

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Thorngate caught at the girl's hand and would have spoken, but Audrey swiftly loosened her hold, gave her one smile, and then was gone, leaving only the fragrant scent of her garments and the divine elements of peace and gratitude behind her.

Quickly as she walked, Audrey was some time before she reached Craiglands. She turned to the stables first, and gave orders that her small brougham should be prepared at once. Then she quietly entered the house and went to her own room. Eliza was there, arranging her simple dinner toilet. Audrey told her she was going out again at once.

"Tell Miss Thwait not to be alarmed; I shall be home in an hour," she said.

Her sight was blurred and misty as she opened her jewel case and took out a packet of notes—bank notes forwarded to her by Mr. Sampson duly according to Jack's written orders, and never touched.

Audrey secured the notes in an envelope, put them into her muff and, leaving her room, went very quietly down the way she had come, just as Jean, her cheeks flushed as with some exceeding and great joy, ran once more into Audrey's chamber to find her and bid her come down as soon as possible.

Eliza repeated the message she had been given and Jean's face fell, while something of alarm came into her expression.

"Can she know, and have gone away to escape?" Her murmur was unfinished, for as she came out of the room an eager hand caught hers and an almost choked voice muttered:

"Well, does she know—my darling?"

"Audrey has gone out again, Lord Iverne. Her maid says she has this instant gone out. I—I don't understand."

Jack's hand dropped from his hold.

"I do," he said, with a bitterness passing all words. "She has heard of my sudden arrival, and she has gone away to avoid me. Will she never forgive me?"

"Oh, this is nonsense! You are nervous—" Jean was beginning, when Jack broke in fiercely:

"But she shall not go. She is my wife, bound to me by her own words and vow. I have wronged her, but I have repented, heaven knows! She shall hear me! I will follow. She cannot have gone far. Forgive me, Miss Thwait, if I am rude or unkind, but my case is desperate. How do we know she is not running away again? No; I must not stay here prating; I must follow her, and I will!"

He turned away, but looked back, imploringly. "Keep my mother in ignorance till—till you hear from me."

Jean had no time to utter protest or remark, for he was gone. Down the stairs, three at a time, as he used to race in his boyish days, Jack rushed, his bronzed, handsome face pale with agitation, longing and apprehension, and as he came to the entrance he caught a gleam of carriage lamps disappearing in the distance.

"Which way did her ladyship go?" he asked Martin, curtly.

"I heard her say to the edge of the Dinglewood grounds, my lord, and then to wait for her there."

Martin looked troubled; he did not know what to make of all that had happened of late.

Jack pushed his hat over his eyes, and without another word strode out into the snow and darkness. His brain was reeling; he scarcely knew what thoughts filled his mind, save that beyond, in the distance, was Audrey, his lovely girl-wife, whom for a brief time he had doubted, but who now shone forth with even stronger rays as a jewel above price. And she would not see him! She shunned him! She would not forgive.

The brougham rolled slowly on; the man stole rapidly behind it. At last they reached a spot Mrs. Thorngate had described to Audrey as Rochfort's hiding place. Audrey stopped the carriage and got out.

Jack's heart throbbed with love and agitation as he caught a glimpse of her lovely face beneath the light of a lamp. She was speaking to the coachman, but he could not hear what she said. Then she turned and walked into the grounds. Jack quickened his steps and followed her; a sense of uneasiness came upon him. What was she doing here? She reached a path Mrs. Thorngate had spoken of. Here she stopped. Jack stood still also. He was about a dozen yards from her, but he had drawn into the shade, and could not be seen.

CHAPTER XXX.

Audrey waited a moment. Now that she had come, she felt slightly nervous; but it was only for an instant. Away in the dim light she saw a man's form; she raised her voice.

"Mr. Rochfort!" she called in her clear, silvery tones, and at the sound Jack started, and cold beads of perspiration burst out on his brow. In his agony a groan had all but escaped him, but he clinched his hands and forced it back. Once again rang out the sweet, clear voice, calling the name that was the most detestable to her miserable husband's ears.

There was a pause, then a form drew nearer, and Jack's aching eyes discovered the slender, graceful figure of Beverley Rochfort.

"Who is there?" Beverley called, sharply; then he drew a step nearer. "Lady Iverne, can I believe my eyes, is it really you? To what good fairy do I owe this great happiness, this unexpected delight?"

Audrey shivered. She began to speak hurriedly.

"Mr. Rochfort," she said, and against herself her voice would quiver, "this afternoon I was with your aunt, Mrs. Thorngate. I found her in great distress of mind about you. It pained me to see one who is my true friend suffering so much. I urged her to let me help her, and at last she gave way, and told me all that was on her mind—how you are in trouble, and how she finds it impossible to help you."

"Impossible?" Beverley's voice sounded like a knife, it was so sharp and hard.

"Dr. Thorngate has forbidden your aunt to assist you in the very smallest degree," Audrey added, feeling she longed for some one she knew to be near her. "Otherwise Mrs. Thorngate would have been here with the money you require; that you know better than I can tell you."

"But as it is, she sends her ladyship, the beautiful Marchioness of Iverne, to make her excuses," broke in Beverley, bitterly. "Your ladyship is too kind. My aunt will be a happier woman when she reads of my death in the papers, for I warn you sooner than suffer the degradation and horror of prison life I will kill myself! And this is Christian charity!"

"You are most unjust to Mrs. Thorngate," Audrey answered, as calmly as she could. "If you had seen her as I have seen her this afternoon you would not dare to speak like this."

"You are a generous friend, Lady Iverne; but, you see, the thought of my aunt's great mental distress does not altogether help me just now."

Audrey drew out the envelope from her muff.

"But these bank notes may," she said, with a contempt in her voice Jack had never heard before. Beverley grasped the envelope. In an instant he had torn it open and held them close to his eyes to scan them in the dim light.

"One, two, three, four, five—yes, five hundred! I am saved!" His hands closed over the notes. "Saved! Yes, and by you—you, the woman I love with all my soul; you—"

Jack half started forward, but he was not quicker than Audrey in her movement of horror. With a gesture of contempt and pride she struck aside his outstretched hand.

"Do you think I bring you this money to save you?" she asked in hurried tones; "you, the worst, the greatest enemy I have in the world! No, no; I have done what I have done for love and pity for one whose heart is breaking through you, whose whole life has been one sacrifice for you, who—"

Beverley interrupted her with his soft, low laugh. Her contempt lashed him into a state of fury.

"And does Lady Iverne think that the world will look upon her actions in the same light as she does? What will be said when it is known that you, a young, lovely woman, came here alone at nightfall to provide me with money to escape a prison cell, eh?"

"I do not fear the world, Mr. Rochfort. I have done what I have done for the motives I have given. Let what will be said, be said; my conscience is clear. I have no more to say," she said, haughtily; but Beverley moved forward and stood in her path.

"And do you think I am going to part with you like this, after all these weary, horrible months? Say what you like to the world, Audrey, act what part you will, but I know the truth. You have come here to-night to save me, not because of my Aunt Agatha, but because you love me, and—"

Jack's heart was beating so furiously it almost choked him; but he did not interfere yet. He felt that Audrey would defend herself. He waited breathlessly for her answer. It came swiftly.

"And you call yourself a man? You, who insult a defenseless woman, who work against a woman in a mean, underhand way that would shame the lowest of earthly creatures! Love you! You! Why, if there were not another living soul in the world, if my very life depended on it, I would still give the same reply. Love you! I hate, despise, condemn you! I have no wish to see you or hear you speak again. When I remember all you have done to my happiness, I—I could almost curse you! Love you!"—how bitter and strong the girl's voice was—"when my very soul is full of love for one whose shoes you are not worthy to touch, one who is a man of honor, upright and pure as the sun. There is no place for any one but my husband in my heart—the husband whom you have worked to rob me of—you and Sheila Fraser! Don't speak to me again! Don't touch me! I am not the simple, foolish girl I was; I am a woman with a woman's heart, a woman's pride, a woman's love; and my misery, which you have caused, is sometimes greater than I can bear. Let me pass, Beverley Rochfort! Go into the world and say what evil you like of me; I am content if I am only free from you, and I pray heaven I may never meet you again!"

Beverley broke in swiftly. His voice was soft but dangerous.

"Your words sting, but they do not spoil your lips; those lovely lips, which are mine by right! Let you pass! No, Audrey, I will do nothing of the sort! We are here alone, and we do not part until I have clasped your proud heart to mine, and taken from your lips the kisses I claim. Poor, foolish, stuttering child,

what use to struggle? You are in my power now, and—"

"And you are in mine!" shouted Jack, rushing forward, and with one blow felling the coward to the ground.

Audrey staggered; her lips tried to open, but no sound came. The next minute she was clasped in somebody's arms.

"Jack! Is it really you, Jack?" she murmured.

Jack's lips assured her that it was no myth. How he kissed her—eyes, hair, brow, cheek, lips—as though he would never tire. Then a glance at that form lying on the ground recalled him to the present.

"Come," he said, gently; "come, my darling! My pretty, brave, noble, good little wife!"

As in a dream Audrey felt herself led away to where the carriage lamps gleamed.

Jack lifted her in and shut the door.

"I will be back in a moment," he said, his voice deep with passionate love.

"Take care; oh, take care!" Audrey murmured, and he gave her a smile of reassurance before he turned away.

"The cur has gone!" he said in tones of the heartiest contempt when he returned. "Not a trace of him anywhere. Drive straight home, Donald," he said to the man, and then, as they were shut in alone, he simply gathered Audrey into his arms and held her in silence to his heart.

"Home and happiness!" he said, at last. "Dear little wife, am I forgiven?"

"Oh, hush!" Audrey's hand went up to his lips. "It is I who should ask that, my darling, I—"

"We will ask nothing, seek for nothing, now we are alone and together again."

And then his arms clung close about the slender, graceful form; his lips were pressed to the delicate, flower-like face, and to both these young, troubled hearts peace and joy came, with their golden fingers, to heal all the wounds that remained from the bitterness of the past.

(The End.)

GOLDEN DAYS IN THE STRIP.

It Was When the Cherokees Got Pay for Their Lands.

The Cherokee nation literally "rolled in money" when the \$6,500,000 received from the sale of the Cherokee strip was disbursed among the tribal citizens in 1894, says the Kansas City Star. The per capita share was \$265.70. The payment was made usually with two \$100 bills, one \$50, one \$10, one \$5 and 70 cents in silver. The money was disbursed by "Zeke" Starr, treasurer, and Henry Effort, assistant treasurer of the nation. Most of the Indians were in debt, and creditors swarmed in towns where the payments were made. T. A. Latta, who attended these payments, in recalling incidents lately, said:

"Much has been told of the dishonesty of the Indian, but in this payment there were many examples of integrity. At Tahlequah a full-blood woman, perhaps 60 years old, a widow, drew for eleven participants in the fund. She had traded with many of the merchants who sat at the tables between which she had passed. After the money had been counted out to her she swept the entire amount into her apron and, holding a corner in each hand, she passed from trader to trader, pausing before each until each had taken a sufficient amount to balance her indebtedness. Not once did she count the change or investigate the account. She was honest, and conscious of her own integrity, did not question the honesty of another. This was only one case. There were scores like it, and, though not pleasant to relate, the confidence thus placed was sometimes betrayed.

There are cases where the greedy creditor took a handful and gave back no change.

"A mixed blood of some astuteness came to settle his account with a trader. In looking over his account he discovered the charge of a side saddle amounting to \$15. He had not made such a purchase and had the bill remedied without trouble, the wily old trader merely telling his bookkeeper to place the item to John Doe's account. The bookkeeper himself is authority for the statement that in this way that self-same saddle was collected for eighteen times."

In Claremore bankers were in attendance from Coffeyville, seeking deposits for their banks. One store in the town had a safe of modern dimensions and security and this store was headquarters for bankers and collectors alike. The merchant himself had a mere bagatelle of some \$120,000 on the payment. After supper the counting room was filled with collectors and bankers. A parlor table was called in to use and money as high as one's chin was stacked on every available inch. It was the minute for verifying the memorandum of the day. On one particular evening there was on this table at one time close to half a million dollars in crisp new treasury notes. Laps full of money? There were wagonloads of it. It was no uncommon thing to change a hundred-bill for a 5-cent sale. And the scarcity of change was responsible for the custom of charging 25 cents for changing a bill of that denomination.

A Negative Blessing at Least.

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher.

"Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."—Washington Star.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Points in Spraying.

R. A. Emerson, of the Nebraska experiment station, in a recent bulletin, gives the following recommendations for this year's spraying based on the results secured last year.

1. Spray with Bordeaux mixture after the cluster buds open, but before the individual flower buds open.

2. Spray with Bordeaux and some poison, such as arsenate of lead, Paris green, etc., as soon as possible after the blossoms fall, and at any rate before the calyx lobes of the apple close.

3. Spray with Bordeaux and poison three or four weeks after the flowers fall.

4. Spray with arsenate of lead about July 20.

5. Spray with arsenate of lead about August 10.

Use Paris green at the rate of one-fourth to one-third pound per barrel of Bordeaux. Use arsenate of lead at the rate of two pounds per barrel of Bordeaux or water.

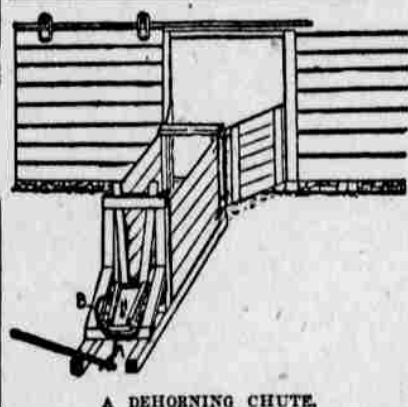
Make Bordeaux as follows: Blue-stone, four pounds; quicklime, six pounds; water, fifty gallons.

Slake the lime, dissolve the blue-stone, dilute each with half the required quantity of water, and mix thoroughly.

Use good nozzles and maintain a high pressure as uniformly as possible in order to distribute the liquid in a mist-like spray. Take care to reach all parts of the trees and to avoid drenching any part. Careless spraying should not be tolerated.

Wagon Box Device.

There are various ways of removing a wagon box from the trucks, and one of these is described in Iowa Homestead. The upright pole is 4 by 14 feet and is set several feet in the ground, so that it will be firm enough in its position to stand the strain which is required of it. The platform on which the rear end of the wagon box rests when it is to be raised from the wagon may be made any height so as to suit the height of the trucks. Two guy wires should be attached to the pole a foot or so from its top and be secured eight or ten feet in the rear of the platform. The rope which is used



A DEHORNING CHUTE.

illustration, there is often a foot or two of space to be divided between the two sides. As our readers who have had experience in dehorners know, an animal will always choose to pass through this small opening rather than into the chute and thereby cause a constant aggravation. The chute proper is mounted on two heavy timbers which may be 4x4's or 4x6's, while the uprights are generally 4x4's. The stanchion is made to open and close and secured in any way that suits. The convenient part of the chute is the trough-shaped part marked H. This is made of two-inch stuff and securely fastened to bottom crosspieces. After the animal is secured in the stanchion a halter is thrown over its head and the halter rope is passed through the hole just below the letter H. The letter A shows a continuation of this rope to the pole which is used as a lever to bring the animal's head into position on the trough.

As soon as this is accomplished the rope B is thrown over the neck of the animal and secures the head firmly to the trough, when the dehorners operation may be performed. As soon as the operation is concluded the animal is unanchored and one of the sides of the chute is hinged so that it may be opened for the animal to escape from the chute, after which is closed and another animal is driven in.—Montreal Star.

Improving Dairy Stock.

A 2-year-old heifer, fresh in milk, will sell for more than a fatted steer and she will cost only half as much to produce. These grade cows are not hard to produce. Purchase a pure sire of one of the standard breeds, cross him upon the mixed stock now on the farm and the young will, in all useful characteristics, be far more than half of that pure breed. When we remember the years, even centuries, of pure breeding in these animals, and remember also that the purer the blood in any stock, the stronger will be that blood, \$100 or \$150 for a male of breeding age will not seem an extravagant price. Every neighborhood where there is any co-operative spirit should prepare to supply this demand for fairly well bred cows. Every male purchased should be of the same breed, so that new animals will not have to be purchased every two or three years. By exchanging these animals about the neighborhood, a farmer will then be paying \$100 or \$150, not for two years, but for six or ten years of service. The cows thus produced will find a more ready market, because there are a sufficient number to attract purchasers. Higher priced males may also be purchased with economy because of the much longer period of usefulness.

Avoid Deep Dead-Furrows.

Do not plow your land round and round the same way, year after year, unless you want a deep dead-furrow in the middle that will bear nothing and be a hard place to cross. When plowing for seeding begin at the dead-furrow, throw the first furrow into the ditch, wheel the horses about to the right and drive back to the starting point, turning a furrow up against the one just plowed. This plan, followed to the end, will leave the land all smooth and in good shape.

Planting Garden Seeds.

It is time lost, and broken backs, to undertake the planting of garden seeds by hand. Use a drill, which puts the seeds in regularly and evenly, marks the rows and covers them at the right depth. There are many handy little implements suitable for the garden that are not in frequent use. Even a trowel does excellent service in transplanting, and a weeder will tear out the weeds much quicker than can be done by hand.



REMOVING THE WAGON BOX.