

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Audrey fortunately knew nothing of the dislike and anger she was causing. By and by she found the atmosphere very close, for an awning had been raised on deck that formed an impromptu ballroom; and bidding the few around her a hearty "good-night," she slipped away, heedless that Beverley Rochfort was watching her and was following close behind her.

Once outside the awning Audrey drew a deep breath. A few couples were strolling to and fro, but she passed them and went swiftly aft.

Had she been less dazed and weary she might have wondered at the sound of a slight cry quite close, but she was thinking of Jack, and all else was lost upon her.

"I will just breathe some air and then go below," she said to herself. "It was stifling in there!"

She stood looking over the moonlit waters for a moment, and then turned to go. As she did so, she was suddenly blinded, a sense of horrible fear and helplessness came over her, a strong, sickly smell penetrated to her brain. She tried to scream, to struggle—in vain. Her limbs lost their strength, her brain reeled—she knew no more.

There was great commotion on board the Mona that night. By some mischance Lady John Glendower had lost her footing, and had fallen overboard into the still, deep waters below, and by a miracle of mercy, Beverley Rochfort had been near at hand, had plunged into the water, and at risk of his own life, had succeeded in saving her.

This was the news that was telegraphed to John Glendower up in Scotland, and which caused his cheeks to turn ashen gray, and then made him rush wildly to the station, en route for the south, while Audrey lay still and white on her luxurious cabin bed, carefully watched by Mrs. Hungerford and Lady Daleswater, whose usually impassive countenance was pale and perturbed.

"The shock to the nerves has been very great," said the doctor, who was summoned hastily; "but for Mr. Rochfort's bravery, my dear Lady Daleswater, her ladyship would not be alive now."

In a dim, far-off way Audrey heard all this and pondered over it. She tried to ransack her brain to account for the accident, but in vain. Even when Jack came, and she felt his arms holding her close to his beating heart, his memory did not clear; she could tell him nothing, for she knew nothing herself; it only troubled her to think about it. So Jack took the doctor's advice and refused to allow any more questions.

"She is saved, thank heaven, and that is all I care!" he said, rather brokenly, to his sister, and then, when he found himself face to face with Rochfort, he went straight up to him. "Rochfort," he said, quietly, "hitherto I have judged you harshly; henceforth I will try and amend for that judgment. I owe my wife's life to you. Here is my hand, I only hope, some day, I may be able to show my gratitude to you and to repay you for what you have done."

Beverley replied by some graceful words, but as he was alone, he walked to the edge of the yacht and looked across the waters.

"Here endeth the prologue," he said to himself; "now the drama is about to begin."

CHAPTER XIX.

The party on board the Mona was broken up. Audrey's nerves were shattered for the time, so that Jack was not happy until he could remove her from the yacht to the land.

"What do you say to a short honeymoon all alone with me before we go back to Craiglands?" he whispered to her persuasively, and his heart rejoiced at the smile and blush with which she received this idea.

And so, despite all Lady Daleswater could say, he carried his point, and three days after her accident Audrey left the Mona and went to the quietest and most solitary part of the island that was to be found.

She had one brief interview with Beverley Rochfort, and her voice trembled as she tried to speak her thanks. Willie Fullerton was standing by, and somehow it pained and angered him to hear her doing this.

"Had I been on board I'll stake my existence it would never have happened," he murmured to himself, not understanding why so curious and strong a doubt of Rochfort's bravery and honesty should cross his mind, but perfectly assured of his existence all the same. The day they left the Isle of Wight Jack seemed full of mystery.

"Now, I wonder if you have the least idea where you are going to, my lady?" he observed, merrily, as they reached London and changed trains.

"Home to Craiglands, of course."

"No, not to Craiglands just yet."

"I really cannot imagine, then, but, with a shy little blush, 'I—I don't care where it is as long as you are with me.'"

They smiled and chatted on, happy and serene, till they reached their journey's end.

"Now do you know where you are?" Jack asked as they drove through some dingy streets in a cab, leaving Murray at the station confiding her disgust to her fellow servant, the successor to Henry Downs.

"No," she said in bewilderment. "I have never been here before."

"And yet you lived here all your life. This is Broadborough, Audrey, and—"

"And are you going to take me to see Jean, dear Jean! Oh, darling, how can I thank you! How good you are to me! Jack, you must thank her, you must be good to her, for she was the dearest and the best in the world to me. Jean, dear Jean! Oh, how slow this horse is going!"

"Audrey, I shall begin to be jealous of Miss Thwait," Jack observed, with a twinkle in his eye. "She has left the home. Mr. Lulworth has adopted her. You see, I know all about it. I have

been busy writing while you were dreaming." They entered a house as Jack spoke.

"Then Jean knows I am coming!" Audrey cried, excitedly, and then, the next minute, she had flown up to a slender, gray-robed figure and had flung her arms about it with a reckless disregard for the astonishment of the neat servant-maid, or the portly, kind-faced Mayor.

"Audrey—my queen!"

"Jean—darling!"

The joy of that meeting was not to be adequately described. All Jean's fears and stifled longings were swept away now. Her Audrey was not changed; she was as sweet, as dear as ever, and how beautiful!

Jack, after cordially greeting his girl-wife's friend, left them to themselves for a moment; and then, after he had chatted with Mr. Lulworth, who gazed with mingled awe and deference on Audrey, scarcely believing his eyes, he turned to the two girls.

"Now, Audrey, I think, if you make inquiries, you will find that Miss Thwait's trunks are all packed and that we can take our departure together."

"Jack"—Audrey paused for a moment—"Jean is to come back with me! Oh, Jack! You darling!"

Mr. Lulworth discreetly turned his back, but Jean looked on with fearful yet joyful eyes as Audrey flung herself into her husband's arms and kissed him warmly.

Half an hour later a merry party was driving to the Broadborough station. Jean Thwait had to pinch herself to realize that it was really she herself who was sitting there opposite that smart, handsome young man, and beside her beloved Audrey, so lovely and exquisite in her dainty clothes. She was dazed with joy, speechless with excitement, and these emotions mingled made her pale, delicate face almost pretty.

How they traveled to Mountray the two girls really could not have told. They had so much to say, so many exclamations of delight and affection that the time passed unheeding, and Audrey only realized she was back in what would be her home for some time, when on alighting she saw the carriage, perfectly appointed, waiting to receive them.

When at last she was alone with her husband, having herself deposited Jean, speechless with admiration, in a dainty bedroom, she had no more words left with which to thank him. She simply went up to him, and putting her slender arms about him, thanked him in a mute way which touched him inexpressibly.

CHAPTER XX.

This visit of Jean's was the crowning point of Audrey's happiness. Jean loved to watch them strolling together, arm in arm, through the grounds. She was a dreamer, and she transformed those two into every hero and heroine of history or romance. Day by day she found some new trait to love and admire.

As for Jack, he cordially liked the pale, intellectual-faced girl; she was by nature a thorough lady, and her mind gave evidence of deep thought, that only required culture to blossom into great cleverness.

After they had been at Craiglands a fortnight there was a bustle and a confusion. Miss Fraser returned to Dinglewood House. She brought back with her about half a dozen guests, among whom were Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter, the Honorable Lancelot Twist, and Beverley Rochfort. Lady Daleswater was to join her in a few days, and the earl also promised the honor of his presence.

"I suppose we shall be having a wedding at Dinglewood before long," declared Jack, one morning at luncheon.

Audrey was silent for a moment.

"Gladys will be at Dinglewood next week. Must we ask them to dinner?" she said at length.

"I really don't see why we should. If Gladys wants to visit Mountray she ought to come and stay with us; she knows that."

"But Sheila asked her first, and we can't quarrel at her for accepting an invitation, can we, Jean?"

"Why not ask Lady Daleswater to come to Craiglands when her visit ends at Dinglewood House?" Jean suggested, timidly.

"You may do as you like, Audrey, but I still maintain that Gladys should have come to us first; there, kiss me, darling. I am going to ride over to Belighton on business."

Audrey ran to the door with him, and saw him mount and ride away.

"Now for our visiting, Jean," she said, and ordered out the barouche, and went to dress herself for the occasion.

They called at a number of houses, at Lady Grace Huntley's, at the Everests', and many others, and ended by alighting for a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Thorngate, who was rather cold toward Audrey, and then by driving to Dinglewood House.

Audrey walked into the drawing room, a slender, graceful form, in her dress of dark green velvet, close-fitting jacket, and small hat to match. Beverley Rochfort, as he rose to meet the regal girl, quickly determined that, beautiful as she always was, she had never looked more beautiful than now.

Mrs. Watson was knitting by the fire, grim as a sentinel, and Mrs. Fairfax was dosing over a novel in the most comfortable chair she could find.

"My niece is out, Lady John," intoned Mrs. Watson, rising stiffly; "she is riding."

"Yes; didn't you know that? How strange!" And Mrs. Fairfax laughed softly and disagreeably to herself.

"I don't quite see where the strangeness comes in," Beverley Rochfort retorted, coolly, as he handed some tea to Audrey and Jean.

"I merely meant it was strange that your husband should not have told you he was going to ride out with Sheila this afternoon, but, no doubt, he did not think it was necessary; after all, they are such old friends, Lady John, there is no need for you to be jealous."

"Of course, had your husband known he was to have the pleasure of Miss Fraser's company during his ride, Audrey, he would have told you," Jean said, very quietly, looking Mrs. Fairfax full in the face with her honest, clear, gray eyes. "I expect it was a hasty arrangement, was it not, Mr. Rochfort?"

"I think you must be right, Miss Thwait," was his answer. He cared nothing for Mrs. Fairfax's angry glances; he saw that he had made a great stride in both Audrey's and Jean Thwait's estimation. "How are all your animals?" he said, coming up to Audrey, and conversing in a soft, low voice.

Audrey, feeling grateful to him for his delicate tact, responded more warmly than she had ever addressed him before, while Mrs. Fairfax fixed her eyes on Jean, and tried to stare down the "impertinent young person" who had dared to cross words with her.

"Er—you are an old friend of Lady John's, I presume, Miss—Thwait?"

"Yes," Jean answered, laconically.

"You were educated together?"

"Yes," Jean answered a second time.

"So you are a charity girl, too?" she observed, slowly.

"Pardon me. I was, but am no longer. Would you really care to hear all my family history, madame? I assure you it is most interesting. My father—"

But Mrs. Fairfax drew back her chair. This low-born creature actually had the effrontery to be laughing at her.

"I—er—really don't think I will trouble you, Miss Thwait."

"Well," declared Jean, as they drove away, "so those are the manners of the aristocracy, are they? Give me plebeian ways in future. What a horrid woman, Audrey, and did you see her face thick with paint?"

"She is certainly very disagreeable to me. Why should she have said that about Jack?"

"Because she is a cat, my dear child, and she felt she must scratch."

"Well, I was really most grateful to Mr. Rochfort. He came to the rescue most gallantly."

Jean was silent so long that Audrey at last laughingly inquired the reason.

"I was thinking about that man, Audrey, you were quite right to fear him; he is dangerous. Mrs. Fairfax is a vulgar cat; her warfare won't harm you; but Beverley Rochfort is a snake, and he will sting you when you least expect it. That is my humble but firm opinion. I may be wrong, but I don't think so. Be warned, my darling, trust to your first impulse and shun that man!"

(To be continued.)

Trackless Trains Go Everywhere. Locomotives without tracks, drawing behind them long trains of cars, and speeding over the highways, are to-day familiar sights in Europe, from France in the west, to Turkey in the east. Under the caption, "Trackless Trains Go Everywhere," Donald Burns, in the Technical World Magazine so writes. Wherever the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can go, the trackless trolley can go likewise. The author describes one particular model, known as the Renard train, as follows: "This latest prodigy, the Renard train, is a train of passenger or freight vehicles, headed by a steam or gasoline locomotive which travels over country roads and town or city streets. The ordinary railway train calls for steel rails and a special right-of-way; the Renard train has no necessity for either of these, but shares the common highway with the horse-drawn vehicle."

Further on, the writer says: "In France the Renard train has been used for military service with marked results. A convoy so transported occupies one-eighth the space of one drawn by mules, or horses, and it travels at a speed of ten miles per hour." Even Turkey and Persia, two countries which are noted for their backwardness in most things, have been quick to take up the new ideas.

Natural Evidence.

Eva—Why, Katherine, your hair is all mussed up.

Katherine—Yes, dear; you—you see, Jack stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Eva—But why don't you step in front of a mirror and rearrange your hair?

Katherine—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

One Woman's Wisdom.

"I suppose," said Mrs. DeStyle, "that we may as well send Miss Uppson a solid silver tasset for a wedding present."

"Yes, that would be very nice," rejoined her daughter. "By the way, she told me she didn't intend to have the list of presents published in the papers, as she considered it vulgar."

"That being the case," continued Mrs. DeStyle, "we'll send her a set of plated spoons."

Old Story.

Gunner—During our courting days she said she would go through anything on earth for me.

Guy—Ah, and now that you are enjoying wedded bliss has she made good?

Gunner—Well, no. About the only thing she goes through is my vest pockets.

Stalled.

Farmer Hardapple—Pays you right for automobiling on Sunday, neighbor. You know the way of the transgressor is always hard.

Chauffeur (of machine stuck in mud)—Well, old man, in this case the way seems to be extremely soft.

A Fine Link Chain.

Teacher—Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?

Bright Pupil—Yes, mum; there's bash.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Captain Frits-Egger, a Swiss cavalry officer, has invented a method of horse-shoeing by fastening the shoe to the hoof with metallic bands.

HERE SHE COMES.



—Cincinnati Post.

PRESERVED HIS DIGNITY.

The talk had turned on British butlers—most solemn and majestic of functionaries—and a lady present related her experience as a girl at a dinner party in London. Her neighbor at table was a famous man, of whom she stood so much in awe that she found herself unable to converse with him, and sat silent and uncomfortable, vexed at her own shyness, yet unable to overcome it. Dinner was half over when she chanced to lift her eyes to a tilted mirror on the wall, and beheld a spectacle otherwise invisible to the guests.

Half-way down the long table sat a very great lady, aged and deaf, the grandmother of the hostess, and a little beside and behind her chair was posted the family butler, whose duty it was on such occasions to repeat into her trumpet such scraps of conversation as he could catch, and answer her questions concerning anything that was going on.

She was far too deaf for conversation at table with strangers, but Mullins' deep, familiar tones, even when whispered, she could understand.

At the moment when the young American looked up, Mullins, to the eyes of the company, showed as a composed and stately being, respectfully bent toward the trumpet of Lady Blank. But the treacherous mirror reflected a rear view of different effect.

A very young and harmless puppy had somehow slipped into the dining-room, and with rattle but distracting ferocity was worrying first one and then the other of poor Mullins' silken calves.

With surreptitious kicks and shakes the unfortunate man, cleverly preserving his dignified appearance above the level of the table, would endeavor to fling aside his joyous enemy, who would roll away a few feet unharmed and gleefully return to the attack. At last in a specially vigorous effort Mullins shed a shoe, which the puppy promptly seized and ran away with.

The American girl, shaking with mirth, quietly called the attention of her distinguished neighbor to the scene in the looking-glass, and they watched it together with breathless interest to its close.

Her shyness was banished by the time they had laughed out their laugh together, and the great man, recovering his breath, pronounced the issue a drawn battle.

"The enemy is driven from the field; but he departs with a trophy."

POINTERS ON EGG COOKERY.

Some Things to Be Borne in Mind in Preparing Them.

Cheese and eggs, both having great nutritive value, may well take the place of meat during a brief sojourn, says the Home Magazine. Epicures say an egg to have the best flavor, should be twelve hours old, and certainly eggs over a week old are not palatable when boiled, though they are not unpalatable when fried and are quite as serviceable in other dishes. In cooking eggs it should be remembered that the albumen, of which the white is chiefly composed, is most easily digested when slightly coagulated, while the yolk digests easiest when dry and mealy. To boil eggs evenly, put them into a dish having a tight cover and pour boiling water over them in the proportion of two quarts to one dozen eggs, cover and set at the back of the stove. After seven minutes turn the eggs, re-cover, and in six minutes more the eggs will be cooked. When more eggs than four are used by this method, about ten minutes longer after the turning will be required. In this way the white of the egg cooks to a jellylike consistency, while the yolk is crumbly harder.

Foreign cooks use a small portion of grated cheese to give a piquant relish to many dishes. Veal broth, creamed potatoes and many salads are greatly

improved by its addition. The shell of an Edam or pineapple cheese makes a very nice dish for serving macaroni or light salad, and if thoroughly rinsed in cold water immediately after using and kept in a cold, dry place will serve many times.

A DESCENDANT OF CAESAR.

Little Mrs. Brown Felt Inefficient Beside the Roman Conqueror.

Little Mrs. Brown had just finished recounting the many things that she meant to accomplish on the morrow. She usually got through with all she undertook, and her family, accustomed to such announcements, let them pass without comment. But to-night Dorothy, the daughter of the house, who had recently taken on the dignity of a high school sophomore, looked up from her Latin translation with a gleeful chuckle.

"I wish I could find mother's family tree," she said. "I'm sure that mother is related to Caesar. I want you to listen to this, and with frequent turnings to her vocabulary she read slowly:

"By Caesar all things had to be done at one time; the banner had to be raised; the signal had to be given with the trumpet; the soldiers had to be recalled from the fortification; those who had advanced farther than usual, for the sake of gaining material for the sagger, had to be summoned; the line of battle had to be drawn up; the soldiers had to be encouraged; and the signal had to be given. The shortness of the time and the approach of the enemy hindered the great part of these things."

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphant.

"Don't that sound just like one of mother's big days?"

"Mercy me!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, beaming over her compliment. "Did he get through with it all right?"

"I don't know," was the unsatisfactory answer. "I haven't finished the translation."

The next evening, when Dorothy took up her Caesar, Mrs. Brown asked, eagerly, "Have you found out yet whether he got through with all those things that had to be done at once?"

"I'm sure he did," said Dorothy. "I read the headings of several chapters in advance of our lesson, and he seems to have been successful."

Mrs. Brown heaved a sigh of relief, then said, "I'm mighty glad he did. Poor man, I know just how he must have felt. I've thought of him a lot of times to-day. I thought I had a pretty full day, but mercy me! when I think of Caesar it made me feel ashamed."—Youth's Companion.

Hunting Garb for Women.

Big game hunting in the Rockies is no divided skirt proposition. "Not many women," said the guide, "have the strength or desire to pack a gun and follow a guide all day over as rough a country as God ever made." Which is a truism.

But if she has the strength and the desire, then she must discard all pretense of skirts—for comfort as well as for safety. Dress the part or keep out of the game. There are horseback trips where the underbrush and timber would make short work of any kind of a skirt. Nothing but across saddle riding and knickerbockers or riding breeches is to be considered.

Heavy climbing boots with hob nails and leggings are necessities; a flannel shirt is most comfortable and it is well to have along a heavy woolen sweater and a waterproof coat.—Outing Magazine.

Not Cheap Talk.

"Maria, what's that call money ya pa and Thomas hev been talkin' about so much?"

"Law, ma, don't be so ignorant. Why, call money is the telephone rent."—Baltimore American.

Oh, Papa!

"You say your daughter resembles her mother."

"Yes, she's always wanting me to get her something I cannot afford."—Houston Post.

Old Favorites

But who the melodies of morn can tell? The wild brook babbling down the mountain side? The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell; The pipe of early shepherd, dim described In the lone valley, echoing far and wide The clamorous horn along the cliff above; The hollow murmur of the ocean tide; The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love, And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage cures at early pilgrim bark; Crowned with her pall the tripping milkmaid sings; The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark! Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings; Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs; Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour; The partridge bursts away on whirring wings; Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bowers; And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower. —James Beattie.

Comedians—April 19.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept; Alike the conqueror silent sleeps; And Time the ruined bridge has swept Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set to green a votive stone; That memory may their deed redeem, When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare To die, or leave their children free, Bid Time and Nature gently spare The shaft we raise to them and thee. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SUGAR MIGHT BE CHEAPER.

Suggested National Policy that Would Reduce the Price.

Including Cuba, whose interest is vital, four different groups are concerned by the American sugar situation. There are (1) the American government, which receives a little more than \$50,000,000 a year in revenue from the tariff on sugar; (2) our domestic and our insular producers, to whom that tariff is a direct benefit to the extent of about \$50,000,000 a year; (3) the consumer, who is interested in lower prices, and (4) the Cubans, who are so largely dependent upon the American market for their livelihood. In an article in the International Edward F. Atkins of Boston, the owner of a large plantation in Cuba, works out this problem along an interesting and probably correct line.

With a general assumption of the continuance of present political and financial conditions Mr. Atkins says:

"To all appearances our importations of foreign sugar, other than Cuban, will soon end and from that time, if domestic and Cuban production keeps pace with increased consumption, as is anticipated, a differential to Cuba would protect her against other countries and reduce cost to consumers in the United States." He holds that "the protection of even the Cuban rate (about 1.55 cents a pound) now gives the domestic sugar producers so large a margin of profit that they can well afford to drop prices below Cuba's cost in order to market their goods." He claims that in the almost certain event of the reduction of competition to our domestic product and the Cuban product a very material reduction could be made in the present Dingley rate.

Should that be done two results should follow: There should be reduction in selling prices and important increase in consumption. The initial loss of revenue to the government would soon be offset by increase in imports from Cuba. Increased demand should stimulate domestic production. The Dingley rate, practically a maximum rate, would keep out the sugar of other countries if Cuba were given a differential, or what might be regarded as a minimum rate. This differential would virtually assure to Cuba a market for her product and so divide the market between her output and our domestic supply.

The argument is certainly worth careful consideration by the authorities.—New York Sun.

None Lost.

Sand Bar Ferry, near Augusta, Georgia, is a flatboat affair, frail and rickety. Two timid ladies, hesitating to cross, plied the negro boatman with questions about it.

"And are you perfectly sure no one has ever been lost here?" they demanded.

"No, missus," replied the ferryman. "No one ain't never been lost here. Marsa Jake Bristow done got spilled out and drowned last week, but dey found 'im again nex'-day. We ain't never los' nobody, no, ma'am."

Breaking a record at billiards requires a skill and energy which would accomplish something worth while, if properly directed.

Nearly every man has a worthless relative who lives off of him.