

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He immediately sent the girl to a Parisian school, and then he set about trying to force his way into the ranks of the upper crust. His money, his political views, and his power, as determined by the fact of his being a large employer of labor, and therefore, of controlling a large percentage of votes, brought about an acquaintance, and then a friendship, with Sir Edwin Gascoigne, an impetuous but aristocratic baronet. By Sir Edwin's aid, Mr. Fraser was returned in the Conservative cause, and his step planned on the first rung of the ladder. He was a decidedly clever man, and although to mean and niggardly to be altogether popular, he was not long in finding some friends. Among these, however, could not be classed Constance Gascoigne, Sir Edwin's second and only surviving daughter, Miss Gascoigne was a very beautiful girl, but she had won the reputation of having a bitter and unkind tongue. Every one knew that Constance's infatuation for Mr. Fraser, and yet she electrified the whole social world by suddenly becoming his wife. There was the nine days' gossip, and then the Fraser marriage became a thing of the past, although there were some of Constance's women friends who still discussed her.

"There has been something mysterious about the girl for the last two years," cried Mrs. Fanfare, the biggest scandal-monger of the time, "and I for one always thought that young Frank Anstruther's sudden death had a great deal to do with it. Constance was in love with him, poor girl! Well, she has done very well in one sense. This Fraser man is rolling in money—positively rolling, my dear!"

In a vague, yet uncertain, way Sheila felt that it was only through her stepmother's popularity and undoubted social position that she was received and welcomed as the daughter of the country families around the neighborhood, and possessed the entrée of the best houses in London when they stayed there for the season; and, bearing this in mind, it was only natural she should be very careful to keep on good terms with one who was so very indispensable to her. Deep down in the girl's shallow pretense of a heart there lurked a rankling jealousy for the delicate, aristocratic, still beautiful woman who had been her father's wife. Sheila had never quite understood Constance Fraser, and she was just a little bit afraid of her; she knew how bitter the sweetest smiles could ring sometimes, and how contemptuously the pale lips could curve when occasion merited it. She felt vaguely that Mrs. Fraser knew her at her exact worth; and yet the young stepmother had never, by word or sign, been considering her and affectionately inquiring into the girl whose guardian she was.

Sheila turned away from the mirror with a frown, and throwing herself on her lace-trimmed pillow, again took up her letters. The frown vanished as she read the warm and pressing invitations from two or three of the best houses around to luncheon, dinner, tea, and the like.

"Hi! I'm a fool!" she said to herself, and she laughed shortly. "I was only half awake just now, and what if the girl is pretty, how does that affect me? I am Miss Fraser, of Dinglewood, and I have a good hundred thousand pounds. I don't think I need trouble my head about a servant maid's face!" She read through the rest of her letters, and then rang her bell sharply. "Why doesn't the girl come back? I must get up, or Jack will be off before I have half dressed!"

The bell rang sharply in the corridor outside, but Audrey neither understood nor heeded its purpose. She was very frightened, and very full of pity at that particular moment.

She had gone direct, as Miss Fraser had commanded her, to Mrs. Fraser's room; she knew it, because Bireham had pointed it out to her the evening before; she had knocked gently, and on receiving an answer, she had gone timidly in. The room was large, airy and pretty; it was hung with damask, and was, compared to Sheila's magnificent apartment, simple beyond description; yet Audrey felt, in a sudden and indescribable way, that she liked it much better; it was so fresh and dainty looking, and there was plenty of room to move about. A fire was burning brightly, and a large bowl of daffodils and tulips made a spot of color in the window. A woman, in a white mob cap and large apron, was just placing a tray by the bedside, and Audrey, raising her eyes very nervously, saw a delicate, lovely face lying on the pillow.

"Who is it, Marshall?" inquired Mrs. Fraser in a low, but singularly sweet voice.

"If you please, I—I am come from Miss Fraser."

Audrey stammered out the message as easily as she could. She was not exactly frightened, and yet her heart was fluttering for she felt rather than saw that Mrs. Fraser's eyes were fixed upon her. Marshall was replying in a brisk yet respectful way when her mistress stopped her. She stretched out a fragile hand, white as snow, toward the girl.

"Who are you?" she asked in eager, hurried tones. "Where do you come from? Come nearer! Come closer! I want to see your face. I—"

"If you please, ma'am, it's Miss Fraser's new maid as Mrs. Thorogate as got for her," said Marshall.

Mrs. Fraser had pushed herself up in bed; her deep blue eyes were shining like stars, and a rush of color had come into her white cheeks. Involuntarily Audrey had drawn nearer, and had not her small, work-stained fingers into those other delicate ones. Mrs. Fraser passed the girl round with her face to the light, pursued for an instant, and then gave one broken, sobbing cry.

"Merciful heavens! It is—it is!" She struggled with her breath, stretched out her two hands as though to some unseen yet precious protector, and then gave an inarticulate moan and dropped back on her pillow in a hush. Audrey, trembling in every limb, hastened to obey Marshall, as she directed her to bring some eau-de-cologne and salts from the large chest-dressing table; she did not know why, but the sight of Mrs. Fraser's death-like face pained her beyond description. Marshall evidently was not unused to this sign of weakness in her mistress.

"She'd one her bad nights," Audrey heard her mistress say; "poor lamb! I knew it when I first saw her this morning. Poor Miss Constance! Poor, pretty Miss Constance!"

She whisked away a tear while she rubbed some of the scent across the pale

Jack Glendurwood foisted his arms and looked down at her gravely.

"From me to go to bed at once," he said. "I shall not leave until I hear you are at rest."

"At rest?" A faint, bitter smile flickered across the pale lips, and then Mrs. Fraser stretched out her hand. "Good-night, my friend. Heaven bless you and thank you for your loving care of me. I—I am not worth it, Jack, dear; I am not worth it."

For answer he bent down and kissed the white hand, and then Mrs. Fraser caught sight of Audrey standing behind. "It was no dream! It was no myth! Come to me, child! Ah, do not be frightened; I will not harm you. I will only kiss you, and gaze into your face."

Jack Glendurwood had turned with a start, and made way for Audrey to pass between the two. He moved slowly across the black-robed form and, only averted and strangely stirred.

"Lift up your eyes, Ah!" as Audrey obeyed her. "Child! Child! Who are you? What are you, with your face that comes up from the past?" She bent forward and touched the girl's brow with her lips; she clung to the girl's hands and a moan escaped her. Suddenly she released her hold, and her hand dropped on her breast.

"Take her away, my lord!" cried Marshall, bending over her mistress. "She has got something on her mind! She has got something to do with it. I can't do nothing but talk of this child's face all day. It's only weakness, I fear. Poor Miss Constance!"

"Come," said Jack to Audrey, very gently.

As one in a dream she rose to her feet and followed him out of the room, and then, when she was outside, she burst into a flood of irrefragable, nervous tears, leaning against the wall, weeping in any one or anything but the strange, wild tumult and pain in her breast. Jack stood by in silence, but as her sobs died away he put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Poor child! Poor little child!" Then, as she lifted her tear-stained, eloquent hands to his face, he drew both her hands in his. "Don't cry, child," he said, quickly. "I—I have to see you cry. You seem very lonely; you are strange here. Come; shall we strike a bargain? You let me help you yesterday, you must let me help you again. Shall we be friends?"

"Friends, my lord?" she faltered. "You and I? Oh, it cannot be! I am only a servant, a charity girl, and you—"

"Are henceforth the friend of that charity girl," was his answer, and with that he bent and kissed her hands as he had just kissed Constance's and, with a tender smile and gentle "good-night" went slowly down the stairs and out of the house.

(To be continued.)

## NATION OF SALT EATERS.

A Barrel a Year Is Consumed for Every Three Persons.

The United States consumes 26,872,700 barrels of salt annually, or a barrel for every three persons in the land. Last year it went abroad for only 1,151,133 barrels. In 1880 63.5 per cent of the salt used in our country was of home production. Last year 95.7 per cent of the product consumed was produced within the borders of this country. In 1880 the consumption in this country was only 9,384,293 barrels. This we see that the people of the United States are using annually three times as much salt as they used twenty-six years ago.

Only 5,901,000 barrels were produced in this country in 1880, and the consumers were forced to go abroad for 3,477,630 barrels. Last year the total production at home was 25,995,122 barrels.

The chief salt-producing States are Michigan and New York. Statistics recently gathered by the government show that the combined output of these two States amounts to more than two-thirds of the total production of the United States.

No attempt has ever been made to ascertain what per cent of the salt consumed in the United States is used for culinary purposes. The annual output is consumed in the industries of meat-packing, fish curing, dairying and the like. The chlorination of gold ore demands a large quantity, and great quantities of salt in the form of brine are used in the manufacture of soda ash, caustic soda and other salts. Salt is cheap. The average price for 1905 was a little over 23 cents a barrel, which is less than that reported in any previous year. Dry salt, of course, brings a higher price than brine. The average price for dry salt last year was 31.51 cents a barrel.

## Beneath His Dignity.

It is a curious thing, says the Dundee Advertiser, that the officials of Dublin castle have always been considered by the Treasury Department as most extravagant in cost. As the result of an investigation recently held, the following amusing notice has been circulated among the various offices in the castle:

"Notice—In order to obviate the waste of coal, it is requested that fires should not be made up after 3 p. m. unless the room is likely to be occupied after 5 p. m. Where offices are closed at 2 o'clock on Saturdays fires should not be made up after 12 on those days."

Some years ago the treasury sent over one of its highest officials to inquire into the extraordinary consumption of coal in the castle. When he called on the under secretary and told the object of his visit, that functionary said nothing, but rang the bell for the care taker. "Mary," said he to the domestic, "this gentleman has called about the coals," and then walked out of the room.—Buffalo Courier.

## Sure to Jump.

Gunner—Always jump out of bed on time, eh? Have you a good alarm clock?  
Gayer—Oh, I have something better than that. I have an automobile horn air at a certain hour and then I jump five feet.

## Such Loving Friends.

Mildred—I wonder if the count knows I have money?  
Helen—Was he attentive to you?  
Mildred—Very.  
Helen—Then he evidently knows.

## Strenuous Job.

"Has young Dingleigh any occupation?" asked the dear girl's mother.  
"Indeed he has," replied the daughter, "he's raising a moustache."

# FARMS AND FARMERS

Continuous Corn Culture.  
In the spring of 1894 the Rhode Island Experiment Station decided to devote an acre of land to the continuous culture of corn.

The soil was partly a silt loam and partly a light sandy loam. The first two years only chemical fertilizers were used, the maintenance of soil humus being placed upon the corn stubble remaining upon the field. The following two years half of the area was sown with crimson clover at the time of the last cultivation of corn and half to rye, in order to compare the merits of a leguminous and nonleguminous crop as a means of maintaining soil humus. Beginning with 1898, after the experiment had been in progress four years, the first quarter of the acre was sown to crimson clover and the third quarter to winter rye at the time of the last cultivation of the corn, while the second and fourth quarters received no cover crop. In 1899 the land was limed to insure the success of clover. The history of the land is given and the fertilizer treatment and the results secured in each year are recorded.

A summary of the results during the twelve years the experiment has been conducted shows that the gain from using clover as a cover crop, after deducting the cost of the seed, was \$50.24, or an average of \$4.19 per acre annually, as compared with \$4.28, or an average of 36 cents an acre annually from using rye.

Curing a Kicker.  
An arrangement such as shown in the cut has been suggested as effective to cure a horse which kicks in harness. A heavy strap (P) is attached to the collar and extends back under the surcingle, where it is attached to a heavy ring.

Through this ring is passed a rope or strap (M), which is attached to

straps on the hind hocks at S. This is made loose enough so that the animal may walk comfortably, but too tight to allow the animal to kick. After wearing this harness a while the horse will cease to try to kick in harness and may be driven without difficulty.

—Farm and Home.

Grazing Hogs.  
Cowspeak with grain have so far given better results, it is stated, than any of the other crops tested at the Mississippi station. In 1903 the cowpeas were grown on this hill land and an acre produced 350 pounds of pork. In 1904 the crop was grown on good valley land and produced 483 pounds of pork per acre. The pigs were turned on the pasturage when the cowpeas were ripe and were fed no grain in addition to the pasturage.

Alfalfa without grain has been found to be little more than a maintenance ration for hogs. The pigs used in the test, which covered two years, ranged from three to twenty-four months in age.

Black Teeth in Pigs.  
This condition is frequently brought to our attention, but as yet we have no satisfactory explanation to offer for their presence. They are also found in health, as we have observed in heads at the slaughter houses. Undoubtedly too much stress has been laid upon this condition. In young pigs, where this condition is most frequently seen, long sharp teeth may be present which it would be better to cut off. Dentition may also be taking place and the black tooth may be a shell, and there may be irritation of the gums, causing the pig to hold the mouth open, to salivate and to refuse to eat.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Planting Ungrafted Resistant.  
Thorough plowing and subsoiling are even more necessary when planting ungrafted resistant than when planting grafted resistant, says a bulletin issued by the experiment station of the University of California. This is because good results can be obtained only if the resistant are grafted young, and this makes it essential to obtain a good growth the first year. If the stock remains in the ground for two, three or more years before grafting, it becomes hard and refractory to grafting and good unions cannot be obtained. The stocks should make sufficient growth the first year to allow of their being grafted the spring following the planting.

Splints on Horses' Legs.  
This defect is probably the most noticeable of all blemishes that come upon horses' legs in this country. Sometimes the splint must be blistered two or three times before remaining free from lameness, and in some cases must be fired before a cure is effected. Repeat the blister a third time, and if lameness still remains some other cause may be suspected.

The principal test of whether the sow is a good milker or not is the condition of her legs, and her condition while suckling them. If they do well and she calves liberally, keeps up good health and digestion, and at the same time gets a little thin while nursing them, it is pretty good evidence that she is a good milker, and will do to keep as long as her usefulness lasts. But look out for the sow that fattens between farrowing and weaning time. Her pigs either die or become runts, for she is not making good use of her feed that is good sow should.

Bookish the Egg Output.  
That chickens have a great deal of intelligence is being demonstrated every day on the farm of Levi Van Etten and other farmers near the place, where there is considerable breeding being done for the Erie's third track up the mountains, near Port Jervis, N. Y. So accustomed have the fowls become to the blasting and the warnings that precede them, that now, whenever they hear the gun yell, they hurry to cover. It is good exercise for the hens, and the egg output is on the increase.

# HER LITTLE SCHEME

The lady of the house, who had been sitting with her cheeks in her palms, her elbows on the table and her eyes fixed intently on a newspaper, started when her husband spoke to her.

"I'm just thinking," she said. "It was afraid it was something of that sort," said the man. "Don't you know it's making wrinkles on your forehead?"

"I wonder whether it really is a \$5,000 machine," said the lady reflectively. "If I thought it was I'd try for it."

"What?"

"An automobile. The Anti-Macaula soap people will give a \$5,000 automobile to whoever sends in the largest number of words made out of 'uncorstitutionality.' Let's see, there's 'con'—no, there's no 'e' in it, is there?"

"There's 'con,'" suggested the man. "Don't be absurd, Spencer."

"You do me an injustice," said the man. "Con' is all right. You've been coming that advertisement for the last twenty minutes. It's a perfectly good word. I didn't say anything about what the advertisement was doing to you."

"There's 'constitution,'" said the lady, "and 'constitutional.'" "Now, Mabel!"

"Uction," pursued the lady. "I'm sure that's a good one. Everybody wouldn't think of that. And there's 'sult.' Won't you lend me your pencil, dear?"

"If you'll promise not to put it in your mouth. But just think a moment. What would we do with an automobile?"

"What does anybody do with an automobile? We'd go out in it, of course. It would be just lovely, I think. We would go out on Saturday afternoon and Sundays, 'way out in the country, if we wanted to, and take the children."

"I'm afraid that they'll try to put some inferior make on you, Mabel," said the man, gravely. "I don't see

how it can pay them to give you a \$5,000 machine."

"Silly!" said the lady. "Don't you see it's a big advertisement for them and introduces the soap? Of course they won't do it all the time."

"I know you'll buy the soap, but the people who don't get the automobile will probably be so mad that they won't."

"But they'll have to buy ten bars for the wrappers they've got to send in with the names, won't they? They'll use them, and probably by the time they've used them up they'll like it so much they'll keep on using it. You always think I haven't any head for business, but I can see perfectly well how it will pay them. Oh, I've thought of another one—'tin'; and there's 'flin' and 'lit.' Don't you see how easy it is? Just think of us riding around in our own automobile!"

"Mabel," said the man, pleadingly. "I wish you wouldn't. I know it would be nice on some accounts, but consider. We shall have to build a garage out in the back yard somewhere and you couldn't have the chicken house you wanted. And then gasoline costs so much. It went up in price only the other day. You know how much it took to wash that skirt of yours you were telling me about. And not only that, we'll have to hire a chauffeur and pay him a higher salary than I'm getting myself and that will cramp us awfully."

"Can't you run it yourself?" asked his wife.

"I'm afraid I can't," said the man regretfully. "You get it if you want it, of course. You know I never oppose you, but I shall undoubtedly blow it up within a week and hurt you and the children seriously and that means doctor bills. And, of course, we shall run over people. You always do."

She dabbed her eye with her handkerchief, but smiled bravely in spite of her disappointment. "Then of course we won't have it," she said. "I wouldn't run over anybody for the world. But it seems a shame when we might just as well as not."—Chicago Daily News.

## WRECK OF THE LARCHMONT.

With the icy spray splashing over them and the night black around them, the passenger steamer Larchmont and the schooner Knowlton met in that tearing, crashing collision that meant death to scores.

All was well. The steamer Larchmont tumbled onward through the black, heaving billows off the Rhode Island coast. A blizzard was raging, but blizzards had raged before and the Larchmont had weathered them. The watch was on deck peering through the cutting storm of snowflakes into the night. The prow, hoary with a heavy mantle of ice, rose and fell rhythmically and the waves slapped the sides of the old ship stinging buffets that made her neither wince nor quicken her speed. The time-tried schedule made nothing of such things. In so and so many hours she would be at the pier. The paddle wheels churned away and in the cabin warm, cosy passengers slept. They felt safe.

Out of the gloom rises a specter. A snow and ice incusted specter. A masted specter, with destiny guiding it and not the weak mortal at the wheel. "Ship ahoy!" A horse, startled blast of the steamship whistle. A scurry on the ice enameled deck. A sickening silence. Then the crash! Their Maker had come for over five score souls. From the whirlpool marking the ocean grave of the Larchmont limps the schooner Harry Knowlton, less severely smitten, but doomed.

This is how Fate made the orbit of more than 100 human souls meet at night in the storm in the wide expanse of ocean with plenty of room for everyone. This is how Death reaped a furtive harvest in the grim season of fruitlessness.

## MAKING TABLE GLASSES.

Many Boys and Girls Work at It Out in Kansas.

Two hundred years of glass-blowing ancestors in Switzerland and Bohemia are behind the Swiss glass blower who is making tumblers and sherbet glasses for us in Chanute, Kan., says the Kansas City Star.

The glass blower's guild still exists and is one of the very few that limit the number of apprentices. Glass blowing is a thing in which nothing like larceny can be tolerated. Things must be done not nearly but exactly right. The boy whom a glass blower takes into employ as helper must be one who appreciates his job, and is willing to give the closest kind of attention and stay with it until he is through.

Knowing that "few are chosen" in the glass blower's ranks, he is willing to do so. Also he knows that if he has the patience to be steady and learn his trade, he will be able to command \$8 or \$10 a day. He understands that the average doctor or lawyer doesn't attain that, and the minister and schoolmaster never dream a thing so vain. And so the glass blower's apprentice sticks to his trade.

Patiently all day he takes the blow pipe from his master's hand, carefully separates the blown tumbler from the end of the pipe and carries the hot glass on an asbestos-covered shovel to a moderately warm oven, where it gradually cools.

On other days he stands at the other end of the twenty-foot long cooling oven and takes out the tempered glass-

es, puts them in a machine and cut the tops off.

A girl stands at the other side of his table. Before her is an emery wheel. She takes the tumblers he cuts off, and holds the tops against the revolving emery wheel to grind the edges smooth, that they may not cut the lips.

"It's an unhealthy business, isn't it?" we asked. Insurance men put glass blowers among poor risks.

"It ain't the work," replied the man, "but glass blowers get big money and live fast when they're young—especially among big factories, like in Pittsburg. The work is healthy enough."

Hitting the Bull's Eye.

A Georgian who has the reputation of being a wretched shot recently invited the attention of his sporting friends to a target painted on a barn door with a bullet hole exactly in the center of the bull's-eye.

As his friends were incredulous he offered to bet a dinner on the proposition. Upon the acceptance by one of the friends of the wager the chap with the supposed bad shooting eye produced witnesses whose veracity could not be questioned, and they testified that he had, indeed, accomplished the feat. So the bet was paid.

During the dinner the loser of the wager inquired how his friend had managed to fire such an excellent shot.

"Oh!" exclaimed the latter with a smile, "I simply shot the bullet at the door at a distance of 800 yards. Then I painted a target around it."

When women get together, they are apt to use this expression a good many times: "O, these men!"