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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER VI. Mary had been at the poorhouse about three weeks when Miss Grundy one day ordered her to tie on her sun-bonnet and run across the meadow and through the woods until she came to a tree stubble, then follow the footpath along the fence until she came to another strip of woods, with a brook running through it.

It was a mild September day, and Mary determined not to hurry. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a boy and two little girls, who seemed to be playing near the brook. In the features of the boy she recognized Henry Lincoln, and remembering what Billy had said of him, she was about turning away when the smallest of the girls espied her, and called out: "Look here, Rose, I reckon that's Mary Howard. I'm going to speak to her."

"Jenny Lincoln, you mustn't do any such thing. Mother would like it," answered the girl called Rose. "But whether 'mother would like it' or not, Jenny did not stop to think, and going toward Mary she said: 'Have you come to play in the woods?'"

"No," was Mary's reply. "I came to call the folks to dinner." "Oh, it's you that screamed so loud. I couldn't think who it was, but it can't be disconcerting?"

"Yes, 'tis; it's noon." "Well, we don't have dinner until 2, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you play with us?"

"No, I can't; I must go back and work," said Mary. "Work?" repeated Jenny. "I think it's bad enough to have to live in that old house without working; but come and see our fish pond; it's beautiful. My hand, she led her to a wide part of the stream where the water had been dammed up until it was nearly two feet deep and clear as crystal. Looking in, Mary could see the bottom of the stream, while a fish occasionally darted out and then disappeared."

"I made this almost all myself," said Jenny. "Henry wouldn't help me because he's so ugly, and Rose was afraid of backing her fingers. But I don't care. Mother says I'm a great-great—I've forgotten the word, but it means dirty and careless, and I guess I do look like a 'fright, don't I?'"

Mary now for the first time noticed the appearance of her companion, and readily remembered that the word which she could not remember was "slattern." She was a fat, chubby little girl, with blue eyes, wavy hair and laughing blue eyes, while her brown hair hung around her forehead in short, tangled curls. Altogether she was just the kind of little girl which Jenny would have liked to have as a playmate. "I like your face better than I do your dress," because it is clean.

Peter petted her, and even Miss Grundy had more than once admitted that "she was about as good as young ones would ever be." Billy, too, had promised to remain and work for Mr. Parker during the summer, intending with the money thus earned to go the next fall and winter to the academy in Willbraham. Jenny was coming back one long, and Mary's step was light and buoyant as she tripped, singing, about the house, unmindful of Mrs. Grundy's oft-expressed wish that "she would stop that clack," or of the anxious, pitying eyes of Sal Furbush bent upon her as day after day the faithful old creature rocked and tended little Alice.

At last Mary could no longer be content, and one day when Alice lay sleeping in Sally's lap she said, "Aunt Sally, isn't Alice growing worse? She doesn't play now, nor try to walk."

Sally laid her hand on Mary's face and replied: "Poor child, you'll soon be all alone." There was no outcry—no sudden gush of tears, but nervously clasping her hands upon her heart, as if the shock had entered there, Mary sat down upon her knees and buried her face in the pillow.

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"Coming here to live?" repeated Mary with a gasp. "What for? Are your folks all dead?" "About Ella?" said Mary. "No, not about Ella, but about myself; I'm coming here to live with you."

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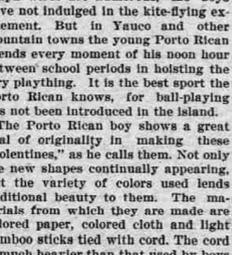
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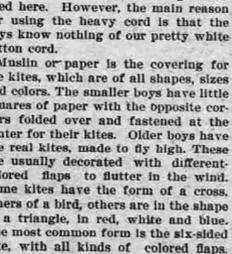
KITE-FLYING IN PORTO RICO.

While the boys of the United States were snowed out of making snowmen, the Porto Rican boys were out on the streets and on the hills flying their kites.



PORTO RICAN BOY.

As San Juan and Ponce, where the telegraph wires are numerous, the boys have not indulged in the kite-flying excitement. But in Yauco and other mountain towns the young Porto Rican spends every moment of his noon hour between school periods in hoisting the airy plaything.



SOME PORTO RICAN KITES.

Rico would soon suspend the string that is used here. However, the main reason for using the heavy cord is that the boys know nothing of our pretty white cotton cord.

Muslin or paper is the covering for the kites, which are of all shapes, sizes and colors. The smaller boys have little squares of paper with the opposite corners folded over and fastened at the center for their kite-cord. The other boys have the real kites, made to fly high. These are usually decorated with different-colored flaps to flutter in the wind.

Here the chatterer was interrupted by Henry Lincoln, who directly in front of her leaped across the brook. He was evidently not much improved in his manners, for the moment he was safely landed on terra firma he roared at Mary, and seizing her round the waist, exclaimed: "Halloo, little pauper! You're glad to see me back, I dare say."

When two Kaffirs met one says, "I see you," which is answered by "Yes." More poetical is his parting word, "May peace go with you," to which comes the response, "May peace stay with you."

To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders. To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings. To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.

Little Margie—What kind of a boat is that out on the lake with one sail, papa? Papa—That's a catboat, my dear. Little Margie—And is the little one following along behind a kitten-boat?

Teacher—Johnny, what do we breathe? Johnny—Air. Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, what is air composed of? Tommy—Breath.

Little Grace having, for the first time, noticed her shoulder blades, came running to her mamma and said: "Oh, mamma, I'll soon be an angel now; my wings are growing."

Money Under False Pretences. The comment of the village critic in Massachusetts, who remarked after a performance by the Chicago orchestra that it is a long way to bring a drum from Chicago just to hit it once, calls to mind the excitement in Kansas City at the first performance of Italian opera.

The sale opened at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the night before half the town camped out in order to be early at the box office. One of the richest men in the country round about was Uncle Andrew, and he shared in the general excitement, although he "let on" that he was going merely to please his wife.

The night of the entertainment Uncle Andrew arrayed himself in his very best clothes and was one of the first to arrive. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor" and the cast was well divided among Italians, Germans, French and English. A few minutes before 8 o'clock the street door of the rooms that served as a club in those days opened, and Uncle Andrew appeared. He walked solemnly back to the end room, pulled a chair before the grate fire and sat down to smoke.

"Halloo, Uncle Andrew!" said one of the younger members. "I thought you were at the opera." "Been," replied the old gentleman, shortly. "Didn't you enjoy it?" "Enjoy it?" Uncle Andrew plainly showed his deep disgust at the question. "Enjoy it? Why, young men, the hull blanned thing was in Latin!"

Calhoun's Formal Woeing. Though an ardent lover fretting at time's slow course until his wedding day, John C. Calhoun wrote but one letter to his sweetheart—his pretty cousin, Florida Calhoun. All the other communications, when the lovers were separated, were made through her mother. But shortly before their marriage "The Great Nullifier" wrote expressing his anxiety for the arrival of the happy day, and the letter recently come to light is published in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"We" Gave Them Fits. A small Canadian boy whose loyalty to the British flag has got him into no end of scrapes with patriotic American youths of equally tender years, came up to his father shortly after the battle of Manila was fought, and, with a woe-begone expression, said: "Say, father, didn't the English ever lick any other boats without losing a man?" The father was forced to confess that they had not, after all, are they?



FARMERS' CORNER.

Tile and the Laying of It. Horseshoe tile are not as good for the purpose of draining as round tile, says a correspondent of Country Gentleman. While they would be reasonably sure to stay in place if properly laid, they are not as efficient as round tile. The reason they are not as efficient is shown in the cut. If but a small stream of water is flowing, it spreads out over the entire flat surface of the horseshoe tile, and there is not depth enough of water to cause the removal of silt or sediment which may accumulate. It is far more difficult to lay horseshoe tile and do good work than to lay round tile. If the round tile does not make a tight joint with its neighbor, it may be turned until a place is found where the joint is reasonably satisfactory.



ROUND TILE. HORSESHOE TILE.

always a slight opening, and there is a possibility that soil may pass into the tile and obstruct the passage. After the tile are placed a small piece of building paper laid over the joint just before replacing the earth will insure against obstruction.

The Round Silo. As every student of mathematics knows, the circle is the shortest line which can inclose any given area. When the material for building a silo is an important object to be considered, the round silo will contain more than any other that can be built at the same cost for lumber, and thus it is the better form for many, but we think not for all. A silo built in the barn taking one or more of the bays used for hay, and extending from the cellar floor, if there is a barn cellar, to near the roof, can often be put in at small cost, simply by hinging the outer walls and making strong partitions on the inner sides, and the space so taken up will be needed for hay unless the stock kept is to be increased, as the ensilage in it will feed more animals than all the hay that could be packed in it, as farmers now away their hay. Of course we are not speaking of baled hay, because the farmers do not often bale hay that they intend to feed out at home. But a cubic foot of ensilage in a silo eighteen to twenty-five feet deep will average to weigh about forty pounds, which is a fair amount to give a cow each day with the hay and grain that should go with it, and a farmer can very easily grow large quantities of it, and will be able to provide food for his stock. Many of them could not so easily figure the solid contents of a round silo if given dimensions, though they may have children who have graduated from high school who could do so. But the silo in the barn requires but little extra lumber and no extra roof, and it keeps the food very near where it is wanted. Those who have limited capital often have to choose the cheaper way if it is not the better way.—New England Farmer.

Clover and Corn for Stock. If one could raise good crops every year of clover and corn, there would be little difficulty in providing stock with suitable food, says a Michigan farmer. Clover is regarded as a double crop, taking the place of hay and grain. It is possible to winter horses and stock on clover without producing any ill effects or reducing their weight and strength. This I would not advocate except as an experiment or in an emergency. What our stock needs is variety, and while clover might supply both hay and grain constituents there would be the possibility of inducing sickness and poor appetite from the lack of variety. Clover, of course, produces a direct beneficial effect upon the soil and adds to it more than the corn takes away. Persistent cultivation of corn on any field must in time reduce the soil fertility to such a low point that succeeding crops will suffer. With clover as a part of a rotation there would be little chance of such soil degeneration.

Weights and Measures. The old saying that "a pint is a pound all the world 'round" does not hold good with the many grain feeds. They vary much, and as the papers when giving balanced rations usually express themselves in pounds, while the farmer usually feeds by measure, dipping it up with the handy two-quart measure, it may well be known just what a quart weighs. We copy from the Rural New Yorker this table, which we think is nearly accurate for weights of a quart. Course wheat bran 1/2 pound, coarse wheat middlings 4-5 pound, wheat, mixed feed, 3-5 pound, fine wheat middlings 1.1 pounds, linseed meal the same, gluten feed 1.2

ponnds, gluten meal 1.7 pounds, corn meal and cotton seed 1 1/2 pounds each. To dip up a measure full of fine middlings is to give more than twice as much as to use the same dish full of coarse bran, which may be a good reason why many get the best results from feeding the finer grain, while corn meal weighs three times as much as the bran.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Raising or Buying Feed. Where the farmer grows the fodder and grain for his animals he is justified in feeling that it has cost less than it would if he paid the cash for it in the market if he has been successful in getting good crops. He has made a market for his own labor, the labor of his team and use of tools, and for the manure that was a waste product of his stock. All of that forms a part of his profit, and the crops may be said to have cost him the seed, hired labor and fertilizer bought. But it may not be the cheapest feed for him to use. He may be able to sell it and purchase other food materials that would give him enough better results to repay him for the labor of drawing both ways. Bran and gluten feed produce so much more milk than corn meal that he may sell the corn he has raised, and buy the other feeds which he does not raise. Other foods are better for hens than the corn, or even than oats. The man who tries to be so independent as neither to buy nor sell, had better set up a hand loom and a cobbler's bench, to save spending money for clothing. We could fatten hogs and cattle on turnips and onions cheaper when we sold them and bought our corn than we could to have fed the roots, and we thought cheaper than if we had grown the corn.—Exchange.

Changing Seed. We like to get new seed for farm crops from more Northern points, as the crop not only ripened earlier, but yielded better. We remember one year getting some seed potatoes from Vermont, and as we did not get as many as we wanted to plant we bought some of a neighbor who raised them some years from Vermont seed, and finally finished with a row or so of seed which had been grown on the farm where we were. All were of the same variety, and looked equally good, and all planted the same day. The home-grown seed yielded half as large a crop as that we got from the neighbor and about one-third as that which came from Vermont. We have ripened a good crop of corn from Canadian seed, when the frost badly hurt that in our neighbor's field planted as early as ours. Seeds from Southern sections fall to produce a good crop in Massachusetts, and we have thought that other garden seeds would be as good when purchased from our Southern dealers as when we knew they were of Northern growth.—American Cultivator.

Ge-de Mothers. It seems to be a principle in breeding that when two animals of different breeds are mated, the influence of the one which is the nearest pure bred, if both are in equal vigor and strength, will be the most potent in its effects upon the offspring. One is weak or poor condition, the other may attain the ascendancy, as surely will be the case with the one that is of a pure bred and the other only a grade. When both are equal in breeding and health, it is unsafe to predict which parent the offspring will most resemble, as it may vary according to their condition at the time of mating. This will explain why many who have begun to grade, and their herds by the use of a pure bred male have succeeded better than those who have tried to effect a cross between two good breeds. And this is true of poultry as of animals.

The Pea Louse. We hear of some who say they will not try to grow green peas this year, because they lost their crop last year by the aphid or plant lice on the vines. We would not cease to plant them for two reasons. If the insects came on so abundantly as to threaten destruction of the crop, we would plant them in which would destroy every insect, and the green crop would be a good fertilizer on which to grow some other late crop, as winter beets or cabbages, or to set tomatoes, or to sow spinach or kale for next spring. But more than that these plants of plant lice are seldom troublesome more than two or three years in succession, often disappearing as suddenly as they came, while if no peas are to be found they can as well live on the clover as on peas. If there are peas they prefer them to clover, and they are destroyed with the peas.—Exchange.

Farm Notes. Mongolian pheasants are being successfully reared in Ohio. The farmers of northeastern Ohio are making a great thing of the onion crop. To push along the lima beans and cucumbers start them on sods in the hotbed or cold frame. A commercial estimate of the cranberry crop of the United States for 1900 places it at 189,000 barrels.

All the world seems to have gone to raising mushrooms lately. Luckily, their popularity seems to be increasing with the supply. Spurry is said to be of value as a catch crop on light, sandy soils, which it improves when turned under. It requires considerable moisture. Cheap farm fire insurance on the mutual basis at low rates is the interesting experiment inaugurated by a Massachusetts grange.

Now eggplant in the hotbed and transplant high to other beds or pots. Plants must have good soils, for a check in their growth means all the difference between profit and loss, says Bailey.

CHAPTER VII. One afternoon about the middle of October Mary sat under an apple tree in the orchard, weeping bitterly. It was in vain that Alice, who was with her, and who by this time was able to stand alone, climbed up to her side, patting her cheeks and trying in various ways to win her attention. She still wept on, unmindful of the sound of rapid footsteps upon the grass, nor until twice re-

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