

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 Beverley Rochfort, 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 Iverney's condition grew worse, and he, John Glendurwood, would be to a certainty in the dead 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 fiancée. 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. Mrs. Fraser came first thing in the morning and clattered in a desultory fashion with her stepmother, and after her came Mrs. Thorngate, who was welcomed eagerly by the invalid.

Audrey was never in the room when the doctor's wife called, out she always noticed how tenderly Mrs. Fraser spoke to her when Mrs. Thorngate had gone away again, and what a flushed, eager look there was on the girl's face. At first Audrey had been afraid to meet Mrs. 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 girlish 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!"

Audrey soon equipped herself. She no longer wore the hideous black bonnet, but a smaller one, with a bright crimson ribbon as a relief to her dark locks. Mrs. Fraser had sent Marshall into the village, and had bought the girl many garments, which provoked wonder and intense pleasure in Audrey's breast. She could not bring herself to realize that they were all for her.

It was a bitterly cold day, but Audrey did not seem to feel it; she planted her hands in her warm muff, and danced along, singing gaily to herself from very exuberance of spirit. The world was beautiful, after all—so her simple, childish heart determined. She was quite rich, for she had four good friends—there was her sweet mistress, and dear Mrs. Thorngate, and Marshall, and King Arthur! She did not know which she liked best. She walked down one of the secluded paths, and shrank, so she thought, out of sight as she saw a party of people coming up from the lake, where skating was in high swing. Sheila, in a magnificent eskimo, with a cap to match, on her ruddy hair, was walking beside Beverley Rochfort. She looked bored, as indeed she was, and cross, too, into the bargain, for there was Jack still chatting to plain Louisa Everest, and he had not been near her all the afternoon.

Sheila did not catch sight of Audrey's lovely face in among the bushes and trees, but Beverley did, and his heart leaped with passionate admiration as he gazed. He had seen her about three or four times, and his pulses thrilled to madness when he even thought of her. He let his eyes linger on her now, and then he grew ashen white to his very lips. Some one else had seen Audrey, and was going boldly through the bracken

toward her. It was John Glendurwood.

He touched Sheila's arm; he had soon fathomed her and her intentions. It gave him pleasure to tease her, especially since he discovered that her money would never be shared by him.

"Glendurwood has good taste," he said, curtly, with a disagreeable smile.

"I always knew that girl was no good!" she exclaimed angrily. "What business has she to talk to my—our guests in this way? It is disgraceful!"

"You should blame the guests, not her. Glendurwood sought her deliberately; that I can vouch for myself. She is very beautiful!"

"I do not care to discuss the appearance of my servants, Mr. Rochfort," was Sheila's spiteful remark.

"No, nor any other person, servant or no servant, when they have a face like this girl," thought Beverley 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 wider bit of the grounds. Jack felt that every scrap of moral courage and worldly wisdom in which he had been trying to inculcate 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 muff dropped to the ground and her small fingers nestled 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?"

"I knew you were my friend," she faltered—for something in his eyes, bent on her, made her heart beat and the blood mount to her cheeks.

"Friend and lover, ay, little one, your lover till I die. Are you frightened, Audrey?"

She smiled timidly, and her head drooped so that he had to catch her whisper.

"Not frightened, only happy."

With an exclamation of joy he drew her to him, folded his arms about her and sought her lips.

He kissed her long and silently, holding her small form close to his heart; then he lifted his head and smiled down at her.

"Audrey, do you love me?"

There seemed to be heaven itself mirrored in their depths, but she made no answer. Her speech was gone, she was like one bewildered, yet so very, very happy. No words could come, only as he repeated his question he came to him with a passionate gesture and buried her face on his rough coat. A clock chiming five roused them.

"I must go!" Audrey cried in surprise and dismay.

Jack laughed at her eagerness.

"Never mind, we shall soon alter that, young lady, when you belong to me altogether. What will you go? Well, then, you must give me another kiss—another! Oh, darling, darling! How have I lived without you so long? I shall come early to-morrow, my sweet one, and we will confess all to Mrs. Fraser, who will give us her help, I know. Heaven bless you, my dearest! Bless and guard you!"

Audrey smiled through the tears that would come, and then, turning, ran fleetly away.

Jack Glendurwood stood gazing tenderly after her, all ignorant that a stealthy figure in the background was creeping after him as he walked through the bushes. A smile was hovering on his lips when suddenly above his head swung a heavy, loaded stick, and as it came down crash on his skull Jack gave a sobbing cry and fell insensible to the earth.

"I said I'd be even with you, my lord, and I've kept my word," muttered Henry Downs to himself; then, with many backward glances, he rifled the coat pockets of all they contained, shuddered as he saw the blood trickling down the white, still face, and dived in among the bushes and left his victim to his fate.

Mountain rang with gales! the following day. Lord John Glendurwood had been found in the Dinglewood grounds, robbed and half murdered, and Audrey Maxse—a charity girl, who had come to Dinglewood House as maid to Miss Fraser—had turned out to be a lady born, and none other than the daughter of Mrs. Fraser by a previous marriage.

This extraordinary piece of news seemed to give good Mrs. Thorngate unlimited satisfaction, and she poured out the whole story to her nephew as they sat together in her cozy drawing room.

There was a smile and look of eagerness on Beverley's handsome face as he listened.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "nothing could be better. I must see those lawyer chaps to-morrow, and see I think I shall have everything cut and dried for my plans. I don't think Lord Jack Glendurwood will stand much chance against me in the future. I hold trump cards, and I mean to hold them. He has kicked me into the dirt, and put his foot on

me. If he thinks I have forgotten that he is mistaken. He loves this girl, but he shall never marry her. I love her—how his dark eyes flamed—and I swear she shall be my wife!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The story that Audrey heard from her mother's lips was a short and pitiful one—a story full of a woman's misery, a man's treachery, and a husband's broken heart.

Years before, when Constance Gascoigne was a girl of nineteen, and had just made her debut in the world, she went to stay with a half-sister of her mother's, down in a small country village. The aunt with whom Constance stayed—Lady Anstruther—had two sons, one following no occupation, the other a young officer in a crack dragon regiment, and with this cousin the beautiful young girl fell most violently in love.

He on his side returned the love with more than usual fervor. Constance was, in his eyes, the most beautiful, the sweetest, the dearest woman in all the world. For a month the lovers lived in a paradise; when suddenly an abrupt ending came to the all too brief halcyon time. Frank's regiment was ordered to Burma; they were to leave in a fortnight.

What was to be done? Lady Anstruther, already an invalid, was distraught at the thought of losing her 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 Edward 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 to the ceremony 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 story, 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 as long as life lasts. If your father is obdurate—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.)

Just Like a Man.

"John," said Mrs. Stubbs, "suppose you were sitting in a car and should see a poor, tottering woman collapse because she had been holding a strap for twenty blocks, what would you do?"

"Why," replied Mr. Stubbs, "I am so tender-hearted I think I should hide my face."

"Ah, in grief?"

"No, in a newspaper."

Behind the Scenes.

"I positively cannot sing to-night," said the sous-chef.

"At last!" exclaimed the manager.

"At last what?" queried the self-styled footlight favorite.

"You have found out that you can't sing," replied the manager.

And that's how the trouble began.

Domestic Duties.

Gyer—Mr. and Mrs. DeStyle would be only too glad to have a skeleton in their family closet.

Myer—You don't say!

Gyer—Fact. They had one, but it got out last week.

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.

Never Silent.

Dolly—Do you believe this world is a stage?

Dick—Yes, and every woman has a speaking part.

Constant complaints never get pity.

—From the German.



"You remember the story of the wind and the sun and their contest over the man with the cloak, don't you?" asked the luncheon with the scholarly air.

"Is it a new one?" inquired the commercial individual in the tan waistcoat. "I told you about the Irish street-car conductor and the yellow dog, didn't I?"

"You told me," said the man with the scholarly air. "I remember. It was pretty good. It was one of my grandfather's favorite stories, only he used to have it the conductor of a Broadway bus. I was reminded of the fable in here last week."

"What fable?"

"Oh, one of Ade's, I guess. I came in about noon when the rush was pretty well on and William showed me to a table over by the window. There was a stout man sitting there; a stout man with a red neck and a corrugated brow. He looked as if he wasn't exactly satisfied with the way the world was treating him, and when William handed me the bill of fare he asked if some one wouldn't be around in course of time to take his order. William said, 'Yes, sir, certainly, sir; right away.'"

"Hurry 'em up," said my fat friend.

"I got cramped if I sit more than an hour in one place."

"In just a moment, sir," says William.

"The stout man frowned and began to beat a devil's tattoo on the tablecloth with his thick fingers. In about a minute he bellowed to a passing waiter: 'Here, you! Can't you take my order?'"

"Not my table, sir," says the waiter, and hurried off.

"By gosh," says the stout man, in ferocious tones. "Something's going to happen in this place pretty soon if I ain't fed. I wonder where the proprietor is. He must be a canny bird. I hate trouble, but there's trouble brewing for somebody. I ain't going to sit here all day and not raise my voice in protest. I came in here to eat, by jingo, and I'm going to eat or know the reason why."

"He snorted and roared to another man with a pile of dishes, who was going by: 'Say, you tell the proprietor of this place I want to talk with him.'"

"I'm afraid he didn't hear you," I remarked, as the man with the tray passed on. "Your voice is too low."

"I'll make 'em hear me," he said. He was drawing in a deep breath pre-

paratory to letting out a war whoop when our waiter came up. He was a little squirrel-faced, blonde young man with a deprecating manner.

"Where have you been?" demanded the kicker. "Taking your vacation? Did you lose your way and have to apply to the police? Say, do you know I want something to eat?"

"The waiter stood at attention and never let an eyelash flicker.

"Bring me a porterhouse steak, French fried potatoes and a half-liter stein of draught," said the stout man, scowling at him, "and bring 'em quick."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"Well, get a move on you," said the stout man.

"The waiter handed me the bill. I gave him my order and he went to the next table."

"Well, if that wouldn't jar you," said the stout man. "He's going to take half a dozen more orders, and here have I been—waiter!"

"Our little man finished what he was writing and then came back to us. 'Did you call me?' he asked the stout man."

"Did I call you? I think I did. Did you understand that I wanted my order?" got to the kitchen in a hurry? Now—"

"See here," said the little waiter, "what you want to do if you want your order is to keep that big mouth of yours quiet. You don't own this restaurant—see?"

"You bring the proprietor to me," said the stout man.

"Sure thing," said the waiter, and brought him. The proprietor listened civilly to the complaint the blustering person made and then told him that he would be obliged if he would transfer his custom to some other restaurant.

"As the stout man went out I beckoned to the waiter, and with an engaging smile and in a soft, pleading undertone I informed him that I was in a hurry to keep an important appointment and therefore begged him as an especial favor to bring me my Hungarian goulash as speedily as he could without inconveniencing himself. Now mark the difference. Inside of twenty minutes my order was smoking on the table before me."

"What was that story you were going to tell about the man with the new overcoat?" inquired the commercial individual in the tan waistcoat, after a pause.—Chicago Daily News.

FIGHTING BULLS ON THE PRAIRIE.



A "ROSA BONHEUR" BY THE CAMERA.

A fortunate photographer on a ranch in the State of Wyoming has contrived with his camera to emulate the art of Rosa Bonheur, the great French animal painter. Two bulls, eluding the cowboys' vigilance, were engaged in a fierce combat. The cowboys, with their stockwhips, intervened in vain, and could only bet on the issue of the combat, staking their week's wages, their saddles, or even their breeches.—The photograph is by Walker, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

PLANT YIELDS LINEN FIBER.

Weed that Grows in Brazil Produces Goods of Various Grades.

A new plant known as "canhamo brazilensis perini" or "brazilian linen" and named for its discoverer, Dr. Victoria De Perini, is now being developed under the patronage of the Brazilian government upon several experimental plantations and has reached a point where it is predicted that its influence must be felt at once in the fabric world of commerce and industry.

The plant is virtually a weed, growing from 12 to 18 feet high in four or five months and resembles the hemp. Among the claims for it are that it is absolutely hardy, resisting the dry and rainy seasons alike; that it is not a prey to insects or mildew; that it requires no special attention after planting; that it matures so rapidly that three crops a year can be had up on comparatively waste land and at small outlay; that the fiber has all the qualities for high-class use, and that every portion of the plant can be used for some industrial purpose.

The fiber runs generally into three grades, the finest corresponding to the best linen, the second to coarse linen and the third to European hemp. The residue of the plant is composed of high-grade cellulose, said to be especially suitable for the manufacture of fine writing paper, the demand for which will be steady, as at present all but

coarse wrapping paper is imported to the amount of \$3,000,000 a year.

Present plans contemplate only the production of the raw fiber for export, but the ultimate result may be a great manufacturing enterprise when labor and commercial conditions in Brazil will justify the venture.

Joy in a Tramp's Life.

I have never emphasized sufficiently the tramp's disgust at having "to do time" in June. From May till November is his natural roving time, his box-car vacation; in winter, jail, even the workhouse, is often more of a boon than otherwise. The Home Jail consequently harbored very unwilling guests in the persons of the few tramps lodged there. However, even thirty summer days, precious as they are on the "outside," pass away sooner than one at first expects them to, and then comes that glorious moment—thunder, lightning, not even a pouring rain can mar it—when the freed one is again his own master. There may be other experiences in life more ecstatic than this one, but I would willingly trade them all temporarily for that first gasp in the open air, and that unfettered tread on the ground, which the discharged prisoner enjoys.—Josiah Flynt in "Success Magazine."

Many a man thinks he's putting up a strong argument when in reality he is only making a loud noise.

Old Favorites

The Cockney.

It was in my foreign travel, At a famous Flemish inn, That I met a stouthead person With a very stouddy skin; And his hair was something sandy, And was done in knotty curls, And was parted in the middle, In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers, And his coat was of a sort To suggest a scanty pattern. It was bobbed so very short; And his cap was very little, Such as soldiers often use; And he wore a pair of gaiters, And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English, And he answered in the same, Though he spoke it in a fashion That I thought a little lame; For the aspirate was missing Where the letter should have been, But where'er it wasn't wanted, He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration Of St. Peter's mighty dome, He remarked: "This really nothing To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!" And declared upon his honor— Though, of course, 'twas very queer— That he doubted if the Romans 'Ad the hart of making beer!

Then we talked of other countries, And he said that he had heard That Americans spoke English, But he deemed it quite absurd; Yet he felt the deepest interest In the missionary work, And would like to know if Georgia Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters, He was grumbling o'er his gin. At the charges of the hostess Of that famous Flemish inn; And he looked a very Briton (So, methinks, I see him still), As he pocketed the candle That was mentioned in the bill! —John G. Saxe.

Friendship.

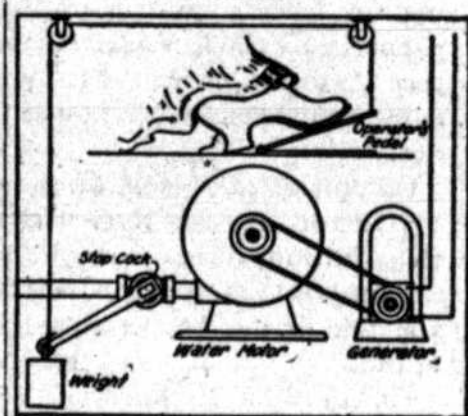
A ruddy drop of manly blood The surging sea outweighs; The world uncertain comes and goes, The lover rooted stays.

I fancied he was fled— And after many a year Glowed unshaken kindness, Like daylight sunrise there.

Oh, friend, my bosom said, Through thee alone the sky is arched, Through thee the rose is red; All things through thee take nobler form, And look beyond the earth;

The mill-rind of our fate appears A sun path in thy worth. Me, too, thy nobleness has taught To master my despair; The fountains of my hidden life Are through thy friendship fair. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WATER MOTOR RINGS UP.



OPERATING A MOTOR BOAT.

Any telephone exchange using hand generators for ringing up subscribers, will find a water motor much more convenient, as the operator only needs to press the foot lever to ring up and the bell will continue ringing as long as the lever is held down. Another advantage is that the motor and generator may be placed at some distance from the switch-board, thus doing away with all noise.—Ona S. Harnas in Popular Mechanics.

Lampy's Aviary.

Lampy has recently made several additions to his collection of stuffed birds. Among the most valuable are:

1. The Red-Beaked Pitt—a rare specimen—the diet of this bird does not grow in Cambridge.

2. The Recepted Pade-Bill—extremely rare.

3. The Heartless Deene—a large and imposing-looking bird of the owl family.

4. The Crimson Heelah—this bird will probably be extinct in a few years, owing to the fact that it comes under the jurisdiction of the Public Nuisance law.

5. The White-Winged Brooks-Sparrow (reliquesum sanctum)—a bird of pray.

6. The Crafty Foxbird (managralium candidum)—also a bird of pray.

7. The Green Frawsh—a small and harmless bird, the common diet of the Foxbird.—Harvard Lampoon.

Good for Evil.

There are some people who turn gray, but do not grow hoary; whose faces are furrowed, but not wrinkled; whose hearts are sorely wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to old age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's usage. These are they who have returned good for evil. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old.—Selected.