

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)  
At last Frank, pulling the old blue jacket from under his head and passing it to Mary, said: "Take it to Bill Bender—he offered me a shilling for it, and a shilling will buy milk for Alice and crackers for mother—take it."

"No, Frank," answered Mary, "you would have no pillow; besides, I've got something more valuable, which I can sell. I've kept it long, but it must go to keep us from starving—and she held to view the golden locket which George Moreland had thrown around her neck.  
"You shan't sell that," said Frank. "You must keep it to remember George; and then, too, you may want it more some other time."

Mary finally yielded the point, and gathering up the crumpled jacket started in quest of Billy Bender. He was a kind-hearted boy, two years older than Frank, whom he had often befriended and shielded from the jeers of their companions. He did not want the jacket, for it was a vast deal too small; and it was only in reply to a proposal from Frank that he should buy it that he had casually offered him a shilling. But now, when he saw the garment, and learned why it was sent, he immediately drew from his old leather wallet a quarter, all the money he had in the world, and giving it to Mary, bade her keep it, as she would need it all.

Half an hour after a cooling orange was held to Frank's parched lips, and Mary said, "Drink, brother; I've got two more, besides some milk and bread," but the ear she addressed was deaf and the eyes dim with the fast-falling shadow of death. "Mother! mother!" cried the little girl, "Franky won't drink, and his forehead is all sweat and cold."  
Mrs. Howard had been much worse that day, but agony made her strong. Springing to his side, she wiped from his brow the cold moisture which had so alarmed her daughter, chafed his hands and feet, and bathed his head, until he seemed better and fell asleep. Fast the shades of night came on, and when all was dark in the sick room Mary sobbed out, "We have no candle, mother, and if I go for one, and he should die—"

The sound of her voice aroused Frank, and feeling for his sister's hand, he said, "Don't go, Mary; don't leave me—the moon is shining bright, and I guess I can find my way to God just as well."  
Nine—ten—eleven—and then through the dingy windows the silvery moonlight fell, as if indeed to light the way of the early lost to heaven. Mary had drawn her mother's lounge to the side of the trundle bed, and in a state of almost perfect exhaustion Mrs. Howard lay gasping for breath, while Mary, as if conscious of the dread reality about to occur, knelt by her side. Once Mrs. Howard laid her hands on Mary's head, and prayed that she might be preserved and kept from harm by the God of the orphan, and that the sin of disobedience resting on her own head might not be visited upon her child.

After a time a troubled sleep came upon her and she slept until roused by a low sob. Raising herself up, she looked anxiously toward her children. The moonbeams fell upon the white, placid face of Frank, who seemed calmly sleeping, while over him Mary bent, pushing back from his forehead the thick clustering curls, and striving hard to smother her sobs, so that they might not disturb her mother.

"Does he sleep?" asked Mrs. Howard, and Mary, covering with her hands the face of him who slept, answered:  
"Turn away, mother—don't look at him. Franky is dead. He died with his arms around my neck, and told me not to wake you."  
Mrs. Howard was in the last stages of consumption, and now she lay back, half-fainting upon her pillow. Toward daylight a violent coughing fit ensued, and she knew that she was dying. Beckoning Mary to her side, she whispered, "I am leaving you alone in the wide world. Be kind to Ella and our dear little Alice, and go with her where she goes. May God keep and bless you my precious children—and reward you as you deserve, my darling."  
The sentence was unfinished, and in unspeakable awe the orphan girl knelt between her mother and brother—shuddering in the presence of death, and then weeping to think that she was alone.

CHAPTER III.  
Just on the corner of Chilopee Common, and under the shadow of the century-old elms which skirt the borders of the grass plot called by the villagers the "Mall," stands the small red cottage of Widow Bender, who in her way was quite a curiosity. All the "lils which flesh is heir to" Widow Bender, if she could ascertain the symptoms, was sure to have in the most aggravated form.  
On the morning following the events narrated in the last chapter Billy, whose dreams had been disturbed by thoughts of Frank, arose early, determined to call at Mrs. Howard's and see if they were in want of anything. But his mother, who had heard rumors of the scarlet fever, was up before him, and on descending to the kitchen Billy found her sitting before a blazing fire—her feet in hot water and her head thrown back in a manner plainly showing that something new had taken hold of her in good earnest.  
"Oh, William," said she, "I've lived through a sight, but my time has come at last. Such a pain in my head and stomach. I do believe I've got the scarlet fever, and you must run for the doctor, quick."  
"Scarlet fever?" repeated Billy: "why, you've had it once, and you can't have it again, can you?"  
"Oh, I don't know—I never was like anybody else and can have anything a dozen times. Now be spry and fetch the doctor; but before you go hand me my snuff box and put the canister top heaps full of tea into the teapot."  
Billy obeyed, and then, knowing that the green tea would remove his mother's ailment he hurried away toward Mrs. Howard's. The sun was just rising. Within the cottage there was no sound or token of life, and, thinking its inmates were asleep, Billy paused several minutes upon the threshold, fearing that he should disturb their slumbers. At last, with a vague presentiment that all was not right, he raised the latch and entered, but instantly started back in astonishment at the scene before him. On the third bed lay Frank, cold and dead, and near him, in the same long, dreamless sleep, was his mother, while between them, with one arm thrown lovingly across her brother's neck, and her cheek pressed against his, lay Mary—her eyes closed with tears which, though sleep-

which should reach the God of the fatherless.

"My mother, oh! my mother," she cried, as she stretched her hands toward the clear blue sky, now that mother's home. "Why didn't I die too?"  
There was a step upon the grass, and looking up, Mary saw standing near her Mrs. Campbell's English girl, Hannah. She had always evinced a liking for Mrs. Howard's family, and now after finishing her dishes, and trying in vain to speak a word of consolation to her mistress, who refused to be comforted, she had stolen away to Mrs. Bender's, ostensibly to see all the orphans, but in reality to see Ella, who had always been her favorite.

The sight of Mary's grief touched Hannah's heart, and sitting down by the little girl she tried to comfort her. Mary felt that her words and manner were prompted by real sympathy, and after a time she grew calm, and listened while Hannah told her that "as soon as her mistress got so anybody could go near her, she meant to ask her to take Ella Howard to fill the place of her own daughter."  
"They look as much alike as two beans," said she, "and 'sposin' Ella Howard ain't exactly her own flesh and blood, she would grow into liking her, I know."  
That night after her return home Hannah lingered for a long time about the parlor door, gazing wistfully toward her mistress, who reclined upon the sofa with her face entirely hidden by her cambric handkerchief.

"It's most too soon, I guess," thought Hannah. "I'll wait till to-morrow."  
Accordingly next morning, when, as she had expected, she was told to carry her mistress' toast and coffee to her room, she lingered for awhile, and seemed so desirous of speaking that Mrs. Campbell asked what she wanted.  
"Why, you see, ma'am, I was going to say a word about—that youngest Howard girl. She's got to go to the poor-house and it's a pity, she's so handsome. Why couldn't she come here and live? I'll take care of her, and 'twouldn't be nigh so lonesome."  
At this allusion to her bereavement Mrs. Campbell burst into tears, and motioned Hannah from the room.  
"I'll keep at her till I fetch it about," thought Hannah. But further persuasion from her was rendered unnecessary, for Mrs. Lincoln called that afternoon, and before she saw one who was so terribly afflicted, casually mentioned the Howards, and the extreme poverty to which they were reduced.

Here Mrs. Campbell commenced weeping, and as Mrs. Lincoln soon took her leave she was left alone for several hours. At the end of that time, impelled by something she could not resist, she rang the bell and ordered Hannah to go to Mrs. Bender's and bring Ella to her room, as she wished to see how she appeared.

(To be continued.)

ATONISHON GLOBE SIGHTS.  
Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genius.  
Piano playing is not music; it is a bad habit.  
Sawing wood is the better exercise, but golf is more popular.  
People revise their list of heroes every three or four years.  
Some men cannot even tack up advertising signs, and do it well.  
There's one thing about a liar; it is difficult to deceive him with a lie.  
Unless she intends to split kindling, a woman has no use for a hatchet.  
When a man quotes "prominent citizens," he is really expressing his own opinion.  
Down in every woman's heart is a longing to be loved like they love on the stage.  
If it comes easy for some people to do a thing well, it is the result of constant trying.  
An ornery person receives a lot of appreciation when he does do anything commendable.  
One of the funniest things in the world is the man who speaks of his "spiritual adviser."  
Many men who can tell you exactly where to go to catch fish, cannot catch any fish themselves.  
We imagine that some women must be as hard to fit as it would be to fit a garment on a rocking chair.  
After a girl has prepared refreshments for a party, her next step is to hide them from her brother.  
It is some people's notion of a joke to talk about the worms in apples when the hostess passes the cider.  
A man never knows until after he marries how much of her time a woman spends with hair pins in her mouth.  
Sentiment is changing. When a minister calls, there is no longer consternation when he sees a deck of cards on the table.  
When we see a man with a long beard, it always occurs to us how much worse it must look when he has his night clothes on.  
When a woman has been away a few weeks, she says when she returns that she found the dirtiest house that ever disgraced a civilized country.  
Boys should be taught early that they don't have to go to war to learn courage; there's the fire to be lighted on cold mornings, for instance.  
Science and progress have done away with many old time notions, but we notice that hot water and mustard have lost none of their prestige.  
By the time a boy has made his mother believe he is sick enough to die, he forgets himself and asks for pie, and hope in her heart revives again.  
As people grow older, they begin to grow more alarmed over the brief time in which a family looks serious after there has been a death in it.  
Some women are always undoing some other woman's work; the boy whose mother fed him his breakfast in bed, marries, and has to light the fires.  
Many a modest girl gives her photograph to a young man, and it appears later on his dressing case surrounded by pictures that come with cigarettes.  
There is no doubt that every woman, if given her choice, would rather have a diamond less in her crown in heaven and wear it in a ring while on earth.  
When a new preacher moves into a town, he is as full of hope as a young girl who takes a trunk full of new clothes off to visit in a strange town.  
When a woman goes for the proof of a picture she has had taken, it is with the hope that she will turn out better looking than she has always been thought to be.  
When a man resolves at a revival to be a better man, his wife concludes she will make less work of her cooking, since he will no longer get cross and impatient.

## HAGGIN'S GREAT HORSE FARM

Embraces Seven Square Miles of Finest Bluegrass Land.  
Millionaire J. B. Haggin is erecting at Elmhurst, near Lexington, Ky., a \$300,000 residence. He intends to spend the remainder of his days in Kentucky, and will endow the place so that after his death it will be run as a breeding establishment. He has now 4,500 acres and is buying as fast as owners can be induced to sell, in order to put the establishment in a square tract. The main tract is that which was settled by the great-grandfather of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. The new residence stands upon the summit of the long slope within a hundred yards of the old Harrison home. Hundreds of men are working in the attempt to have the place ready for occupancy of the owner and his young wife by fall.



J. B. HAGGIN'S \$300,000 RESIDENCE.

Mr. Haggin's reasons for making this his permanent residence are for his wife, as well as himself, is a native of the State. After his death Mr. Haggin desires his widow to live in the greatest comfort and to continue at the head of the greatest breeding establishment in the world. He will rename the establishment "Green Hills."  
The house itself stands out like a white landmark against the sea of green on every side, and can be seen for miles around. In this home of his declining years Mr. Haggin proposed to spend a quarter of a million dollars, but so many alterations have been made since the beginning that not even the architect can tell what the cost will be. The house, apparently, is already on the verge of completion, but so elaborate will be the finishing touches that ten months or a year will probably elapse before the mansion is really finished.

Some idea of the estate which Mr. Haggin intends to make of Elmhurst may be obtained from the improvements already made. The blacksmith's and wheelwright's shop, completely equipped, is, of course, an essential, but on this farm the blacksmith's shop is the central office of a complete telephone system, connecting twenty-five different points on the farm, and running to the town office of C. J. Enright, who has the management of the estate. A grain elevator, with machinery for cracking corn and oats and mixing them, is an institution which no other breeding farm in the world boasts. The power station, with two large gasoline engines, will furnish lights and electric power, and there is now in prospect a plant involving the expenditure of several thousands which will cook food for the brood mares during the season that they require it.  
Many of the broodmare barns are to be torn out and more improved ones put in, and countless other improve-



STALLION BARN ON HAGGIN'S HORSE FARM.

ments on the place are in prospect. Four or five years' time will be required to put it in the condition that Mr. Haggin wishes.

## NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Guinea Pigs Are Fattened by the Employment of the Fluid.  
This is the age of electricity, so that one is not surprised to hear that an electric diet has been discovered. Naturally, you would conclude that it is designed to aid invalids of weak digestion, but it is something of a shock to learn that the latest scientific discovery has no nobler object than the fattening of pigs!  
Certainly, there is an element of novelty in the notion of eating electricity fattened pork. Besides, from pigs we may yet rise to higher things.  
Anyway, Dr. W. J. Herdman has found out that the galvanic current promotes the growth of tissue—that is to say, the increase of flesh. It had previously been ascertained that plants develop more rapidly under the electric stimulus and there was no obvious reason why animals should not be equally responsive to it. Hence the idea of Dr. Herdman, which promises well, though its application cannot as yet be said to have passed beyond the expert mental stage.  
The doctor began his experiments with guinea pigs, half a dozen of which he put in each of two cages, taking care that they should all be of exactly the same age, so as to make the conditions of the trial as free from flaw as possible. Around one of the cages he strung several wires, through which a current of electricity was passing night and day, while nothing of the kind was done with the other. Meanwhile, for a stated period, the animals in both cages were fed with a precisely equal quantity of provender of the same

kind, so that there should be no advantage in this respect on either side. As a result, it was found that the guinea pigs that lived in an electric environment gained in weight during a measured time 10 per cent more than those in the non-electric cage.  
Dr. Herdman is confident that ordinary pigs, if subjected to similar treatment, would exhibit like results. He proposes to build suitably wired pens and to furnish the growing swine with regular supplies of electricity, much in the same way as was done with the guinea pigs.  
Nobody can say what may be the final influence of this new discovery upon the pork trade, or whether the "electric bacon" of the future may not command a special price in the market. The imagination extends to almost any lengths. Why may not the day come when every cow in her stall shall have

her private wire? And if electricity is good for pigs, it may serve to fatten babies, or even grown persons who are desirous of increasing their avoirdupois, and thus most interesting possibilities for the improvement of the human physique are opened up.—London Express.

Barrrooms of the Bishop.  
The people of England are much interested these days concerning the working of the plan of the Bishop of Chester for dealing with the evil of excessive drinking. The Bishop thinks that prohibition does not prohibit and that regulation is much better. As regulation has in view the evil done by drinking, special pains are taken to supply only the purest drinks. The houses under the Bishop's scheme are to have a uniform external appearance, distinguishing them from ordinary licensed houses, notices prominently displayed that food and non-intoxicants are supplied at popular prices, the intoxicants to be placed at one end of the bar and the non-intoxicants at the other, with tables at which beers, sandwiches, tea, coffee, etc., can be served.

In villages the houses are to have club, temperance and recreation rooms and where space is available a billiard room and library, with backgammon, draughts and similar games, are to have also a bowling green and other counter attractions to the bar and tap room. The idea is that it is hopeless to try to extinguish thirst for stimulants, but wise to reduce the danger arising from excess or from bad whisky and beer to the minimum. The good of the drinker, and the promotion of a theory, is the main object.

Ebullient Exercise.  
To the unaccustomed a drive in the automobile coupe in which most motorists decide to see Washington, is ex-

hilarating to a degree. The man at the helm makes a practice of missing the wheels of coal carts by a hair's breadth and of swerving only the second before it seems that his vehicle must be struck by a trolley car.  
If it were not for the tacit admission it would convey that an automobile is not her every-day equipage at home, the feminine visitor to the Capital would feel much like leaning from the window and shouting directions in forcible English to the uniformed coachman. As it is, she calmly keeps her seat and says—  
"Isn't that a pretty hotel?" when she's passing a park and vice versa. But when she alights she does not fall to the pavement in a frenzy of prayers of thanksgiving. She's restrained by Twentieth Century shame, but her gloves are worn out from the tight grip her fingers have had of each other during the ordeal from which she has just been delivered.

The Symptoms of Love.  
A German scientist has recently described the symptoms of love as follows: The oscillations in the interior of a person's body, as may be seen in the case of vibratory attraction, are in harmony with the vibrations of the air in the room that is to say, they are at the first movement in complete concordance with the oscillations in the interior of some other person's body. It is, of course, necessary that the reactionary sentiment in the case of the two subjects should be of an agreeable nature, since the two vibrations facilitate the movements of the atoms, which in this case accumulate and emit their rays without disturbing the diffusion.

When a man is homesick, he begins to refer to his old home as "God's Country."  
Time well arranged indicates a well ordered mind.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

While watching the circus parade "Hastus became separated in some unaccountable way from his sweetheart, and he asked a policeman to help him find her."  
"What does she look like?" queried the officer.  
"Well, sah," replied "Hastus," "she's a brunette, sah, with a Yeastah hat on her head, an' her name's Jophee-by, sah."

A Literary Round Up.  
"Is Stubbs the finished writer he claims to be?"  
"Yes, he was done for as soon as his book came out."—Chicago Record.

An Easy Method.  
Parke—I think, after all, I shall put my suit into politics.  
Lane—How are you going to manage it?  
Parke—Oh, get him into the army.—Harper's Bazar.

Abnormal Destructiveness.  
Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist?  
Subject—Neither; I'm a furniture mover.

House-Cleaning Days.  
The boy knocked at the front door. The bell was out of order.  
Presently somebody was heard trying to climb over the furniture in the front hall and a woman's voice asked:  
"Who is there?"  
"Telegraph messenger," loudly replied the boy. "Got a message for the man of the house."  
The attic window flew open, a cobwebbed head was thrust forth, and a man with a wild, despairing voice yelled out:  
"Wrap it around a stone and throw it up here!"—Chicago Tribune.

But There Was Trouble.  
Mr. Mann—Can you—er—take pills, my dear?  
Mrs. Mann—Oh, yes; without a bit of trouble.  
Mr. Mann—Thank goodness! I have a bitter one for you; I just sat down on your new Easter hat and squashed it as flat as a pancake.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Took Him at His Word.  
Mother—My dear, how could you refuse him? He may never propose again.  
Daughter—But, mamma, he said he would.

Griggs—Did you find your Frenchy assistance to you while in Paris?  
Griggs—Oh, yes. I could swear at the waiters by the hour and they never knew it.

A Compliment.  
"I understand that one of your ancestors was a horse-thief," said Billings to Ricketts.  
"He was. Glad you mentioned it. I regard that as a compliment."  
"How's that?"  
"It is an acknowledgment that I have improved on my ancestors."

A Natural Thought.  
Griggs—Gillon tells us he has made a lot of money in Wall street.  
Griggs—How much has he lost?

The Usual Cause.  
Munn—I wonder why Saxby is always railing against society?  
Tuther—I think it is because society seems to have put up a railing against him.—Indianapolis Press.

Did Anybody Ever Do That?  
Some one asks what is tact. It is that feeling which prompts a woman to dig up the photograph of a friend who is coming to visit, from the bottom bureau drawer, and put it on the parlor mantel.—Aitchison Globe.

"The Window's Pane Is in Its Place."  
Kindlman—What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in great pain.  
Little Boy (groaning dismally)—No, I ain't, but there seems ter be a great pain in me.—Troy Times.

Lesson I.  
"What do the Philippines appear to learn most easily in connection with our civilization?" asked the eager inquirer.  
Without hesitation the strategist replied:  
"The value of money."—Washington Star.

Would Know Later.  
Patient—Now, doctor, what's the matter with me, anyway?  
The Head Consulting Physician—My dear sir, do you suppose that if we knew what was the matter with you we would have decided to hold a post-mortem?—Harper's Bazar.

Wasted There.  
He—They say the temperature in Florida has been about 75 all this month.  
She—Isn't that aggravating? To think that they should have temperature like that there where it's so warm, anyway that they don't really need it!—Philadelphia Press.

Out of Their Class.  
Manhattan—They are only amateur actors, are they not?  
Broadway—Yes, but they are jealous enough of one another to be professional.—Life.

Not a Case of Atavism.  
"These people that are always preaching evolution and the survival of the fittest are so inconsistent," remarked the girl in the fur jacket.  
"How so?" asked the other girl.  
"You know that young professor who was trying to act so gay the other evening? Well, I called him a mischievous mule-ey, and do you know he got real mad about it!"—Chicago Tribune.

On the Contrary.  
"I understand that visionary chap is regarded as being twenty years ahead of his time."  
"No," answered the grave-looking citizen. "I am his landlord, and I know better than that. He is about six months behind time."—Washington Star.

Her Comment.  
"Fame," said the youth with the earnest intellectual expression, "is so hard to attain! It is so difficult for one to get himself talked about!"  
"Humph!" rejoined the woman with cold blue eyes and a firm jaw. "You just ought to live in our neighborhood."—Washington Star.

A Lack of Reciprocity.  
"What makes that Dook so haughty?"  
"He is proud of his ancestors."  
"I see. And I suppose it never occurred to him that his ancestors might be more or less ashamed of him."—Washington Star.

What He Said.  
Mrs. Quiss—What did your husband say when the stovepipe fell on him?  
Mrs. Meek—O, I wouldn't repeat it for the world, but it's equivalent to dashes and exclamations in a newspaper.—Ohio State Journal.

A Rep's Nature.  
It makes no difference how much a woman stuffs her boy before sending him with his father's dinner, he always looks starved when his father opens the bucket.—Aitchison Globe.

The Better Way.  
"Maude says she isn't going to sing for nothing any more."  
"Hi! If I had her voice I wouldn't sing for anything."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

But He Could Do.  
"Look at my desk; isn't it in sad disorder?"  
"Perhaps you are cramped for time?"  
"That's so; if I had more time I could make it look worse than it does now."—Chicago Record.

Life's Horrid Grind.  
"It's so tiresome!" sighed the girl in the fur jacket. "No sooner do you get back from your winter trip to the South than you have to begin to make up your mind where you are going to spend the summer. Sometimes I think life is hardly worth living!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Dilemma.  
Mrs. Von Blumer—"I don't know what we shall do about that cook."  
Von Blumer—"What's the matter now?"  
"She threatens to stay."—Life.

Humdrum Existence.  
Mrs. Muggins—She says her life is so monotonous.  
Mrs. Buggins—Yes, she never seems to have any trouble with her cook.—Philadelphia Record.

A Wise Coun.  
Judge—You are charged with stealing six turkeys from Colonel Snailus. Have you any witnesses?  
Hastus—No, sah; you bet I ain't. I don't steal turkeys befo' witnesses, sah.

Time.  
"How do you pass the time?" inquired the city visitor of the friend who had moved to the country.  
"I don't pass it," replied the lady who could always find something to do; "it passes me."

How Fascinating.  
Said the mistress of a Mercantile shop to a young—and impudencious—journalist: "This is the sixth time you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, monsieur! What an I to understand by it?"  
"Ah! madame," said the witty journalist, "when one sees you one forgets everything."—Le Veleur.

Peccoliar Girl.  
"What a phenomenal girl Helen is!"  
"Why?"  
"She says all men look alike to her."—Chicago Record.

Awin's, Indeed.  
Buster—I am having awful luck. I am now down to my last dollar.  
Dendrobes—Pshaw! that's nothing. Wait till you are down to the last dollar of your last friend.—Life.

Misplaced Words.  
According to French dictionaries, a lorgnette is an opera glass, and a lorgnon an eyeglass, but the two words have become curiously mixed. In connection with this a highly cultivated Philadelphia woman tells a good story. Not long ago she went down town to buy a lorgnon for a friend.  
"Let me look at some gold and silver lorgnons," she said to the clerk in the jewelry shop. "I want to see the prettiest you have."  
"You mean lorgnettes," said the salesman superciliously. "That's the word, lornet," pronouncing it very slowly.  
"Perhaps I do," said the lady amiably; "at any rate, it's very kind of you to tell me about it. Now, if you will show me some I'll be still further indebted to you."  
And he did, but he lost no opportunity, just the same, of rubbing that "lor-net" in while he was displaying his wares.  
Solomon said: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." But Solomon was a millionaire and could afford to say it.

