least idea where you are going to, my lady?" he observed, merrily, as they reached London and changed trains.

"Home to Craiglands, of course."

"No, not to Craiglands just yet."

"I really cannot imagine, then, but," with a shy little blush, "I—I don't care where it is as long as you are with me."

They smiled and chatted on, happy and serene, till they reached their journey's end.

"Now do you know where you are?" Jack asked as they drove through some dingy streets in a cab, leaving Murray at the station confiding her disgust to her fellow servant, the successor to Henry Downs.

"No," she said in bewilderment. "I have never been here before."

"And yet you lived here all your life. This is Broadborough, Audrey, and—"

"And are you going to take me to see Jean, dear Jean? Oh, darling, how can I thank you? How good you are to me! Jack, you must thank her, you must be good to her, for she was the dearest and the best in the world to me. Jean, dear Jean! Oh, how slow this horse is going!"

"Audrey, I shall begin to be jealous of Miss Thwait," Jack observed, with a twinkle in his eye. "She has left the home. Mr. Lulworth has adopted her. You see, I know all about it. I have

been busy writing while you were dreaming." They entered a house as Jack spoke.

"Then Jean knows I am coming?" Audrey cried, excitedly, and then, the next minute, she had drawn up to a slender, gray-robed figure and had hung her arms about it with a reckless disregard for the astonishment of the neat servant-maid, or the portly, kind-faced Mayor.

"Audrey—my queen!"

"Jean—darling!"

The joy of that meeting was not to be adequately described. All Jean's fears and stifled longings were swept away now. Her Audrey was not changed; she was as sweet, as dear as ever, and how beautiful!

Jack, after cordially greeting his girl-wife's friend, left them to themselves for a moment; and then, after he had chatted with Mr. Lulworth, who gazed with mingled awe and deference on Audrey, scarcely believing his eyes, he turned to the two girls.

"Now, Audrey, I think, if you make inquiries, you will find that Miss Thwait's trunks are all packed and that we can take our departure together."

"Jack"—Audrey paused for a moment—"Jean is to come back with me! Oh, Jack! You darling!"

Mr. Lulworth discreetly turned his back, but Jean looked on with fearful yet joyful eyes as Audrey flung herself into her husband's arms and kissed him warmly.

Half an hour later a merry party was driving to the Broadborough station. Jean Thwait had to pinch herself to realize that it was really she herself who was sitting there opposite that smart, handsome young man, and beside her beloved Audrey, so lovely and exquisite in her dainty clothes. She was dazed with joy, speechless with excitement, and these emotions mingled made her pale, delicate face almost pretty.

How they traveled to Mountherby the two girls really could not have told. They had so much to say, so many exclamations of delight and affection that the time passed unheeding, and Audrey only realized she was back in what would be her home for some time, when on alighting she saw the carriage, perfectly appointed, waiting to receive them.

When at last she was alone with her husband, having herself deposited Jean, speechless with admiration, in a dainty bedroom, she had no more words left with which to thank him. She simply went up to him, and putting her slender arms about him, thanked him in a mute way which touched him inexpressibly.

## CHAPTER XX.

This visit of Jean's was the crowning point of Audrey's happiness. Jean loved to watch them strolling together, arm in arm, through the grounds. She was a dreamer, and she transformed those two into every hero and heroine of history or romance. Day by day she found some new trait to love and admire.

As for Jack, he cordially liked the pale, intellectual-faced girl; she was by nature a thorough lady, and her mind gave evidence of deep thought, that only required culture to blossom into great cleverness.

After they had been at Craiglands a fortnight there was a bustle and a confusion. Miss Fraser returned to Dinglewood House. She brought back with her about half a dozen guests, among whom were Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter, and the Honorable Lancelot Twist, and Beverly Rochfort. Lady Daleswater was to join her in a few days, and the earl also promised the honor of his presence.

"I suppose we shall be having a wedding at Dinglewood before long," declared Jack, one morning at luncheon.

Audrey was silent for a moment.

"Gladys will be at Dinglewood next week. Must we ask them to dinner?" she said at length.

"I really don't see why we should. If Gladys wants to visit Mountherby she ought to come and stay with us; she knows that."

"But Sheila asked her first, and we can't quarrel at her for accepting an invitation, can we, Jean?"

"Why not ask Lady Daleswater to come to Craiglands when her visit ends at Dinglewood House?" Jean suggested, timidly.

"You may do as you like, Audrey, but I still maintain that Gladys should have come to us first; there, kiss me, darling. I am going to ride over to Beighton on business."

Audrey ran to the door with him, and saw him mount and ride away.

"Now for our visiting, Jean," she said, and ordered out the barouche, and went to dress herself for the occasion.

They called at a number of houses, at Lady Grace Huntley's, at the Everests', and many others, and ended by alighting for a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Thorngate, who was rather cold toward Audrey, and then by driving to Dinglewood House.

Audrey walked into the drawing room, a slender, graceful form, in her dress of dark green velvet, close-fitting jacket, and small hat to match. Beverly Rochfort, as he rose to meet the regal girl, quickly determined that, beautiful as she always was, she had never looked more beautiful than now.

Mrs. Watson was knitting by the fire, grim as a sentinel, and Mrs. Fairfax was dozing over a novel in the most comfortable chair she could find.

"My niece is out, Lady John," intoned Mrs. Watson, rising stiffly; "she is riding."

"Yes; didn't you know that? How strange!" And Mrs. Fairfax laughed softly and disagreeably to herself.

"I don't quite see where the strangeness comes in," Beverly Rochfort retorted, coolly, as he handed some tea to Audrey and Jean.

"I merely meant it was strange that your husband should not have told you he was going to ride out with Sheila this afternoon, but, no doubt, he did not think it was necessary; after all, they are such old friends, Lady John, there is no need for you to be jealous."

"Of course, had your husband known he was to have the pleasure of Miss Fraser's company during his ride, Audrey, he would have told you," Jean said, very quietly, looking Mrs. Fairfax full in the face with her honest, clear, gray eyes; "I expect it was a hasty arrangement, was it not, Mr. Rochfort?"

"I think you must be right, Miss Thwait," was his answer. He cared nothing for Mrs. Fairfax's angry glances; he saw that he had made a great stride in both Audrey's and Jean Thwait's estimation. "How are all your animals?" he said, coming up to Audrey, and conversing in a soft, low voice.

Audrey, feeling grateful to him for his delicate tact, responded more warmly than she had ever addressed him before, while Mrs. Fairfax fixed her eyes on Jean, and tried to stare down the "impertinent young person" who had dared to cross words with her.

"Er—you are an old friend of Lady John's, I presume, Miss—er—Thwait?"

"Yes," Jean answered, laconically.

"You were educated together?"

"Yes," Jean answered a second time.

"So you are a charity girl, too?" she observed, slowly.

"Pardon me, I was, but am no longer. Would you really care to hear all my family history, madame? I assure you it is most interesting. My father—"

But Mrs. Fairfax drew back her chair. This low-born creature actually had the effrontery to be laughing at her.

"I—really don't think I will trouble you, Miss Thwait."

"Well," declared Jean, as they drove away, "so these are the manners of the aristocracy, are they? Give me plebeian ways in future. What a horrid woman, Audrey, and did you see her face thick with paint?"

"She is certainly very disagreeable to me. Why should she have said that about Jack?"

"Because she is a cat, my dear child, and she felt she must scratch."

"Well, I was really most grateful to Mr. Rochfort. He came to the rescue most gallantly."

Jean was silent so long that Audrey at last laughingly inquired the reason.

"I was thinking about that man, Audrey, you were quite right to fear him; he is dangerous. Mrs. Fairfax is a vulgar cat; her warfare won't harm you; but Beverly Rochfort is a snake, and he will sting you when you least expect it. That is my humble but firm opinion. I may be wrong, but I don't think so. He warned, my darling, trust to your first impulse and shun that man!"

(To be continued.)

## Trackless Trains Go Everywhere.

Locomotives without tracks, drawing behind them long trains of cars, and speeding over the highways, are to-day familiar sights in Europe, from France in the west, to Turkey in the east. Under the caption, "Trackless Trains Go Everywhere," Donald Burns, in the *Technical World Magazine* so writes. Wherever the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can go, the trackless trolley can go likewise. The author describes one particular model, known as the Renard train, as follows: "This latest prodigy, the Renard train, is a train of passenger or freight vehicles, headed by a steam or gasoline locomotive which travels over country roads and town or city streets. The ordinary railway train calls for steel rails and a special right-of-way; the Renard train has no necessity for either of these, but shares the common highway with the horse-drawn vehicle."

Further on, the writer says: "In France the Renard train has been used for military service with marked results. A convoy so transported occupies one-eighth the space of one drawn by mules, or horses, and it travels at a speed of ten miles per hour." Even Turkey and Persia, two countries which are noted for their backwardness in most things, have been quick to take up the new ideas.

## Natural Evidence.

Eva—Why, Katherine, your hair is all mussed up.

Katherine—Yes, dear; you—you see Jack stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Eva—But why don't you step in front of a mirror and rearrange your hair?

Katherine—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

## One Woman's Wisdom.

"I suppose," said Mrs. DeStyler, "that we may as well send Miss Uppson a solid silver teaset for a wedding present."

"Yes, that would be very nice," rejoined her daughter. "By the way, she told me she didn't intend to have the list of presents published in the papers, as she considered it vulgar."

"That being the case," continued Mrs. DeStyler, "we'll send her a set of plated spoons."

## Old Story.

Gunner—During our courting days she said she would go through anything on earth for me.

Guy—Ah, and now that you are enjoying wedded bliss has she made good?

Gunner—Well, no. About the only thing she goes through is my vest pockets.

## Stalled.

Farmer Hardapple—Pays you right for automobile on Sunday, neighbor. You know the way of the transgressor is always hard.

Chauffeur (of machine stuck in mud)—Well, old man, in this case the way seems to be extremely soft.

## A Fine Link Chain.

Teacher—Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?

Bright Pupil—Yes, mum; there's hash.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Captain Fritz-Egger, a Swiss cavalry officer, has invented a method of horse-shoeing by fastening the shoe to the hoof with metallic bands.



## Small Fruits.

Frequently two crops may be had on the same plot during the year, such as early peas followed by late cabbage, or turnips may follow onions; but the soil should be rich and well supplied with manure or fertilizer. One advantage with a small garden is that during the dry season some of the crops can be watered by the use of the hose or sprinkler. Inexperienced persons should not expect complete success the first year, but there is nothing too difficult to learn, and the second year should prove satisfactory if the season does not become too dry. The principal small fruits are blackberries, strawberries and raspberries, but gooseberries, currants and grapes are also included. The most profitable fruits are those that receive attention during the entire year. The strawberry will thrive and bear well with but little cultivation on some soils, and often receives no care after the plants have been set out, other than to run the cultivator down the rows once or twice, but it will pay well for any extra labor that may be applied, however. The largest berries are grown from plants in single stools, but the largest yields are obtained from the matted row system. The first essential is to get the young plants in the ground as soon as possible, so as to afford them an opportunity to grow and make headway before the dry season comes on. High winds and a dry soil will make quick work of young plants. The rows should be just wide enough apart to admit of the use of the horse hoe, and the ground should be kept very loose around the plants in order to guard against drought as much as possible.

## Cultivating the Garden.

The majority of farmers give but little attention to gardening. They regard the spade, hoe and rake as implements which involve too much time and labor. If a farmer desires to grow a crop of any kind he prefers to do the work with a plow and cultivator, and in a wholesale manner. This repugnance to using the small tools, in order to grow a supply of vegetables, has been the cause of depriving hundreds of farmers of luxuries that would have cost but little if they had considered the value of the crops from a garden, and also the real cost compared with a crop of grain or potatoes. But there are, however, some farmers and their wives who know how a garden helps to make a farm enjoyable, and they are the ones who will now enjoy the work of planting the seeds of the many different kinds of vegetables, for there is no portion of farm life so agreeable as that of preparing the ground in the spring for the garden. There has been an advance in the system of gardening. While the hoe, rake and spade still hold a place in the list of garden tools, yet they have been superseded mainly by the single and double wheeled hoes and seed drills, which save time and labor and which can be used for doing good work.

## Fruit Tree Planting.

For fruit tree planting, when the sub-soil is clay and apt to be water-logged, not only should it be well drained first, but the bottoms of the holes in which the trees are planted should have been placed in them some coarse rubble, to act as drainage also. Apart from such material helping to keep the roots out of the clay below, it serves also to keep them fairly dry and aerated, and that is very important for the future health of the trees. In making holes on such ground, throw out to fully three feet wide and twelve inches deep. Into each hole then put four inches of old brick or mortar material, or clinker, or other hard, coarse material, well trodden and leveled. Upon that put, if obtainable, pieces of turf, upside down, then three inches of soil, and plant the trees. In that way not only will the roots be kept near the surface and be healthy, but because the trees are on slight mounds, they can be fed each summer with a mulch of manure. Too much trouble can not be taken in planting trees on stiff soil, to keep the roots near the surface.

## Sowing Corn for Fodder.

The silo has opened advantages to dairymen in other countries where corn does not mature. In England, where the conditions are unfavorable for the production of matured crops of corn, the farmers sow corn for fodder, store it in the silo, then grow a crop of turnips on the land, from which they took the fodder. The same system can be practiced in this country, but our farmers are content with one crop, and thus do not derive as much from the land as is possible to be obtained. The land in England is high, and farmers pay high rents, but they do not hesitate to use manures and fertilizers freely, securing large crops in return.

## Care of the Colt.

This is a season when attention can be given to the colt, and if foaled last fall it may be weaned before spring work begins. A colt soon learns to eat ground oats, and it will thrive and grow if such is allowed, in addition to the milk it receives from its dam. Colts should be kept warm in winter, but should be given an opportunity to exercise.

## Feeding Animals.

In the feeding of animals the farmer, by his knowledge of the difference between flesh-forming foods and those that form fat, is enabled to so combine the different foods as to provide for all their wants. Knowing that the "albuminoids" (nitrogenous foods) produce muscle (lean meat) and milk, he should, in order to allow for heat and fat "balance" the foods for the purpose of avoiding too much of the one kind and not enough of the other. On an average, the proportion of nitrogenous foods to the carbonaceous is as one to six (though the proportion may vary, according to circumstances), or, rather, he should add six times as much of the carbonaceous as he does of the nitrogenous. The conditions, however, affect the proportions, as less carbon is required in summer than in winter, hence during the warm season the nitrogen may be increased and the carbon diminished; but, if the weather is very cold, the proportion of carbonaceous matter, on the contrary, should be increased.

## Predicting Frosts.

One of the most important fruits of the establishment of the Mount Rose weather observatory in the Sierra Nevada near Reno, Nev., at an elevation of 10,800 feet, is the discovery of a rule by which the appearance of frost in the Truckee and Carson valleys below may be predicted with positive assurance from twenty-four to thirty-six hours in advance.

By comparing relative meteorological data for San Francisco and Reno at 6,200 feet elevation, and Mount Rose, 10,800 feet elevation, a constant correspondence is observed between fall in pressure and fall in temperature, enabling frost prognostications to be made with certainty. The station was established originally with the idea of gathering information which would be available in predicting the weather conditions for the districts farther east.

## When Planting Seeds.

In the home garden care should be taken to see that the soil is pressed down firmly after the seeds are in. The result will be to bring the moisture to the surface and hasten the germination of the seeds. As soon as the seedlings appear, however, the garden should be gone over with a rake to loosen up the surface and form a mulch, the purpose being to prevent the moisture from escaping. A smooth, hard surface will be followed by a loss of much moisture which will be brought to the surface by the capillary action. When the surface is constantly stirred and kept loose and free, this capillary action is retarded and the moisture is retained to support the plants. This point is a very important one, and amateur gardeners will find it to their advantage to bear these facts in mind.

## Starting Early Potatoes.

As soon as the frost is out, I select a sloping piece of ground on the south side of a building and dig one or more trenches, 2 feet wide and 18 inches deep, in which I put about 8 inches of horse manure, well tramped down, and cover with 3 or 4 inches of soil. In this I firmly press half potatoes in rows 2 or 3 inches apart and cover with 3 or 4 inches of soil and with coarse stable litter at night and during cold days, removing it entirely when the weather is warm and danger of frost is over. Water frequently with tepid water. When the sprouts are 6 or more inches high, take them up by running a spade under the manure, allowing all that will stick to the potato and roots. Transplant in a deep furrow in which has been dropped some potato fertilizer. D. M. Niver.

## Lime for Fungus.

There is a fungus which sometimes attacks carrots and turnips, causing decay at the roots, or a misshapen growth, or a withering of the leaves. This may be prevented by a liberal sowing of air-slaked lime upon the soil, thirty or forty bushels per acre, and harrowing it in before the seed is sown, as the fungus lives in the soil. But it is usually better and cheaper to put the root crops on new land where this fungus has never appeared.

## Swine Mange.

Mange on swine is caused by filth and unnatural conditions. It is due to minute parasites, which burrow under the skin. It cannot be easily cured, but if the animals are thoroughly scrubbed on a warm day, using carbolic acid in soap suds, then anointed with a mixture of four parts of lard and one part kerosene, two or three times, as well as given clean quarters, the mange will disappear if the animals are then kept clean.

## Gleanings.

When farmers are busy in the spring they are liable to neglect many matters which should command their attention. Get the implements in readiness and sharpen the tools. The grindstone is a valuable adjunct to good farming, if thorough work is desired.

It is no easier to keep poultry than any other stock, as labor and proper management must be used to meet success. Less capital may be required with poultry, but it must be judiciously expended, or a loss can result as easily as from any other source. Experience is of more value than capital in poultry raising.

The food left over on the ground ferments and decomposes in a very short time on a warm day, and it therefore becomes one of the main sources of gapes in chickens and cholera in fowls. Flitch in the summer season should never be allowed. It is well to do away with troughs entirely, feeling only whole grains and scattering the food as much as possible.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1242—Russians defeated the Swedes at battle of Lake Peipus.

1497—Canada discovered by Cartier.

1513—Ponce de Leon called the country discovered by him "Florida."

1558—Marriage of the Dauphin of France to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

1600—Henry Hudson sailed from Holland on his exploring expedition to America.

1632—Imperialists defeated; Tilly killed.

1663—Royal Society of England chartered.

1762—Granada surrendered to the British.

1789—Washington chosen President of the United States.

1791—Count Mirabeau, "the grandest figure of the French Revolution," died.

1792—United States mint established.

1800—First United States bankrupt law passed; repealed Dec. 19, 1803.

1801—British fleet under Nelson bombarded Copenhagen.

1805—Emanuel Lisa founded the first trading post in Nebraska.

1810—Napoleon married the Archduchess Maria Louisa.

1811—James Monroe of Virginia became Secretary of State.

1812—Badrados stormed and taken by Lord Wellington.

1814—Napoleon Bonaparte sent to Elba. . . . Napoleon Bonaparte abdicated the throne of France.

1816—The American Farmer, first agricultural paper, issued at Baltimore.

1820—Bolivian army invaded the republic of Peru.

1830—The Mormon church founded.

1837—Algernon Charles Swinburne, poet laureate of England, born.

1844—The Fleet Prison in London abolished.

1847—Alvarado, Mexico, surrendered to the Americans.

1850—The celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond sent as a present to Queen Victoria.

1858—Sir Hugh Ross defeated the Indian rebels and took Jhansi. . . . Gold discovered in British Columbia.

1862—Federal army commenced siege of Yorktown, Va. . . . First day of the battle of Shiloh.

1865—University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, burnt by Gen. Croxton. . . . Petersburg and Richmond, Va., occupied by federal troops. . . . Battle at Selma, Ala.

1872—Earthquake at Antioch; 1,900 lives lost.

1873—White Star steamer *Atlantic* wrecked off Nova Scotia; 481 lives lost.

1876—Impeachment trial begun of William W. Belknap, Secretary of War.

1878—Victory of British at Fettehabad, Afghanistan.

1885—Frog Lake massacre.

1887—First Colonial conference met in London.

1889—Passengers and crew of steamship *Danmark* rescued by steamer *Missouri* in mid-Atlantic.

1894—Eleven strikers killed in riot at Connellsville, Pa. . . . Louis Kosuth, Hungarian patriot, buried in Budapest.

1895—Eightieth birthday of Prince Bismarck celebrated throughout Germany.

1896—Ex-President Harrison married Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick.

1897—Venezuelan Congress ratified boundary arbitration treaty with Great Britain.

1898—Many lives lost by the breaking of the Ohio river levee at Shawneetown, Ill.