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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

At last Frank, pulling the old blue jacket from under his arm, said: "Take it to Billy 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 the gold '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 absolved from the jaws 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," and the ear she addressed was dead and the eye dim with the fast-falling shadow of death. "Mother! mother!" cried the little girl, "Franky won't drink, and his forehead is all sweat."

Mrs. Howard had been much worse that day, but agony made her strong. Sprung 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 drew 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 more than ever, 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 orphans, 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.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CHAPTER IV. Scarcely three hours had passed since the dark, moist earth was heaped upon the humble grave of the widow and her son, when again, over the village of Chicago, floated the notes of the tolling bell, and immediately crowds of people, with seemingly eager haste, hurried toward the Campbell mansion, which was soon nearly filled.

On a marble table in the same room lay the handsome coffin and in it slept young Ella. Gracefully her small waxen hands were folded one over the other, while white, half-opened rosebuds were wreathed among the curls of her hair. "She is too beautiful to die, and the young child, too," thought more than one as they looked first at the sleeping girl and then at the stricken mother, who, draped in deep black, sobbed convulsively. And yet she was not one-half so desolate as was the orphan Mary, who Mrs. Bender's kitchen sat weeping over her sister Alice, and striving to form words of prayer 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 more cheerful. 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 a'posin' Ella Howard ain't exactly her own flesh and blood, she would grow into liking her, I know." That night she went to her room, and Hannah lingered for a long time about the parlor door, glancing wistfully toward her mistress, who reclined upon the sofa with her face entirely hidden by her combing hair. "It's most too soon, I guess," thought Hannah. "I'll wait till to-morrow."

Accordingly next morning, when she had expected, she was told to carry her "mistress" to and coffee to her room, she lingered for a while, and then, as she desired of speaking to Mrs. Campbell asked what she wanted.

"Why, you see, ma'am, I was going to say word about that youngest Howard girl. She's got to go to the poorhouse and it's a pity, she's so handsome. Why couldn't she come here and live? I'll take care of her, and I wouldn't mind so long as she stays here."

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 refused, and she returned to Mrs. Lincoln called that afternoon, and after assuring her friend that she never before 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 the time she returned 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.)

AGRICULTURAL

Pruning the Orchard in Summer. Besides the thinning out and shortening of fresh growth in summer, such as has been referred to several times in these columns, it would often be worth well done to thin out branches which are too close together, branches which should have been cut out in winter, but which were neglected. It is often a good deal easier to see when to cut in summer than it is in winter, as the requirements of the tree can be better understood. But few fruit growers keep their trees open enough. The trees are so dense that the branches cannot perfect themselves and neither flowers nor fruit can be looked for. When branches are but small one is apt to forget the future and permit too many of them to form. It is well to keep in mind that a lot of inside branches to which the sun never gets will not bear fruit. They are useless and should come out, but the sun may reach what are left. In summer time it is easy to see at once when enough has been thinned out. Besides this advantage, there is another, viz, the scars quickly heal when cut while the sap is active. Besides the thinning out and shaping of the tree, summer pruning of cherries, plums, pears and like fruits has the effect of making them fruit bearing in a short time. A young shoot of a cherry cut back within a few eyes of its base, will form fruit buds on the spur left. A pear shoot shortened in one-half will often form a fruit bud at the point where cut off. Very often a tree which has not fruited will be made to do so for the first time by these means. There is always much pleasure in having a tree of good outline, and for this and the reason already given, pay attention to the pruning.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Double Slave Silo. These silos are 12 feet in diameter by 30 feet high and are set 6 feet apart and inclosed as shown. The doors of the silos face each other in the inclosed alley. They are filled from the windrows shown in the gables. They are built of 2 by 6 Norway bill stuff dressed on a bevel to fit a 12 foot radius. It takes 80 pieces of 2 by 6, 12 feet long, and 80 2 by 6, 18 feet long, a total of 2,400 feet of Norway bill stuff, to build one of these silos. It also takes about 100 pounds of No. 9 steel wire, which will make about 50 hoops, put on in groups; shingled roof; the silos painted three coats on outside and a coat of raw linseed oil on the inside.—Ohio Farmer.

Raising Young Turkeys. There is neither luck nor tact in raising young turkeys, but simply good care and the right kind of food, says a Field and Farm writer. One of the first steps is to have good eggs from well-mated fowls. Set the eggs under a chicken hen. Be sure not to give her too many or she will wear them when too young, or as soon as they get large enough to crowd. Five or seven are enough for one hen. It takes the eggs about four weeks to hatch and everything should be in readiness for the poults. It is necessary to have a good coop. Make it without a bottom and set it on the ground. Confine the hen and let the little turkeys run in and out at their pleasure. Put the coop away from the chickens, and with planks about twelve inches wide and eight or ten long make them a small park as they cannot wander away from the mother hen. The coop should be moved to a fresh place every day and the little park every other day until the little turkeys are old enough to follow the hen mother. Young turkeys that run with old ones will grow faster and are far less trouble, but they are likely to wander away and get lost.

Notes from the Pigeery. Salt and ashes aid digestion in swine. A clean feeding place for swine is a prime necessity. Lice rarely infest hogs that have plenty of sulphur. Rusty old straw is one of the worst materials for bedding swine. Cholera in the herd travels swiftly from one animal to another. The healthy hog's stomach is as regular as clockwork in demanding food. When feeding for fattening always watch for signs of indigestion. Obey the first sign by reducing rations. Cholera will be prevented if sulphur be mixed with the salt and ashes. The sulphur may be mixed with slop also. When a pig refuses to eat and thumps with his hind turned the wrong way, trot him out and give him a dose of ax. Make the dose a big one. Remember that stuffing and cramming and jamming food into a pig to fatten it in a short time is a wholly abnormal, unnatural performance. We must expect it to wreck some of the forced animals.—Rural World.

Easy-Running Plows. We are not sure but that a plow would be better if it had one handle instead of two. The plow which requires a man to exert both hands to use it is tiresome to both man and team. Even in stony ground we have guided the plow with one hand and not put out as much strength on it as we did on the reins that guided the pair of horses that were not used to working together. But to do this one must know how to

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Pennsylvania and New York. When the first census was taken in 1790 Pennsylvania's population was 2,263,379 greater than that of New York. By the census of 1900 New York's population leads that of Pennsylvania by 965,897.

Somebody New in Mining. He—I saw our old neighbor, Mr. Skinner, to-day. She—Did you? What is he doing now? He—He's interested in one of these wild cat mining companies. She—The idea! I never knew you had to mine for wild cats.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Girls Cannot Throw. A great deal of fun is poked at the girls because they cannot throw a stone for all he was worth. The person or thing they are aiming at, or the person or idea as to why girls cannot throw as well as boys is that they have not acquired the knack by practice as their brothers have. Another explanation is given by a medical man, which tends to show that girls could never learn the knack, however much they tried. When a boy throws a stone he crooks his elbow and reaches back with his forearm, and in the act of throwing he works every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole



HOUSE-HUNTING TIME.

of that fact. The collecting of birds' eggs is not only a quiet practice, but it works injury to all whom the birds help. This means the farmer, the gardener and indirectly every one, either in town or country. But there is a way in which we can aid our nature study and at the same time help the birds. Why not surprise the bluebird, the martin or the wren by letting him find his home all ready for him when he comes. Be assured he will consider the dwelling place not beneath his notice and will make lively music for you all summer long. A few days cannot be employed to better use by the boys than in the workshop building the mansions for the birds. Then I fancy I can hear the wren twitter to himself as he sees the picture. "Dear me, what luck! Here's a house all ready for me and I won't have to build



TWO EASILY MADE HOUSES.

my nest in that rickety old pump stalk again. The people around here surely like me." Here are some neat but simple styles of birdhouses that will be easy to make, but will please the tenants as well as if each house were lined with gold and had electric fans inside. In fact, your domestic singer is not very critical. The bluebird nests just as happily in a hollow rail in a field fence as he does anywhere, and it is safe to say that the common kind of a tin can or wooden box will find an occupant. I hope my young readers will take up this work, and if they do not feel repaid for their trouble before the summer is over, why, then we will say no more about it.

This Boy Was Plucky. As Chester, Pa., a few days ago, a mad dog was terrorizing the neighborhood. Men and boys watched the brute's antics form a safe distance, but took the occasion to stamp himself as a hero by capturing the animal in a bag. Here is what he modestly said afterward: "You see," said he, "the dog was coming down a splutterer for all he was worth, and I knowed something would have to be done. I was standing behind a grocery store where they were loading some potatoes, and I thought to myself here comes my opportunity. It's an old trick, but only them what's used to it can do it. "I opened the bag's mouth wide as I could, just when the dog was comin' hardest. I expected every minute he'd snatch me leg, but as luck would have it he didn't. He made right for the bag, and when he got part way in I showed him further, and then gathered it in at the end, and the dog was fast. "Then the other feller came, and wanted to help, but I held on to the bag, and the grocery man let me take it away. I got some string and tied up the end, and after I got some twine I hauled the animal down to the river. He was still a splutterer and growling for all he was worth. Then I got a big stone and tied it to the bag and throwed it over. Then the jig was up."

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