

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER XXI.

Naturally when Jack Glendurwood came home from Belmont the truth about Sheila came out.

"I happened to call at Dinglewood for a moment. I wanted to speak to Twist about that horse he said he would buy, and found the fair Sheila with that Fairfax girl and her Lancelot all ready to start off for a ride. They proposed accompanying me, and I agreed, though I could have done very well without them."

Audrey laughed as he related the results of the ride, and Jean's gray eyes glowed with triumph.

"I wish I had told him what that odious woman said," she observed to Audrey, when they were alone in the drawing room; "he ought to know of her insolence."

"It would only vex him, and I don't really mind," Audrey answered, though she had been much hurt for the moment. "Besides, it is all so vulgar and disagreeable. Why should we trouble about it?"

On the last day of October Willie Fullerton came down to Craiglunds, greatly to Audrey's delight.

"Now, Jean, I want you to be very nice to him; he is a dear boy," she declared.

"The dear boy being a good five years older than your ladyship," laughed Jean; but she found it a very easy task to be nice to Willie Fullerton.

His open admiration for Audrey won her heart, and she felt that before long this pleasant young Englishman and herself would be good friends. To begin with, they both cordially detested Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter, and that was a very good foundation to commence upon.

The week following Mr. Fullerton's arrival was to Jean Thwait's thinking, the pleasantest that had come since she had left Broadborough.

To Audrey, it was quietly happy; the Dinglewood folk gave her a little breathing space; Sheila and Lady Daleswater having gone up to town to arrange about the masked ball, and she had her Jack nearly all to herself, for Jean and Willie Fullerton fraternized warmly, and were much together. Audrey's letters to her mother that week unconsciously betrayed the feeling of her heart. She wrote freely, joyously, not in the strained fashion that had seemed to hang about her of late, and Constance Fraser, away alone, bearing her great sufferings with courage and patience, rejoiced as she read.

Alas! How little did she think those letters were the last happy ones Audrey would write for many a long, weary day. Jack, too, tired out with perpetual excitement and worry, basked in the sunshine of his girl-wife's love, and revelled in the gladness her presence gave him.

Two days before the masked ball, Sheila and Lady Daleswater returned to Dinglewood, and drove over to Craiglunds to discuss all the arrangements with the Glendurwoods. They found the four young people out in the grounds playing lawn tennis.

"I have come to ask Lady John what she is going to wear at the ball. Oh, I know it is a great secret, but I will betray it to no one," Sheila said to Jack, as they walked away, and then she tried to catch his eye as she gave a very palpable sigh.

Audrey good-naturedly offered to show her gown and domino to both Sheila and Lady Daleswater. Jean Thwait had been carefully excluded from the invitations. "Lovely! Beautiful! Exquisite!" cried Sheila, as Murray unfolded the sherry satins and held them forth for inspection. "And this is your domino, Lady John?"

"Black and silver. It was Jack's idea. Isn't it pretty? Look at the design over the shoulders."

"I wish you would put it on; I should like to see it so much," Sheila next observed.

Lady Daleswater had not vouchsafed to come up and see the finery, she was in far too bad a temper.

"An artist from London is coming down to sketch us all. He arrives to-day. I think he had better begin at once. I wish you would allow him to sketch yours, Lady John."

"I shall be delighted," Audrey said, cordially. "Shall he come here or must I go to him?"

Sheila's cheeks were quite rosy. "Oh, there is no need to trouble you. Just send Murray over with it. She might drive back with us if you can spare her."

Audrey, only too glad to find Sheila speaking so pleasantly, agreed at once, and so, when the Dinglewood carriage drove away, Lady John's maid rode in it, carefully guarding the box containing the black and silver domino.

Audrey meant to have told Jean about this, but all ideas went out of her head as the carriage disappeared, and they rushed to finish their game.

"I say, baby, here's a bore," Jack Glendurwood said, as he entered Craiglunds at dinner time on the evening of Sheila's ball. "I can't go with you to-night, after all."

"Oh, Jack!" Audrey clasped her hands in despair. "I am disappointed. I don't think I shall go, then. What is the matter?"

"Benson has telegraphed me he must see me at once on important business; something gone wrong with the election, I suppose. I'll get back as quickly as possible, and come on to you if I can."

"Your dress looks so lovely. You would make such an exquisite Black Brunswicker, Jack."

"Well," laughed Jack, kissing her, "I will try and get into my fine togs; at least, if I cannot manage the Black Brunswicker, I will don my gray domino. You will be able to pick me out, won't you, fairly, even though I am masked?"

"And you me?" Audrey added. "Don't forget to look for the black and silver, Jack."

Dinner was hurriedly eaten, and Jean was much grieved for Audrey's sake that Lord John could not accompany her.

After Jack had driven away, the two girls mounted up to Audrey's pretty bedroom.

"You must be my maid to-night, Jean," she said, as they sat before the fire for a few moments.

"Why, where is Murray?"

"Oh, she was very rude and I was obliged to send her away," Audrey answered, a shade falling on her face.

"There have been a great many complaints about her downstairs."

"I hope you told Lord John, Audrey," she said. "No? My dearest, believe me, you are wrong—this perpetual attacking of you. Believe me, if it were once known that your husband had put his foot down, you would find Dinglewood House would learn how to behave itself."

"But, Jean, dear, what has Dinglewood House to do with Murray's insolence?" Audrey asked, quietly.

"More than you imagine, Audrey," Audrey was silent for a moment.

"Jean," she said, looking up with tears in her eyes, "why is it that they—they are so cruel? What have I ever done to Sheila Fraser or Lady Daleswater that they should hate me so?"

"You have offended Lady Daleswater by your beauty and aristocratic bearing; you have made an enemy of Sheila Fraser because you have robbed her of the man she meant to marry."

"Jean!" Audrey turned pale. "Is this true?"

"Ask any one about the place, and you will find it is; but why should it distress you? Remember the time it takes to make your complexion; and how will your ladyship have your hair dressed to-night?"

Audrey smiled at Jean's grave mimicry of Murray's voice.

"Now let us go down, the carriage is at the door, and Mr. Fullerton will be tired of waiting."

She followed the black and silver domino down the stairs, and then gave a great start as Willie sauntered out of the smoking room in his ordinary evening dress.

"Why are you so late? Have you been sleeping?" Jean demanded severely.

Willie colored and stammered out an excuse.

"If you will forgive me, I have such a headache, I—"

"You want to stay at home? Certainly, Jean, look well after him. Good-night, darling; good-night, Mr. Fullerton; you really do look alarmingly ill," and so, laughing, Audrey drove away.

Jean stood gazing out after the carriage. Willie had never seen her look like that before, and it puzzled him.

"I say, Miss Thwait, you are not vexed I did not go, are you? I—I am—"

Jean turned to him hurriedly. "Not vexed, Mr. Fullerton, but sorry. I should like you to have been with her to-night. I hardly know why I say this, but I have a presentiment that something is going to happen, and that Audrey will find sorrow, not pleasure, at Sheila Fraser's masked ball."

## CHAPTER XXII.

A huge ballroom had been erected on the lawn, with light, wooden walls, and one cone shaped roof; the floor was parquet, and as smooth as ice; a smart military band was to provide music; supper was served in another temporary room, and the drawing room, hall and conservatory were turned into a lounge and promenade.

Audrey felt quite bewildered as she found herself in this throng of variously colored forms, all with the black lace or silk covering over their faces. She wished vaguely she had not come, then that she had Jack with her, or Willie Fullerton. Suddenly Audrey became aware that two people were talking close to her and that they were speaking of her.

"They call her a beauty!" one woman's voice said. Audrey could recognize neither of the two. "A small, insignificant thing like that, with her black hair and staring white face! Jack Glendurwood did the worst day's work he will ever do when he married her! What can a low born and bred girl like that know about social duties?"

"And yet they say she was a great success in town."

"They say—of course they say so. Well, ask Gladys Daleswater and you will hear the truth."

"Ah, it was a sad mistake! Such a nice fellow, too; he should have married Sheila."

"I can't make out why on earth he didn't! This charity girl business seems to me to have been very well arranged by Mrs. Fraser. Why, everybody knows he has always been in love with Sheila. They are together now. I just caught sight of them as we came along, his tall gray domino beside her pale-blue one. I expect he tells her all his troubles. Sheila is so fond of him. They ought to have been man and wife, and would have been, too, but for that nasty-faced, upstart creature!"

Audrey's limbs seemed frozen, her heart a lump of ice. What was this she had heard? What horrible nightmare had come over her! So this was what was said!

"Sheila and Jack!" Again and again the phrase rang in her ears. "Sheila and Jack!" They had always loved; they loved now; and she—she, Audrey, the low-born, low-bred charity girl—she stood between them.

A moan broke from her burning lips; she held one hand pressed close over the other so tightly as almost to tear the gloves she wore. Her brain was on fire; her head reeled.

She sat so quiet she might have been a figure of marble, not human flesh and blood. Not even in that one moment of actual peril on board the Mona had she felt as she did now. She was stranded before she had sailed beyond the sun-tipped waves of youth and youth's sweet dreamings. Suddenly she awoke with a start. A voice was calling shrilly in her

ear, and a hand was placed on her shoulder.

"Lady John—I know it is you by your domino—what are you doing all alone? Isn't it fun? Aren't you enjoying yourself? I never was at anything so lovely in all my life. Don't you know me? I am Alice Fairfax. It is such fun being disguised like this. But you must not sit here all alone. Lord John is enjoying himself immensely. I met him walking in the garden with Sheila just now. You see, I know all the dominoes, and can pick people out quite easily."

"You—you are sure my husband is here, Miss Fairfax?"

"Yes. He has been dancing with Sheila. They are out in the garden. Do you want him? Shall I go and find him; or why not come with me, I know just where they are."

Audrey's simple, loving heart was ablaze with jealousy. So he had come, and had gone to Sheila first without looking for her? What if those cruel tongues had spoken true, that already he was repenting his bargain, and turning again to Sheila, the girl he had always loved.

"I think I will go with you, Miss Fairfax," she said, hurriedly. She would see for herself.

"Come this way, then," Alice Fairfax went out through the window. "Lift up your skirts, Lady John; I am afraid the paths are not too dry."

"They went down here," Alice Fairfax said, as they passed onward to a more remote corner; "but I don't see them now. What a nuisance! I thought we should have been sure of catching them up. Ah, there is Mr. Devereux. I will ask him if he has seen them. You go straight on, Lady John, I will overtake you."

The girl darted away as she spoke, and Audrey wandered on alone, obeying her mechanically.

"When I find Jack he shall take me home," she said to herself, very slowly. She longed to be gone, to be away from this horrible ball, with its laughter and fierce gaiety, and venomous tongues, hidden behind every mask. Deep in her agitated thoughts, Audrey had hurried on unconsciously. She left the ball room behind her. She had followed along the path in which Miss Fairfax had set her first. She scarcely realized that she was alone, she had no desire for the girl's companionship. All at once she came to a standstill.

What forms were those just before her, half hidden by a rustic garden house? Her eyes were blinded for an instant, then she saw quite clearly. That was Sheila Fraser's face; she had taken off her mask, and the far-away lights shone on her hair, and touched the red gold of her hair with a shimmering glory; and that tall, strong figure in the gray domino; Ah, did she not know that only too well?

With sickening pain Audrey noted the attitude of those two; how Sheila's white hands were clinging to the man's strong ones; and then, as though to confirm the truth, to allow of no remaining doubt, Audrey saw the girl's head, with its wealth of ruddy gold hair, rest against the man's breast. She caught the murmur of a man's voice, and then the answer that Sheila gave, clear and shrill as a bell, "Oh, Jack! Jack! my darling!" and then, with a cry of despair, she turned and sped away—on, on, unheeding, unconscious, till suddenly her strength went and she stumbled against something or some one, and she knew no more.

(To be continued.)

### Went to the Right Place.

An American whose business frequently takes him to London tells of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a public bus in that city.

The bus was fairly crowded, so the American climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a per n in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a laden sky overhead and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolises.

As the conductor came to the top the red-turbaned person, evidently an Indian Parsee, got down.

"Wot sort of a chap is that?" asked the driver of the conductor.

"I fancy that 'e's one of them fellers that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, eh?" repeated the driver, with a shiver. "Then I suppose he comes over 'ere to 'ave a rest."—Success Magazine.

### Drawing the Line.

The Cook—"O'm affther givin' yez notice that O'm goin' t' leave, ma'am."

The Mistress—Why, what's the trouble, Jane? Are you dissatisfied with your work or your wages?

The Cook—No, ma'am, me work's azy an' me wages is a plinty, but O'll not stand fer so many av thim duds av callin' on yer daughter.

The Mistress—But they do not interfere with you, do they?

The Cook—No, ma'am. But O'm afraid payple will be affther thinkin' some av thim is a callin' on me, ma'am.

### Sure of It.

Tourist—Wasn't there a great battle fought about here?

Village Dame—Ah, I do mind it when I were a gell, I do. They was—

Tourist—But, my good woman, that was nearly 600 years ago!

Village Dame (unabashed)—Dear, dear! How time do fly!—Punch.

### The New Danger.

"I heard that Deacon Thompson had a narrow escape from being hit on the head by a meteor."

"Meteor! Nothing of the sort. It was a piece of slag that some fool aeronaut was using for ballast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Painful Suggestion.

Chapleigh—I was aw—out late last night, and the aw—result was I had a head on me this mornin', doncher know.

Miss Caustique—Well, if I were you I'd stay out late every night.

Queen Margherita of Italy has the finest collection of pearls in the world. She is a great automobile enthusiast, and can drive her own machine.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



The Manure Heap.

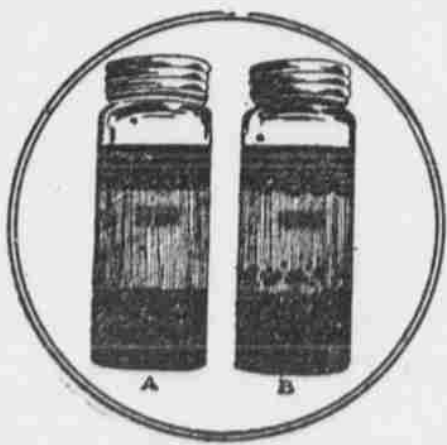
Though by fermentation and by forking over the manure is made fine and soluble, it must not be overlooked that the process is a gradual one, and hence every rain that saturates the heap carries downward the soluble parts as soon as the manure is decomposed. The jet-black liquid that flows off from the heap is the richest of the farm, and as it passes away the ready plant food which is dissolved in it is lost, leaving behind a mass of matter, often supposed to be the most valuable because of its bulk, but which really is not worth the labor of hauling to the field. Unless the manure, therefore, be carefully preserved, it will be valueless. It should be protected from drenching rains and the influence of heat from the direct rays of the sun. Plenty of absorbent material should be added to absorb the volatile matter, and water is also beneficial to the heap, provided that it does not drench or flow off. The manure heap should be worked over occasionally, in order to prevent "fire-fangling." This may require additional labor, but the saving of the essential elements of the manure will be more than a compensation for the time well expended. The principal rules to be observed are to prevent loss by rain, preservation of volatile matter with moisture and absorbents, have the manure fine, and also to endeavor to have it thoroughly decomposed.

### Disinfection of Stables.

In discussing the importance of the disinfection of stables and the danger of neglecting it Dr. Haring of California points out that "negligence in properly disinfecting stalls and stables where animals affected with contagious diseases have been is frequently the cause of a reappearance of the disease." The germs of glanders, for example, may remain alive in stables for several months after the diseased animals have been removed, and if thorough disinfection is not resorted to all animals housed in the stable are subject to infection from this source. "Many failures to eradicate tuberculosis from dairy herds by the repeated application of the tuberculosis test and the prompt removal of all reacting animals are due to the fact that the stables were not disinfected." Tuberculosis spreads rapidly among cattle closely herded together. To prevent this stables should be thoroughly disinfected at least once a year.

### Simple Test for Small Seeds.

The gravity method of seed separation here illustrated is the old time practice of "brining" wheat, barley, oats, etc., before sowing, but applied to seeds of much smaller size, such as tomato and eggplant seeds. As used at the New Jersey experiment station, the bottle at A in the cut contains pure water, upon which many seeds are seen as floating and a larger number at the bottom. These light, floating seeds are to be rejected. In the bottle at B is a 20 per cent solution of common salt (a very thin strup would have done as well), in which eggplant seeds



SEED SEPARATION.

that sank in pure water were placed, with the result that many remain at the top and thereby may be easily separated and thrown away.

### Care of Bees.

Bees should be kept at a temperature ranging from 42 to 45 degrees above zero during cold weather, and the hives should be dry. The light should be excluded as much as possible, and the hives should not be exposed to sudden changes of temperature. An ample supply of honey should be left at the end of the season for the support of the bees during the winter. It is not necessary to put the hive under shelter until winter approaches, but it should be in a cool location in summer. If the colony in each hive is not strong it will be of but little service until it increases in number. Too much warmth in winter is not conducive to success.

### Indian Corn as Food for Man.

The digestibility of cornmeal prepared in different ways and of hominy was studied by the Maine station. In some cases the corn products were eaten with sugar, milk and sometimes butter, and in others the diet was more varied, though the corn product was its principal constituent. Wheat bread was only studied for purposes of comparison. In every case the digestion experiments were made with healthy subjects.

### Do Bees Think?

Maurice Materlinck, the Belgian writer, adduces a number of interesting facts, in an article in Harper's Magazine, to show that bees have the power of thinking. Transported to California, he says, our black bee completely alters her habits. After one or two years, finding that summer is perpetual and flowers forever abundant, she will live from day to day, content to gather the honey and pollen indispensable for the day's consumption; and her recent and thoughtful observation triumphing over hereditary experience, she will cease to make provision for her winter. Buchner mentions an analogous fact: In Barbados, the bee whose lives are in the midst of the refineries, where they find sugar during the whole year, entirely abandon their visits to the flowers.

### A Barb Wire Reel.

Here is a barb wire reel that one can wind barb wire on instead of an old barrel, which is slow work. We present a little drawing of one that can be easily made by an ingenious farmer. It is mounted on wheels, and can be drawn along by a man, while a boy steadies the handle to keep the



REEL FOR BARB WIRE.

wire from unwinding too rapidly and kinking. For winding up wire that is taken off of a fence, the machine can either be pushed or pulled, going just fast enough to keep up with the wire as it is being wound on the reel. A little rack like this, says The Farmer, would be of considerable value to any one who has any amount of barb wire fencing to wind.

### The Melon Aphid.

The melon aphid (Aphis gossypii) is generally distributed throughout the United States, but is especially injurious in the Southwest, according to a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. It attacks a great variety of economic plants belonging to different families. The natural enemies of the pest are ordinarily not sufficient to hold it in control. It may be destroyed by fumigation with carbon bisulphid or by the use of pyrethrum, tobacco fumes, or kerosene emulsion. Treatment with kerosene emulsion has the advantage that it is also destructive to a considerable variety of other insects which attack cultivated plants in conjunction with the melon aphid.

### Value of Ensilage.

Ensilage is valuable as a means of dieting stock in winter, affording them green, succulent food at that season, when nothing but the dry material can be had. For that reason, if for no other, it is a valuable adjunct to the crops used for food. The farmer who has no ensilage, but who stores in a crop of sugar beets, mangels, turnips, carrots or potatoes, will find himself fortunate in having a variety. There is no difficulty in feeding roots if they are properly stored. Roots are injured more by heat than by cold. Freezing is not injurious if roots are not thawed out too suddenly. By keeping them at an even temperature they will last until the summer opens.

### Horseflesh is Food.

It would be, perhaps, inaccurate to say that horseflesh is becoming appreciated in France to an increasing degree. Necessity may be as potent a factor in the case as choice. But whatever the explanation, there can be no doubt that the consumption of horseflesh is increasing in Paris to an enormous extent. In 1890 the year's consumption was about 5,000 tons, a total which one would scarcely expect to see largely augmented within a brief period. This, however, is what has happened. The consumption at the end of 1906 had more than doubled. It stands for 1906 at 11,000 tons. The number of horses was 40,000.

### A Fine Shade Tree.

The tulip tree, one of the most ornamental of our shade trees, succeeds well when transplanted, after the leaf buds begin to appear, but it is pretty sure to fall if removed earlier. Such, at least, is the reported experience of one who planted a row of them a mile long, the trees being six to eight feet high, of which hardly one in a hundred was lost. Possibly, however, there was something in the soil or situation which gave him success, and the rule may not work in all cases. The tulip is well worth experimenting with, for when grown it is a handsome, symmetrical tree, with a peculiar leaf and a beautiful blossom.

### Melons in the Corn Shock.

If, when cutting corn, you will place in one of your largest shocks about a dozen of your choicest watermelons, at Christmas, when the snow is on the ground and the frost is on the plane, you can sit by the roaring fire and eat one of your melons, which has kept all that time in the shock of corn.—Farm Journal.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1450—French defeated the English at Formigny.

1512—Gaston de Foix killed at the battle of Ravenna.

1606—King James I. issued two land patents for "The First and Second Colonies" in North America.

1644—The parliamentary forces victorious at the battle of Marston.

1670—Staten Island bought for the Duke of York.

1700—First number of The Tatler appeared.

1713—Treaty of Utrecht, terminating the wars of Queen Anne.

1741—Prussians defeated the Austrians at the battle of Mollwitz.

1747—Simon Fraser (Lord Lovat) executed for his part in the rebellion of 1745.

1768—One-quarter of the city of Montreal destroyed by fire.

1782—Admiral Rodney defeated De Grasse and the French fleet in the West Indies. Naval battle between Hyder Ali and Gen. Monk.

1805—Alliance of St. Petersburg. Bey of Algiers declared war against Spain. Aaron Burr arrived at Blennerhassett's Island, in the Ohio river.

1813—Mobile captured from the Spanish.

1814—French defeated by Wellington at battle of Toulouse. British army entered Toulouse, France.

1818—King Christian IX. of Denmark born. Died Jan. 29, 1906.

1830—Omibus first used as a public conveyance in New York. President Bustamante of Mexico forbade further immigration from the United States.

1831—Russians defeated in battle near Siedlce, in Poland.

1841—Halifax, N. S., incorporated as a city.

1847—Present Houses of Parliament in London first used by the Peers.

1854—France and England signed a treaty for the defense of the Ottoman empire. The town of San Salvador destroyed by an earthquake.

1865—Mobile, Ala., captured by the federals. Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant at Appomattox Court house, Virginia. Raleigh, N. C., surrendered to the federal army. Montgomery, Ala., surrendered to the federals.

1868—Magdala stormed by the British under Sir Robert Napier.

1874—Murat Halstead arrested in Cincinnati for publishing a lottery advertisement in his newspaper.

1875—Paul Boynton made unsuccessful attempt to swim the English channel. Martial law declared in the Pennsylvania mining region.

1884—Gen. Gordon close pressed by the Arabs near Khartoum.

1891—First locomotive passed through the St. Clair tunnel. Beginning of the second century of patents in the United States celebrated in Washington.

1892—Six thousand houses destroyed by fire in Tokio, Japan. United States government paid \$25,000 indemnity to the families of the Italians lynched at New Orleans.

1893—Complete Syrian text of the four gospels of the New Testament discovered in the Mount Sinai convent. American protectorate in Tawell ended. Japan seized the Pellew Islands in the North Pacific.

1894—President Cleveland issued the Bering sea proclamation.

1895—American line steamship St. Paul launched at Philadelphia.

1897—Greater New York charter passed by New York State Senate. Five lives lost and \$2,000,000 in property destroyed by fire in Knoxville, Tenn.

1900—Charles H. Allen appointed Governor of Porto Rico.

1901—Civil jurisdiction in the Transvaal inaugurated.

1902—Convention signed at Peking between China and Russia, the latter agreeing to evacuate Manchuria.

1903—Moro fort, at Bacolod, Philippines, captured by American soldiers.

1904—German troops in Southwest Africa defeated 3,000 Hereros. Andrew Carnegie established his \$5,000,000 "hero fund." Russian battleship Petropavlovsk sunk by mine near Port Arthur. Anglo-French Colonial treaty signed in London.

1905—American Ambassador Joseph H. Choate elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple, London.

1906—Greene and Gaynor found guilty at Savannah, Ga.

### Chilly Funks.

"The human