

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Thorngate caught at the girl's hand and would have spoken, but Audrey swiftly loosened her hold, gave her one smile, and then was gone, leaving only the fragrant scent of her garments and the divine elements of peace and gratitude behind her.

Quickly as she walked, Audrey was some time before she reached Craighlands. She turned to the stables first, and gave orders that her small broom should be prepared at once. Then she quietly entered the house and went to her own room. Eliza was there, arranging her simple dinner table. Audrey told her she was going out again at once.

"Tell Miss Thwait not to be alarmed; I shall be home in an hour," she said.

Her sight was blurred and misty as she opened her jewel case and took out a packet of notes—bank notes forwarded to her by Mr. Sampson duly according to Jack's written orders, and never touched.

Andrew secured the notes in an envelope, put them into her muff and, leaving her room, went very quietly down the way she had come, just as Jean, her cheeks flushed as with some exceeding and great joy, ran once more into Audrey's chamber to find her and bid her come down as soon as possible.

Eliza repeated the message she had been given and Jean's face fell, while something of alarm came into her expression.

"Can she know, and have gone away to escape?" Her murmur was unfeigned, for as she came out of the room an eager hand caught hers and an almost choked voice muttered:

"Well, does she know—my darling?"

"Audrey has gone out again, Lord Iverne. Her maid says she has this instant gone out. I—I don't understand."

Jack's hand dropped from its hold.

"I do," he said, with a bitterness passing all words. "She has heard of my sudden arrival, and she has gone away to avoid me. Will she never forgive me?"

"Oh, this is nonsense! You are nervous—"

"Jean was beginning, when Jack broke in fiercely:

"But she shall not go. She is my wife, bound to me by her own words and vow. I have wronged her, but I have repented, heaven knows! She shall hear me! I will follow. She cannot have gone far. Forgive me, Miss Thwait, if I am rude or unkind, but my case is desperate. How do we know she is not running away again? No; I must not stay here prating; I must follow her, and I will!"

He turned away, but looked back, imploringly. "Keep my mother in ignorance till—till you hear from me."

Jean had no time to utter protest or remark, for he was gone. Down the stairs, three at a time, as he used to race in his boyish days, Jack rushed, his bronzed, handsome face pale with agitation, longing and apprehension, and as he came to the entrance he caught a gleam of carriage lamps disappearing in the distance.

"Which way did her ladyship go?" he asked Martin, curtsy.

"I heard her say to the edge of the Dinglewood grounds, my lord, and then to wait for her there."

Martin looked troubled; he did not know what to make of all that had happened of late.

Jack pushed his hat over his eyes, and without another word strode out into the snow and darkness. His brain was reeling; he scarcely knew what thoughts filled his mind, save that beyond, in the distance, was Audrey, his lovely girl-wife, whom for a brief time he had doubted, but who now shone forth with even stronger rays as a jewel above price. And she would not see him! She shunned him! She would not forgive.

The brougham rolled slowly on; the man stole rapidly behind it. At last they reached a spot Mrs. Thorngate had described to Audrey as Rochfort's hiding place. Audrey stopped the carriage and got out.

Jack's heart throbbed with love and agitation as he caught a glimpse of her lovely face beneath the light of a lamp. She was speaking to the coachman, but he could not hear what she said. Then she turned and walked into the grounds. Jack quickened his steps and followed her; a sense of uneasiness came upon him.

"What was she doing here? She reached a path Mrs. Thorngate had spoken of. Here she stopped. Jack stood still also. He was about a dozen yards from her, but he had drawn into the shade, and could not be seen.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Audrey waited a moment. Now that she had come, she felt slightly nervous; but it was only for an instant. Away in the dim light she saw a man's form; she raised her voice.

"Mr. Rochfort?" she called in her clear, silvery tones, and at the sound Jack started, and cold beads of perspiration burst out on his brow. In his agony a woman had all but escaped him, but he clutched his hands and forced it back. Once again rang out the sweet, clear voice, calling the name that was the most detestable to her miserable husband's ears.

There was a pause, then a form drew nearer, and Jack's aching eyes discovered the slender, graceful figure of Beverly Rochfort.

"Who is there?" Beverly called, sharply; then he drew a step nearer. "Lady Iverne, can I believe my eyes, is it really you? To what good fairy do I owe this great happiness, this unexpected delight?"

Audrey shivered. She began to speak hurriedly.

"Mr. Rochfort," she said, and against herself her voice would quiver, "this afternoon I was with your aunt, Mrs. Thorngate. I found her in great distress of mind about you. I wanted to see one who is my true friend and confidante, and at last she gave way, and told me all that was on her mind—how you are in trouble, and how she finds it impossible to help you."

"Impossible?" Beverly's voice sounded like a knife, it was so sharp and hard.

"Dr. Thorngate has forbidden your aunt to assist you in the very smallest degree," Audrey added, feeling she longed for some one she knew to be near her. "Otherwise Mrs. Thorngate would have been here with the money you require; that you know better than I can tell you."

"But as it is, she sends her ladyship, the beautiful Marchioness of Iverne, to make her excuses," broke in Beverly, bitterly. "Your ladyship is too kind. My aunt will be a happier woman when she reads of my death in the papers, for I warn you sooner than suffer the degradation and horror of prison life I will kill myself! And this is Christian charity!"

"You are most unjust to Mrs. Thorngate," Audrey answered, as calmly as she could. "If you had seen her as I have seen her this afternoon you would not dare to speak like this."

"You are a generous friend, Lady Iverne; but you see, the thought of my aunt's great mental distress does not altogether help me just now."

Audrey drew out the envelope from her muff.

"But these bank notes may," she said, with a contempt in her voice Jack had never heard before. Beverly grasped the envelope. In an instant he had torn it open and held them close to his eyes to scan them in the dim light.

"One, two, three, four, five—yes, five hundred! I am saved!" His hands closed over the notes. "Saved! Yes, and by you—you, the woman I love with all my soul; you—"

Jack half started forward, but he was not quicker than Audrey in her movement of horror. With a gesture of contempt and pride she struck aside his outstretched hand.

"Do you think I bring you this money to save you?" she asked in hurried tones; "you, the worst, the greatest enemy I have in the world! No, no; I have done what I have done for love and pity for one whose heart is breaking through you, whose whole life has been one sacrifice for you, who—"

Beverly interrupted her with his soft, low laugh. Her contempt lashed him into a state of fury.

"And does Lady Iverne think that the world will look upon her actions in the same light as she does? What will be said when it is known that you, a young, lovely woman, came here alone at nightfall to provide me with money to escape a prison cell, eh?"

"I do not fear the world, Mr. Rochfort. I have done what I have done for the motives I have given. Let what will be said, be said; my conscience is clear. I have no more to say," she said, haughtily; but Beverly moved forward and stood in her path.

"And do you think I am going to part with you like this, after all these weary, horrible months? Say what you like to the world, Audrey, act what part you will, but I know the truth. You have come here to-night to save me, not because of my Aunt Agatha, but because you love me, and—"

Jack's heart was beating so furiously it almost choked him; but he did not interfere yet. He felt that Audrey would defend herself. He waited breathlessly for her answer. It came swiftly.

"And you call yourself a man? You, who insult a defenseless woman, who work against a woman in a mean, underhand way that would shame the lowest of earthly creatures! Love you! You! Why, if there were not another living soul in the world, if my very life depended on it, I would still give the same reply. Love you! I hate, despise, condemn you! I have no wish to see you or hear you speak again. When I remember all you have done to my happiness, I—I could almost curse you! Love you—how bitter and strong the girl's voice was—"when my very soul is full of love for one whose shoes you are not worthy to touch, one who is a man of honor, upright and pure as the sun. There is no place for any one but my husband in my heart—the husband whom you have worked to rob me of—you and Sheila Fraser! Don't speak to me again! Don't touch me! I am not the simple, foolish girl I was; I am a woman with a woman's heart, a woman's pride, a woman's love; and my misery, which you have caused, is sometimes greater than I can bear. Let me pass, Beverly Rochfort! Go into the world and say what evil you like of me; I am content if I am only free from you, and I pray heaven I may never meet you again!"

Beverly broke in swiftly. His voice was soft but dangerous.

"Your words sting, but they do not spoil your lips; those lovely lips, which are mine by right! Let you pass! No, Audrey, I will do nothing of the sort! We are here alone, and we do not part until I have clasped your proud heart to mine, and taken from your lips the kisses I claim. Poor, foolish, fluttering child, what use to struggle? You are in my power now, and—"

"And you are in mine!" shouted Jack, rushing forward, and with one blow felling the coward to the ground.

Audrey staggered; her lips tried to open, but no sound came. The next minute she was clasped in somebody's arms.

"Jack! Is it really you, Jack?" she murmured.

Jack's lips assured her that it was no myth. How he kissed her—eyes, hair, brow, cheek, lips—as though he would never tire. Then a glance at that form lying on the ground recalled him to the present.

"Come," he said, gently; "come, my darling! My pretty, brave, noble, good little wife!"

As in a dream Audrey felt herself led away to where the carriage lamps gleamed.

Jack lifted her in and shut the door.

"I will be back in a moment," he said, his voice deep with passionate love.

"Take care; oh, take care!" Audrey murmured, and he gave her a smile of reassurance before he turned away.

"The car has gone!" he said in tones of the heartiest contempt when he re-

turned. "Not a trace of him anywhere. Drive straight home, Donald," he said to the man, and then, as they were shut in alone, he simply gathered Audrey into his arms and held her in silence to his heart.

"Home and happiness," he said, at last. "Dear little wife, am I forgiven?" "Oh, hush!" Audrey's hand went up to his lips. "It is I who should ask that, my darling, I—"

"We will ask nothing, seek for nothing, now we are alone and together again."

And then his arms closed about the slender, graceful form; his lips were pressed to the delicate, flower-like face, and to both those young, troubled hearts peace and joy came, with their golden fingers, to heal all the wounds that remained from the bitterness of the past.

(The End.)

## GOLDEN DAYS IN THE STRIP.

It Was When the Cherokee Got Pay for Their Lands.

The Cherokee nation literally "rolled in money" when the \$6,500,000 received from the sale of the Cherokee strip was disbursed among the tribal citizens in 1834, says the Kansas City Star. The per capita share was \$263.70. The payment was made usually with two \$100 bills, one \$50, one \$10, one \$5 and 70 cents in silver. The money was disbursed by "Zeke" Starr, treasurer, and Henry Effort, assistant treasurer of the nation. Most of the Indians were in debt, and creditors swarmed in towns where the payments were made. T. A. Latta, who attended these payments, in recalling incidents lately, said:

"Much has been told of the dishonesty of the Indian, but in this payment there were many examples of integrity. At Tablequah a full-blood woman, perhaps 60 years old, a widow, drew for eleven participants in the fund. She had traded with many of the merchants who sat at the tables between which she had passed. After the money had been counted out to her she swept the entire amount into her apron and, holding a corner in each hand, she passed from trader to trader, pausing before each until each had taken a sufficient amount to balance her indebtedness. Not once did she count the change or investigate the account. She was honest, and conscious of her own integrity, did not question the honesty of another. This was only one case. There were scores like it, and, though not pleasant to relate, the confidence thus placed was sometimes betrayed. There are cases where the greedy creditor took a handful and gave back no change.

"A mixed blood of some astuteness came to settle his account with a trader. In looking over his account he discovered the charge of a side saddle amounting to \$15. He had not made such a purchase and had the bill remedied without trouble, the wily old trader merely telling his bookkeeper to place the item to John Doe's account. The bookkeeper himself is authority for the statement that in this way that self-same saddle was collected for eighteen times.

In Claremore bankers were in attendance from Coffeyville, seeking deposits for their banks. One store in the town had a safe of modern dimensions and security and this store was headquarters for bankers and collectors alike. The merchant himself had a mere bagatelle of some \$120,000 on the payment. After supper the counting room was filled with collectors and bankers. A parlor table was called in to use and money as high as one's chin was stacked on every available inch. It was the minute for verifying the memorandum of the day. On one particular evening there was on this table at one time close to half a million dollars in crisp new treasury notes. Laps full of money? There were wagonloads of it. It was no uncommon thing to change a hundred-bill for a 5-cent sale. And the scarcity of change was responsible for the custom of charging 25 cents for changing a bill of that denomination.

## Heartless.

"Boss," said the fat beggar, "ain't had no food for more'n twenty-four hours."

"Well, well," remarked Kidder.

"Dat's de truth, boss, an' when I t'ink how well fixed I wuz once it makes a lump come in me 'bout dat—"

"Why don't you swallow the lump? That might help some."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Crowd or No Crowd.

"I would like to engage in some business that isn't overcrowded," remarked the very young man.

"If you do," rejoined the wise one, "you'll probably find there isn't anything in the business to attract a crowd."

## Fifty Years Hence.

Stern Mother—So you wish to marry my son, do you?

Young Woman—Yes, ma'am.

Stern Mother—Are you able to support him in that condition of idleness to which he has always been accustomed?

A Negative Blessing at Least.

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher.

"Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."—Washington Star.

## Hopetess Case.

Edyth—What makes you think Jack isn't going to give you a birthday present?

Mayme—Because to-morrow will be my birthday, and he still has his watch.

## It Was Made Up.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Aren't you afraid of being arrested for counterfeiting?" he queried.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## The Small Garden.

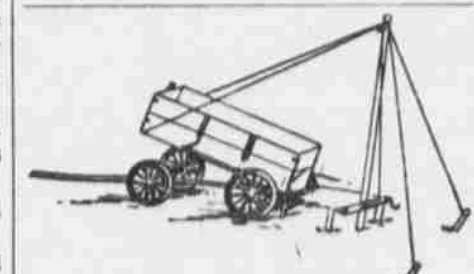
The small garden is the one that gives the owner pleasure. Probably the majority of those who cultivate small gardens make no profit, but actually suffer a loss, when the crops are compared with the prices received and the cost of seeds, fertilizers and labor. But there is considerable pleasure derived, the value of which cannot be estimated. No matter how small the plot owned or rented may be, the one who can bestow a portion of his time to the cultivation of crops the coming spring should do so. There are some things grown in a garden that cannot easily be procured in market, when the freshness and quality are considered. No one can buy tomatoes in market equal to those taken from the vines and placed in fresh condition on the table. If the plot is very fertile, and is not equal to more than half an acre, the amount of produce that may be grown thereon will supply a whole family from early spring until late in the fall. Beginning with onions and peas, beets, carrots, parsnips and early cabbage, followed with string beans, Lima beans, tomatoes, corn, turnips and late cabbage, two crops can be grown on the same location during the season. Potatoes need not be planted in a garden, as this crop demands protection from the beetle. In April or May, if desired, a small strawberry patch may be started, which will come into bearing the following spring.

## Improving Dairy Stock.

A 2-year-old heifer, fresh in milk, will sell for more than a fatted steer and she will cost only half as much to produce. These grade cows are not hard to produce. Purchase a pure sire of one of the standard breeds, cross him upon the mixed stock now on the farm and the young will, in all useful characteristics, be far more than half that of pure breed. When we remember the years, even centuries, of pure breeding in these animals, and remember also that the purer the blood in any stock, the stronger will be that blood, \$100 or \$150 for a male of breeding age will not seem an extravagant price. Every neighborhood where there is any co-operative spirit should prepare to supply this demand for fairly well bred cows. Every male purchased should be of the same breed, so that new animals will not have to be purchased every two or three years. By exchanging these animals about the neighborhood, a farmer will then be paying \$100 or \$150, not for two years, but for six or ten years of service. The cows thus produced will find a more ready market, because there are a sufficient number to attract purchasers. Higher priced males may also be purchased with economy because of the much longer period of usefulness.

## Wagon Box Device.

There are various ways of removing a wagon box from the trucks, and one of these is described in Iowa Homestead. The upright pole is 4 by 4 by 14 feet and is set several feet in the ground, so that it will be firm enough in its position to stand the strain which is required of it. The platform on which the rear end of the wagon box rests when it is to be raised from the wagon may be made any height so as to suit the height of the trucks. Two guy wires should be attached to the pole a foot or so from its top and be secured eight or ten feet in the rear of the platform. The rope which is used



REMOVING THE WAGON BOX.

to do the lifting is attached at one end of the upright pole near its upper end. From there it continues on to a pulley hooked in a rope which passes around the front end of the wagon box, then back over a pulley in the top of the pole and down to a windlass at the rear end of the platform. When the wagon box is in its final position on the platform, it should stand upright and should be left attached to the rope, so that it cannot be blown down in case of winds.

## The Family Cow.

Families that keep only one cow should endeavor to have the best animal that can be procured. More labor is required to care for a single cow, proportionately, than for a herd. A cow for the family should give a large flow of milk for at least ten months of the year, and the milk should contain not less than 4 per cent of butter fat, as cream is one of the essentials. It is better to have a cow that gives even richer milk, but the majority of family cows are selected without regard to merits in that respect. It is difficult to rear the calves in such cases, hence in purchasing the family cow it will be profitable to pay a high price for a superior animal.

## Looking After the Sheep.

The large and constantly growing sheep shipments of the northwest are giving the railroad officials some concern to provide means for taking care of the business. One means of relief has been made in the suggestion of triple-decked cars for the accommodation of the animals in transit.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1153—Death of David I, King of the Scots, at Carlisle.

1402—Scots defeated at Nesbit.

1502—Columbus sailed on his fourth voyage to the New World.

1534—Hessians defeated Austrians at Lauffen.

1568—Mary Queen of Scots defeated at battle of Langside.

1607—English colonists began to build at Jamestown.

1645—Montrose defeated the Covenanters at battle of Aulden.

1763—The Indian chief Pontiac began his blockade of Detroit.

1670—Hudson Bay Company founded.

1671—Col. Thomas Blood made a daring attempt to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London.

1781—The Spaniards captured Pensacola, Florida, from the British.

1783—Society of the Cincinnati organized.

1797—Walter Cotton, who made the first public announcement of the discovery of gold in California, born in Rutland, Vt. Died Jan. 22, 1851.

1800—John Marshall of Virginia became Secretary of State.

1810—First agricultural exhibition in the United States opened at Georgetown, D. C.

1812—Mr. Perceval, British premier, assassinated by Bellingham.

1843—Hugh S. Legare of South Carolina became Secretary of State.

1846—Battle of Palo Alto, first engagement in the war with Mexico.

1848—Daniel Webster resigned as Secretary of State.

1849—Astor Place riots made by friends of Edwin Forrest to break up Macready's acting at Astor Place Opera House.

1853—Jacob Burnet, one of the early Whig leaders in the Senate, died. Born 1770. First transatlantic steamer arrived at Quebec.

1857—Outbreak of the Indian mutiny at Meerut. Delhi captured by the Sepoys.

1861—Baltimore occupied by federal troops.

1864—Battle of Rearys Bluff, Va., Sheridan's famous raid commenced.

1865—Capture of Jefferson Davis at Irwinville, Ga.

1871—Treaty of Washington signed, providing for the settlement of the Alabama claims.

1876—Opening of the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia.

1880—Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt appointed first High Commissioner for Canada in London.

1882—Dominion government created the four provisional districts now comprising the western provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

1889—Father Damien died at the leper settlement in the Sandwich Islands.

1891—Cardinal Martinielli invested with the red berretta at Baltimore. The Chilean steamer Itata escaped from the harbor of San Diego, Cal.

1893—Earl of Aberdeen became governor general of Canada. Carlyle W. Harris, the murderer of Helen Potts, executed at Sing Sing.

1894—Several villages destroyed and 11,000 lives lost by earthquake in Venezuela.

1895—Treaty of peace between Japan and China ratified at Chefoo.

1890—H. H. Holmes, the multi-murderer, executed at Philadelphia.

1897—French steamship Ville de St. Nazaire foundered off Cape Hatteras, with loss of many lives. The powers intervened in the war between Turkey and Greece. Turkish army occupied Volos. United States Supreme Court decided the Berliner patent case in favor of the Bell Telephone Company.

1898—China paid the last of the war indemnity to Japan.

1899—Fatal collision on the Reading railroad; 25 killed and many injured.

1902—Eruption of Mont La Soufriere, St. Vincent's; 2,000 lives lost. Thirty thousand lives lost by the eruption of Mont Peles, Martinique.

1905—Tornado at Snyder, Okla., killed 100 people, and injured many others.

1906—Anthracite miners in Pennsylvania accepted terms offered by the operators.

## Short Personal.

Justice W. H. Moody is the blond bachelor of the United States Supreme Court. Charles Law Watts, a 16-year-old boy of Kent, England, weighs 373 pounds and is still eating.

J. P. Nannetti, M. P., for the college division of Dublin and mayor of that city, is a working printer, and is foreman of the Freeman's Journal.

George Trollope, an English actor of considerable note, has forsaken the stage and will enter the Catholic priesthood. He first appeared in "The Sign of the Cross."

Chief Appah of the Utes holds commissioner Leupp responsible for everything. Being told that Congress makes the laws, "If you let them make such a law you are no account in your job," exclaimed the old chief.