The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK, AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD," "WALTER BROWNFIELD." ETC.

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WARREN STUART'S RETURN.



Nold-fashioned cozy farm-house stood at the roadside, upon a hill, surrounded by majestic oaks and elms. There was nothing about this particular farmhouse to distinguish it from oth-

THE PEDDLER. ers, save that it perhaps possessed more of an air of quiet neatness than any other in the Sandy Fork neighborhood. The house was one of those odd specimens of frontier architecture, fast fading from the landscape, before the sweeping strides of a better civilization. Not, however, that it was mean in any particular. Thirty years ago it was a palace compared to the other rude log hats in the vicinity. It was built of hewn logs, and made what is called double. It was weather-boarded without and plastered within, giving it an air of neatness as well as comfort. The front yard was covered with a sweet, tender coating of early spring blue grass, and the oaks and elms had begun to assume their summer garb. The front gate was closed and standing by it, leaning over and looking down the Newton road, was a woman. She was beautiful, possessing real charms. She was not young, not one of those radiant beauties who dazzle the eyes of silly society swells, but possessed of a sweet, reatronly, home-like face, the beauty only found in mothers.

Perhaps a passer-by or casual observer would have discovered nothing attractive, much less beautiful, in that commonplace woman standing by the gate gazing down the "big road" with eagerness in her face. But had he paused he would have seen that, plain as those features were, they were very regular; that, although she had lines of care, they were almost obliterated by lines of pride; that her brown eyes, too dark to be blue, and too light to be black, were filled with the eager joy of a mother expecting the return of a

Mrs. Stuart was nearly forty years of age, and, had it not been for her matronly appearance, might have passed for several years younger. On this mild May evening she stands by the gate with all a mother's fondness and pride, awaiting the return of her oldest son from college. He has gradnated and is expected on the evening train at Newton, whither his younger brother has gone to meet him with the "spring wagon." His father had gone a week before to the city where Warren was attending the medical college to hear his son's graduating oration.

Mr. Stuart was the model farmer of the Sandy Fork neighborhood. He was not the wealthiest nor the most aristocratic, perhaps, but then he was what is called well-to-do in the world, very quiet and pleasant, having but few enemies and many warm friends. Perhaps he was not as wealthy or influential as either Taylor, Evans or Arnold, whose farms were near or adjoining his, but his word went as far as either, and he never gave his note.

As Newton was west of the Stuart farm, the rays of the setting sun fell on the woman's face, and she was compelled to shade her eyes with her clean white apron.

"Oh, mother, are you looking for them already?" asked a bright, cheery voice from the house, and the next moment there came bounding down the gravel walk a beautiful girl about tifteen years of age, with large dark eves and hair. She pushed the gate open and took a look down the road, shading her eyes with her hands.

"Is it time, mother?" she asked, for her mother had been too busy with her thoughts and watching to answer her first question.

"Yes, dear, it is almost time," the mother answered, her very tones denoting kindness.

"How long have you been here, mother?" "Not long."

"Oh, mother, I knew you would be watching for Warren long before he came. Do you suppose he has grown much ? " "No, not since we saw him."

"He has been gone so long; oh so

"Yes, he's been gone all winter." "And now he'll be a doctor, won't

"Yes, I hope so," the mother answered, as if she knew that every diploma does not make the man whose

name is written therein a doctor. "Oh, I want to see brother Warren so bad," said the anxious sister, swinging upon the gate and humming a

tune. The youngest brother, who had remained at home to plow in the fields, now came by riding one plow horse and leading the other, and asked

"if it was not time for them to come?" "Almost, William," said the mother: " go and put your horses away and feed them; by that time they will be here, I expect."

William, who was only thirteen years of age, was rather young for a plow boy, but he was large and able to "manage a team" almost as well as Clarence, who was four years older.

Mrs. Stuart asked.

girl, breaking off the air she was hum- bleating toward the outstretched hand ming and ceasing to swing on the that so oft had fed them. When he creaky gate.

"Down at the bridge,"

The mother had evidently asked Rose stop the noise she was making.

"Yes, I do; they are crossing the bridge now," cried Rose, letting go the er-boy than anywhere else on earth.'

barrassed to be running to meet him."

Rose, with a merry laugh.

the road. The sun had now kindly grow in value. dipped behind the tree-tops, so there from another.

Mrs. Stuart felt sure this was her husband's vehicle, yes, for fear she might be mistaken, she dared not say so. would have sent Rose bounding toward around the bend in the road, and there is no mistaking the tail gray and roan. as well as the large fine figure of father he asked aloud, though he evidently did and husband in the back seat. And there not expect an answer, for he was too too, at his side, is the boother and son, with Clarence before, driving up the hill at a sweeping trot. Rose uttered a scream way down the hill before her mother could atter a word. She met the wagon Stuart's, he lit his pipe and took a down the hill much to the annovance of Clarence, and springing in kissed fast. her father and long-absent brother, and then sat down between them, like tho



THERE THEY COME!" was clasped in the arms of his proud pipe.

"Oh, Warren, how you have grown;

D., with a smile, "I am through with about him." college now, though my preceptors say I am just prepared for study.

study any more," said the giddy Rose. "I thought they got it all at once."

told her she would learn better when vacation. she was older. He then offered to help his brother Clarence carry the trunk to the house, but the young farmer said that doctors were not fit persons to handle luggage, and, throwing the beavy trunk upon his own broad shoul- Pete, sadly, refilling his pipe. der, he walked in the house with it.

after a long absence is always pleasant. 'has ample support." There was so much to talk about on this evening that Warren was kept match and applying it to his pipe. busy. The college, the graduating speech he had delivered, which Rose boarding house, city and even journey hills not worth ten cents an acre." home had to be thoroughly discussed. Then with supper came Pete, the ped- of charity?" dler, who, in traveling around the Stuart purchased many ribbons, laces, friend, the peddler. handkerchiefs, and also table linen, "You say my father does not keep from his pack.

Pete unslung his wares and merchan- "No, yer father does keep him; but dise at the door with as much freedom not as a matter of charity," said Pete. and familiarity as if he were a member of the household. He greeted Warren's return in a hearty manner, de-

claring, in his laconic way: begin to look like a doctor, sure self." enough. All ye lack is some beard on yer face. Next time I git the rheumat- zled, boy-no, doc, I mean-but I'll not ics I'll furnish you a first-class pa- keep you on the ragged edge o' sus-

Warren was the center of attraction ported by his sister." at supper, and all the evening, but his mother, seeing how tired he was, in-

CHAPTER II.

duced him to retire early.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLS. morning, and, as he had not been en- died it seems every body, even his own abled the night before to pay the dumb gal, thought he was well-to-do in the animals of the place a visit, he con- world, but some debts come agin his cluded he would do so before breakfast. estate and took every thing except that The sun was up shining brightly, and brush and hill land, too poor to sprout Clarence and Will were feeding the beans. Wa'll, there were the gal, then horses and getting ready for the day's fourteen, for it was two years ago, and work. There were many familiar her crippled brother only four. She creatures for him to see. Bally and had some edgecation an' tried to keep

"Don't you licar the wagon, Rose?" had come home. Then he paid a visit here I believe for the last six or seven' said Mr. Arnold, the moment he to the goats and sheep in the pasture. "Where?" queried the dark-eyed Some seemed to recognize him, and ran came to gaze about on the beautiful landscape, the fields and pastures of his dear old home, he was almost sorry the question to draw her attention and that he had that diploma with the degree of M. D.

"I could live happier here as a farmgate and ready to fly down the road to he sighed. But he remembered that meet her father and long absent he could not always be a boy, and all the boys could not be farmers. Blessed, "No, no, don't," said her mother, indeed, is the lot of the boy who is a "it may be some stranger crossing the farmer, untrammeled by ambition, bridge, and you will feel somewhat em- holding sweet communion with nature the year 'round-we can but envy the "O, I'd just pretend the pet lamb had farmer. Thus, he toils, but when night got away, or the calf was out of the lot, comes he sleeps without harrassing and I had been sent after it," said cares or annovances of the morrow, No troubled brain and vexatious suits, Mrs. Stuart smiled as she gazed into fall in price of goods, tottering banks the happy face of her daughter. But or dangerous patients disturb his sleep. the attention of both were fixed upon And while he sleeps the corn and cattle to that child will be a blessin"."

All these reflections came to the mind was no need to shade their eyes of the young M. D. as he gazed about longer, though the light was yet brill- over the old homestead. At last he iant and glorious. There was no turned about to enter the house. He sound after the wagon had crossed the had wandered around to the rear of bridge, and mother and daughter knew the farm-house, and was coming up to it was crossing the sandy strip at the the kitchen when he discovered some foot of the hill. Soon the light rattle one sitting on the back porch who of a wagon could be heard. There is attracted his attention. It was only a something in the chucking of a wagon little boy, not over six or under four by which we can almost recognize one years of age to judge by his face, though ais body was dwarfed and his little form misshapen. He was a little hunch-'mek, with a sweet patient face, which bore evidences of suffering, and yet the To have expressed even a firm belief large blue eyes were clear and bright. He sat in his little rocking chair enjoyit. But now it comes up the hill ang the warm sunlight which streamed in upon the latticed portico.

"Where did the child come from?" far away from the child for it to hear, and he saw no one else. Some one else saw him, however. Peddler Pete was of "there they come!" and was half an early riser, and on this morning, as was his usual custom when at farmer stroll "about the place" before break-

"Ye never saw that little feller before?" he asked, stepping from behind a cherry bush within three or four feet of Warren, and nodding to-

ward the little cripple. "No, I never saw him, nor heard of

"He's well known all over Sandy Fork," and Pete pressed his finger in his pipe bowl.

"That may be true, Pete, and he still be a stranger to me. You know I have not been about Sandy Fork very much for the last five years. Three years in college and then two in the medical school have taken considerable from my life.

"That's so, why doggon it, I'd forgot Warren sprang from the wagon and that," said Pete, puffing away at his

"That is an interesting child."

Pete shook his head sadly and said but you are only taller," said Mrs. "Yes, he's a good child and will never Stuart. "You look real pale. I fear, be at home any place save in Heaven. my son, you have studied too hard this He's just one o' them good little boys winter. Did you get through all the Sunday-school books tell us about who 'aller's die; he's got to die, and "Yes, mother," said the young M. then I guess some one will write a book

"Who is he, and why is he here?" "Didn't ve ever hear of Mr. Lake-"O dear! I thought when any one man, Benjamin I believe, who lived went through college they never had to down on Sandy Fork creek on the old Plumber place?

"I think I heard of the name a year Warren laughed at his sister, and or so ago when I was home during

"Well, that's his child."

"Where is Mr. Lakeman?" "O him? he's dead."

"And the boy's mother?" "She's dead, too, died fust," said

"And the child is heir to the Plumber The return of a youth to his home farm? Well, it's very valuable, and he

"Not much," said Pete, striking a

"Why not?" "The little fellow was cuchred out o' wanted him to repeat for the "edifica- it some way. He hasn't nothin' but a tion of the erowd," his classmates, hundred and sixty acres o' brush and

"Then father keeps him as a matter "No, boy, yer wrong agin-I should

Sandy Fork neighborhood, always made have said doctor, but I forgot," and it convenient to stop over night with Pete laughed. But Warren was too farmer Stuart. Pete was an old and much interested in the little cripple beintimate friend of the family, and Mrs. fore him to heed the little joke of his

him?" he asked.

"He has other means then?" "Not a dollar."

"Why, Pete, what do you mean?" Warren asked, in astonishment, "you "I'll be doggoned, boy, if you don't talk in riddles; please explain your-

"Haw, haw, haw, I like to see ye puzpense any longer. That boy is sup-

"His sister?" "Yes, Helen Lakeman. There were only two o' them when the old folks died. I didn't know much about the family cos' I'd never sold 'em much goods, they bein' out o' my regular Warren Stuart arose early the next range, ye know. But when Lakeman Bess had to be patted, caressed and school, but couldn't pass muster, some made to know that their former master way then she bired out; she's been

The story was a simple one, and told with but very little feeling on the part of Pete. It was simply the struggle of a young girl trying to do her duty. Warren received it as such. He saw nothing especially grand in it then. There was nothing noble in a girl hiring out to earn a livelihood for herself, or herself and invalid brother, much less any thing romantie. What romance could there be in a girl hiring out. It was too common, and a romance to be a romance in the world's eyes must be very unnatural, very uncommon.

"He's a nice little boy," said Pete, after a few moments' silence, still looking at the child. "Though he's awfully crippled and can't walk without havin' his hands on his knees; he's just as patient as kin be, an' Helen she's mighty good to him. She never scolds him an' allers looks to his comfort, though she be tired out. I sometimes think death

Pete's tones were sad. This nomadic man, with all his bad grammar and pronunciation, was something of a philosopher. He had traveled considerably in his humble calling, and, having a keen perception, picked up many truths not to be found in text books In fact, he was an educated man, not from the standpoint of books, but from

"Why do you think the death of that child would be a blessing, Pete?" War-

"Did ye never see a bird with a crippled wing, and see how the poor little thing tried to fly and couldn't? Well, this child, good as he is, holds down that gal. Every cent she makes goes to support herself an' the child-

The breakfast bell rang, and Pete did not complete his sentence.

That morning Warren noticed that the eyes of the hired girl, who was sacrificing herself for her crippled brother, were very large and blue, and her forehead was broad and high, and her features were regular. She was neat and tidy, and did not look at all like the sloven kitchen girls he had seen. Her hair was golden and neatly gathered in a net. There was a sweet sadness upon her face, which touched him not a little, when he remembered that all her earnings barely supported herself and her brother.

CHAPTER III.

AT CHURCH-THE MOONIST WALK, Warren Stuart regarded the girl as a commonplace mortal, and yet there was something a little more than common about her. He seldom saw her, save at mealtime, when she came in to wait upon the table. She knew a servant's place, and kept it. She was modest almost to shyness, and seldom spoke, never unless compelled to do so. Commonplace as he supposed her to be, he one day thought he discerned a poetic sadness in the large, dark blue eve, as she stood like one in a reverie. The part. She was nearly always busy, and sympathy for her.

One evening after the day's work was done, he was passing the kitchen where Helen would insist on staying, and heard her engaged in an animated conversation with her brother. It was a simple conversation such as a child might understand about Heaven. Little Amos was asking his sister if he should be relieved of his infirmities there, and whether or not he would see his mother and father. The answers of the girl were low and sweet, assuring the little cripple that he would suffer no pain there, and would meet those who had gone before. Simple and commonplace as the conversation was, it had something about it which affected War-

It was Warren's intention to remain at home during the summer, and early in the fall seek a location to enter into the practice of his profession. It was now the busy season for farmers, and he did not meet many of his former friends and acquaintances. The second Sunday after his return was the day for preaching in the Sandy Fork schoolhouse. The Methodist had taken this in one of their circuits, and sent Rev. Allen Blaze, a famous "gospel pounder" to preach there once a month. The school-house was about threefourths of a mile from Mr. Stuart's and down the creek known as Sandy Fork It was well hidden in the trees and the road to it led through the forest. The new preacher was very popular and his audiences were always large. Not unfrequently the school-house failed to hold them and many stood cutside at the door and windows.

Peter Stair, the peddler, had been his rounds and "dropped in" at the Stuart's the night before the Sunday on which Mr. Blaze was to preach.

"You'd better go'n hear him," said Peter to Warren. "He's a regular stormer, I tell ye. He can make things blaze, too. His sermons are all wool, hand-made and warranted not to fade. You can hear one on Sunday, and it'll keep a ringin' through yer ears all the rest o' the week just like one tune at a dance. Besides, sometimes he fairly lifts a feller out o' his boots. He raises ye so high ye can most git a bird's-eye view o' the New Jerusalem."

Warren consented to go, and the ext morning the horses were hitched to the wagon, himself, his father and mother and sister got in and drove off to the school-house. The other two boys went on horseback, preferring a gallop through the woods to the ease and comfort of any wagon or carriage. "Why, helloa! Warren, how are you?"

alighted from the wagon in front of the school-house. Mr. Arnold dropped the stick on which he was whittling to take Warren's hand. He was a man a little over medium height, somewhat slender, with sandy hair and whiskers, which were only on his chin, and cropped

"I suppose you have come back among us a full-fledged doctor?" he



FULL-FLEDGED DOCTOR9"

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Arnold," said Warren.

He was now surrounded by the old men and young men of the neighborhood, each extending to him a kindly

Warren was a sort of favorite in the neighborhood, and all were glad to see him back. Mrs. Arnold, and even her daughter, Miss Hallie, a sprightly little creature with a somewhat florid complexion and hair, and a face considerably freekled, came to him and insisted so earnestly that he should go home with them for dinner that he could not refuse. There was to be preaching at night and he could go some with his parents then, so after the sermon was over he got into Mr. Arnold's carriage and sat down by the side of Miss Hallie, whom he had known since childhood. Miss Hallie did her best in her shallow way to entertain him, but a conversation on beaux and dress has but little attraction for a young man whose clothes still have the college smell upon them.

The sermon at night was far more impressive to our hero than the one in the morning. Mr. Blase (old Blaze, blue Blaze and many other blazes, as he was called) took his text from Matthew the XXV, and fortieth verse : "And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

His theme was charity, and every word seemed like an arrow sent home to Warren's heart. When he alluded kitchen work at Stuart's was no very to "the least of these," the youth small matter, and it required all her thought of poor little Amos, crippled time and energy to accomplish her and helpless, and there seemed to raise above the minister a mist, which tool frequently when he saw that sad worn the shape of an angel, the face of face, and tired little form, he felt a which was Helen's. He alluded to the sacrifice made by some noble women of the earth whose names were now known not to fame, but inscribed in Heaven, and whose crown would be brightest there. The sermon from beginning to end seemed inspired by the acts of heroic self-sacritice of that girl. Mr. Blaze did not know there was such a person in existence, yet, to use one of Peddler Pete's characteristic expressions, his cloth was cut for any meas-

> Why had he not before noticed that this real heroine was wasting her life for her little brother, was the thought that came to Warren's mind; "I will see my father and mother about it." When preaching was over Mr. Blaze and his wife consented to go home with Mr. Stuart, and Peddler Pete being there, the wagon was full without War-

"Never mind me, father," he said, 'It's only a nice walk and the moon shines brightly." The truth is, our young doctor preferred to walk alone, that he might the better digest the discourse he had heard.

Pete insisted on walking in his stead, but he would not hear to it, and the wagon rolled on with its human freight. leaving Warren a-foot and alone. He started briskly down the wooded road, but had gone only a short distance when he almost ran against some one who was tripping lightly along before

[CONTINUED.]

-William Ulysses Scott, a seventeenyear-old public-school boy of New York, has developed the genius of a lightning-calculator. Young Scott can answer any question in mathematics almost as quickly as it is put to him, but he doesn't seem to know how he does it. His teachers have racked their, brains to find problems too hard for him to solve, but as yet he has entirely baffled them. To their inquiries as to how he does it he only answers, "I dun know."

-A lady teacher of music in Ontario County, N. Y., inserted her professional eard in one of the county newspapers. It was seen by an old lover in Chicago, who at once hunted her up, explained his absence of a quarter of a century, and married her. It pays to advertise.

-A colossal stick of lumber from Puget Sound has been contributed to the Mechanics' exhibition at San Francisco. Its length is 151 feet, and it is 20x20 inches through. It is believed to be the longest piece of lumber ever turned out of any sawmill

CHINESE MASONRY.

The Meeting Place of a Curious Lodge in New York City.

Old Masons were, until late, of the opinion that no such a thing as a Chinese Mason existed. One gentleman said he had seen Arabs and Turks who were good Masons, but, to the best of his knowledge, no Chinaman was in the order. Neverthelesss, there are not only Chinese Masons, but right here in New York there is a Chinese Masonic lodge in full blast with a membership of over three hundred. It is a native organization, not allied directly to the Free and Accepted Masons, but said to be founded on principles very nearly akin.

The lodge-room is at No. 18 Mott street, second floor, front, and has recently been remodeled and refitted in very good shape, all newly painted and cleaned. The lodge furniture is of Chinese design, and imported from China expressly for the society at a great expense. A tall flagstaff with a rope for running up colors is on top of the building. Above the door as one enters the lodge-room is a red sign in native characters signifying "Chinese Masonic S ciety," and down the sides are two long slips of red paper bearing mo toes. One of these is "Do good to one another." and the other relates to the business of the order.

The interior is like most Chinese quarters, only lighter, and not full of ' odd turns and unsuspected corners. Immediately on entering one is led into a sort of aute-room and thence into the main or lodge-room. At the lower end of this room is the altar. and a very valuable one it is, costing in China \$1.500. Above it is an alcove in which a colored drawing is suspended. It is not the least curious thing in the place, the design being turee figures, one seated and two others bending over his shoulder. The seated figure represents the venerable father of Chinese Masonry. The face is heavy, placid and adorned with a long black beard. The other two are respectively the spirits of light and darkness, who are supposed to be giving him counsel. In front of the altar a lamp' is hung. It is never extinguished, and burns in commemoration of the dead of the order. Another emblem is two sticks of sandal-wood punk thrust into a box of sand. They keep smouldering away and fill the air with a faint but sweet perfume.

On the wall is a long board, and on this are pasted a great number of sheets of paper covered with Chinese hieroglyphics. These are the lists of members voted on in the New York lodge. Near the roster hangs two hooks. One of these is sent out from the Supreme Ladge at San Francisco and gives a detailed account of a number of eases of these in distress and sickness, and the whereabouts of each one who needs help. The other is a subscription book in which the various amounts subscribed are entered. At intervals these two mitted to the Supreme Lodge, from which the dependent members are relieved.

Meetings are not held upon regular nights, but at intervals decided upon by the dignitaries of the order, as the necessities of business may demand. The members are notified of meetings. held generally on Sunday nights, by the appearance of a triangular flag at the top of the pole on top of the house. This flag is white, and bears the picture of a huge red dragon with its tail towards the point. There are grips, signs and passwords, exactly as in an American lodge. 'The traveling card" of this society is quite a curiosity in itself. It is a square of red silk inscribed with Chinese characters, and is a document highly prized by all its possessors. - N. Y. World.

## An Erudite and Able Negro.

Edward Wilmot Blyden is pernap: the ablest negro in the world. He can read the Koran in Arabic, the Bible is Hebrew, Homer in Greek, Virgil in Latin, Shakespeare in English, and Dante in Italian. Though a native of the island of St. Thomas, he was brought up in Monrovia, Liberia, and there, by his unusual literary ability. he has attracted attention to himsely as the champion of a negro civilization that shall be coterminous with the limits of the Dark Continent. Bivder controverts the idea of Winwood Read that the natives in Africa will disappear before the whites, as the Indians did in America. The climate will save them, and, instead of being destroyed by the Europeans, they will be civilized by the efforts now being made to open Africa to commerce and settlement. To Blyden the Angle-Saxon is hard of heart and strong of will, while the negro is the child or love and suffering. Blyden is a conplete know-nothing, and his cry is "Africa for the Africans." He is likely to have few to oppose him is this natter, for not even the children of Africans raised in America can be induced to remain there if they have the means to get away. -St. Lou. Globe-Democrat.

## A Monumental Snob.

Clerk (to fellow clerk) - What did Brown, the head cerk, say to you just now?

Fellow Clerk-He gave me down the banks for marking some goods wrong. He thinks because he is a little higher up than I am he can say what he likes. He's a monumental snob. (To office boy): Hero, you lazy rascal, jump lively, now, and get these shelves dusted off!-Tid-Bits.