

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER VII.

Sheila Fraser was a little perturbed during the week that followed as to the very apparent change that had come over Jack Glendurwood. He came to Dinglewood nearly every day, but in an almost pointed manner he gave her to understand that his visits were to Mrs. Fraser, and not to herself.

She racked her brain to find the real reason. Was it jealousy of Beverly Rochester, with whom she certainly had flirted, though very mildly, since he had come on the scene; or was it caused by the knowledge that, as day after day went by, the poor Marquis of Iverne's condition grew worse, and his John Glendurwood, could be to a certainty in the deal man's place and heir to the dukedom before many months had elapsed?

The thought of this approaching event, it need hardly be said, whetted Sheila's eagerness and intense desire to become Lord John's acknowledged niece. She might worry and think until she was tired, but she would never guess the real reason of this change, never dream that it was her unwomanly cruelty and indifference to Audrey that had opened Jack's eyes to her true character, and planted the first seeds of contempt in his breast toward her.

He had got the whole story from Marshall, who gleaned it from Audrey, and certainly Miss Fraser's conduct did not sound well when her furious temper and her virulent abuse of a poor, nervous, naturally shy creature was detailed in a calm, collected manner.

Mrs. Fraser knew nothing about her new maid until Marshall, seeing her so much better, ventured to tell her, and was more than repaid for her kind action at the pleasure her mistress expressed in having the girl about her.

As for Audrey herself, she seemed to be in one long, pleasant dream. Mrs. Fraser's sweet, low voice and delicate beauty, her gently uttered thanks and consideration for the comfort of those about her was a new and a delightful sensation; Marshall's patience and ready wit, more than pleasant, and her life so peaceful and happy that she could hardly realize it was herself who lived it and not another.

Mrs. Fraser made no further remark about Audrey's eyes, nor did she seem to recognize that vague, curious likeness that had so startled her. She was still confined to her room. But she was not dull; she had plenty of visitors. Miss Fraser came first thing in the morning and chatted in a desultory fashion with her stepmother, and after her came Mrs. Thorogate, who was welcomed eagerly by the invalid.

Audrey was never in the room when the doctor's wife called, out she always noticed how she spoke to Mrs. Fraser, and how she spoke to her when Mrs. Thorogate was away again, and what a flushed, eager look there was on the way face. At first Audrey had been afraid to meet Miss Fraser, but beyond a frown and a sharp glance at the girl Sheila said nothing; she knew better than to object to any arrangement her stepmother might make.

One afternoon, toward the end of the week, Mrs. Fraser sent the girl out for a walk.

"You have sat long enough over that sewing; a brisk walk will do you good; besides, I expect my lawyer down from London on—on important business."

"Are you happy with me, my child?" she asked in low tones, a sob sounding as if it were behind her voice.

"Oh! so—so happy!" Audrey cried, kneeling beside her. "I wrote and told Jean how good you were to me, and I heard from her this morning. She says you must be an angel, and so I think you are."

"Kiss me," murmured Constance Fraser, gazing up into the lovely girl's face almost hungrily, certainly passionately. Audrey laid her cool lips on those of the older woman.

"I love you," she whispered, involuntarily.

"My dear! My dear!" Mrs. Fraser clung to her for a moment, then with another kiss and a tender smile waved her on.

"It must be true, I feel it here," she said to herself, as she was alone, and she pressed her hand to her heart. "Oh, heaven! if this comes to me, how shall I thank thee for thy goodness?"

ance of my servant, Mr. Rochford," was Sheila's spiteful remark.

"No, nor any other person, servant or no servant, when they have a face like this girl," thought Beverly to himself.

Jack was only asking after Mrs. Fraser, but he made no haste to join the others when he had received an answer. Instead, he turned and walked beside the girl as she moved onward.

"Have you nothing to say, Audrey?" he asked, after a long pause.

She looked at him in a shy, startled yet inexpressibly sweet way.

"I don't know, my lord," she said, timidly.

They were going away from the beaten track into a lonely and wilder bit of the grounds. Jack felt that every scrap of moral courage and worldly wisdom in which he had been trying to unfold himself ever since that night in the avenue was fast vanishing. He had not allowed himself to dwell much on Audrey's beauty and unfathomable charms, and yet, despite himself, he had done nothing else but think of her, and now, at this first opportunity of being alone with her, he forgot the wide difference that lay between them; forgot all but that he loved her. She was so young, so fresh, so innocent; her beauty of mind was no less than her loveliness of face and form.

"Audrey!" he said. He put out both his hands and held them toward her, the mud dropped to the ground and her small fingers nestle into his. "Audrey!" How sweet her eyes were, how brilliant! He shook off the intoxication that was stealing over him. "My darling, my little child!" he said, huskily.

She drew nearer to him and gave a little glad cry.

"Ah! You love me," she whispered, "you!"

"Yes, I, my dearest, dearest one! Did you not know it before, Audrey?"

Mrs. Fraser's sweet, low voice and delicate beauty, her gently uttered thanks and consideration for the comfort of those about her was a new and a delightful sensation; Marshall's patience and ready wit, more than pleasant, and her life so peaceful and happy that she could hardly realize it was herself who lived it and not another.

Mrs. Fraser made no further remark about Audrey's eyes, nor did she seem to recognize that vague, curious likeness that had so startled her. She was still confined to her room. But she was not dull; she had plenty of visitors. Miss Fraser came first thing in the morning and chatted in a desultory fashion with her stepmother, and after her came Mrs. Thorogate, who was welcomed eagerly by the invalid.

Audrey was never in the room when the doctor's wife called, out she always noticed how she spoke to Mrs. Fraser, and how she spoke to her when Mrs. Thorogate was away again, and what a flushed, eager look there was on the way face. At first Audrey had been afraid to meet Miss Fraser, but beyond a frown and a sharp glance at the girl Sheila said nothing; she knew better than to object to any arrangement her stepmother might make.

One afternoon, toward the end of the week, Mrs. Fraser sent the girl out for a walk.

"You have sat long enough over that sewing; a brisk walk will do you good; besides, I expect my lawyer down from London on—on important business."

"Are you happy with me, my child?" she asked in low tones, a sob sounding as if it were behind her voice.

"Oh! so—so happy!" Audrey cried, kneeling beside her. "I wrote and told Jean how good you were to me, and I heard from her this morning. She says you must be an angel, and so I think you are."

youngest and best-beloved son. Her heart's best love was given to Frank, although by no outward sign did she ever allow the world to guess that he was dearer to her than her eldest, Roderick. She was in no condition to be worried, and that there would be no end of worry connected with their engagement. The lovers knew full well. Sir Edwin Gascoigne would never consent to his daughter's marriage with a man who had nothing to depend upon except his pay, and who was, moreover, the son of a man whom Sir Edwin had always hated. It was not a moment for delay, and Frank, full of eager desire to bind his darling to him, determined to make her his wife before the day of his departure came.

"When once we are married, my dearest," he had urged, "not all the objections in the world can part us for long. You do not mind roughing it with me, I know, and if Sir Edwin is very, very angry, you can stay with mother till I have made all my arrangements for you to follow me out to Burma."

His entreaties, his passionate pleadings, won the day, and Constance consented to become his wife. They would have taken Roderick into their confidence had he given them the opportunity; but Frank's brother had gone away almost immediately on Constance's arrival—had, indeed, shunned meeting the girl in such a marked manner that Constance had felt vaguely hurt.

"I am afraid Roderick does not like me," she had said to her lover; but Frank laughed the idea to scorn.

"Roderick is a queer, odd sort of chap," he had answered; "but I'll stake my existence that his feelings for you are not anything approaching dislike."

"You are so much alike in face, and yet you are so different in nature," Constance often said, gazing with admiring eyes at her lover.

The two men were, indeed, strangely alike. Both had coal-black hair, and clear skins, and eyes of the deepest, rarest blue. There was barely a year between them, and in height, figure and general bearing they were the fac-simile of each other.

They were married quietly one morning, the only witness being the clergyman being Marshall and the village clerk, and then, after a week of mingled ecstasy and unutterable pain at the thought of their forthcoming separation, the young couple parted, Constance to return home to her father's house, her wedding ring suspended round her neck till the moment was opportune for speaking out her ardent love, and Frank to make his final arrangements.

They had one farewell meeting, in which Frank sought to cheer and console his young wife by every means in his power. He told her he had written full particulars of their marriage to Roderick, and begged her to confide in his brother, who had promised to do all in his power to assist them.

"Bear up, my darling," he had entreated; "in six months from to-day, please heaven, you will be with me, and never leave my side again so long as life lasts. If your father is obstinate—well, we must do without his forgiveness. Kiss me once more, my wife, my heart's beloved, and remember, dearest, whatever comes, trust in Roderick."

(To be continued.)

**Grandmamma's Pocket-Piece.**  
One evening in the early part of September, 1792, Major John Buchanan, commander of a log fort situated about five miles from Nashville, Tenn., was awaiting an attack by Indians. The fort was strong with blockhouses at the four corners, and the people were brave. Even the aged mother of the commander slept within easy reach of an ancient blunderbuss, which had not been used since it was wielded by her husband in the Battle of the Bluffs.

The gun was so rude and clumsy in make that the soldiers laughingly called it "Grandmamma's pocket-piece." Nevertheless the old dame believed she could use it if need be.

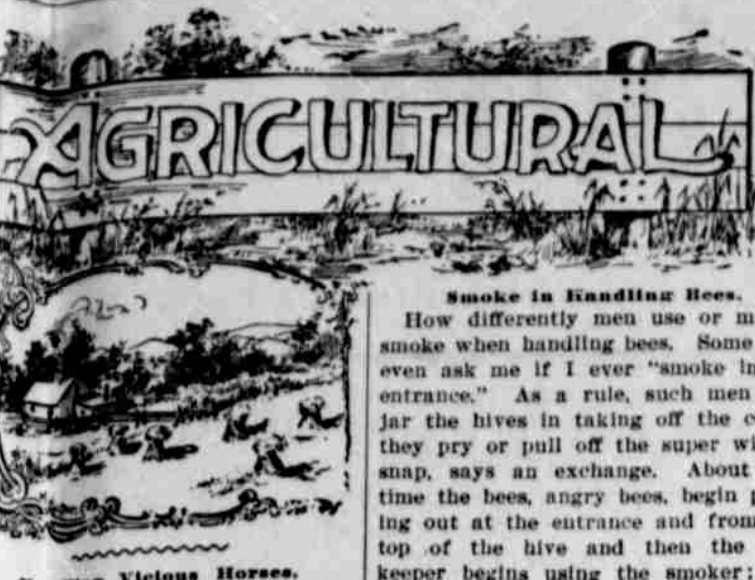
The attack began, and the brave young wife of the commander, kneeling on the hearth, was pouring molten lead into the bullet molds when she was hailed in a loud voice by an impetuous Irishman, whose senses, says the author of "Old Tales Retold," were none the clearer for having taken a horn of whiskey.

"It's me own gun that's no gud at all!" he bawled at the top of his voice. "Lend me th' loan of me Grandmamma's pocket-piece, and it's Jim O'Connor will put the whole Injun army to rout."

As he would not listen to denial, the old gun was finally placed at O'Connor's disposal. It took four times as much powder as the more modern pieces. O'Connor, having rammed in the quadruple charge, noisily clambered up the ladder and thrust the blunderbuss through the port hole. Then he pulled the trigger and cried confidently, "It's dead ye are intirely!"

He was sure he had done great execution, although he had heard no report, a circumstance he accounted for by the uproar going on all round. He descended the ladder and demanded another charge. Four times in succession he descended for ammunition, and each time he put into the gun the full amount of powder and lead which it required. In the belief that he had already dealt death to the savages with each shot, he pulled the trigger for the fifth time.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "This will finish the row."



**AGRICULTURAL**

**Smoke in Handling Bees.**  
How differently men use or misuse smoke when handling bees. Some men even ask me if I ever "smoke in the entrance." As a rule, such men will jar the hives in taking off the cover, they pry or pull off the super with a snap, says an exchange. About this time the bees, angry bees, begin pouring out at the entrance and from the top of the hive and then the beekeeper begins using the smoker; but the bees are mad now, and no amount of smoke will pacify them.

The most important place to use smoke is at the entrance, and it should be used there as the first step in opening the hive. Subdue the bees first, then all the jarring will only make their subjection the more complete. So many times has some man cautioned me about attempting to handle some colony, saying that those bees were perfect tigers and that I would be stung to death. I always say: "Give me the smoker." I give them a good, thorough smoking at the entrance before attempting to open the hive. I then open the hive carefully, using a little smoke if there is any sign of obstreperousness.

As a rule I pass the ordeal without a raised, while the owner looks on with amazement. The whole secret lies in subduing the bees before opening the hives. Smoke the bees first, and then you can usually handle them in peace and comfort.

**Self-Opening Door.**  
The arrangement for opening this door consists of a half-inch rope attached to a staple driven into the upper edge of the door and passing parallel with the track beyond the boundary of the door when open. The rope passes over a small pulley and a weight is attached at the end. It is better if the weight and pulleys are fixed inside the building. By attaching the rope to the opposite side of the door a self-closing arrangement will be obtained.

**Flax with Skim Milk for Calves.**  
For calf feeding purposes instead of grinding flax he boiled, one part of flax to six parts of water, making a jelly. The boiling process lasts from one to four hours. If the flax has been soaked for eight or ten hours in water, one hour's boiling would put it in fairly good condition. If, on the other hand, the flax has not been previously soaked, it will take from three to four hours to cook it thoroughly. In feeding our calves on skim milk we use about two-thirds of a teaspoonful twice a day for a calf 3 weeks old in conjunction with the skim milk. The amount is increased from time to time as the calf grows older. After the calf is 5 or 6 months old we do not feed the cooked flax, but feed it in the ground form in conjunction with the grain ration. In this way we are able to raise practically as good calves on skim milk as we formerly reared on whole milk.

**Butter in the South.**  
A skilled Northern dairyman who went to Georgia some years ago once wrote that he found that he could make as good butter there as he made in Vermont, could make it at a lower cost and could get a better price for it. When once the live-stock industry is well established in the South in connection with cotton growing, we will soon hear less of its taking four or five acres to make a bale of cotton, for the men who rotate their crops and feed stock and make manure will soon put a bale as the minimum per acre. More pea hay, more corn and more cattle will do more for the cotton farmer than anything else, when they cease to look on everything but cotton merely as "supplies" to enable them to plant more cotton, for they will find that the "supplies" will soon be as profitable a part of their farming as the cotton.

**Varieties of Potatoes.**  
In choosing varieties of potatoes for spring planting, it is advisable to select those that have been more recently produced from seed; provided, of course, that their quality and productiveness have been tested and are generally known. The variety that is newly produced from seed is generally more vigorous than it is likely to be after a few years' contest with potato beetles and the blight and rots, all of which help to decrease potato vigor and productiveness. But it is not advisable to plant potatoes, however good, which are very unlike standard sorts, and whose qualities are not generally known. There is so much difference in potatoes that the mere fact that a potato is a potato is not enough with most consumers to secure a market for it until after they have given it a trial.

**Sawdust for Bedding.**  
Sawdust is one of the best substances that can be used in the pig pen, and it is also excellent in the stalls. While sawdust does not quickly decompose, yet it is an excellent absorbent, and in time is reduced to its original elements. It is clean, easily handled and is not bulky, while its odor is not disagreeable. It also serves to keep the manure in a finely divided condition.

In France a method of seasoning wood by electricity is reported successful.

**She-4 Rotation of Crops.**  
Every farmer realizes the value of a short rotation of crops in maintaining the fertility of the soil. Yet it is not at all uncommon to seed to timothy and clover and mow the field for three or four consecutive years till every vestige of clover has disappeared and nearly all the value of the clover plant as a renovator of the soil is lost, says a writer in *Ohio Farmer*. I believe sowing timothy with the clover is all right. I always practice it. Then I am quite sure of a catch, and I get more and better hay. There are also other advantages which space forbids I should enumerate here. I believe, though, that the meadow should be mowed but once and never more than twice before plowing.

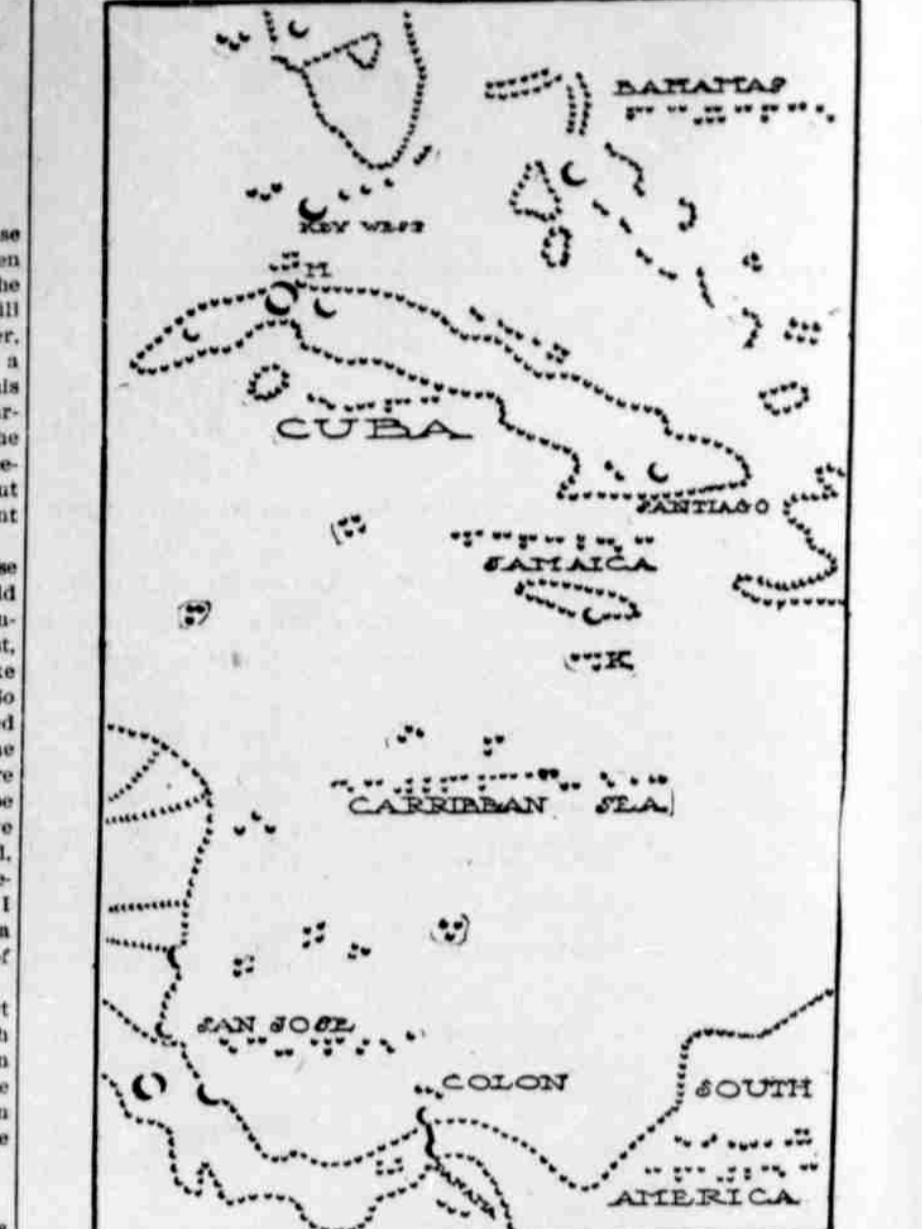
How it makes our hearts glad when a neighbor brings home a borrowed implement or tool all broken up, saying "get it fixed and I'll make it all right with you." It takes some dealing about a month to get repairs after they are ordered, hence the man who waits until the last minute days before he has to carry the article before he has the needed repairs made. The man who depends upon the small has to allow it plenty of time to arrive with the goods.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

**Dealing in Futures.**  
Shortleigh—Say, old man, can you lend me \$100? I'm going to be married.

Longun—What security can you give?

Shortleigh—I'll tell you the name of the girl's father.

## THE BLIND NOW HAVE A MAGAZINE THROUGH RICH WOMAN'S BENEVOLENCE.



### HOW THE BLIND WILL STUDY THE PANAMA CANAL.

The first magazine for the blind ever made is about ready to be sent out to the sightless thousands of America through the benevolent provision of Mrs. William Ziegler, who has donated the funds for the enterprise. It is estimated that the cost to the widow of the millionaire baking powder man will be between \$60,000 and \$70,000 a year. Pages of the new magazine are about 12x13 inches in size. The number of pages will vary from month to month, the first number containing about fifty sheets. Compared with other magazines it is bulky, and each one will weigh about one pound. The articles will be of all sorts, stories, news, achievements of the blind, poetry, a sheet of popular music, and some instructive articles. The moral tone will be high, although it will not be religious in any way.

The first number goes to about 6,000 blind readers among the general public. This figure does not include 4,500 students now in schools for the blind. A sufficient number of copies will be sent to the schools for these, and the magazine will go to the students at their homes during vacation, through Mrs. Ziegler's kindness. This first number is the largest edition of anything ever printed for the blind. Great care has been used in the character of matter. For instance, many beautiful songs and poems would be out of place for blind readers. Allusions to moonbeams, starlight, rainbows and clouds are not printed, as they serve to emphasize to the readers the sense of their affliction.

Above is one of the "illustrations" in the new magazine. A map is shown in raised dots. Underneath the map are the following words: "Map showing southern Florida, the Bahamas, Cuba, Jamaica, Panama and adjacent land and sea." Some of the points on the map are marked with only the dots representing the first letter of the name, but in the margin the name is spelled out. The first number of the magazine contains, besides minor contributions and maps, the following:

President Roosevelt's letter to Mrs. Ziegler, Helen Keller's letter to Mrs. Ziegler; first installment of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which will run as a serial; a physical exercise for the blind; the Esperanto Hymn of Peace; comments on current news.

**WOMEN ASSAIL COMMONS.**  
Then followed the aged Mrs. Deapard, sister of Gen. French, whose great grief has been that the police refused to arrest her on the occasion of the last outbreak.

"The time for words is passing away," she said, "and the time for action has come."

These and similar speeches fired the enthusiasm of the women, and finally they decided to march to the House of Commons to demand votes. Many, however, balked, and only about 200 joined the procession, which marched with arms linked, singing "John Brown's Body." The police, on the whole, were remarkably forbearing and good humored. Many of them seemed to enjoy the row.

**Buried Treasure.**  
Pirate hoards of Spanish doubloons are not the only buried wealth one may seek with spade and pick. A wonderful relic of the past has just been brought to light in Peterborough, England, in the discovery of a buried forest. The London Chronicle gives an account of the discovery.

At a depth of seven feet have been found a number of oak trees which have been covered for some two thousand years. Most of the trees are almost perfect in condition, and are being sold to furniture manufacturers and others.

Altogether about eighty trees have been raised, and hundreds more are left in the ground untouched, at a depth of five or six feet. In nearly all the trees the roots are found attached. The wood is extremely hard, and can be worked only by machinery, as it turns the edge of an ax.

Many a deaf person has sound opinions.

seek with spade and pick. A wonderful relic of the past has just been brought to light in Peterborough, England, in the discovery of a buried forest. The London Chronicle gives an account of the discovery.

At a depth of seven feet have been found a number of oak trees which have been covered for some two thousand years. Most of the trees are almost perfect in condition, and are being sold to furniture manufacturers and others.

Altogether about eighty trees have been raised, and hundreds more are left in the ground untouched, at a depth of five or six feet. In nearly all the trees the roots are found attached. The wood is extremely hard, and can be worked only by machinery, as it turns the edge of an ax.

Many a deaf person has sound opinions.