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#### A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

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"I must forgive you, since I am sure you meant to be so kind," I said more gently "At least, I will, if you'll tell me one thing."

"I can almost promise, for such a bribe, that I will." "Why are you suddenly so different

from what you were a few nights ago, when you came to me at the bridge? You are more like what I remember of you the first time."

Thank you for remembering at all. But that is another thing I must ask you to forgive me for; the way I behaved to you at Waterloo Bridge. It was the only thing to do, you know-to be firm and stern. But it was not what was in my heart. I wonder if I dare tell you what was really there?" I looked up at him half-startled. But I said: "Yes, tell me." And I made a sign that he should sit down in the chair left not far off from my side by

"It may be presumptuous for a man like me to pity a woman like you," he began, slowly, even shyly. "But I did pity you then, with an infinite pity. If I had been your brother I could not have felt greater sorrow and tenderness. I thought how you must have suffered, and it seemed cruel that you should have to suffer. You are almost a child still, you see, and I had thought of you so many times after that first meeting at the theater, as a girl born to happiness and good fortune. I shall never forget how I felt when you turned your face as-as I held you back from that mad plunge, and saw-it was you. I could not believe my eyes for a

"Nor I mine," I said, softly, "It seemed very strange that you should come to my rescue for the second

"Do you forgive me for what must have seemed like harshness and lack of

sympathy?" he asked. "There's nothing to forgive. everything to thank you for. "Then you do thank me?" he ques-tioned, eagerly. "You aren't sorry now

that I forced you back to life?" "I ought to be sorry," I said. "Nothing is changed. I have as little to live for as I had then, as little chance of redeeming miserable failures. Yet-I suppose because I'm young and the love of life is instinctive, now thatthat there's sunshine and I'm not faint with hunger and dropping with weari-

"Good heavens! You were hungry!" he ejaculated in an odd voice. "How

terrible-how unbelievable!" I could not help laughing, though really did not feel like laughing at all. 'Not so very terrible to be hungry, returned. "But now, looking back upon that night, the blackest I ever knew, I think, perhaps, if I hadn't been physically so weak I might have been morally stronger. Of course, it was cowardly to do what I meant to do, though I'd just persuaded myself that it wasn't-when you came. I hope that I shall never be so wicked again. And I shall not even think of it, if only I can get work. I did try so hard before, but I had no luck. Maybe you will give me a little good advice how to

He looked me earnestly in the face. "I didn't dream it was that kind of trouble," he said. And I thought that, for some reason, his eyes expressed re-

"I suppose not," I rejoined, with a smile that was not very gay. "When you saw me first I didn't appear exactly a candidate for the workhouse, but I was, even then, though I didn't know at myself. And the other night-well, that frock and hat were made before I realized that I was a beggar,"

Suddenly, when I had gone so far, I was overcome with an irresistible desire to tell him my whole story-that part of it which concerned myself alone. I had not intended, even a moment beforehand, to confide in John Bourke or anyone else; but his eyes dwelt on me with a yearning look, and the words spoke themselves.

I told him my name, which he had not known before; that I had thought myself Shella Cope, and found that I was Jenny Harland, for Harland, I had learnt, was my own father's name. 1 told John Bourke that Lady Cope had died on the very night when I had seen thim first. That I had lost my home, and the money which would have come to me if I had really been Lady Cope's daughter. I even went faltering on, and to my own surprise was presently describing Easel street, my mother, Fan and Totsey, and Tom Stephens, Fan's lover. I said little of Sir Roger Cope or his attitude towards me, save that he had inherited everything; but when my companion spoke at last, it was to begin with Roger Cope.

"Don't think me very impatient," he said, having heard me to the end without interruption; "I don't speak out of idle curiosity. But-didn't Sir Roger Cope want you to keep your old home -only in a way to which you couldn't

'Yes," I rather reluctantly admitted. "And you ran away from him, and from everything? And he didn't write to you, or come to see you though he knew your address?"

"He came the very day I left Easel street. I suppose you'll think I'm al-ways running away?" I said this laughing, and no prophetic instinct brought the tears instead.

"He came to make the same offer I nodded.

"Do you like Sir Roger Cope?" ab-No-o. I never did. Though I could

not have explained why till lately." "Well, then, perhaps you won't mind my telling you what has struck me. . I don't know Sir Roger Cope personally but I know of him. He is popular, I fancy, in his own set; and he is called clever in his profession. But he has shown the iron hand under the velvet in his treatment of you. I heard that he had come into a fortune through the death of a relative, and that a girl who had believed herself the heiress had abroad to live, on an allowance made by him. No doubt that's the version which has been given out, for the benefit of those who knew you. And I, not knowing the name of the ladies I had very impertinently fol-

Although the meeticing business should, above all, be carried on with the ntmost conscientionsness and sense of ponsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is to be so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are absolutely worthless, and some

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owed from the Lyceum, didn't for an instant associate the story with you. Now I believe that Roger Cope is even a more unscrupulous man than you have thought him. Did you connect your failure at the employment agencies in any way with him?"

"No," I responded in surprise. "Well, I do. I think it is not at all unlikely that he paid some person to watch your movements, report to him, and prejudice the minds of the agents you had applied to against you with some falsehood."

"What object could he have had for being so gratuitously cruel?" I cried. "I may be doing the man a hideous injustice," said John Lourke, "but the object which he might have had is easy enough for anyone except an unsuspecting young girl to see. He wanted you to marry him; you refused. He indirectly, sent you away to a place where he knew you would meet with humiliations and deprivations beyond anything you had experienced. Then he might have resolved to turn the screw tighter and prevent your escaping to more endurable surroundings."

"I did suspect that he had waited be fore coming to see me until I should have grown nearly desperate. But I never thought of the other part. Even now it sounds too horrid to be possi-

"I hope it is not possible," said Mr. Bourke. "Surely you don't suggest that he nired the woman to pick my pocket

and add almost the last feather to my burden?" "No, I stopped short at that in my accusations. But it isn't beyond be

lieving if he paid certain persons to keep an eye on you."
"If that be true, thank heaven he must have lost sight of me now," I said.

"He shall not find you again if I can help it. Not while you desire to keep out of his way. And as for work, you shall have it, I promise you, as soon as you are strong enough. Already, if you will forgive me again, I've thought of a plan, and I'll risk offending you by proposing it."

"I shall be grateful, not offended, whatever it may be. Don't keep me in "Well, how should you like to learn

typewriting, and, after a while, if you fancied it, shorthand, too?" "'Like' and 'fancy' are inappropriate words in my desperate case," I said "But, as it happens, I should do both." 'Very well, then, I'll teach you typewriting when you are stronger-in a

few days, perhaps." "But I can't go on staying here-in your house." "It isn't my house. It is Mrs. Jennett's. But as you are so anxious to get away you will be able in, say, ten days or a fortnight's time (if you are quick at learning), to earn enough money for lodgings of your own." "Who would give a wretched ama-

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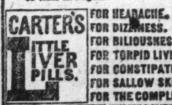
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be so many clever girls who are pro-

fessionals?" "I will give you work. All you can do. Don't look like that, please. It's no 'charity,' I assure you. I have lost my secretary and I need another. You can learn typing in a week; and in three or four months, in leisure hours, you will have made good progress with snorthand. As for the machine, I have two, and one of them I'll-lend to you." "Thank you for stopping to think in time and not saying 'give,' " I laughed.
"How good it is to hear that laugh,"

go down under the dark waters?" "Oh, so glad!" impulsively. I held out my hands and he caught them both, gripping them so tightly that the grasp gave me pain. Then, suddenly, he let my hands go, with a changing expression that I wished I had the clue to read.

he said. "Now, are you glad you didn't

"Mrs. Jennett shall find you just the right rooms," he went on, with a hint of sadness in his voice. "Meanwhile, you shall be practising your new art, which will be all the easier for you if you know the piano, as of course you do. And in a few days, perhaps, you will be able to move. Then you'll be soon earning three guineas a week, on which, if you are a very prudent young lady, you can live quite comfortably."

"Dear me, can I really earn as much as that by typewriting?" I asked, opening my eyes, "It is more than I could have hoped for as a governess. Even with my music and languages, the peo ple at the agencies told me, before they grew disagreeable, that I could not ask at most more than forty pounds a

year." "Oh, well, you see, people often take advantage of their governesses; whereas expert typewriters are pretty well paid," he informed me with a grave face-so grave that I never thought of doubting him. "Shall I come back to morrow with the machine and give you your first lesson?"

At the end of a week I could write very well. Mrs. Jennett had found me rooms, which were to be ready in a few days, but as they were still in occupa-tion, I must stay where I was till they were free. I had grown to love the study and every book in it. I should be homesick when I went away. As for John Bourke, I would not let myself think what it would be when the days should go by without a glimpse of him. I had begun to live in the present, little dreaming of the precipice that my feet had all but reached.

CHAPTER XV.

"The Man You Love." "There! I've typed a thousand words in an hour!" I announced. "Isn't that good for an amateur?" "Splendid!" said John Bourke.
"Shall I ever be as good as your other

secretary, who left you to be married?" wistfully asked. "There never was a secretary like

you," he replied. "Oh! But is that meant for praise "It's meant to tell you that I wish I could keep you for my secretary al-

ways." "Perhaps you may. I'll grow old in your service.' He came closer and stood looking down at my finished work, yet not seeming to see it. I felt that there was something which he wished to say, and that he was thinking of the right beginning; but just as he had opened his

lips to speak there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jennett entered with a telegram sent on for Mr. Bourke from the hotel where he was living. He read it and crushed the paper in his hand. "I must go at once," he said. "But I shall be back to-morrow morning about half-past ten with some more

work for you to tackle, if you will." To be Continued.

TALKS IN NATURAL TONES.

Machine That Is a Vast Improvement on the Phonograph.

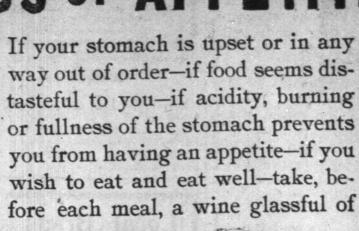
While the reproduction of the hu man voice by means of the phonograph and gramophone is a remarkable achievement, there are objections to the strained and unnatural quality of sounds reproduced by the ordinary phonograph and gramophone. The peculiar metallic quality heard from those instruments is due to the fact that in order to make the reproductions as loud as possible the original must be of abnormal effort.

Emile Berliner, the well known electrical inventor, has, however, devised a reproducing machine wherein this trouble is remedied. It is composed of a number of separate gramophones operated simultaneously. The art has advanced so far that the records may be made exact duplicates of each other, even to the minutest detail. The only difficulty in operating several machines is to have them registered exactly with each other so as to insure simultaneous operation. A table or support is provided, on which there are mounted a number of rotary tables of the usual gramophone type and adapted to receive the well known record tablets of commerce. These tablets are generally arranged in a staggered row, each being supported on an upright spindle or shaft journaled in a standard fashion to a table.

Upon each shaft just below the table is secured a disk having equally spaced radially projecting pins of its periphery. The disks are all of the same size, with the same number of pins, and they are driven together with the tables at the same speed by means of a belt having perforations spaced to fit the pins and operated by a motor of any desirable construction. The registering devices make it possible to insure the contact of each stylus with a corresponding point of each record by the mere act of placing the stylus on the proper line. Power being applied to rotate the records, identical sounds issue from each of the horns, and the combined body of sound may be made as great as desired by using an appropriate number of records. Therefore it is possible to provide an exact reproduction of the human voice or to make it louder or softer, ...

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