A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

She quivered, and stared at me side wise, her eyes flashin "How dare you say I love him!"

"You have dared to say things to me such as no one else on earth would have uttered. Why should I not dare? And I do say it—though it is nothing to

For a moment she looked at me in silence, her bosom rising and falling under its soft summer laces and the bunch of purple orchids pinned in her dress. "Well," she spoke at last, more softly, "you are right. I confess it. For it may prove the touch of nature that will make us two kin for this one hour. I plead to you-I don't command. Save him-as I would save him, were I in your place-no matter how costly the sacrifice. You tell me I do you an injustice. Suppose I do. Yet would men. to deal with? Why, I came here in fear and trembling, praying I might do something. But I should have feared far more—always for John Bourke's future—if I'd dreamt that the girl I had heard of in this house was Shella

"Again I don't understand," I said, miserably, my heart so cold that it seemed to freeze all flexibility from my voice. It sounded in my own ears like that of a very, very old woman. "Now that you are quieter and gen

tler, I'll explain. Only, this time, you must promise to hear me through to the end without interruption. Will you

CHAPTER XVI.

A Letter on the Typewriter. "Everybody has been talking about Shella Cope and her affairs," Lady Feo went on, carefully, as if she were piling up her indictment, word by word, choosing each as a builder might choose a stone. "You have made conversation at teas and dinners, and doubtless in club rooms; you have made paragraphs for papers. You began by being a popular debutante; you became a mys-

will end. But don't speak yet. "It was known that, by Lady Cope's faflure to make a will, or something of that sort-such stories are always vague-vou were no longer an heiress. Roger Cope came into everything. He was in love with you, of course. We stop to think of his own advantage, all thought that, those who knew him but would move heaven and earth till and those who didn't; and he did not sake the trouble to contradict it. He, or porneone-it doesn't signify-gave out that you had gone to France to live with relations. But you disappeared such a short time ago that people haven't yet lost interest. They are on vive to hear the next develop-What will be said of John Bourke when it comes out that instead of being in France you are in his house. palling yourself Miss Harland, and

wearing lovely white satin tea-gowns?" "I shall cause the truth to be said! I pleaded rather than protested. would rather die than harm should come to him through my fault, after all his goodness to me. I was penniless

perate that I was going to throw myself into the river, when he found me and brought me here, because I had mowhere else to go." "All the worse for him, when the story is known. He will be called a

scoundrel for taking advantage of your youth and helplessness." For giving me work-for leaving his

home that it might be a refuge for me when I was too ill to be moved?" That won't be what his enemies will

"But if I tell all-all, myself?" 'Nobody would believe you. Naturally a girl, caught in such a web, would make things look as well for herself as she could. It wouldn't help him-or you. Believe me, for I know the world." "What would you have me do?" I demanded, brokenly.

"I have told you. Go away." "And I have said that I am going." "To rooms of his taking. Oh, Sheila, I beg of you, for his sake, go far away from him, and leave no trace." Now, indeed, I could control my tears no longer. They fell from my eyes like

rain, and sobs choked my voice.
"Oh, I can't— I can't do that!" I "Go without letting him know why or where? He would believe me ungrateful-he would believe horrible things that are not true."

"If he did, you should be unselfish enough to be glad. For it would spare him pain. And it would keep him from searching for you, which he might do otherwise, out of a conviction that it was his duty to see that you were

"Perhaps you are lying to me!" I flung at her. "Perhaps you only want to get me out of the way."

Lady Feo Ringwood smiled. "You don't really think that. I am not afraid of you with John Bourke, my poor

I looked at her, and as my pain and jealousy accentuated her beauty, I told myself bitterly that she had no need to be afraid. She was like a young queen, in her exquisite dress and the black picture hat that contrasted with her awburn hair; "daughter of the gods divinely tall, and most divinely fair." I was a little insignificance, my poor claims to prettiness paling beside her

classic perfection.
"I saw," she continued, "from that old woman's reluctance to let me into the study that the Secret was there. and so I was determined to enter, for I had come to the house with a purpose. I expected to see some ordinary girl of no importance. I found you. said to myself: 'Sir Roger Cope will kill John Bourke for this, or John will

"Roger Cope!" I ejaculated. "Always

Roger Cope!"
"Yes, Roger Cope. But if he were the only one with whom Mr. Bourke will have to reckon it would not be so bad. I am so far from having ited to you that certain political opponents, who would give ten years of their lives to bave him under their feet, have arranged to set spies upon him. Anyone who rings at the door-bell may be a spy. Or the servants will be questioned. Proof is what they want. It is easy to get. Unless you go and bide

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yourself before it has been actuany got. are you brave enough? Do you love im enough for this?" "I am grateful enough," I answered,

haughtily. "Then do it-quickly, before you hange your mind and weaken; quicky, before it is too late. If you do this I shall believe in you and speak well of you always. Some day Jack himself shall know.'

I shrank away from the gloved hand she laid on mine and shivered. I guessed the meaning cloaked by her words. She wished me to understand that some ime in the future, when she was John Bourke's wife, and he was safe from all harm which I could do him, he should hear the truth about my going.
Till then I must content myself to remain under a cloud-a cloud blacker and colder to my soul than the river from which I had been saved by him.

And she called him "Jack." "I will tell Mrs. Jennett that you have ought me news which makes it neessary for me to go away," I said, as irmly as I could. "And—I will leave no message for—Mr. Bourke." "Ah, but that would be to defeat the

end you seek to gain," Lady Feo as-sured me, hastily. "Mr. Bourke must not know that I have had anything to with your going-for his own sake e must not. If he took the idea into his head that you had been coerced in any way, he would certainly not stop to think of his own advantage, he had found you again, giving you back your position as his secretarywhich perhaps you can ill afford to

"I shall contrive to get on without "You will let me help you, of course! would be only fair, since by my a vice you are giving up-your situation." "I shall not need your help, thank you," I said. For I would not have taken anything from her to save my-

elf from starving. "I didn't mean you to go away without leaving word for Mr. Bourke," she went on catching up the dropped thread with animation; for her offer of assistance had been but perfunctory and absent-minded. "It would be best and almost starving, Lady Feo-so desto satisfy his mind that you had gone because it was your own wish, because you thought that you could better your-Then, you see, his conscience would be at rest; he would be contented to let you alone; and the flame of scandal would presently die, let us

ope, for lack of fuel." 'Very well, I daresay you are right," rejoined, hopelessly. "I will write

uch a letter. Lady Feo's hand rose nervously to ner breast, toying with the orchids pinned among her laces, "Shella," she said, betraying slight confusion, "would ou-you would not, I suppose, let me the letter when it is written, andand advise you about it?" I sew that she meant to persist if I

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-IS ON SALE AT-CENTRAL DRUG STORE and F. A. ROBERT'S LIQUOR STORE Use Sangeen first thing in the morning and before retiring at night and you will have no trouble with your stomach, this we

the suggestion. Since I was an obsta-cle in John Bourke's path up the hill of tame. I wished to remove myself in the way that would be best for him. I was ready to believe that Lady Feo Ring-wood knew what the best way was, not o much because I considered her a wise and conscientious, adviser, as because her revelations had forced me to certain deductions of my own.

John Bourke's words, which had

made me so happy and hopeful only an hour or two ago, same back to me now, lurid in the light of a new meaning. I sat down at the table from which I had risen at the sound of Lady Feo's voice in the passage and deliberately placed a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriting machine. Then I began to tap out, letter by letter, my farewell to

the man I loved.

"Dear Mr. Bourke," I wrote. "It is easier to write some things than to speak them. After all, I don't think that the life of a typewriter would suit me. I have grown restless and want a change." (How my heart smote me as my fingers told the falsehood!) "Perhaps I was foolish to choose poverty when I might have had all I could possibly wish for. So now I have changed my mind. Lest you should not approve, and I should be forced to argue my point (I'm not good at argum I will not wait to hear what you think of this step I am taking, but will say farewell now. Thank you again for all your kindness, which I shall never cease to appreciate. But I shall be happier in a life more like that to which I was brought up. In that life we may not meet again; and so this is good-bye.

Lady Feo's eyes followed each line as I typed it. "Well?" I said at last, when I took the paper from the machine to

"It is very well indeed," she pronounced. "You have given exactly the impression that it is best to convey.

You couldn't do better." "I am glad you are satisfied," I said, in a stifled voice. I dipped a pen in an ink-pot standing near, then paused with it suspended. I had never signed the name which was really mine," Jenny Harland," and to do so was repulsive. "I will not be Jenny." I said to myself; "not to him at least. In this one thing I will indulge my own wish. I shall sign myself 'Sheila.'"

I wrote the name hurriedly beneath the few typed paragraphs, folded the letter, and put it into an envelope, which I addressed to "John Bourke, Esq." I felt as if I had signed my own death warrant; but I wept no longer. A stony calmness had come to help me through the rest of this scene with Lady Feo Ringwood.

When will he be here again?" she "Not till to-morrow," I informed her.

"You are sure?" "As sure as I can be of anything." "That's good. I will go now, for, as said, I must not be associated with this plan of yours. Presently, I suppose, you can make some excuse to that old woman-Mrs. Jennett, isn't it: You won't tell her that you are leaving for good?"

would be better not. She has been very kind to me, and it is hateful to leave her so. But one hateful thing more or less doesn't matter much now "You are a brave girl. Sheila Cope," exclaimed Lady Feo. "It sounds con

ventional to say that Heaven will reward your unselfishness, but, really, I pelieve it will." "We wen't talk about it, if you please," I said, my lips very stiff as

"At all events you must come to me afterwards. Not to my house, perhaps, for that might lead to awkwardnessone never can tell. Things happen so queerly. But we must make an appointment. This is a great responsi bility I've undertaken, and I feel-"

"Don't feel," I cut her short, abrupt-"I shall be all right." "Have you-do forgive me-but have

Her hand fluttered towards a dainty. gold-netted purse that she had laid with a lace film of handkerchief on Mr. Bourke's desk.

I stopped her with a gesture. know where to get money, thank you."
"Oh, very well. Of course you know your own affairs best. What else is

To be Continued.

TROOPS STONED

Shenanboah, Pa., Aug. 7. - The hrowing of stones at the troops was repeated early this morning. The atack was made against the provost guards, stationed at the Pennsylvania railroad station, near one of the foreign colonies in the southern part of

Company A, of the English regiment, under Capt. Garver, was on duty there all night, in response to a request from the town authorities and early this morning the colonel of the regiment said the company was greeted by a shower of stones from the top of the hill overlooking the railroad station.

The captain immediately placed a detail of men in the vicinity of the houses from which the stones were thrown, as the offenders had escaped before the soldiers reach the top of

GHASTLY CONFESSION

Cincinnati, August 7. - An Enquirer special from Chicago says:-Mrs. Neil Campbell exhumed the dark secrets that she buried in her heart with the children she has laid in their grave and made a confession to the police yesterday. Trapped in a network of falsehoods, she finally admitted that none of the eight in fants she had buried during the past few years was her own. She con-fessed that she procured all of them from midwives, and gave the police the names of the women, some of whom have already admitted the truth of Mrs. Campbell's confession. Some of the bodies show beyond doubt that the children met violent deaths. Others are believed to have been poisoned with opium.

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