THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER VII.

duting the week that followed as to the very apparent change that had come over Jack Glendarwood. He came to Dinglewood nearly every day, but in an almost pointed manner he gave ner to understand that his visits were to Mrs. Fraser, and

Sue 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 Iverne's cor dition grew worse, and he, John Glendarwood, would 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 fiancee. 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 ner.

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 wili, more than pleasant, and her life so peaceful and happy that she could hardly realize it was herself who lived it and not

Mrs. Fraser made no further remark about Audrey's eyes, nor did she seem to recegnize 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 Freser came first thing in the morning and chatted 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 rector'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 wan face. At first Audrey had been afraid to meet Miss Fra. er, 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

"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 seb sounding as if it were behind her voice.

"Oh! so-so happy!" Ardrey cried. Incelling 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 love v girlish face almost hungrily, certainly passionately. Audrey laid her cool !ips 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 ber heart. "Oh, heaven! If this comes to me, how shall I thank Thee for Thy goodness?"

Audrey soon equipped nevself. She no longer wore the hideous black bonnet, but a smaller one, with a bright crimson ribbon as a relief to her dar't 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 gayly 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 friendsthere 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 sealskin, with a cap to match, on her ruddy hair, was walking beside Beverley Rochfort. She looked many backward glances, he rided the coat

bored, as indeed she was, and cross, too, Shella Fraser was a little perturbed 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.

"Glendurwooft 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 infold 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 coarms, 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 be-

tween 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 nestle into his. "Audrey!" How sweet her eyes were, how brilliant! He shook off the intoxication that was steal-

ing 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 triend," she faltered-for something in his eyes, bent on her, made her heart beat and the blood mount to her cheeks.

"Friend and lover, aye, 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?" She looked at him out of her blue eyes 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 she coung to him with a passionate gesture and buried her face on his rough coat. A ctock 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, you will go? Well, then, you must give me another kissanother! 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 heip, 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 bead 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

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.

Mountberry rang with gosslp the following day. Lord John Giendurwood had been found in the Dinglewood grounds, robbed and half mundered, 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 mar-

This extraordinary piece of news seem ed 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 hose lawyer chaps to-morrow, and 'mea 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

Years before, when Constance Gascoigne was a girl of nineteen, and had don Dally Chronicle. 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 dragoon regiyoung girl fell most violently in love.

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 Burmah; they were to leave in a fortnight. What was to be done? Lady Ans-

truther, already an invalid, was distraught at the thought of losing her other. 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, him to telephone to his office and ask I know, and if Sir Edwin is very, very if he was in. angry, you can stay with mother till I have made all my arrangements for you to follow me out to Burmah."

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 arrivalhad, 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 arrange ments.

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 obgdurate-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.)

Constant complaints never get pity. -From the German.

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Newspaper Nicknames in London.

Judge Rentoul's reference on the reminds us how remarkably this nick- ness, experienced much trouble with name has persisted. The Morning Post false teeth. Consequently she was is no longer "Jeames"; the Standard disposed to regard this world as a has not been "Mrs. Gamp" since the de- vale of tears. A neighbor, passing her cease of the Morning Herald-the "Mrs. house one day, beheld the lady sitting Harris" to whom it would allude as an at the window, wearing an expression name to Capt. Edward Sterling, who hearted neighbor screamed at the top is said to have begun a Times' article of her voice: with the words: "We thundered forth the other day an article on the subject of social and political reform."-Lon-

Lizards' Tails. Certain lizards are remarkable for the fragility of their tails, although this weakness is not always the drawback that may be imagined. The diament, and with this cousin the beautiful mond tailed gecko, for instance, frequently owes its existence to the readi-He on his side returned the love with ness with which its caudal appendage can be snapped off. This reptile, which will perch upon a rock head downward and tail in the air, is liable to be preyed upon by hawks. One of these formidable birds will swoop down upon a lizard and seize what it takes to be the head, but is really the tail. The brittle tall snaps off, and the gecko wriggles away, not much the worse, to grow an-

> Precautionary Ventilation. The man who entered the smoking car of the elevated train at Forty-third street strode to the rear end and opened the

> Then he went half way back, sat down and lighted a cigar. An icy gale blew through the car, and two or three men started for the rear

doors for the purpose of closing them. "Wait a few moments, gentlemen," said the passenger sitting next to the new-"This man knew what kind of a comer. cigar he was going to smoke a great deal better than we did."-Chicago Tribune.

The Limit. Jim-Gruet is terribly absent-mind-

Jack-I should say so. I've known

Absolutely Necessary.

Chicago Judge-Wait a minute. Where is the court interpreter? Attorney-The witness is an American, your Honor. Why is it necessary

to have the interpreter? Chicago Judge-Because the witness is from Boston.

Marshall Wilder tells of an elderly bench to the Times as the "Thunderer" lady in Cohoes, who, besides her deafindependent authority. But the Times of more than usual gloom. Thinking to is still the "Thunderer." It owes that cheer the unfortunate one, the good-

> "Good morning, Mrs. Blank. Fine weather we're having."

> "Yes," replied the elderly lady, "but

I can't eat with 'em yit."

Experience as a Teacher. "The way to get a thing done properly," remarked the home-grown philoso-

pher, "Is to do it yourself." "That's where you go lame," rejoined the man with the absent hair. "The proper way is to let your wife do itthen she can't say 'I told you so.'"

Remedy for Excess in Eating. A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in excess in eating. If this indiscretion is committed, especially in high seasoned things with rich sauces, a draft of cold water addulated with lemon juice will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive

CURED OF GRAVEL.

process by moderating the alimentary

Not a Single Stone Has Formed Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. D. Daughtrey, music publisher, of "During two or Suffolk, Va., says: three years that I had

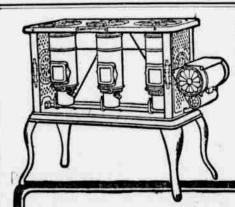


fermentation.

kidney trouble I passed about 21/2 pounds of gravel and sandy sediment in the urine. I haven't passed a stone since using Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and that was three years ago. I

used to suffer the most acute agony during a gravel attack, and had the other usual symptoms of kidney trouble-lassitude, headache, pain in the back, urinary disorders, rheumatic pain, etc. I have a box containing 14 gravel stones that I passed, but that is not one-quarter of the whole number. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a fine kidney tonic."

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