THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Glendurwood carriage was standing where Jack had ordered it to remain when he arrived. Jack had thrown himself back in his corner and had folded his arms across his breast; Audrey sat bolt upright, her two cold little hands clinched tight together, her teeth set so that the sobs that rose to her throat should not escape her lips.

Who shall attempt to describe the state of those two hearts, both wounded to the very quick, both heavy with that deep sorrow that comes when one has been deceived where one loves best?

"Why did they take me to him? Why was I married to him? I would sooner have died than have listened to what those women said to-night, and know that he has never, never loved me," said Audrey to herself, passionately.

"And so my happiness is over," ran Jack's troubled thoughts. "Well, it has not lasted long. Fool—fool that I have been, to believe that any woman could be the angel I have pictured her to be, and that she should love him—him, above all other men! I feel as though his very life's blood will not give me satisfaction."

They reached the gates of Craiglands at last; a few minutes' drive through the well-kept avenue, and then the door. Jack got out, and then forcing himself by an almost superhuman effort to appear natural before the servants, turned to assist her. Audrey put her cold hand in his as she stepped out of the brougham. How little did either of them think that they would not clasp, or even touch, hands again for many a weary day.

The fragrance and warmth of her bedroom seemed to choke Audrey. Hastily flinging off her domino, she passed to the window and pushed it open, and then stood by it, the sound of her own heart beating in her ears like a sledge hammer.

Would Jack come? She waited several moments. If he had come to her then she would have done that which would have put matters straight at once, for the agony in her breast was urging her to speak out to ask him why he had deceived her, why he had married her? The hot blood rushed to her cheeks again and again, as she recalled the remarks those two women had made, and realized how cruelly the world judged her already.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by, and Audrey still stood waiting for the sound of her husband's footsteps on the stairs and the passage outside.

Her happiness was ended; Jack no longer loved her—indeed, had never loved her. She was his wife, that was true, and it must be her lot to bear with the difficulties as with the joys that fell to her as his wife.

"Still," the child thought sorrowfully to herself, "he has acted wrongly; he has been cruel to Sheila, to himself, to me. I am glad he did not come in just now, yes, glad, for it shows that he is tired of deceit and hpyocrisy, and—and I cannot bear to think that the nature I thought so honest should only prove false. What was it that those women said? 'The worst day's work Jack Glendurwood did when he married me.' People should be careful how they speak out—the truth." Her lips quivered, but her face flamed with proud color. "The worst day's work for Jack," she repeated slowly, "and I am the one who has brought that to him. I—I who would lay down my life for him. Why did I ever meet him? Why did I ever leave home? Why did not heaven let me die before all this sorrow came upon him through me? Jack! My darling! My darling!"

Her hot, tearless eyes stared into the fire, as if to seek some solution of this painful problem there. In her loving generosity Audrey made all excuses for her husband now. She no longer blamed; he was still to her the dearest creature on earth; and yet so great was the agony at thought of his deceit that, had he held out his arms to her and called her tenderly by name, she would have turned from him and stood aloof.

CHAPTER XXV.

Jean Thwait was lying in a delicious doze, half waking, half sleeping, on the morning following the Dinglewood masked ball, when a sharp tap at the door, followed by Audrey's rapid entrance, aroused her completely.

"What is it, darling? Something has happened?" she cried, hurriedly.

"Jean, can you pack up a few things and come with me at once?" Audrey spoke faintly, her face was deathly white, she shook in every limb; then before Jean could answer, she went on swiftly, "My mother is very ill. She has telegraphed for me. Perhaps even now I may be too late; she may be dead. I have ordered the carriage to be here in an hour, can you be ready?"

"Yes," replied Jean, briefly. It needed no words to tell her that more was the matter than this telegram from Germany. Audrey had never spoken like this to her before, had never looked as she looked now.

Audrey made no inquiries about Jack, although she knew she must acquaint him with her journey before she started. Jean found plenty to do in the time allotted to her, but she was wonderfully quick, and was in her hat and coat when she went to the door to open it in answer to a sharp summons. It was Jack, also fully attired in outdoor costume, with a railway rug over his arm.

"Good morning, Miss Thwait," he said, hurriedly. "Please forgive me for this unceremonious intrusion, but I wanted to speak to you before I leave."

"Are you not going with us?" she asked in surprise.

It was Jack's turn to show astonishment.

"Where are you going?" he asked huskily.

Jean in three words, explained what had happened, and then she knew something was very wrong, indeed, by the expression on Jack's face.

"Poor Constance!" she heard him mutter under his breath; then he gave a quick sigh. "I hope things may not be so bad, Miss Thwait. It is quite impossible for me to get to Cronstadt yet."

"Does Audrey know you are not going with us?"

"I have not seen her this morning," was the answer, given with much evident pain.

Jean clasped her hands suddenly. Then her worst fears were realized, and something more had, indeed, happened; something, too, very terrible, to work such a change as this.

"Lord John," she said, involuntarily, "you must please forgive me, but is your business so important that you are compelled to attend to it rather than accompany your wife on such a journey as this?"

"Miss Thwait," he said as well as he could speak, "the business I am going on touches that which is dearer to me than life—my honor! I am sure that you at least would not wish me to neglect anything with which that is concerned."

"I will answer for Audrey as for myself," Jean said, hurriedly, "if your honor is concerned, Lord John, no other reason is needed; but is there nothing I can do?"

"Give this letter to Audrey, Miss Thwait," his voice quivered as he spoke his wife's name. "It is a sacred trust, one that I would not give to every one; but I know you are her friend, you will comprehend and sympathize with what I am going to do."

"Stay, Lord John; you must hear me!" Jean's gray eyes were full of tears. "I love Audrey better than anything on earth. I do not ask to know the reason, but I see, alas! only too well, that something has arisen between her and you. I ask you now, and it is my love for her that urges the question, will you not see her yourself before you start on this journey?—will you not smooth away the quarrel? She is in trouble—will you not take her to your arms?"

"It is impossible," he said quickly, but with such determination in his voice as made Jean shudder, and sent a thrill of exquisite torture through Audrey's aching heart, as she, at that moment, opened the door in time to catch Jean's last words and her husband's reply.

By and by, when they were speeding to Dover, Jean and Willie Fullerton—who, when he found Jack did not join them, insisted on going—in a corner talking earnestly, Audrey drew out her husband's letter.

"Audrey—In future, after the events of last night, it will be impossible for us to live together. This, I take it, will be as much your wish as mine. To continue to live as we have been doing would be a mockery of marriage, a disgrace to our race, a dishonor to our name. This, then, is what I propose to do. There shall be no divorce; the pride and honor of the Harborough family protest against such a course. After all, you are very young, a mere child; you may have erred through ignorance, but be that so or not, from henceforth you can never be my wife in aught but name. My wife must be above suspicion—pure, sweet, true—not a girl who, before scarcely six months of her marriage have gone, encourages a man for whom she openly expresses horror and contempt.

"As for Beverley Rochfort, before many hours are over—unless he be a cur, which I take him to be—he will have answered to me for his own part in this affair. Audrey, I am trying to write kindly; I am trying to remember your youth and the many disadvantages that have been yours since the first, and you—if you have justice and honesty in your heart—you will recognize that I am not treating you harshly. Your future is my care. This morning I have made my will. I leave you all the money I possess, together with Minster, in Blankshire, the property my father has just settled upon me. Whether I live or die, I wish you to make your home at Minster. I should like to think Miss Thwait was with you. Your money will be transmitted through my lawyers. I intend to start at once on a tour of the world, giving the condition of my health as a reason for thus relinquishing my parliamentary career. I shall be absent, perhaps, two years, and I leave it in your hands to judge whether at the end of that time your conduct has been such as to permit me to occupy the same house as yourself, and appear before the world in my proper position as your husband.

"JOHN GLENDURWOOD."

When Dover was reached a telegram was brought to Jean.

"For Lady John Glendurwood," the waiter said, inquiringly. "Is that right, madame?"

"Quite right."

Jean hesitated only a moment, and tore it open. She gave a little sound of sorrow as she read. It was from Marshall—poor, faithful Marshall—and ran thus:

"Mrs. Fraser died this morning. Her last wish was that you should not travel here, but that she should be carried home and buried in England. I, therefore, beg your ladyship to obey this wish. I have telegraphed for my poor mistress' lawyers.

"SUSAN MARSHALL."

Poor little Audrey! Robbed already of the mother she had longed for so much, loved so dearly, and possessed so short a while!

CHAPTER XXVI.

There was nothing to do. Audrey fell into a sickness that threatened serious consequences. Jean sent at once for Lord Glendurwood and Fullerton, and he came in hot haste from a vain search for Beverley Rochfort. There was nothing to be done but wait. Audrey had fallen into a stupor. Her dear mother was buried without the presence of her beloved child.

For three days and nights Jean sat beside Audrey's bed, watching and dreading for the moment when that fair, frail face should grow even whiter, the faint, low breathing even fainter. Three long, weary days these were; but if she found them terrible, how much more so did the one who had nothing to do put to pace to and fro in the wet, leafless garden, his hungry eyes fixed always on the low, square window which hid his darling from his view? The doctors forbade Jack Glendurwood from entering his wife's sick room. He had crept in for a few moments the night he arrived—no argument or threat could keep him out; and as he had bent over the girl's silent form, calling to her in his agony to speak to him, she had opened her eyes, and at sight of him she had given one little scream, and then had relapsed into unconsciousness, in which condition she had remained for three days and nights. When reason returned Audrey was better, and Jean sought out Jack and told the good news.

"And may I see her—when?" he asked, eagerly. "When may I see her? My darling! My darling!"

"The doctor will tell you. Perhaps to-night!"

As Jean sat by Audrey's bedside that evening, resting back wearily in the chair, now that all extreme anxiety was gone, a small, sweet voice came from the pillow, and she was alert at once.

"Jean," she said, after a little pause, "is—Ja—is my husband here?"

"Yes, darling; he has been here nearly all the time. Do you want to see him?"

"No, no, no! I will not see him, Jean. If you love me, send him away! I shall go mad if he is here! Promise! Promise! You must; you shall!"

"It shall be as you wish, my dearest," Jean said, softly. "You can trust me?"

"Yes—trust—you—always," she murmured, and in a few seconds she was asleep.

* * * * * * *

Constance Fraser had been brought over to England and laid beside her mother in an old-fashioned country churchyard. It had been a simple funeral enough, though flowers had come from far and near. High and low, rich and poor, one and all, had a sorrowful thought for the sweet, gentle woman, who had merited a better sojourn on earth.

Sheila was left to herself and her not very agreeable reflections. The masked ball had cost her an enormous sum. Lady Daleswater had never offered to take her away with her; she had absolutely no notion of what had happened to Jack and Audrey. Beverley Rochfort never made the least sign, and to crown all, Murray, the whilom maid at Craiglands, and her much too clever accomplice, took matters into her own hands and bolted one night with all the available jewelry and lace she could lay her hands upon.

Enraged beyond all expression at the loss of her property, Sheila at once put the matter into the hands of the police, and, in fact, was far more interested in this affair than she was at the death of her stepmother.

But a more disagreeable condition of things than this awaited Sheila when the report of Audrey's disappearance spread to Mountberry. She was fairly frightened; ignorant of what might really happen, she conjured up all sorts of evil that would be visited upon her when the whole truth was given to the world, as it most probably would be. She eagerly searched for Rochfort, to force him to exonerate her from blame in the mischief they had brought about, but like a coward he was hiding from its consequences.

Then one day she had a frantic visit from Alice Fairfax, who was in great and terrible fear lest something would happen to her. She had seen Willie Fullerton, who had boldly stated that it was Lord John's intention to sift out the whole gossip that had been spread about his wife, and clear away much that he could not understand.

"And if so, we shall be ruined, Sheila," sobbed Alice Fairfax; "but, anyhow, I shall tell the truth, and say you asked me to do——"

"You dare to turn on me!" Sheila flashed, furiously, white with anger, and then she would have proceeded to further ebullitions of wrath had not the door of her room been opened at this moment and Mr. Fullerton announced by the waiter. A glance at the two flushed faces would have satisfied Willie as to their guilt, if he had not, at that moment, reposing in his pocket, a complete confession signed by Murray, whom Dawson, the detective, had easily found—this had been done at Jean's suggestion—and who, discovering that her chance of a brilliant career on Sheila's jewels was briefly cut short, eased her conscience and her spite by disclosing the whole plot.

Willie's interview with Sheila was short and to the point; and when he left the room he carried with him her signature and a few words at the bottom of Murray's confession testifying that all the maid had written was true.

(To be continued.)

Fully Qualified.

"So you're after the job, eh?" said the milkman who had advertised for a helper.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"Well, what experience have you had?"

"Why, I've pumped the organ down to our church fur years."—Philadelphia Press.

Absent Minded.

Stranger (with suitcase)—Can you advise me, sir, as to the nearest route to the leading hotel?

The Native—Straight ahead three blocks. Two dollars, please.

Stranger—Eh!

Native—Beg pardon. Force of habit. My card. I'm Dr. Pellet.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Graft in It.

"See here," said the lieutenant of police, "that countryman claims he told you of his experience with a bunko man, but you paid no attention to him."

"Dat's all right," replied the cop. "He didn't interest me none. He admitted de bunko man had took de last cent he had."—Philadelphia Press.

Usually the Case.

"Say, pa," said Tommy, looking up from his paper, "what does 'obvious reasons' mean?"

"Usually, my son," replied pa, "it means reasons that the writer is too lazy or too ignorant to explain."—Philadelphia Press.

Convenient.

"So you have three pairs of glasses, professor?"

"Yes—one pair to read with, another for near-sightedness, and a third pair to look for the other two with!"—Fliegende Blatter.

FARMERS' CORNER

Possibilities of Bee-Keeping.

Fifty years have witnessed wonderful changes in most industries, but none greater than have been made in modern bee culture. In our grandfathers' days bees were kept in straw "skeps," log "gums," and box hives. After toiling through the long summer to lay up a store of sweets, the cold days of autumn saw the bees consigned to the sulphur pit, while their combs of honey were mashed up and hung in a muslin bag before the fire to drip. "strained" honey was the result—and sometimes there was a decided flavor of bee-bread and brimstone.

The interior of a beehive was a sealed book until 1852, when the genius of Langstroth, by the invention of the movable comb-hive, broke the seal and allowed man to scan the wonderful pages. This was the first, the revolutionary step of modern bee-culture—the foundation of all subsequent improvements.

To-day bee culture is almost an exact science. There is money in the business and the question is often asked: "What are the profits of beekeeping?" They vary from less than nothing (when the bees must be fed, because the weather is such that no crop has been gathered) to amounts that are fabulous. One colony, and its increase, in Texas, stored 1,000 pounds of horsemint honey in one season. But this is decidedly exceptional. Fifty pounds of comb honey or 100 of extracted would be considered a good average yield. The latter sells, at wholesale, from 4 to 7 cents a pound, and retails at about 10 cents. Comb honey wholesales from 10 to 13 cents a pound, and retails at about 16 cents a pound.

But apiculture does not live to itself alone. It has been proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that many crops of fruits, vegetables and grain are greatly improved, both in quantity and quality, by the agency of the bees in bringing about perfect fertilization of the blossoms. Some flowers remain absolutely sterile unless pollen is conveyed to them by some mechanical means from some other blossoms. In the sweet springtime when the wide-spreading branches of the apple trees are almost hidden by masses of pink and white promises of future fruitfulness, many of us do not realize that all of this beauty, this sweet perfume, the tiny drops of nectar nestling among the petals, are a part of nature's plan for securing the attendance of those marriage-priests — the bees.—Indianapolis News.

Italian Queen Bee. Italian Drone. Stingless Worker. Italian Worker

The Tobacco Crop.

That the United States has become the largest producer of tobacco in the world is shown by an official bulletin containing an estimate of the extent and value of the crop raised last year. In all about 796,099 acres of tobacco were grown, producing an average yield of 857.2 pounds to the acre, or a total of 682,428,530 pounds. The average value of the crop was 10 cents per pound, or a total of about $68,232,647. While it is almost impossible to comprehend the magnitude of the value of the manufactured products of tobacco, a glance at the total figures may convey some idea of the development of this great and distinctive American industry.

In 1900 the total value of the manufactured products of tobacco was $283,076,546. In the manufacture 142,177 people were employed, who earned a total wage of $49,852,484.

Russian Farmers Coming.

A crowd of Russian farmers, the first of this class of immigrants to arrive at Philadelphia in any considerable numbers, reached there recently on the American liner Friesland, from Liverpool. There were many who had fought for their country against Japan and who still wore the military uniforms in which they had been discharged.

There were in all 850 of these much-sought-after farmhands, nearly all of whom are members of the Greek orthodox church. Most of the immigrants left last night for Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Though illiterate, they are industrious and thrifty. The leader of the party stated that, owing to the political and economic crisis, 300,000 farmhands will leave Russia this year for the United States, coming principally from the Dneiper and Don districts, the richest farming districts of the country.

Weeds in Pasture.

Weeds in the pastures should not be allowed. Cattle consume certain kinds when the young plants are appearing, and assist in destroying them, but other kinds will be rejected and go to seed. Sheep destroy many weeds, but where weeds are uneaten by animals they should be removed by hand.

Fertilizing for Fruit.

The growing of fruit demands labor at the proper time, and considerable work is done before spring opens. Where growers have combined to keep insects and parasites in check the result has been beneficial. If the labor and cost of fertilizers must be considered it is safe to assert that fruit-growers derive larger profits from raspberries and blackberries than many of them deserve, as it is only when picking and harvesting the crop that the real labor is performed. After such crops are harvested some fields receive but little care and cultivation, and it is seldom that manures or fertilizers are applied, though the strawberry is treated differently. Enterprising fruit growers maintain that it pays to give blackberry and raspberry canes good cultivation, and to apply fertilizers liberally, as the increased crop of berries and vigorous vines more than pay the expense. During periods of drought the grassy rows of canes must compete for moisture with intruders, and it often happens that a dry period sets in just at the time the berries are ripening, and when moisture is greatly needed. When the soil is clear of grass and weeds, and the surface of the ground loose, the loss from lack of moisture is greatly reduced.

Poultry in Pennsylvania.

On the basis of personal experience the author of a Pennsylvania bulletin discusses the feeding and care of poultry, artificial incubation, the raising of ducks, turkeys and geese on the farm, poultry diseases, and related questions.

A combination of fruit growing and poultry raising is especially recommended. "Locate your poultry-houses if possible so that the runs will be in an orchard. The fowls will destroy thousands of harmful insects, thus greatly benefiting the trees and increasing the prospects for fruit, and the fowls will gain great comfort and benefit by the protecting shade of the trees. Plum trees and cherry trees are especially benefited by the presence of the fowls about their roots. Peach trees will grow most rapidly and soonest give an abundant shade."

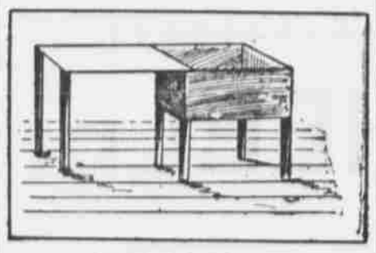
When to Haul Manure.

Several of the State experiment stations have shown by their tests loss of fertility in barn and stable manure by the old methods of handling it, which suggest the importance of daily or weekly hauling and spreading on the fields. The latest experiments made by the Ohio station prove that when manure was thrown into the open barnyard and permitted to lie there for five months before being hauled to the field it had a value of $2.40 per ton. When drawn directly to the field as fast as it was made the value was $3.25 per ton. When the manure was sprinkled with ground phosphate rock as fast as it was made in the stable, thus preventing some loss of ammonia, the value was $5.18 per ton.

The claim is made that at least one-third of the value of the manure is lost as it is usually put on the land with a fork and that ten loads put on with a manure spreader go as far and do as much good as fifteen loads put on in the old-fashioned, careless way.

Wash Tank and Table.

A vegetable gardener who prepares a good many vegetables for market by first washing and then drying has devised the plan illustrated for removing the soil and then draining. The tank is little more than a water-tight box with a plug in the bottom for drainage. The shelf is attached to the box with a hinge, likewise the legs, so that folding in smaller space is possible.—Prairie Farmer.



VEGETABLE WASHER.

To Root Shippers.

Authorities say in order to comply with the pure drug and food law, roots can be bought, sold or handled only when the package in which they are placed is branded with its exact contents; in other words, contents of the package must be strictly what is named by the brand. Roots of all kinds (excepting ginseng, perhaps) must be cleansed and washed of all dirt before drying, and all tops, stems, etc., removed.

Fallow Crops.

Fallow crops do not pay. Naked soils are more exhausting of the nitrogen of the soil than a summer crop. A crop of ragweed on a stubble soil may be a nuisance in one respect, but it protects the soil from the heating rays of the sun in summer, at a time when the process of nitrification is at the greatest activity. A green crop, to be plowed under, is an excellent protection to the soil at all times.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1429—Siege of Orleans relieved.

1547—Charles V. defeated the Protestants at Muhlberg.

1626—Wallenstein defeated Mansfield at Dessau.

1629—Peace treaty signed at Susa, ending war between France and England.

1662—Connecticut's famous charter granted.

1665—Great plague of London began.

1704—First issue of the Boston News Letter, first American newspaper.

1707—French and Spanish defeated the English, Dutch and Portuguese forces at the battle of Almanza, Spain.

1716—British Parliament passed the Septennial act.

1763—Wilkes committed to the Tower of London.

1792—Pelletier, a highway robber, first executed by the guillotine.

1849—Political riots in Toronto and Montreal over the rebellion losses bill.

1851—Postage stamps first issued in Canada.

1854—Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, married to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria.

1862—Confederate forces withdrew from New Orleans.

187—War began between Russia and Turkey.

1879—Prince Alexander Joseph of Battenberg elected Prince of Bulgaria.

1884—Fire destroyed the great mercantile establishment of Messrs. Whiteley in London.

1889—New York City began a three days' celebration of the centennial of President Washington's inauguration.

1891—Dr. Talmage's new tabernacle in Brooklyn formally opened.

1892—Hurricane at Mauritius destroyed 1,000 lives.

1894—Coxey's army arrived at Washington, D. C.; Earthquake near Athens, Greece; 227 lives lost.

1895—Russian, German and French governments protested against the acquisition of Chinese territory by Japan....The Alliance affair with Spain settled by the latter giving ample satisfaction.

1897—Princess Victoria, daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, born ....Log of the Mayflower transferred from British possession to the American ambassador at London.

1899—Miners' riots at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

1900—United States Senate denied admission to Matthew Quay, who had been appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania....Hull and a part of Ottawa, Canada, destroyed by fire.

1901—President McKinley received the Cuban commissioners.

1903—Andrew Carnegie donated $600,000 to Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

1904—Labor party came into power in Australia.

1906—International exhibition opened at Milan, Italy.

The Real Rooter.

As a Little Child.

Bellevue hospital, New York City, has a most interesting patient in the person of Timothy Kane, whose trouble began three years ago, when a blow on the head produced a lesion of the brain. Since that time he has suffered intensely from spilepsy, paralysis, motor aphasia and loss of speech, with progressive impairment of the intellectual perceptions. Several delicate and unusual operations were performed, consisting of a removal of sections of the skull and portions of the brain. He is now on the road to recovery, but while retaining some knowledge of things has absolutely lost the power to transmute his power into words, and the educative process has commenced precisely the same as with a child, the training being similar to that employed in a kindergarten, with alphabetical blocks, picture books, etc.

Measuring Railroad Water.

The Sundberg committee has reported to the Minnesota Senate that railway property in that State has a real value of $215,000,000, or about $27,000 a mile. But this property is capitalized at $400,000,000, or an average of $50,000 a mile. The net earnings last year on the committee's valuation averaged 18 per cent. In making their estimate, the committee considered the original cost of construction, cost of equipment and all improvements, expense of operating under existing rates, etc.