

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Jack had gone. He had waited on at the little cottage a weary week after that evening when Jean had crept down and as gently as possible had told him of Audrey's strange aversion to seeing him. "It is only a whim," Jean said, hurriedly; "we must humor her."

That same night it was, when they were sitting alone in the tiny dining room, that Jack suddenly poured out the whole miserable story into Jean's ears; and, lastly, of how he had come upon her in the summer house, with Beverly Rochford at her feet kissing her hands.

"Put yourself in my place, and judge as I judged. Do not view things as they are now, or you will be harder upon me than I deserve," he said, as he leaned his weary, aching head on his hand.

"I will not be hard upon you at all, Lord John," Jean said, very gently; "for I think I should have been misled as you were by such apparently strong circumstantial evidence. I am glad you have spoken out to me, and I only wish Audrey had done the same, for then we might have arrived at the truth."

"What is it you mean?" Jack asked, looking up at her, eagerly.

"I mean that I now am convinced that Willie is right, and that there was some plot contrived against you both at that ball. I have no definite proof, only a woman's intuition to work upon, but that shall be enough. This must be sifted. Lord John, sifted to the very dregs. I love you both," she continued, tears dimming her eyes. "You have been more than good to me, and now that Audrey's mother is gone, I feel I must be friend, sister and mother in one. You will see that I am right, and that you and my dear one were both the victims of some conspiracy. On the face of it the whole affair is absurd. Don't you love each other better than all the world? I shall write to Willie and tell him all my doubts."

And the result of that letter was to put Willie Fullerton on the track of Murray, whom Jean seemed convinced could throw some light on the subject.

A week had gone, and Audrey was wonderfully better; it was her first real day of convalescence, and Jean was sitting with her, reading. Downstairs Jack was trying to comfort himself, when suddenly a familiar voice accosted him, and he found himself shaking hands with Marshall. Marshall, grown older, and looking very much in the same black for her beloved mistress. It somehow comforted Jack to see her; she seemed to bring back a little of the sweet influence that had surrounded Constance Fraser.

She had come direct from seeing Mr. Fullerton, who had briefly told her all, and she now asked to see Audrey at once. "Let me nurse her, my lord," she entreated; "her, my dear's own child. Will you go up and tell her I'm here, my lord? Perhaps I'd best not go straight without saying."

Jack's face flushed; he hesitated; then he rose and went out of the room. He could not bring himself to tell Marshall he was forbidden his wife's presence.

He went steadily upstairs and stood outside the door. The handle was turned, and from within came the sound of a faint, low voice. He meant to have called Jean, but the sound of that voice stopped him.

It was Audrey speaking. His heart beat violently, then turned as cold as iron in his breast. She was speaking of him, but how bitterly! Each word seemed to go through him like a knife. Jean had been pleading his cause, but he only heard Audrey's answer.

"I refuse to see him, Jean; I refuse to hear his name mentioned again. Yes, yes; I know you think me a foolish child, a fretful invalid; but I am more than this. I may not be very old in years, but I have suffered as much as any woman of fifty. Do you forget all he wrote in that awful letter? Oh, Jean! Jean! You don't know how his words have struck home! He says I have wronged him—I, who—who—"

Her voice grew choked for a moment, but she soon mastered her emotion. "No, Jean; there can be no friendship or kindly feeling between us. As he has judged me, so let me live; my pride and my honor will support me without him. I—I trust I shall never see him again; I shall be happier when I know he is far away. He said he was going on a tour of the world. Why does he not start? Why does he add to his former cruelty by staying here?"

"Audrey, you are unjust, you are unlike yourself; you judge your husband most cruelly. If you could only know how he has suffered—"

Audrey broke in with a hard, bitter laugh.

"I see he has won your heart, Jean. Well, we will say no more, except that I am firm, and that if Lord John has any grudge left he will not force himself upon me, but go at once."

But Jack heard no more; he did not know that the hard, contemptuous tone suddenly broke with a little gasping sob; he did not see the thin, small hands cover the white, lovely face; he did not know that Jean had slipped from her chair and was holding Audrey's weeping form clasped in her arms. No, he knew none of this, for he had gone straight downstairs, and had picked up his hat and walked out into the wind and rain, looking neither to the right nor the left, turning his back deliberately on all that he held dearest in life.

Before the dawn was broken Willie Fullerton had followed Jack Glendurwood up to town, but though he searched every club, chamber or well-known haunt, he nowhere found the man he sought, and when he awoke from a well-earned night's rest, it was to read a telegram from Mr. Sampson, stating he had received one from Jack, who had called the evening before from Southampton in the Minerva.

for Australia, and might be absent for years, perhaps forever. So after all, Sheila had been partially successful, for she had separated this man and wife.

It was deputed to Jean to tell Audrey that her husband was gone, but she let two days elapse before she broached the subject of his name. The fit of weeping had done good rather than harm.

"If only we had him here now, all would be as right as ninny-pence," the doctor had said to Jean on the morning following Jack's hurried departure.

"But he is not here, and he will not come, so we must think of what will be best under the circumstances."

The young doctor had a look of warm admiration for Jean. What courage, determination and common sense she possessed, and withal how large a heart! Certainly Willie Fullerton was to be envied!

"I am afraid she will fret when she is told all," Jean added, thoughtfully. "Still it is best all should be known. I shall keep nothing from her, either now or in the future," and so, when at last she spoke of Jack's departure, Jean very gently but thoroughly put all the facts before Audrey that Mr. Fullerton had managed to glean about the masked ball and its miserable results. She was shown Murray's confession, signed and attested by Sheila Fraser. She was given all the information there was to give, and then Jean very sensibly, and with more than ordinary tact, went softly away, and left her alone to fight the battle out by herself.

When they met again there were fear stains on the girl's white face, but she was wonderfully quiet.

"Will you send for Jack's mother, please, Jean, and ask her to come home? Now—now I am alone I should like her advice. It is only right and proper as his wife I should consult his mother."

Ten days later news came to Mountberry that Craighlands was preparing to receive her grace of Harborough, who was returning with her son, Lord Iverne, and her daughter-in-law, Lady John Glendurwood, and, as may be supposed, the village was greatly exercised in its mind over this intelligence, having had its curiosity whetted considerably by the vague and unsatisfactory rumors that had been circulated about the same said Lady John.

Dinglewood House was shut up, and it was understood vaguely that Miss Fraser was visiting, though where no one exactly knew. It was generally voted annoying that Sheila should have been absent just now. She could have thrown light on a good deal of what was perplexing, and have, moreover, given the real account of what had happened at the ball; whether it was true that Lady John had flirted and behaved so abominably, or whether Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate were correct in saying that somebody had imitated her ladyship's domino, and cleverly tricked the whole room of guests into imagining that it was Lady John who so thoroughly disgraced herself and her husband's name. Then Sheila, too, could have given the exact history as to what had occurred between Lord John and his wife, and what was the meaning of all the extraordinary rumors that had been circulated.

But Sheila was not on hand to be questioned, and, in default of encouragement, it was really wonderful how soon the excitement and curiosity began to die away and how readily everybody grew to consider Audrey as having been most injured by the trick that had been so wantonly played upon her. In fact, by the time Christmas was due, Lady John and her doings were a theme too old to be mentioned anywhere, and the affairs at Craighlands would have been passed over as almost indifferent and uninteresting, but that, just as the joybells were proclaiming the birth of a new Christ-child, the icy fingers of the death angel were laid upon the heart of Duncan, Marquis of Iverne, and he was taken from his bed of suffering to a reign of peace and rest.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a week since they had carried away all that remained of the once handsome, merry young Lord Iverne and buried him with pomp and solemnity in the Harborough vault. A telegram had winged its flight across the ocean to Melbourne, from whence Mr. Sampson had received a curt announcement of John Glendurwood's safe arrival—a telegram briefly giving the sad news of one brother's death to another, but no answer had been vouchsafed, and the lawyer could not but entertain strong doubts as to whether the new Marquis of Iverne was gone still further on his travels, and so their message was unread.

Craighlands was very sad in those days. The duchess seemed to break down altogether after her son's death. Yet, despite all this, she was gentle and kind to Audrey beyond description; she could not have given the girl more love if she had been her own child. They were quiet days, and peaceful, and Audrey found many little duties to perform which helped to make the hours fly. She was very pale and delicate, but she refused to allow Jean to consider her an invalid, and was never weary of flitting about the duchess, eager to do all and anything in her power to alleviate the sorrow which was oppressing the mother's heart. The only distraction was Willie Fullerton's weekly visits, when his breezy, happy manner seemed to change the very atmosphere.

Snow had fallen heavily and it lay on the ground during the whole month of January and onward. Despite this, however, Audrey would persist in going out as much as possible.

"It does me good," she said to Jean, who was fearful of every cold wind that blew on her darling. "I must go, Jean. I—I feel sometimes as if I should go mad in the house!"

She had this restless feeling on her one afternoon toward the middle of February. "I shall walk into Mountberry. I want to see Mrs. Thorngate—do you mind, dearest?" she asked the duchess, who sat,

half dozing, half dreaming, by the fire. "Take care of yourself, Audrey. Put on stout boots! This snow is no penetrating!"

Audrey walked briskly over the snow, a slender, graceful figure in her heavy, black garments, her lovely face lovelier than ever in its somber setting. She was warmly greeted by Dr. Thorngate, who was just leaving the vicarage as she arrived. Audrey thought he looked worn and troubled.

"My wife will be rejoiced to see you," he said, and his gaze followed the girlish form in an affection that was deepened only by admiration and respect.

Mrs. Thorngate was troubled, too, and though she welcomed Lady Iverne with all her old love, she was not herself. Audrey felt pained and full of sympathy.

"I am sure you would rather I did not stay, dear Mrs. Thorngate," she said, simply, rising and drawing on her wraps again. "You have something on your mind, and will be better alone."

Mrs. Thorngate's answer was to burst into tears.

"My heart is broken!" she sobbed. "Oh, Beverly, my boy, my boy! And I have loved you, honored you, believed in you so much!"

Audrey knelt down by her friend. "Let me help you. Tell me all," she begged, her own eyes growing dim and misty with pity.

It was a very brief story. Beverly had written to his aunt that morning. He was in a terrible predicament. Two years back he had committed forgery out in Africa; he had cleverly escaped detection, and had come to England, thinking all danger gone. Unluckily for him, his movements and real name had been discovered; he had been tracked. If the money were not forthcoming in the next twenty-four hours he would be handed over to justice.

"Audrey, what can I do? What can I do? I cannot sit here and know that he, the boy I have loved, is condemned to a felon's cell. He has been my joy, my one delight, and Gus refuses to let me help him."

Audrey felt her heart beginning to beat with a sense of pain and apprehension. The very mention of this man's name fell like a black shadow on her heart. She trembled as she recalled all the evil his cold-blooded treachery had worked between herself and Jack; the memory of his passionate love words raised a blush of shame to her face even now, but she put her own feelings on one side to minister to Mrs. Thorngate's sorrow.

"Will you let me take this off your shoulders?" she asked. "Hush! Not a word. We are friends, are we not? Rest, and be at peace, for, by God's will, I will save him from what you fear!"

(To be continued.)

## OLD STYLE CLOCKS SIMPLE.

Still Manufactured and Sold by Dealers and in Good Demand.

Conspicuous by their simplicity or their quaintness or both among the many sample clocks of more modern designs shown in the showrooms of a clock-manufacturing concern were a few of the old styles. There were old-time, so-called Gothic clocks, once a favorite style; not a very big clock and with the top not flat but carried up to a ridge line like a sharp-pointed roof, with the gable end, on either side, at the top of the body of the clock, a little spire, the lower section of the door of the clock, below the dial, painted with some sort of design.

There were cottage clocks, these smaller than the Gothics, and like all the time-old clocks are simple, and trim looking, with upright, square-cornered cases.

And then there were bigger clocks, larger than the cottage clocks and larger than the Gothics, clocks with their long door deeply recessed within a wide bordering molding, tall, square, cornered, prim-looking and yet engaging clocks, such as, once, made of mahogany or mahogany veneer, stood on many and many a mantelpiece, clocks with big dials and long hands and with a sonorous tick.

Among these large clocks there were some with cases less severe in design and finished, with some ornamentation about them and gilded half-columns, one on either side of the case, in front, clocks such as once adorned the shelf of many an old-time parlor.

These old-style clocks were not old clocks, but new clocks. Such as are still manufactured and sold.

"Clocks are now made of many materials as to their cases and in innumerable styles," said the salesman, "and we are adding new styles all the time, and the great majority of people buy these clocks of later designs. But we still continue to sell clocks of a few of those once familiar old styles. Some of these old-style clocks we make with modern spring improvements within their old-time cases and others of them we still make with the old-time clock-weights."

"Of all these new old-style clocks comparatively few are sold in the city. They go mostly to smaller towns and to the country. But it would not do to say that they are bought by old-time people clinging to old-time ways and styles. They may find such buyers but other buyers anywhere may fancy them for their quaintness or for old-time associations."

## Didn't Help Matters.

Daughter (in tears)—But, papa, what have you against Charles? I am sure he would make a good husband.

Father—Papa—He's an idiot, and is only after your money.

Daughter—Oh, no, papa; I know he would marry me without a cent.

Father—Papa—Would he? Then he is a worse idiot than I thought.—Pete Mele.

## Her for the Single Bliss.

Miss Elderleigh—Now that you have a husband, I suppose you haven't a single wish ungratified.

Mrs. Wedderly (sighing)—Only one—and that is a single wish.



## Practical Corn Harvester.

This machine used at the U. S. Agricultural Experiment Stations consists of two driving wheels, between which is mounted the frame for the driving mechanism and platform. It is drawn by one horse, which walks between the two rows that are cut at the same time. The dividers pick up the lodged corn, except such as lies in the row of corn away from the machine, and guide it to the cutting apparatus, which consists of two stationary side blades above which is a movable sickle, which cuts the corn and deposits it horizontally on a platform which is elevated about six inches from the cutting apparatus. On the inner side is a guide chain, which assists in directing the stalks of corn to the knife and the platform. The rear part of the machine is provided with a small wheel, above which is a tilting lever, by means of which the dividers in front can be raised or lowered to gather up the lodged corn until it comes in contact with the endless chain, which carries it backward until it is cut and deposited on the platform.

When there is enough to start a shock the horse is stopped and the two men who follow the machine gather the corn from the platform and set it up around the shock pole and tie it. They then start the horse again, and when returning across the field the horse is



GOOD CORN HARVESTER.

stopped opposite the shock, to which more corn is added, and this is continued until the shock is of the desired size. When the shock row has been started the shock pole is pushed in so as to be out of the way (see cut) while the balance of the corn is being cut.

## The Early Garden.

After all danger of frost is over, which is usually about the time the apple trees are in blossom, tomato plants may be put out, as they are tender and will not endure the frost if sooner transplanted. Peas for a later crop, Lima beans, string beans, squash, eggplants and late cabbage, as well as sweet corn and melons, may then be planted. The garden crops that do not need much room on which to grow may be planted in rows of sufficient distance apart to permit of using a wheel hoe or hand hoe (about 18 inches), but corn, tomatoes, eggplants and Lima beans require from one yard to four feet between the rows. To have a large garden on a farm is to extend the bill of fare, and it can be arranged to permit of working with a horse hoe, but the suburban garden work must be done with a hand hoe or a wheel hoe. There is more pleasure in working a garden than may be supposed, and it will promote the health of any one who engages in such occupation. As there are many details in gardening, and several varieties of each of the different vegetables, the beginner should procure books on gardening, which can be had of any seedsman, and also permit the seedsman to select for him the varieties most suitable for his location, as an inexperienced person can easily make mistakes in his selections. The seed catalogues describe methods of planting, but some varieties of vegetables are better for stock feeding than for the table, while some are early in maturing and others are late.

## Preparation of Coarse Foods.

One of the implements or machines which farmers who visit the fairs have found in operation is the corn shredder. It is revolutionizing the use of corn fodder, as it saves labor and prepares the corn stalks for the use of stock. It removes the ears from the husks, and tears the entire stalk into shreds at one operation, as rapidly as the stalks can be fed into the machine. There are several kinds, but every farmer should have one, as it will enable him to use the leaves, husks and stalks as so much hay, which can be baled, if necessary. When fodder is thus prepared the cattle will not reject so much as usual, and the shredded fodder unclean is suitable for bedding, or as an absorbent in the manure heap. The saving in feed by the shredding of the entire stalk will be an addition to the profit of the farm, and will also enable the farmer to keep more stock.

## Soapsuds for Plants.

Soaps are made mostly from soda lye, instead of potash, the soda soaps being hard and the potash soaps soft. Soapsuds, therefore, contain but little, if any, potash, but serve to prevent insect attacks to a certain extent. Some plants, like celery and asparagus, seem to thrive when drenched occasionally with soapsuds, which is probably due to the fact that soda is beneficial to such crops.

## Williamson Plan of Corn Culture.

A bulletin by the South Carolina station contains a detailed description of the Williamson method of corn culture and reports observations made on a number of farms on which the plan was followed. "Where the plan was strictly adhered to the yield was double or more than double that secured from near-by fields of equal soil characters and where the usual methods of corn culture were practiced."

Three different varieties of corn were found to have been used on these fields. One variety, called Williamson corn, was grown on all fields except two, one of which was planted to Marlboro Prolific and the other to a variety similar to the Williamson corn. It was noticed that with the Marlboro Prolific the size of ears and their number per stalk were apparently uninfluenced by the method of culture.

The peculiar or essential features of the Williamson plan are summarized as follows: Deep and thorough preparation of seed bed, deep planting, infrequent and partial cultivation in the early stages of growth, an increase of 200 per cent or more in the number of stalks per acre, postponing application of fertilizers until corn is given its second cultivation, intentional retardation of early growth of the stalk until its size is reduced one-half or one-quarter its normal development, and following this augmented development of the ear by cultivation and heavy application of fertilizers made at appropriate intervals. The corn is planted four to six inches below the soil surface and laid by four to six inches above the level, leaving the lower eight to twelve inches of the stalk below ground. It is suggested that the brace roots under these conditions are probably better able to perform their nutritive functions than when partly exposed.

## Horse Breeding in Wisconsin.

The present condition of the horse-breeding industry in Wisconsin is discussed in a bulletin by the station as well as the effects and defects of the Wisconsin stallion law. The State law is quoted, with recommendations for new legislation. A directory is included of owners of licensed stallions, and a list of American and foreign stud books, as well as samples of the score cards used in the department of horse breeding at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

The State breeding stock law, in the author's opinion, should be revised and should demand, among other things, the annual or biennial renewal of a license fee, and the adoption of a list of diseases to be considered "hereditary, transmissible, or communicable" and which would subject a stallion to rejection as unsound. Specific authority should be given for the department of horse breeding to refuse license to stallions known to be unsound and to revoke licenses granted to stallions since found to be unsound. There should also be authority to revoke the license of "scrub" stallions of "unknown breeding" and to refuse licenses to such horses in the future. The law should provide for State veterinary inspectors to inspect public-service stallions and require State veterinary inspection of all stallions already granted licenses on the affidavit of the owner.

## Valuable Weeds.

It is not a matter of common knowledge, says the Technical World Magazine, that some of the weeds "infesting" the land will produce the crude drugs which to-day, in large part, are obtained by importation from abroad. Alice Henkel, an assistant of the government's plant industry bureau, says that the roots, leaves and flowers of several of the weed species regarded as plagues in the United States are gathered, prepared and cured in Europe, and not only for useful commodities there, but supply to a considerable extent the demands of foreign lands. There are weeds in this country against which extermination laws have been passed which hold in their leaves, stems or roots medicinal properties which have a value in the work of preserving the health of the nation. It is possible, in ridding land of weeds in order that crops may be grown, to make of the uprooted "pests" a source of income. Moreover, it is possible to maintain upon land given over as worthless for crop-growing purposes a weed plantation, which, after the harvest, will prove itself to be not less profitable than some of the tilled fields.

## Grape Berry Worm.

During the last two or three years the grape berry worm has been an unusually serious pest in Ohio, says a bulletin of that State, and along the shore of Lake Erie has caused the loss of about one-third of the grape crop. The eggs are minute translucent bodies found on the skins of the grapes in the summer, and the point of entrance of the larvae into the grape is surrounded by a patch of reddened skin.

In order that the most effective remedies should be directed against the first brood, operations should begin during the fall, consisting of clean cultivation, the destruction of all trash about the vineyard, and thorough plowing. The authors are somewhat in doubt whether fall or spring plowing is best, but it is found that as good results can be obtained by plowing as by burning. The most important measure of all is believed to be spraying with arsenate of lead or paris green. The arsenate of lead should be used at the rate of three pounds to fifty gallons of Bordeaux mixture. It is recommended that the first application be made in early June, the second as soon as the grapes are through blooming, and the third early in July. The cost of spraying an acre of grapes ranges from \$3.75 to \$5.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



## 1486—Lambert Simnel, pretender to the

English throne, crowned at Dublin.

1494—Columbus discovered Jamaica.

1524—Chevalier Bayard killed while defending the passage of the Besia.

1679—Archbishop Sharp assassinated.

1689—Battle of Bantry Bay, between French and English.

1745—Battle of Fontenoy.

1756—Alliance of Versailles.

1758—Richard Vaughan hanged for forging Bank of England notes.

1708—Navy Department of the United States established by act of Congress.

1808—Charles IV. of Spain abdicated in favor of Bonaparte.

1826—Pedro IV. of Portugal abdicated.

1835—First issue of the New York Herald. Amos Kendall of Kentucky became Postmaster General of the United States.

1841—London Library, founded by Thomas Carlyle and others, formally opened.

1845—More than 100 lives lost by collapse of suspension bridge at Yarmouth, England.

1849—Roman Republicans repulsed the French.

1850—Jerome K. Jerome, English author, born.

1878—First elevated trains run in New York City.

1882—Frederick C. Cavendish, chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and T. H. Burke, under secretary, assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

1887—Remains of Rossini reinterred in Santa Croce, Florence.

1888—Lord Stanley appointed governor general of Canada.

1889—French Universal Exhibition opened in Paris.

1890—Insane asylum at Longue Pointe, Quebec, burned with loss of 100 lives.

1891—Rev. Phillips Brooks elected Protestant Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts.

1892—Ferdinand Ward's term at Sing Sing prison expired. Deeming the wholesale murderer, convicted at Melbourne, Australia.

1895—Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and Lord William Beresford married in London.

1897—Trinity church, New York, celebrated its bi-centennial jubilee. Congress of the Universal Postal Union opened at Washington, D. C.

1901—Glasgow International Exhibition opened.

1903—Dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

1904—British, under Col. Younghusband, defeated Tibetans near Karo Pass.

1906—M. Witte resigned the Russian premiership.

## HELPING COTTON PLANTERS.

How the Government is Coming to the Rescue of a Great Industry.

"At one time it was thought the whole important Sea Island cotton industry would be swept away by a disease," says Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. "The department's experts entered the field, developing a disease-resistance cotton by breeding and selection, and re-established the industry. In all the South where the boll weevil is now working the department is striving to secure varieties that will be so early as to produce crops despite the weevil. We are succeeding in this and are distributing new types of cotton superior to those already in existence, and which will mature ahead of the weevil."

"One of the greatest lines of propaganda work the department is carrying on is in the South, in connection with the cotton weevil. When the weevil invaded the country the cotton growers were discouraged, and it was necessary to rally them. This was done by extensive systems of demonstration work. The farmer is shown how to grow cotton despite the weevil, how to rotate his crops, how to improve his land, and how to surround his home with better conditions generally. Last year the department was working along this line with more than 100,000 farmers in the States of Texas and Louisiana alone, and this year the number will be increased."

"These farmers are being taught how to maintain the fertility of the land by the use of legumes, to grow corn, to keep animals, and at the same time produce cotton. We are endeavoring to show them that they can produce just as much cotton on half the land now in use, devoting the other half to crops which will bring them ready money, and which will not deplete the soil."

## Train with New Field Gun.

Dispatches from Berlin state that the German government has ordered 244,000 men of the army reserve and territorial army to join the colors for a fortnight's service, to receive training with the new field gun and modified rifle, with improved ammunition. The number of men summoned for duty is 85,000 more than were called out for training in 1903. The military authorities are displaying unusual activity in other directions. Military maneuvers on the largest scale, involving fortresses as well as troops, are being prepared.