

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

With the utmost care Ella arranged her long curls, and then, trying over her black dress the only white apron which she possessed, she started for Mrs. Campbell's. The resemblance between herself and Ella Campbell was indeed so striking that but for the dress the mother might easily have believed it to have been her own child. As it was, she started up when the little girl appeared, and, drawing her to her side, involuntarily kissed her; then, causing her to sit down by her side, she minutely examined her features, questioning her meantime concerning her mother and her home in England. Of the latter Ella could only tell her that they lived in a city, and that her mother had once taken her to a large, handsome house in the country, which she said was her old home.

From this Mrs. Campbell inferred that Ella's family must have been superior to most of the English who emigrate to this country, and after a few more questions she decided to take her for a time to her own home.

With another kiss she dismissed her, and she would come for her on the following arrangements were made for Mary and Alice, and on the same day in which Mrs. Campbell was to call for Ella, Mr. Knight, one of the "selectmen," whose business it was to look after the town's poor, also came to the cottage. After learning that Ella was provided for, he turned to Mary, saying, "How old she was, and what she could do," saying that his wife was in want of just such a girl to do "chores," and if she was willing to be separated from Alice he would give her a home with him.

But Mary only hugged her sister closer to her bosom as she replied, "I'd rather go with Alice. I promised mother to take care of her."

"Very well," said the man. "I'm going to North Chichester, but shall be back in two hours, so you must have your things all ready."

"Don't cry so, Mary," whispered Billy, when he saw how fast her tears were falling. "I'll come to see you every week, and when I am older, and have money, I will take you from the poorhouse, and Alice, too."

Just then Mrs. Campbell's carriage drove up. She had been taking her afternoon ride, and now, on her way home, had stopped for Ella, who in her delight at going with so handsome a woman, forgot the dreary home which awaited her sister.

While she was getting ready Mr. Knight returned, and, driving his old-fashioned yellow wagon up by the side of Mrs. Campbell's stylish carriage, he entered the house, saying, "Come, get your things ready, I hope. The old man don't want to start, and I'm in a deuce of hurry, too. I sort to be to him this minute, instead of driving over that stony Part-up road. I hope you don't mean to carry that ar' thing," he continued, pointing with his whip toward Alice's cradle, which stood near Mary's box of clothes. The tears came into Mary's eyes, and she answered, "Alice has always slept in it, and I don't know but—"

Here she stopped, and, running up to Ella, hid her face in her lap and sobbed, "I don't want to go. Oh! I don't want to go; can't I stay with you?"

Billy's yellow handkerchief was suddenly brought into requisition, and Mrs. Bender, who, with all her imaginary aches and pains, was a kind-hearted woman, made vigorous attacks upon her sunflower, while Mrs. Campbell patted Mary's head, saying, "Poor child, I can't take you both, but you shall see your sister often."

Ella was too much pleased with Mrs. Campbell and the thoughts of the fine home to which she was going to weep, but her chin quivered when Mary held up the baby for her to kiss, and said, "Perhaps you will never see little Alice again."

When all was ready Mr. Knight walked around his wagon, and, after trying to adjust the numerous articles it contained, said, "I don't see how in the world I can carry that cradle; my wagon is chuck full now. Here is a case of shoes for the girls to school, and a pillow case of four for Miss Smith, and four or seven other traps, so I guess you'll have to leave it. Mebbe you can find one there, and if not, why, she'll soon get used to going without it."

Before Mary could reply Billy whispered in her ear, "Never mind, Mary; you know that little car that I draw moths in; the cradle will just fit it, and to-morrow afternoon I'll bring it to you, if it doesn't rain."

Mary knew that he meant what he said, and, smiling on him through her tears, climbed into the rickety wagon, which was minus a step, and, taking Alice into her arms, she was soon moving away. In striking contrast to this Ella, about five minutes after, was carefully lifted into Mrs. Campbell's handsome carriage, and, reclining upon soft cushions was driven rapidly toward her new home.

Will their paths in life always continue thus different? Who can tell?

CHAPTER V.

How long and tiresome that ride was, with no one for a companion except Mr. Knight, who, though a kind-hearted man, knew nothing about making himself agreeable to little girls, so he remained perfectly taciturn. Alice soon fell asleep, and though the little cradle which held her ached sadly, there was no complaint.

Only Mary's tears gushed forth, and, falling upon the baby's face, awoke her. Her nap was not half out, and setting up a loud cry she continued screaming until they drove up to the very door of the poorhouse.

"For the land's sake," said Mr. Knight, as he helped Mary from the wagon, "what a racket; can't you contrive to stop it? You'll have Sal Furbush on your hair, for she don't like a noise."

Mary glanced nervously round in quest of the goblin Sal, but she saw nothing save an idiotic face with bushy, tangled hair, and nose fattened against the window pane. In terror Mary clung to Mr. Knight, and whispered, as she pointed toward the figure, which was now laughing hideously, "What is it? Are there many such here?"

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Knight; "that's nobody but foolish Patry; she never hurt anybody in her life. Come, now, let me show you to the overseer."

And he led her toward the red-whiskered man, who stood in the door.

"Here, Parker," said he, "I've brought these children I was telling you about. You're poor for 'em, I s'pose?"

"Why, yes, we can work if so's to make room."

They now entered the kitchen. Mary was very tired with holding Alice so long, and, sinking into a chair near the

"Oh, Billy, Billy," said she. "I was afraid you would not come, and it made me so unhappy."

As Billy released her he was startled at hearing some one call out, "Bravo! That, I conclude, is a country hug. I hope she won't try it on me!"

Turning about he saw before him a white-faced boy, nearly of his own age, whose dress and appearance indicated that he belonged to a higher grade, as far as wealth was concerned. It was Henry Lincoln, notorious both for pride and insolence. Billy, who had worked for Mr. Lincoln, had been insulted by Henry many a time, and now he longed to avenge it, but native politeness taught him that in the presence of Mary "it would not be proper, so without a word to Henry he whispered to the little girl, "That fellow lives near here, and if he ever gives you trouble just let me know."

"Kissed her then, didn't you?" sneeringly asked Henry, retreating at the same time, for there was something in Billy's eyes which he feared.

"Come into the house," said Mary, "where he can't see us," and leading the way she conducted him up to her own room, which was there was no fear of being interrupted.

"Alice was first carefully fixed in her cradle, and then kneeling down at Billy's side, and laying her arms across his lap, Mary told him of everything which had happened, and finished by asking, "how long she must stay here?"

Had Billy's purse been as large as his heart, that question would have easily been answered. Now he could only shake his head in reply, while Mary next asked if he had seen Ella.

"I have not seen her," returned he, "but I've heard that rainy as it was this morning, Mrs. Campbell's maid was out selecting muslins and jacobins for her, and they say she is not to wear black, as Mrs. Campbell thinks her too young."

Mary did not speak for some time, but her head dropped on Billy's knee, and she seemed to be intently thinking. At last, brushing aside the hair which had fallen over her forehead, Billy said: "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if Ella wouldn't forget me and Alice now she is rich and going to be a lady."

Billy had thought the same thing, and lifting the little girl in his lap, he replied: "If she does, I never will," and then he drew her again how when he was older and had money he would take her from the poorhouse and send her to school, and that she should some time be as much of a lady as Ella.

(To be continued.)

NOT CONCLUSIVE OF GUILT.

Fair-Minded Men Are Often Deceived by Circumstantial Evidence.

"As to circumstantial evidence, it's a queer thing," said the man in the brown suit. "Five or six years ago I was in a town in Indiana for a night when a bank was robbed. Next morning I was arrested as an accomplice, it being contended that I was seen idling in front of the bank and evidently acting as a sentinel for those within. Three different persons identified me as the man and the fourth claimed to have seen me enter the hotel at a late hour by way of a shed and a window. I was locked up for examination, with a chance of things going hard with me, when evidence began to come forward on my side. The landlord asserted and swore that I was sitting in the office at 10 o'clock p. m. Two servants swore to seeing me go to my room half an hour later. A man having rooms opposite the hotel swore that he saw me smoking at my window at midnight. A guest of the hotel who had a room next to mine swore that my snore disturbed him from midnight till 2 o'clock and that he heard me turn over in bed at 3, and so I was honorably discharged from custody."

"But about it's being queer?" was asked.

"Why, all the people on both sides were mistaken. I was not outside the bank at the time mentioned and neither was I in the hotel."

"But you were somewhere."

"Oh, of course. Fact is I got mashed on the landlord's daughter and we sat up all night on a balcony and awoke hands and talked love and looked at the moonlight and slapped mosquitoes. Yes, sir, at that night all night a couple of idiots, and though I declared I would die for her and she said she only wanted me and a humble cottage she was married to a red-headed butcher within a year and I was used by a snub-nosed widow for breach of promise. I was simply observing, you know, that circumstantial evidence is a queer thing, and I wish to add that a jurymen shouldn't be influenced too much by it."—Washington Post.

Chasing a Bear.

Any one who has seen a bear walk knows how slowly he seems to move, and his run is a shuffling, lumbering gait that is comical to witness, unless he happens to be running after you. But a bear moves pretty fast, notwithstanding appearances, and the grizzly, which looks to be clumsier than the brown or black bear, can cover ground faster than the average saddle-horse. A Philadelphia exchange prints this story of an Arizona sheep-rancher:

He was riding in the foothills when he saw a big, awkward silvertip. He had a rifle, but was not certain he could kill the bear at one shot, and knew that he would get into trouble if he missed. So he gave a regular cowboy yell, and the bear started away in alarm. The man gave chase, at the same time keeping up the piercing yell, and he soon noticed that the grizzly was getting farther away. He continued the chase for nearly two miles, until the bear disappeared in the mountains, and he had not gained a foot.

In going back along the trail, he noticed places where the bear had made jumps of fifteen or twenty feet, and the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. It is evident that a man would have no show running a foot-race with a grizzly.

Assured of a Long Life.

Mrs. Knowlton—So you are engaged to Miss Sweetly? I do not wish to discourage you, but I understand that she has said she has absolutely no wish to know how to cook.

Mr. Wise—That's right; I proposed as soon as I heard it.—Baltimore American.

Being.

"Barlow is rather close, isn't he?"

"Close? He's stingy. He lets the students in the barbers' college shave him and cut his hair, in order to save expense."

Give a grateful man more than he asks.

everywhere as an old friend. He is under next to no expense, and if it rains on any given date he simply stays over and gives the show the next night. I thought of the trials and vexations of piloting a big company over the road," added the advance agent, "and I envied him from the bottom of my heart."

Pooped Him.

Up in Harlem there lives an old gentleman who is remarkable for his absent-mindedness, his nervousness and his disposition to go off at half cock.

The other night he attended a dinner and did not reach home until 1 o'clock. He was feeling pretty good, but he was master of his movements. He does not carry a night key, as he seldom goes out after dark, so he rang the doorbell, and his daughter, who had been sitting up for him, opened the door. Her mother had gone to bed and was sound asleep. The daughter is a rather waggish young woman, and, as she opened the door, she said: "Just think—it's 1 o'clock and papa isn't in bed."

"What?" yelled the old gentleman. "Not in bed? Where is he, then? Oh, he must be in bed!"

"You can look for yourself, father," said she with a grave countenance.

Up the stairs he hurried, full of excitement. He ran into the bedroom. A light was dimly burning, his wife was sound asleep, but she was alone.

His daughter had followed him upstairs.

"My heavens, daughter, where can he be?" cried the old man in alarm.

"Here he is, father," said the young woman, leading him up to the mirror over the chiffonier.

The old man looked and tumbled, and it cost him a half dozen pairs of gloves to keep the incident from reaching the ears of his wife.—New York Evening World.

An Exclusive Colony.

Those who work in the Du Pont powder mills on the Brandywine, in Delaware, form a queer colony. They are all Irish people, whose ancestors came to this country when the Du Ponts started in business and went to work for them. For generations the Du Ponts and these people have passed their positions from father to son. Like their employers, they intermarry and are very exclusive. They live on what are called Du Pont's banks, which are about three miles from Wilmington. The people of Wilmington know hardly anything about them, for they have few outside acquaintances, and their visits are not frequent. The hills about the banks are the highest in Delaware, and it is at the base of them that these workers live.

The town is lighted at night by the electric plant in the works. The people have their own places of amusements, the principal being the Brandywine Club, which has a finer building than any club in Wilmington. They also have dances and theatricals frequently. Nearly every one of them has lost a relative by an accident in the works. They have their own graveyard, too.—New York Press.

A Helpful Institution.

A lunch room has been opened in Kansas City, under the auspices of the Young Woman's Christian Association, where food is sold at exact cost. The prices seem almost impossible, but judicious management will accomplish wonders. Cream of tomato soup is sold for 5 cents; roast beef with potatoes, the same; two salmon croquettes cost 2 cents; mashed potatoes the same; peas, 3 cents; cabbage salad, 4; apple pie, 1 cent; coffee, tea or milk, 3; cheese, 1 cent; two sandwiches, 5 cents; a hot roll, 1 cent; butter, 1 cent. The men have found out this wonderful opportunity to get food at cost prices and are beginning to edge their way in among the women. Unless they become too numerous they will not be debared. Let us hope so kindly an institution will prosper, and pave the way for many similar ones.

Elephants in England.

While excavating for the foundations for the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert museums in South Kensington a car load of fossilized bones was brought to the surface by the workmen. These were taken in charge by Dr. Woodward, of the geological department, who pronounced them the remains of the primitive denizens of the soil that lived there before man came to interfere with them. The bones belonged, he said, to a London newspaper representative, to the elephant, the stag and the primitive horse, and date back to a time before Great Britain became isolated, ere yet the Straits of Dover had been cut through.

Not Learned in Society Ways.

"There is no use of talking," said one navy officer. "I can't help admiring that man Noah. The way he built his own boat and then sailed it was remarkable."

"Yes," answered the other. "It showed good workmanship. But, you see, Noah wasn't obliged to represent anybody diplomatically when he touched at foreign ports. I doubt very much if he would have known how to behave in a drawing room."

Sickie from the Sphinx.

The oldest piece of wrought iron in existence is believed to be a roughly fashioned sickle blade found by Besant, in Karnak, near Thebes. It was imbedded in mortar under the base of the sphinx, and on that account is known as "the sickle of the sphinx." It is now in the British museum, and is believed to be nearly 4,000 years old.

His Next Meal.

"That man says he never knows where he's going to get his next meal."

"Is he so poor?"

"No, but he's a collector and eats wherever he happens to be."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Only a "Bluff."

The Parson—I hope you are not going fishing on Sunday, my little man.

The Kid—O, no, sir; I am merely carrying this rod so those wicked boys across the street will not suspect that I am on my way to Sunday school.

The more holes there are in a sponge the more water it will hold.

Brevity is the soul of wit—but it doesn't always embody the truth.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Kinscent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Farmer—See here, you! You remember putting two lightning rods on my barn last spring, didn't you? Well, that barn was struck six weeks after and burned down.

Peddler—Struck by lightning? "It was."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Must've been a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Yes; dark as pitch."

"Lanterns burnin'?"

"What lanterns?"

"Didn't you run lanterns up 'em dark nights?"

"Never heard of anything like that."

"Well, if you didn't know enough to keep your lightning rods showin' you needn't blame me. G'lang."

Depends on the Factor's Bill.

Not a Buffalo.

"Agulnaldo says he will not attend the Buffalo exposition."

"Why not?"

"Because he is not a Buffalo."—Ohio State Journal.

A Man of Peace.

Biggs—There goes a man who will fight at the drop of a hat.

Diggs—Who is he?

Biggs—Justice of the peace.—Ohio State Journal.

Friday Not Unlucky.

Quiz—Do you think Friday an unlucky day to move?

Bias—Not for me; I moved on Friday and found out if I'd waited until Saturday my goods would have been attached for rent.—Ohio State Journal.

Compulsory.

First Boarder—Do you believe in the salt cure?

Second Boarder—No, but since our laundry gives us mackerel every morning what's the use to object.—Ohio State Journal.

The Hat Got It.

Dashleigh—Did Miss Avoidupois make an impression on you at the reception last night?

Dashleigh—No, I am happy to say it was my hat.—Ohio State Journal.

A Model Relative.

"I reckon Bobby's got a letter from his uncle."

"Shouldn't wonder. He's allus been purty kind to Bobby."

"Yes; he's the sort of feller that promises to give a boy a lot of presents if he's good, and gives 'em to him anyhow."—Puck.

Changed the Prescription.

Patient—Doctor, would you mind stopping at the drug store and paying for this prescription. I'm short of change.

Doctor (hurriedly writing another prescription)—Excuse me, I made a mistake. You don't need any nerve medicine.

One to Be Avoided.

"Do you see that very ordinary-looking man over there?"

"es; what of it?"

"He's a man with a history."

"A man with a history? What has he ever done?"

"Nothing at all. He's selling the history by subscription."

A True Vengeance.

"The late editor's wife is something of a humorist."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; took a line from his original salutatory and placed it on his tombstone."

"What was it?"

"We are here to stay!"

Defused.

Willie—Pa, what's an "old flame?"

Pa—My son, when a man speaks of "his old flame" he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.

Refused Reprieve.

"I never tell all I know," he said, intending to be mysterious.

"Well," she replied, "it certainly can't be because you don't have time."

Hawners of Monster Size.

The largest cable of modern times is the manilla hawser which was used to tow the drydock to Havana. It is twenty-three inches in circumference, but it is by no means the largest that ever has been made, although it has the reputation of breaking the record.

There are at least two other greater circumferences, but both of them were used for the purpose of anchoring the ship North Carolina in the navy yard at Brooklyn, while the other was a twenty-four-inch hawser, which was used as a sheet-anchorage cable on the Tennessee, when she was stationed in the Mediterranean in the '90s.

Such an enormous rope was naturally found to be unwieldy, a fact which was abundantly demonstrated when the vessel encountered a storm in the Bay of Naples. When the Tennessee returned to her native home in America the hawser was sent to the oakum mills and made it into oakum.

All things are for the best—and every mother's son of us thinks he's it.

