

He Could Fill the Bill.
A day or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:
"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be so confidential!"—*Success Magazine.*

Totally Different Characters.
"He must be a good fellow."
"Nonsense! Where did you get that idea? He never goes to a club and—"

"But his wife says he's a very good fellow and when a man's wife—"
"Oh! That's another thing. There's a big difference between a 'very good fellow' and a 'good fellow.'—*Philadelphia Press.*

Seeking Something Easier.
"Why did that great financier want to get into political life?" asked one Wall street man.
"Well," answered the other, "conditions are becoming peculiar. It's harder for a man to stay at the head of a railway system than it is to hold a big government office."—*Washington Star.*

A copy of Correggio's celebrated painting, "The Repentant Magdalen," has been seized by the police of Cassel, Germany, and confiscated.

Approaching the \$1,000,000,000 mark in New York stock was the only one in 1913.

A Dublin porter picked up a purse containing £200 at a street corner a day or two ago, and on finding the owner was presented with a shilling.

The custom of burying without coffins was formerly very prevalent on the continent. A sheet was the only covering used.

A French torpedo-boat has been sent out to engage in battle with the porpoise along the coast of Brittany. It is said they are spoiling the sardine fishing.



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THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jack had gone. He had waited on the little cottage a weary week after that evening when Jean had crept down and as gently as possible had told him of Audrey's strange aversion to seeing him.

"It is only a whim," Jean said, hurriedly: "we must humor her."

That same night it was, when they were sitting alone in the tiny dining room, that Jack suddenly poured out the whole miserable story into Jean's ears: the story of that ball; of how he had been hoaxed into driving over to see Mr. Benson, who had never sent for him; of all the horrible things he had heard about Audrey; and, lastly, of how he had come upon her in the summer house, with Beverly Rochfort at her feet kissing her hands.

"Put yourself in my place, and judge as I judged. Do not view things as they are now, or you will be harder upon me than I deserve," he said, as he leaned his weary, aching brow on his hand.

"I will not be hard upon you at all, Lord John," Jean said, very gently; "for I think I should have been misled as you were by such apparently strong circumstantial evidence. I am glad you have spoken out to me, and I only wish Audrey had done the same, for then we might have arrived at the truth."

"What is it you mean?" Jack asked, looking up at her, eagerly.

"I mean that I now am convinced that Willie is right, and that there was some plot connived against you both at that ball. I have no definite proof, only a woman's intuition to work upon, but that shall be enough. This must be sifted, Lord John, sifted to the very dregs. I love you both," she continued, tears dimming her eyes. "You have been more than good to me, and now that Audrey's mother is gone I feel I must be friend, sister and mother in one. You will see that I am right, and that you and my dear one were both the victims of some conspiracy. On the face of it the whole affair is absurd. Don't you love each other better than all the world? I shall write to Willie and tell him all my doubts."

And the result of that letter was to put Willie Fullerton on the track of Murray, whom Jean seemed convinced could throw some light on the subject.

A week had gone, and Audrey was wonderfully better; it was her first real day of convalescence, and Jean was sitting with her, reading. Downstairs Jack was trying to comfort himself, when suddenly a familiar voice accosted him, and he found himself shaking hands with Marshall. Marshall, grown older, and looking very wan in her simple black for her beloved mistress. It somehow comforted Jack to see her; she seemed to bring back a little of the sweet influence that had surrounded Constance Fraser.

She had come direct from seeing Mr. Fullerton, who had briefly told her all, and she now asked to see Audrey at once.

"Let me nurse her, my lord," she entreated; "her, my dear's own child. Will you go up and tell her I'm here, my lord? Perhaps I'd best not go straight without saying."

Jack's face flushed; he hesitated; then he rose and went out of the room. He could not bring himself to tell Marshall he was forbidden his wife's presence.

He went steadily upstairs and stood outside the door. The handle was turned, and from within came the sound of a faint, low voice. He meant to have called Jean, but the sound of that voice stopped him.

It was Audrey speaking. His heart beat violently, then turned as cold as iron in his breast. She was speaking of him, but how bitterly! Each word seemed to go through him like a knife. Jean had been pleading his cause, but he only heard Audrey's answer.

"I refuse to see him, Jean; I refuse to hear his name mentioned again. Yes, yes, I know you think me a foolish child, a fretful invalid; but I am more than this. I may not be very old in years, but I have suffered as much as any woman of fifty. Do you forget all he wrote in that awful letter? Oh, Jean! Jean! You don't know how his words have struck home! He says I have wronged him—I, who—who—"

Her voice grew choked for a moment, but she soon mastered her emotion. "No, Jean; there can be no friendship or kindly feeling between us. As he has judged me, so let me live; my pride and my honor will support me without him. I—I trust I shall never see him again; I shall be happier when I know he is far away. He said he was going on a tour of the world. Why does he not start? Why does he add to his former cruelty by staying here?"

"Audrey, you are unjust, you are unlike yourself; you judge your husband most cruelly. If you could only know how he has suffered—"

Audrey broke in with a hard, bitter laugh.

"I see he has won your heart, Jean. Well, we will say no more, except that I am firm, and that if Lord John has any pride left he will not force himself upon me, but go at once."

But Jack heard no more; he did not know that the hard, contemptuous tone suddenly broke with a little gasping sob; he did not see the thin, small hands cover the white, lovely face; he did not know that Jean had slipped from her chair and was holding Audrey's weeping form clasped in her arms. No, he knew none of this, for he had gone straight downstairs, he had picked up his hat and ul-

ster, and opening the door, he had walked out into the wind and rain, looking neither to the right nor the left, turning his back deliberately on all that he held dearest in life.

Before the dawn was broken Willie Fullerton had followed Jack Glendurwood up to town, but though he searched every club, chamber or well-known haunt, he nowhere found the man he sought, and when he awoke from a well-earned night's rest, it was to read a telegram from Mr. Sampson, stating he had received one from Jack, who had sailed the evening before from Southampton in the *Minosta* for Australia, and might be absent for years, perhaps forever. So after all, Sheila had been partially successful, for she had separated this man and wife.

It was deputed to Jean to tell Audrey that her husband was gone, but she let two days elapse before she broached the subject of his name. The fit of weeping had done good rather than harm.

"If only we had him here now, all would be as right as ninepence," the doctor had said to Jean on the morrow following Jack's hurried departure.

"But he is not here, and he will not come, so we must think of what will be best under the circumstances."

The young doctor had a look of warm admiration for Jean. What courage, determination and common sense she possessed, and withal how large a heart! Certainly Willie Fullerton was to be envied!

"I am afraid she will fret when she is told all," Jean added, thoughtfully; "still it is best all should be known. I shall keep nothing from her, either now or in the future," and so, when at last she spoke of Jack's departure, Jean very gently but thoroughly put all the facts before Audrey that Mr. Fullerton had managed to glean about the masked ball and its miserable results. She was shown Murray's confession, signed and attested by Sheila Fraser. She was given all the information there was to give, and then Jean very sensibly, and with more than ordinary tact, went softly away, and left her alone to fight the battle out by herself.

When they met again there were tear stains on the girl's white face, but she was wonderfully quiet.

"Will you send for Jack's mother, please, Jean, and ask her to come home? Now—now I am alone I should like her advice. It is only right and proper as his wife I should consult his mother."

Ten days later news came to Mountberry that Craiglunds was preparing to receive her grace of Harborough, who was returning with her son, Lord Iverne, and her daughter-in-law, Lady John Glendurwood, and, as may be supposed, the village was greatly exercised in its mind over this intelligence, having had its curiosity whetted considerably by the vague and unsatisfactory rumors that had been circulated about the same said Lady John.

Dinglewood House was shut up, and it was understood vaguely that Miss Fraser was visiting, though where no one exactly knew. It was generally voted annoying that Sheila should have been absent just now. She could have thrown light on a good deal of what was perplexing, and have, moreover, given the real account of what had happened at the ball; whether it was true that Lady John had flirted and behaved so abominably, or whether Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate were correct in saying that somebody had imitated her ladyship's domino, and cleverly tricked the whole room of guests into imagining that it was Lady John who so thoroughly disgraced herself and her husband's name. Then Sheila, too, could have given the exact history as to what had occurred between Lord John and his wife, and what was the meaning of all the extraordinary rumors that had been circulated.

But Sheila was not on hand to be questioned, and, in default of encouragement, it was really wonderful how soon the excitement and curiosity began to die away and how readily everybody grew to consider Audrey as having been most injured by the trick that had been so wantonly played upon her. In fact, by the time Christmas was due, Lady John and her doings were a theme too old to be mentioned anywhere, and the affairs at Craiglunds would have been passed over as almost indifferent and uninteresting, but that, just as the joybells were proclaiming the birth of a new Christ-child, the icy fingers of the death angel were laid upon the heart of Duncan, Marquis of Iverne, and he was taken from his bed of suffering to a reign of peace and rest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a week since they had carried away all that remained of the once handsome, merry young Lord Iverne and buried him with pomp and solemnity in the Harborough vault. A telegram had winged its flight across the ocean to Melbourne, from whence Mr. Sampson had received a curt announcement of John Glendurwood's safe arrival—a telegram briefly giving the sad news of one brother's death to another, but no answer had been, vouchsafed, and the lawyer could not but entertain strong doubts as to whether the new Marquis of Iverne was gone still further on his travels, and so their message was unread.

Craiglunds was very sad in those days. The duchess seemed to break down altogether after her son's death. Yet, despite all this, she was gentle and kind to Au-

dreya beyond description; she could not have given the girl more love if she had been her own child. They were quiet days, and peaceful, and Audrey found many little duties to perform which helped to make the hours fly. She was very pale and delicate, but she refused to allow Jean to consider her an invalid, and was never weary of fitting about the duchess, eager to do all and anything in her power to alleviate the sorrow which was oppressing the mother's heart. The only distraction was Willie Fullerton's weekly visits, when his breezy, happy manner seemed to change the very atmosphere.

Snow had fallen heavily and it lay on the ground during the whole month of January and onward. Despite this, however, Audrey would persist in going out as much as possible.

"It does me good," she said to Jean, who was fearful of every cold wind that blew on her darling. "I must go, Jean—I feel sometimes as if I should go mad in the house!"

She had this restless feeling on her one afternoon toward the middle of February. "I shall walk into Mountberry. I want to see Mrs. Thorngate—do you mind, dearest?" she asked the duchess, who sat, half dozing, half dreaming, by the fire.

"Take care of yourself, Audrey. Put on stout boots! This snow is so penetrating!"

Audrey walked briskly over the snow, a slender, graceful figure in her heavy, black garments, her lovely face levelled than ever in its somber setting. She was warmly greeted by Dr. Thorngate, who was just leaving the vicarage as she arrived. Audrey thought he looked worn and troubled.

"My wife will be rejoiced to see you," he said, and his gaze followed the girlish form in an affection that was deepened only by admiration and respect.

Mrs. Thorngate was troubled, too, and though she welcomed Lady Iverne with all her old love, she was not herself. Audrey felt pained and full of sympathy. "I am sure you would rather I did not stay, dear Mrs. Thorngate," she said, simply, rising and drawing on her wraps again. "You have something on your mind, and will be better alone."

Mrs. Thorngate's answer was to burst into tears. "My heart is broken!" she sobbed. "Oh, Beverly, my boy, my boy! And I have loved you, honored you, believed in you so much!"

Audrey knelt down by her friend. "Let me help you. Tell me all," she begged, her own eyes growing dim and misty with pity.

It was a very brief story. Beverly had written to his aunt that morning. He was in a terrible predicament. Two years back he had committed forgery out in Africa; he had cleverly escaped detection, and had come to England, thinking all danger gone. Unluckily for him, his movements and real name had been discovered; he had been tracked. If the money were not forthcoming in the next twenty-four hours he would be handed over to justice.

"Audrey, what can I do? What can I do? I cannot sit here and know that he, the boy I have loved, is condemned to a felon's cell. He has been my joy, my one delight, and Gus refuses to let me help him."

Audrey felt her heart beginning to beat with a sense of pain and apprehension. The very mention of this man's name fell like a black shadow on her heart. She trembled as she recalled all the evil his cold-blooded treachery had worked between herself and Jack; the memory of his passionate love words raised a blush of shame to her face even now, but she put her own feelings on one side to minister to Mrs. Thorngate's sorrow.

"Will you let me take this off your shoulders?" she asked. "Hush! Not a word. We are friends, are we not? Rest, and be at peace, for, by God's will, I will save him from what you fear!"

(To be continued.)

Cautions All Around.
Hotel Clerk (suspiciously)—Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?

Guest—This is a new patent fire escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window. See?

Clerk (thoughtfully)—I see. Our terms for guests with fire escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance.—*New York Weekly.*

Didn't Help Matters.
Daughter (in tears)—But, papa, what have you against Charles? I am sure he would make a good husband.

Irate Papa—He's an idiot, and is only after your money.

Daughter—Oh, no, papa; I know he would marry me without a cent.

Irate Papa—Would he? Then he is a worse idiot than I thought.—*Pele Mele.*

Realistic.
"The painter, Klexer, has painted a picture of a winter landscape so well that if you look at it long you seem to get quite cold."

"That's nothing; you ought to see Schmirinsky's 'Flight.' It is so realistic that, after the first look you are obliged to take to your heels."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

Her for the Single Bliss.
Miss Elderleigh—Now that you have a husband, I suppose you haven't a single wish ungratified.

Mrs. Wedderly (sighing)—Only one—and that is a single wish.

One of the Bravest.
Marvin—Is young Higgins what you would call a brave man?
Goodwin—Well, he has been the leader of our church choir for three years.


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Living Up to His Name.
A teacher in a mission school in Boston had among her pupils a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence. "I reckon I do," said one small, serious-looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?"
"I guess he's home writing poetry," responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.

A Distinction.
Mistress—Have you had any experience with children? Bridget—Nope, but they have had some wild me.

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