

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 Iverne's condition grew worse, and he, John Glendurwood, 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 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 will, more than pleasant, and her life so peaceful and happy that she could hardly realize it was herself who lived it and not another.

Mrs. Fraser made no further remark about Audrey's eyes, nor did she seem to recognize that vague, curious likeness that had so startled her. She was still confined to her room. But she was not dull; she had plenty of visitors. Miss Fraser came first thing in the morning and 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 rector's wife called, or 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 wif's face. After first Audrey had been afraid to meet Miss Fraser, but beyond a frown and a sharp glance at the girl Sheila said nothing; she knew better than to object to any arrangement her stepmother might make. One afternoon, toward one end of the week, Mrs. Fraser sent the girl out for a walk.

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

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

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

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

"I love you," she whispered, involuntarily.

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

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

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 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 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 shrunk, 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

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.

Mountberrry rang with gossip 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 dragoon 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.)

Constant complaints never get pity.—From the German.

Spring Medicine

The best is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best because it does the most good.

While it makes the blood pure, fresh and lively, it tones the stomach to better digestion, creates an appetite, stimulates the kidneys and liver, gives new brain, nerve and digestive strength.

An unequaled list of cures—40,366 testimonials in two years—proves its merit.

Sarsaparilla—For those who prefer medicine in tablet form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is now put up in chocolate tablets called Sarsapills, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sarsapills have identically the same curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy,—there being no loss by evaporation, breakage, or leakage. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. F. Geo. 50 Gould Street, Stoneham, Mass., says: "In 25 years experience I have never known Hood's Sarsaparilla to fail; for spring humors and as a general blood purifier; it cures scrofula, eczema, has no equal as a general spring medicine; it gives me genuine satisfaction to say this."

GUARANTEED under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. No. 324.



Newspaper Nicknames in London.

Judge Rentoul's reference on the bench to the Times as the "Thunderer" reminds us how remarkably this nickname has persisted. The Morning Post is no longer "Jeames"; the Standard has not been "Mrs. Gamp" since the decease of the Morning Herald—the "Mrs. Harris" to whom it would allude as an independent authority. But the Times is still the "Thunderer." It owes that name to Capt. Edward Sterling, who is said to have begun a Times' article with the words: "We thundered forth the other day an article on the subject of social and political reform."—London Daily Chronicle.

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 diamond tailed gecko, for instance, frequently owes its existence to the readiness 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 tail snaps off, and the gecko wriggles away, not much the worse, to grow another.

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 doors.

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 newcomer. "This man knew what kind of a cigar he was going to smoke a great deal better than we did."—Chicago Tribune.

The Limit.

Jim—Gruet is terribly absent-minded.

Jack—I should say so. I've known him to telephone to his office and ask if he was in.

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.

Cross Purposes.

Marshall Wilder tells of an elderly lady in Cohoes, who, besides her deafness, experienced much trouble with false teeth. Consequently she was disposed to regard this world as a vale of tears. A neighbor, passing her house one day, beheld the lady sitting at the window, wearing an expression of more than usual gloom. Thinking to cheer the unfortunate one, the good-hearted neighbor screamed at the top of her voice:

"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 philosopher, "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 it—then 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 adulterated with lemon juice will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moderating the alimentary fermentation.

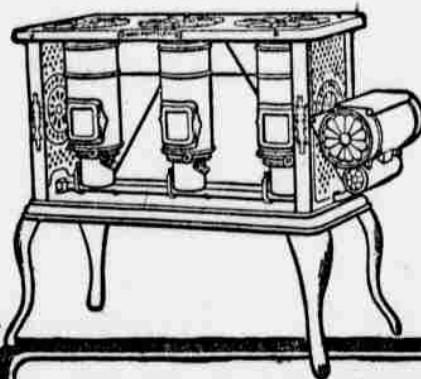
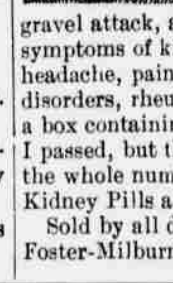
CURED OF GRAVEL.

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

J. D. Daughtrey, music publisher, of Suffolk, Va., says: "During two or three years that I had kidney trouble I passed about 2½ 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."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



The New Oil Stove

Different from other oil stoves. Superior because of its economy, cleanliness, and easy operation. The

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

saves fuel expense and lessens the work. Produces a strong working flame instantly. Flame always under immediate control. Gives quick results without overheating the kitchen. Made in three sizes. Every stove warranted. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

THE Rayo Lamp

is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickle-plated. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INCORPORATED)

