

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Just then Ella came singing into the room, but started when she saw how excited Mrs. Campbell appeared, and how swollen her eyelids were.

"Why, what's the matter?" said she. "I never saw you cry before, excepting that time when I told you I was going to marry Henry," and Ella laughed a little, spiteful laugh.

"Hush—hush," said Mary, softly; and Mrs. Campbell, drawing Ella to her side, told her of the strange discovery she had made; then beckoning Mary to approach, she laid a hand upon each of the young girls' heads, and blessing them, called them "her own dear children."

It would be hard to tell what Ella's emotions were. One moment she was glad, and the next she was sorry, for she was so supremely selfish that the fact of Mary's being poor in every respect but equal gave her more pain than pleasure. Of course Mrs. Campbell would love her best—everybody did who knew her—everybody but Henry. And when Mrs. Campbell asked why she did not speak she replied, "Why, what shall I say? I shall go into ecstasies about it. To be sure I'm glad—very glad that you are my aunt. Will Mary live here now?"

"Yes, always," answered Mrs. Campbell; and "No, never," thought Mary.

Mrs. Campbell that evening tried to devise some means by which to stave off neglecting Mary so long. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her, upon which she determined immediately to act, and the next morning Mr. Worthington was sent for to draw up a new will, in which Mr. Howard was to share equally with her sister.

"Half of all I own is theirs by right," said she, "and what I want is that on their twenty-first birthday they shall come into possession of the portion which ought to have been their mother's, while at my death the remainder shall be equally divided between them."

The will was accordingly drawn up, signed and sealed. Mr. Worthington keeping a rough draft of it, which was thrown among some loose papers in his office. A few days afterward Henry, coming accidentally upon it, read it without hesitation.

"That settles it at once," said he, "and I can't say I'm sorry, for I was getting horribly sick of her. Now I'd willingly marry Mary without a penny, but Ella, with only one-quarter as much as I expected, and that not until her twenty-one, is a different matter entirely. But what am I to do? I wish Moreland was here, for, though he don't like me, he wouldn't mind leading me a few thousand. Well, there's no help for it, and the sooner the old man breaks now the better. It'll help me out of a damned mess scrape, for, of course, I shall be magnanimous and release Ella at once from her engagement with a ruined man."

The news that Mary was Mrs. Campbell's niece spread rapidly, and among those who came to congratulate her, there was more sincere than William Bender. Mary was very dear to him, and whatever conducted to her happiness added also to his. Together with her he had heard the rumour of Mr. Lincoln's downfall, and while he felt sorry for the family he could not help hoping that it would bring Jenny nearer to him. Of this he told Mary, who hardly dared trust herself to reply lest she should divulge a darling secret, which she had cherished ever since Mrs. Campbell had told her that in a little more than a year she was to be the rightful owner of a sum of money much larger than she ever dreamed it possible for her to possess. Wholly unselfish, her thoughts instantly turned toward her adopted brother. A part of that sum should be his, and with that for a stepping stone to future wealth Mrs. Lincoln, when poor and destitute, could no longer refuse him her daughter. Mrs. Campbell, to whom alone she confided her wishes, gave her consent, though she could not understand the self-denying love which prompted this act of generosity to a stranger.

And now Mary was very happy in thinking how much good she could do. Mrs. Mason, her benefactress, should never want again. Sally Furber, the kind-hearted old seamstress, who had stood by her so long and so faithfully, should share her home wherever that home might be; while, better than the rest, William Bender, the truest, best friend she ever had, should be repaid for his kindness to her when a little, unknown pauper. And still the world, knowing nothing of the hidden causes which made Mary's laugh so merry and her manner so gay, said that the prospect of being an heiress had turned her head, just as it always did those who were suddenly elevated to wealth.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Lincoln had failed. At the corner of the streets groups of men stood together, talking over the matter, and ascribing it, some to his carelessness, some to his extreme good nature in indorsing for anyone who asked, and others, the knowing ones, winked slyly as they said, "they guessed he knew what he was about—their falling before of such things as falling rich," but the mouths of those last were stopped when they heard that the household furniture, everything was given up for the benefit of his creditors, and was to be sold at auction during the coming week.

When the day of the auction arrived, it required the persuasion of both Mrs. Campbell and Mary to keep Jenny from going, she knew not whether herself, but anywhere to be near and take one more look at the dear old furniture as it passed into the hands of strangers. At last Mrs. Campbell promised that black Ezra, who had accompanied her from Chicopee, should go and report faithfully all the proceedings, and then Jenny consented to remain at home; though all the day she seemed restless and impatient, wondering how long before Uncle Ezra would return, and then wringing as in fancy she saw articles after article disposed of to those who would know little how to prize it.

About five o'clock Uncle Ezra came home, bringing a note from Ida, saying that the carriage would soon be round for Mary and Jenny, both of whom must surely come, as there was a pleasant surprise awaiting them. While Mary was reading this Jenny was eagerly questioning Uncle Ezra with regard to the sale, which he said "went off uncommon well," going chiefly, he reckoned, "to a tall and mighty good-looking chap, who kept bidding up to, till he got 'em about where they should be. Then he'd stop for someone else to bid."

"Who was he?" asked Mary, coming forward and joining Jenny.

"Don't know," said Uncle Ezra, "but he's got a long nose, for when he paid for the

to tell her truly if it were not George who had paid her bills at Mount Holyoke.

"What a silly girl," said Ida. "He was perfectly able and more than willing, so why do you care?"

"I do not like being so much indebted to anyone," was Mary's reply, and yet in her secret heart there was a strange feeling of pleasure in the idea that George had thus cared for her, for would he have done so if—She dared not finish that question even to herself—dared not ask if she hoped that George Moreland loved her one-half as well as she began to think she had always loved him. Why should he, with his handsome person and princely fortune, love one so unworthy, and so much beneath him? And then, for the first time, she thought of her changed position since last they met. Then she was a poor, obscure school mistress—now flattered, caressed and an heiress. Years before, when a little pauper at Chicopee, she had felt unwilling that George should know how destitute she was, and now in the time of her prosperity she was equally desirous that he should, for a time at least, remain ignorant of her present condition.

"Ida," said she, lifting her head from the table, "does George know that I am Mrs. Campbell's niece?"

"No," answered Ida. "I wanted to tell him, but Aunt Martha said I'd better not."

"Don't, then," returned Mary, and resuming her former position she fell into a deep reverie, from which she was at last aroused by Jenny's asking "if she intended to sit up all night?"

The news that George Moreland had returned and bought Rose Lincoln's piano rapidly, and the day following his arrival Mary and Ida were stopped in the street by a group of their companions, who were eager to know how George bore the news that his betrothed was so ill, and if it was not that which brought him home so soon; and then the conversation turned upon Miss Herndon, the New Orleans lady who had that morning appeared in the street; "And don't you think," said one of the girls, "that Henry Lincoln was dancing attendance upon her? If I were you," turning to Mary, "I'd caution my sister to be a little wary of him. But let me see, their marriage is to take place soon?"

Mary replied that the marriage was postponed indefinitely, whereupon the girls exchanged winking glances and passed on. In less than twenty-four hours half of Ella's acquaintances were talking of her discarding Henry on account of his father's failure, and saying "that they expected it," was like her.

How long the report, in the shape of a condolence, reached Henry, who, caring but little what reason was assigned for the broken engagement, so that he got well out of it, assumed a much-injured air, but said "he reckoned he should manage to survive;" then, pulling his sharp-pointed collar up another story, and brushing his pet mustache, wherein lay most of his pride, he walked up street, and, ringing at Mrs. Russell's door, addressed for Miss Herndon, who, vain as beautiful, suffered his attentions, not because she liked him in the least, but because she was fond of flattery, and there was something exceedingly gratifying in the fact that at the North, where she fancied the gentlemen to be icicles, she had so soon made a conquest. It mattered not that Mrs. Russell told her his vows were pledged to another. She cared nothing for that. Her life had been one long series of conquests until now, at 25, there was not in the whole world a more flattered or heartless coquette than Evron Herndon. (To be continued.)

THE WORLD'S COAL

Facts and Calculations Touching Increased Price.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES

Annual Output When Considered in Bulk Gives Rise to Fears.

But 1,000 Years of Reserve Left Surely Alleviate All Anxieties—The Imagination Staggers Under the Array of Facts Illustrated by Diagrams and Fortified by Calculations—A Train 71,000 Miles Long to Transport Our Annual Product.

HE coal barons announce that the price of coal will advance by a fixed gradation according to a schedule agreed upon by the producers. We are also told that the coal supply will be exhausted in a few years. The first announcement, says Pennsylvania Grit, of Williamsport, is a stubborn fact which will not yield to argument; the other statement will appear less alarming if we examine it in the light of such information as we are able to get.

According to statistical reports the output of coal in the United States last year was in round numbers 250,000,000

other words, the coal that has been mined in the United States within thirty years would build a Chinese wall of the dimensions given, across the United States from the lowest point in Texas to the northern boundary of North Dakota, and extending 200 miles into British territory.

Or, 1.13 cubic miles of material would construct an enormous breakwater running out to sea twenty-two miles, one mile wide and 320 feet high.

In order to get a clearer conception of what an enormous bulk is represented by the output of coal for one year, let us undertake to move it. For convenience we will assume that a coal car

merchant marine devoted to the coal carrying trade would be swelled to the stupendous number of 1,420,000 ships.

These calculations give us something of an idea of the extent of the coal mining industry, and dispose our minds to accept without question the alarmist reports sent out from time to time coincidentally with the announcement of an advance in the market price. However, there is another side to the question. It is estimated that the area of coal lands in the world is 472,000 acres, distributed as follows: China and Japan, 200,000; United States, 194,000; Great Britain, 35,000; Russia, 27,000; other countries, 3,200. It is also estimated that the coal supply of China, Japan, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and India is 303,000,000,000 tons, an amount sufficient to supply the world for 450 years at the present rate of consumption. The coal still unmined in the United States is estimated at 500,000,000,000 tons in round numbers, an amount regarded as sufficient to extend the period of the world's consumption to 1,000 years, at the present rate.

Now, we have here something to allay our anxiety on the score of speedy exhaustion of the coal supply. Few of us will live 1,000 years, and we can safely rely upon the inventive genius or discoveries of future ages to supply a substitute for coal long before the stock runs short. If coal continues to advance in price at the rate at which it is going this year, the capacity of the public to purchase will have ceased long before the available supply shall have been exhausted.

It may not be amiss to attempt to represent the reserve supply of coal in this country by means of a diagram, using only round numbers and approximate dimensions.

If the coal mined within thirty years is equivalent to a block of the dimensions of a cubic mile, the reserve may be indicated by a block 100 times as large in cubical contents. That is to



TEN MINUTES' OUTPUT.

is thirty feet long and carries twenty tons. On this basis it would require 12,500,000 cars to hold 250,000,000 tons of coal, and if the cars were put into a train, making no allowance for coupling spaces, the train would be over 71,000 miles long. Such a train would practically extend three times around the globe. Multiply this yearly output by 20 and we have the jumped estimate for the output for thirty years. In this case the train would consist of 150,000,000 cars and would be 1,420,000 miles long, or long enough to reach round the world fifty-nine times.

Here is another aspect of the ques-



HAULING ONE YEAR'S OUTPUT OF AMERICAN COAL.

tion. Assuming that our average annual output is 250,000,000 tons, a week's output would build a pyramid of the side of which the Great Pyramid of Cheops would be dwarfed to comparative insignificance; and every ten minutes there is taken 15,000 tons of coal. Suppose we raise a gigantic pair of scales, and in one pan put one of our large new battleships weighing 14,000 tons, and in the other pan the coal mined in a single period of ten minutes. The battleship would be elevated to a position neither natural nor dignified, yet in accordance with the inexorable law of gravitation.

But of the great mass of coal we produced in 1900 only 7,000,000 tons were

As a ton of coal in strata represents about one cubic yard, last year's output was 250,000,000 cubic yards. This amount of coal would make a stack a mile square and approximately 400 feet high. It is an enormous quantity, and we may be excused for some alarm when we are told that the reserve supply will soon be exhausted. But it may be well to look into the matter a little before getting into a panic of fear. However, before relieving our distress of mind, let us enjoy a brief season of additional shivers.

Thirty Years' Product.

Somebody has estimated that during the past thirty years we have mined 8,000,000,000 tons of coal. Do we real-

ize that the coal still in the bowels of the earth would make a cube of 100 miles dimensions. As a matter of fact, if the coal supply is 500,000,000,000 tons, the cube would be very close to 173 miles in height, breadth and thickness, and the thirty years' output would be a cube of about 1.73 miles. But for convenience the even numbers are used, though they are far below the actual figures. The proportions, however, are given with sufficient accuracy.

A London paper has dug up a proclamation issued 800 years ago by Edward I, which indicates that coal was not appreciated so much by the people of the fourteenth century as it is now. The proclamation is referred to in 1652 as follows:

"Whereas in the year of our Lord God 1306, King Edward the I by proclamation prohibited the burning of sea coals in London and the suburbs to avoid the sulferous smoke and savor of the firing . . . there is so great scarcity of wood throughout the whole kingdom that . . . the inhabitants in general are constrained to make their fires of sea coal or pit coal even in the chambers of honorable personages. Within thirty years last the nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea coals were burning nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea coal fire."

World Need Not Worry.

Now the world is beginning to worry lest it be not able to get enough coal to burn. It may be of interest to know what proportion of the world's total output of coal is credited to the various coal producing countries. In 1890, the last year in which statistics are available, the production in metric tons was as follows: United States, 228,717,570; United Kingdom, 223,000,998; Germany, 135,824,427; Austro-Hungary, 36,000,000; France, 32,770,005; Belgium, 21,917,740; Russia, 13,000,000; Japan, 6,050,000; Australasia, 6,700,000; India, 5,000,000; Canada, 4,141,000; Spain, 2,742,000; Mexico, 400,125; Sweden, 239,344; Italy, 375,000; all other countries, 3,500,000; total, partly estimated, 727,068,001.

Japanese Fuel.

The dust of charcoal is gathered up and mixed with the chaff from wheat, barley and other grains, and with chopped straw, in Japan. It is then moistened into a paste, rolled into balls about as big as a billiard ball, and makes excellent fuel.

Why do people give advice? Fools won't take it, and wise men don't need it.



A WALL OF COAL 2,000 MILES LONG.

ize what that means. This quantity of coal, estimating a ton at a cubic yard, and dealing in round numbers, would make one cubic mile; that is, a block one mile high, one mile broad, and one mile thick. But this calculation is made on the basis of coal closely compacted in the strata. When coal is brought to the surface it gains about one-third in bulk. Let us suppose, therefore, that each ton of coal after being extracted from the mine occupies a space of about forty cubic feet. This is not uncommon allowance for storage. It follows, therefore, that one cubic mile of coal in the mine becomes on the surface 1.13 cubic miles. A person with a taste for mathematical calculations can figure out that 1.13 cubic miles of material would build a wall 100 feet high, 140 feet broad at the base, 100 feet wide at the top, and 2,000 miles long. In

ported. Nevertheless, comparatively insignificant as this amount seems in comparison with the total output, it would require about 334,000 cars of twenty tons capacity each to haul it to the seaboard for shipment, and it would supply cargoes of 3,500 tons each to 2,000 vessels. England exports annually 42,000,000 tons of coal, and, to transport it, 12,000 vessels, each of carrying capacity of 3,500 tons, are required.

71,000 Trainloads.

Let us imagine a condition in which our entire annual output would be exported. In that case we should have 71,000 trains each a mile long carrying coal from the mines to tidewater, and the seas would be crowded with more than 70,000 loaded ships. If we carry the calculations still further and deal with the output for thirty years, the

Photographer (to Captain in his new uniform)—Look here, please.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some Filipino of original ideas will yet distinguish himself by surrendering as a private.—Chicago Daily News.

A little fellow who saw a steamboat for the first time exclaimed: "Look, mamma! There is a railway engine taking a bath."

"Chaplain," said a soldier boy who had received a delicacy, "I've been wishing the stars in that peach hadn't been so large."

Those Dear Girls: Madge—Charlie proposed twice before I accepted him. Marjorie—Didn't you hear him the first time?—Town Topics.

Aunt Hannah—The young married woman of to-day does not know how to bring up a child. Uncle George—And so she tries it on a dog.—Boston Transcript.

She—My dear, I sent home the most beautiful hat to-day, for thirty-five dollars—it's a perfect love. He—All right, darling, your love will be returned.—Harper's Bazar.

First Scientist—I hear that your dog went mad and bit Prof. Snuggerts. Any serious results? Second Scientist—Yes, the poor beast is barking in Latin and Greek.—Chicago News.

"A financier is a man who makes lots of money, isn't it, father?" "No, Freddy; a financier is a man who gets hold of lots of money other people have made."—Our Dumb Animals.

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?" "I'm waiting till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste much better when there's some other fellow to watch you eat 'em."—Tit-Bits.

Stoutman (struggling and crowding to force himself onto the packed step of a Broadway open car)—Humph! What's this—the bog car? Elderly Passenger—Yes! Jump right on.—Life.

"My hero dies in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author. "That's a grave mistake," replied the editor. "He should not die before the reader does."—Atlanta Constitution.

A little girl at Sunday school, being asked what it meant to bear false witness against one's neighbor, replied: "It is when nobody hasn't done nothing and somebody goes and tells it."

Hicks—The easy writers have a deal to say about "the dead of night." When is that, I wonder? Wicks—The dead of night, I suppose, is when everybody is buried in slumber.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Ferguson—What a fiery waist you have on! What color is it? Mrs. Ferguson—Ox-blood. Mr. Ferguson—I began to understand now why you told the dressmaker to put in another gore. Gladys—Papa, do you suppose that the Parisians will understand my French? Papa—I can't say. Gladys: If you speak French as fast as you speak English they won't even know it is French.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why did you give up your amateur production of 'Macbeth'?" "Oh, there wouldn't any of the girls play the parts of the witches unless we'd let them wear low-necked gowns and Janice Meredith curls."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A bright boy of 5 years while playing fell and hurt himself. His mother caught him up in her arms, kissed him and began to wipe away the tears with her handkerchief, when he exclaimed: "Don't wipe my eyes yet; I'm not done crying."

Husband (reading)—It is said that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face. Wife—Well, if that's true it is probably a wise provision of nature to let the world know what kind of a husband she has.—Chicago News.

"William, a poor man came along and asked for a hat." "What did you do?" "I gave him my Sunday hat." "What on earth did you do that for?" "Well, I knew you would need your old one to wear when you go fishing."—Chicago Record.

Enslaver Way: "I suppose you people down here are boring new oil wells every day," the stranger said. "That," responded the business-like Texan, "would, indeed, be ruining things into the ground. We find it easier and more profitable to bore into the pockets of the tenderfoot."—Chicago Tribune.

Amusing the Children: Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee! Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job)—Sure, it's only to amuse th' childder. They wants th' windles covered wid steam, so they can make pictures on thim.—New York Weekly.

Noah Tall—What's the matter. You look med. E. Z. Mark—I am mad. I took me a pet monkey for my boy yesterday, and the beast died this morning. The dealer simply swindled me. Noah Tall—Ha! you should have consulted somebody before buying it. Next time you want a monkey send for me.—Philadelphia Press.

Not a Bit Realistic: "The author of this story contradicts himself. He says: 'And then the great freight-steamer labored in the heavy seas.' He actually uses the word 'labored.'" "I don't see anything wrong with—"

"Wait! And then a little further down he states that the steamer was a tramp."—Chicago News.

Natural Knower.

"Why is it," she whispered at the close of the ceremony, "that the bridegroom always looks as if he couldn't call his soul his own?"

"Probably," replied her brother, "it's because from that moment he really can't."—Philadelphia Press.

Nurse Girl—I lost track of the child, mum, and— Alarmed Mother—Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman? Nurse Girl—I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum.—London Fun.

STUPID NONSENSE