# THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

Mrs. Thorngate was waiting for her, | will get on well with her, my dear, and and came up to her at once. At the first glimpse of her sweet, motherly face Audrey's nervousness went. The vicar's wife spoke cheerfully and kindly to the girl, and as they walked out of the station together her thoughts were very

What could George have been thinking about when he spoke of this child as 'nice looking?' Why, the words are heresy when used to describe her face! Poor soul! I am sorry for ber! Such beauty in her station of life does not mean happiness."

Audrey found herself speaking quite naturally and easily to this kind man-nered woman, and answered all the questions Mrs. Thorngate put to ber in her fresh, clear voice and refined tones.

But whatever the vicar's wife was turning over in her mind it was never permitted to ripen, for just as they were passing in at the rectory garden-a pretty place even in the chill February weather-a young lady, mounted on a bay horse with black points, and attended by a smart groom, rode swiftly along the road. She drew rein as she saw Mrs. Thorngate.

"Good morning," she cried, in a clear, rather hard voice. "Have you seen anything of Lord John? They tell me he came a cropper just by Delf Woods, and went back by train to get another mount, as he had lamed old Hector. You have not seen him, Mrs. Thorngate? Dear me, how tiresome! The day is quite hot, and we shaped the have such a rattling good run."

"It is a pity," Mrs. Thorngate assented heartily, for in her youth she had been a first rate sportswoman, and she sympathized with the girl's disappointment warmly; "but can't you catch them up somewhere, Miss Fraser? Where was the meet?

#### CHAPTER III.

Sheila Fraser explained everything in her sharp way, and 'Audrey, standing modestly in the background, looked in admiration and surprise at the neat, well turned figure sitting easily in the saddle, at the small, oval face under the straight hat brim, and the coil of red gold hair at the nape of the neck.

How pretty this Miss Fraser was! Her teeth were so even and so white, her cheeks so rosy warm in color; only her eyes seemed cold and hard. They moved about quickly, and to Audrey were just like sharp needles.

"I rode back to inquire after Lord John at his mother's request, because some one said he was really hort. Now, I wish I had not been so quixotic. I really don't quite know what I shall do." Miss Fraser tapped her small foot with her whip impatiently, and then frowned. The wind had blown the veil over Audrey's face again, but she could see through it easily, and she did not like that frown, it made the eyes more sharp and cruel than before.

"I suppose it is no use nekin have some luncheon with me, 'Mrs. Thorngate said, and then, all at once, she remembered Audrey, and attered an exclamation. "I very nearly forgot," she said, turning to Miss Fraser, "your new maid has arrived. This is she.

Sheila Fraser looked carelessly at the slender form in its black cloak and ail. "Oh!" she said shortly; she paused a

moment, and then addressing Audrey, 'you had better go up to Dinglewood at once: ask Bircham; she will tell you what your duties are, and-er-what is your name?"

"Maxse-Audrey Maxse," Mrs. Thorngate replied, quickly.

"Well-er-Maxse, you must alter your dress. That funeral cloar and veil are simply absurd. Please see to that at once."

Miss Fraser bent from her saddle to ask one or two questions conndentially of the vicar's wife, and then her face flushed, and she uttered an exclamation of pleas-

"Here he is, after all!" as a horse man came fleetly toward them. Jack Glendurwood pulled up with a

jerk. "Halloo, Sheila, you here? Why, I thought you would have been at Sherwood Downs, at least, by this time."

He was thoroughly well cleansed of all mud, and looked as speck and span as Miss Fraser herself, as he removed his hat and greeted Mrs. Thorngate.

"Heard you had a cropper, and, as your mother was anxious, I rode back to see what was left of you," Sheila replied in a curt, somewhat mas vline man-

"Poor mother," he said, lightly, "Well, the best thing we can do is to tear down to Welland! The hounds went through there a few minutes ago, I heard; I thought I might catch them up here, but as they have not come this way, we are pretty sure of tumbling in with them in that direction."

He looked eager to be off, and his eyes never went toward the gate where Audrey stood, shrinking back shyly, in her black garments. A few more words exchanged and the two young people rode off, and Mrs. Thorngate came up to Audrey.

"Well, how do you like your young maistress' looks?" she asked, k'ndly.

Audrey paused for a moment, then in a numb sort of way she answered:

"She is very pretty think."
"Miss Frase is the acknowledged beauty of these parts-she is an heiress. Dinglewood is a lovely place. I hope you

be happy in your new home.

Miss Fraser came home very tired about 6 o'clock, and found Bircham, her first maid, carefully instructing the newcomer in the various duties expected of her. Audrey, mindful of her mistress' commands, had put on her only other gown, a thick gray one of rough material, with neat collar and cuffs, and a blackribbed apron. Her hair was brushed straight off her face, and rolled in a huge knot at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. She was pale, but her eyes were shining with admiration and surprise and some excitement. Never, in her wildest dreams, had she conjured up so many lovely things as were massed together in Sheila Fraser's apartments, with their silken hangings, their dainty furniture, costly ornaments, and the hundred and one appointments which finished every

"It is like fairyland," Andrey said over and over again in her bewilderment. She hardly liked to tread on the Persian rugs and furs thrown on the floor, and she held her breath as she stood beside the ivory toilet table, and gazed at the brushes and array of bottles and oth-

er knickknacks in old Dutch silver. "If Jean could but see them!" was

her thought. She was quite dazed with all the love liness about her, and gave little cries of surprise and delight as Bir. ham lighted the pink-globed lamps and st'rred the fire into a blaze.

She felt it must be some delicious heaven-sent dream, and that presently she should wake and find herself in her cold, hard bed at the home, the bell clanging the time to rise.

Sheila's arrival dispelled this feeling, and, as the young lady entered, she seemed to bring a rush of cold air with her that destroyed the illusion of fairyland.

"My bath at once!" she ordered, sharply; and then, looking across at Audrey, she added: "You must remember to have it always ready for me when I have been out hunting, Maxse. Bircham, you have told her everything?"

"Yes, miss, everything." "Let her remain here and watch you to-night."

Audrey stood in a dusky corner with her hands folded, as Miss Fraser, having plunged into her bath and thus refreshed and invigorated herself, sat before the long, ivory-mounted duchesse mirror, and put herself into Bircham's hands to have her hair dressed.

Audrey thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as Sheila Fraser's hair; every thread seemed of burnished gold as the brush went through it, and the lamp light shone on it, and when by and by her young mistress stood adorned for dinner in a black crepe gown, with diamonds glittering in her wavy tresses and around her white throat, the girl was quite dazed.

It had been such a long, wonderful day, full of such agitation and so many new experiences.

### CHAPTER IV.

Audrey woke with a start the next morning, and her first thought was how angry Miss Irons would be that she was late. The faint, golden rays of the February sun were streaming in through the sides of the blind; the bell was not ringing. She looked about her in a dazed mechanical fashion, sitting up in bed, with her mass of black hair tessed loosely on her shoulders.

Where was she? Surely that was not Jean's bed in the other corner? Jean never snored like that. She rubbed her eyes, shivered a little with the cold, and then was wide awake. She was not in her old bedroom, but in her new, and that sleeping form across in the other corner was not Jean's small, thin one, but the large-boned, heavy frame of Bircham, her fellow-servant.

She shut the door quietly and went down stairs, and brushed away briskly at the riding habit and other garments for a good half hour; then, with a shy laugh, she determined to go on to the servants' quarters and reconnoiter.

"I must meet the others sooner or

later," she thought. A rosy cheeked housemaid was busy with her broom and stopped to courtesy as she saw what she took to be a guest coming down the wide oaken staircasethere were always two or three strangers at Dinglewood. Audrey was gazing out of her lovely dark blue eyes with deep pleasure and interest at the fresh wonders that met her gaze at every turn; her young, buoyant, nervously excitable heart thrilled as with delight at the carved oaken panels, the full-length costume portraits, the figures in armor that stood in their niches, as though goarding the old house as their dead and gone wearers did in the days of yore. The bousemaid's respectful courtesy first provoked a smile

and then a little sigh. "I want to find the kitchen; am I going wrong?" she said, and then she put out her hand. "I am the new maid, Audrey Maxse! Shall we be friends? What is your name? If it is like your face

it is sure to be nice." The housemaid stared at her in amazement; but when she saw that Audrey still held out her hand, she put her own rough palm into it, while she grinned

good naturedly.
"I baint bad frens with no one, I baint, and I likes you! Why, I took you for a lady. There! My name's 'Lisa.

What's yourn, did you say?" Audrey explained all that was neces-

sary, and then Eliza showed her the way to the housekeeper's room, the servants' hall and the kitchen.

"You come down the wrong stairs," she said. "Them's the ones you must use," pointing to her right. "Here's the kitching. My! Don't the brekkus smell nice? Ain't you 'ungry? You must eat a lot, and then you'll get red cheeks. Here's Mr. Downs!" and Eliza broke off to giggle, as a young man-a very good imitation of a gentleman-sauntered in through the open doorway that led to the courtyard, thence to the stables and the kitchen garden beyond. "He's Lord John's vary," she whispered in a loud voice to Andrey, "and such a swell!"

M Downs smiledd with much superiority a he caught indiza's ingenuous tone of aduration't He was soon chaffing and joking with her, whitele Audrey, who felt an inderribable vexer ion and dislike arising witte her at the man's presence, went to he danning and walked out into the contenant. It was so clear and fresh in the cold morning air that she soon lost her vague discomfort, and began to make friends with the half dozen dogs of every sort and description, who came from the stables to inquire into the new arrival. A voice from behind broke her silence, and, turning, with a frown, she saw that Downs had followed

"You'll get cold out here, miss," the young man said, fixing his eyes on her exquisite face with astonished admiration; "and you're much too pretty-

Audrey drew herself up. She was very young, and she had never had occasion to feel the sort of angry resentment that this man's bold stare awakened in her breast. She was too nervous to make any reply, but she turned tound quickly and went indoors before he knew what she was doing.

"Oh! That's her sort, is hi?" observed Mr. Henry Downs to himself. "Who's she, I'd like to know, though she is so pretty, to give herself airs I'ke a queen? Well, we'll soon take that out of her, or my name ain't Downs."

And, dispensing a few kicks to the dogs, the man walked away down the courtyard to give his master's order to the head groom.

Audrey, to her great relief, found that a message had come for her to go to Miss Fraser's room at once. Shella Fraser was lying in her luxuriant t-d, her redgold hair thrown over the pillows in picturesque confusion as Audrey entered.

"Light my fire at once," she ordered, sharply; "then pull up the blind, and give me those papers and letters, Maxse." Audrey stirred the smollering embers

into a blaze, threw some wood on to it, and then drew back the silken curtains. Miss Fraser took the letters and stared at the girl.

"I don't think I shall "ke this girl," she said to herself. "She is evidently stupid, and stares at one in an uncanny fashion. Go to Mrs. Fraser's roomyou know where it is-give her my love, and ask how she is this morning," she

said, shortly. She lay quite still as Audrey went away, then, with a sudden movement, she slipped from the bed, went across the rich carpet to the mirror, and gazed silently at her own image. Never before, in the whole of her life, had she ever viewed her own reflection with anything but pleasure. What was it that jarred her now? Not only the lack of symmetry in feature, the difference in coloringwas it not a certain air of unaccountable refinement-a something that bespoke the patrician in Audrey's face, and that

was wanting in her own? She was not patrician born-she was of the people. Her father had been a hard-headed Scotch merchant, born of re spectable Scotch tradesfolk: her mother the rich and only daughter of a Cumberland brewer. They were wealthy, they had land, they had retinues of servants, but still they were beyond the sacred inner social round. Shella could remember distinctly the days before her mother's death; she was only a girl of eight but she was wonderfully sharp and precocious for her years. Mrs. Fraser had no other children. She was an unloved wife, her ambitions did not keep pace with those of her husband, and the rift, begun almost immediately after the marriage, widened and widened until they were virtually separated altogether. George Fraser neither felt nor pretended to feel any sorrow when his wife died. He was considerably enriched by her for-

### (To be continued.)

His Mistake. Fred-The ways of women are past

all understanding. Jack-What's the trouble new?

Fred-While I was in the parlor alone with Miss Pinkleigh, she lowered

Jack-Huh! You ought to have known that negatives are always devel oped in dark rooms.

### Courage Promoters.

"Women," remarked Wedderly, "are great incentive to manly courage." "What's the explanation?" queried his friend Singleton.

"Well," replied Wedderly, "since I've been up against the matrimonial game and had a few little tilts with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the toughest citizen in town seems like mere child's play to me."

The Usual Variety. Jaggles-Is his flying machine a su cess?

Waggles-Half way so. It always comes down flying .- Puck.

No Tragedy. The engineer was asleep. Happily no tragedy followed. It was time to be off duty and he was in his bed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Cruel.

"Cholly tells me that he has received a very flattering offer for his serv-

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as this. The Professor-Not at all; but it's hard to characterize it in terms fit for publication.

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#### Open House.

Father had just sunk the carving knife in the turkey when there came the usual ring at the bell.

"Look here, Maud," he said, sternly, "if that young man of yours is going to call four nights a week regularly, tell him to come after dinner."

"It isn't necessary, father," replied the young girl. "That's what he comes after."-New York Press.

Moving Pictures of Man in Fits. The cinematograph has demonstrated its usefulness to the science of medicine in more ways than one. Dr. W. G. Chase of Edinburgh used it to procure films illustrating the convulsions accompanying an epileptic fit. The

thoroughness with which the subject has been pursued may be judged from the statement that the films exhibiting epileptic seizures measure 1,550 feet and contain nearly 23,000 minute pictures of attitudes assumed during the convulsions. The value of such records lies mainly in using them to instruct medical students so that they may recognize the character of a fit when en-

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"Well," replied young De Short, "if that's the way you feel about it give Eva-Well, I guess it would take a me a good salaried position in your great deal of "dust" to buy that one, office and we'll let it go at that."

### N DISEASES **HUMORS IN THE BLOOD**

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts the gas, and, thinking it was a hint for of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; me to propose, I did so, but she refused the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, feathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the

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