

HELEN LAKEMAN;

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

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"WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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"Now, Mrs. Stuart, I want you to forgive me if I seem to be meddling with your family affairs, but I assure you what I am going to say I say out of my strong friendship and desire for your happiness."

"What do you mean?" asked the terrified Mrs. Stuart. "Please tell me what it is."

"Well, there is danger of Warren being carried away by that girl."

"Who, Helen?"

"Yes, Helen. I know she seems very nice, and all that, that she is devoted to her little brother and excites your sympathy, but can't you see she's playing a deep game. She's doing all this to entrap your son. I know her."

"Do you know any wrong of her?"

"Well, she is no better than she ought to be, I know that," and Mrs. Arnold rocked back in her chair with that air of reserved information so gratifying to a tattler.

"Mrs. Arnold, I wish you would tell me what there is against Helen Lakeman's character. I don't want a person in my house who has a blot upon her name."

"There's only rumors from where she came, but these, of course, couldn't be proven, she has covered them up, so it's best to say nothing about it; but she has determined to become your daughter-in-law."

These suspicions were, to use Peckler's expression, "lies made out of whole cloth." Having broken the ice the subject was easy to discuss.

Mrs. Arnold was gratified to find her advice received in the manner desired. She suggested that Warren be sent away for a few weeks, and in the meanwhile that "that hired girl" be shipped.

Having spent a very pleasant afternoon to herself and performed her duty in what she deemed a Christian manner, she bade Mrs. Stuart good-bye, refusing to remain for tea, and returned home.

CHAPTER VI.
ADOPTING MRS. ARNOLD'S PLAN.

Mrs. Stuart felt not a little annoyed at the interview with Mrs. Arnold. She dismissed any thought of evil on Helen's part, save perhaps a desire to marry into a good family and secure a home for herself and brother. She could not blame the poor girl for that, for she had a hard time, "dear knows," but then, she didn't want her marrying into their family, and especially the son of whom she was so proud. Now, if she should marry Clarence, it might do Clarence was to be a plain farmer, and Helen would make "some farmer a good wife," but Warren had been sent to college, he had a profession and must look higher than a hired girl. He must marry some lady from the city or town. The solicitude of Mrs. Stuart was about as reasonable as the solicitudes of mothers sometimes are.

When she spoke to her husband about the matter that night, he became furious and declared that Helen Lakeman should leave the place.

"She shall go at once," the farmer said. "I have been observing with what a skillful hand she has drawn her net about Warren. She shall not have him."

"I do not think Helen is to blame."

"You don't?" snapped the angry father, as though he had already been for the mischief that had already been done. "Well, I do. I can see her schemes, and Warren's a fool not to see them, too."

"But don't mistreat Helen, Jacob," said Mrs. Stuart. "I can't help but pity the poor girl."

"I did pity her, but I don't now. That is the thanks we get for having anything to do with such onery trash. People always get paid for meddling with 'em."

"Well now, Jacob, don't be unreasonable. You will ruin every thing by getting mad and driving Helen away," said Mrs. Stuart. "You will get Warren aroused, and he will take her part and probably go with her."

"Then what would you do, Amanda?" asked Mr. Stuart, with a sneer.

"Have 'em married in the kitchen and give 'em an affair in the parlor, I suppose. No, let her go, and if Warren wants to go with her, let him do so. I swear she shan't stay on the place."

Mrs. Stuart was silent. Her husband was violent, and the shrewd woman always allows her husband to quiet down before she attempts to manage him. A person would be a fool to try to handle a red-hot iron, and it would be equally as foolish to try to handle a red-hot man.

Mr. Stuart cooled rapidly; perhaps more rapidly than he otherwise would have done if he had had a plan of his own. He knew in his sober moments that his wife was shrewder than himself, and he depended upon her shrewdness to extricate them from this difficulty.

"What is your plan for managing this?" he finally asked.

Mrs. Stuart was silent; her needles clicked and she bowed her head over her knitting.

"Mandy, are you speechless?" he asked, exhibiting his vexation.

"No, I can speak yet," she answered, still knitting away.

"What is your plan for managing this affair?"

"Oh, if you are going to manage it yourself, it's no use to make any suggestions," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Now don't be foolish, Mandy; what's your plan?"

"I've got none of my own. I think the plan suggested by Mrs. Arnold would be about the best."

"What is it?"

"Oh, if you intend to have your own way in the matter go ahead; it's no use for any one else to interfere."

Mr. Stuart was silent a few moments. He stretched his feet out before him, thrust his hands in his pockets, while his brow was like a lowering thunder cloud.

CHAPTER VII.
HELEN IS "SHIPPED."

An unpleasant duty, when there is a shadow of doubt as to its being a duty, is a most disagreeable task to perform. While Mr. Stuart and his good wife fully believed it to be their duty to follow the suggestions of Mrs. Arnold and "ship the hired girl," there was a twinge of conscience in the thought. Somehow Mrs. Stuart saw so many lovable qualities in Helen that she more she thought of her the more she regretted parting with her.

Mrs. Arnold and her ambitious daughter, Hallie, noticed with some alarm that two or three days had elapsed since Warren's departure and that the "hired girl" had not been shipped. They began to devise some plan to stimulate the good people to action. Mrs. Arnold was a good General, not only to plan, but also to execute. Dressed out in her Sunday suit and gold spectacles, holding her head high, and skirts above her shoe-tops, she started out to call upon her neighbors. Wherever she went there was a series of stories just slightly touched with scandal and containing a great deal of mystery in the background to draw inferences from, pointing to poor Helen and the farmer's absent son. The stereotyped innuendo of "they say," was used with extraordinary freedom, as though that earnest, high-looking woman, who worked so faithfully for the good of her neighbors, had a special claim on "they say." These stories gained as they were repeated, until the farmer was informed that his son actually designed eloping with Helen on his return from Chicago, and leaving the little cripple for Mr. Stuart to maintain or send to the poor-house.

Poor Helen, the innocent cause of all these rumors, was working diligently as a house servant, and almost wholly ignorant of the malicious slanders designed to defame her character. She was considerably depressed in spirits since Warren's sudden declaration of love and his departure for Chicago.

"O, why did he say he loved me?" she asked herself. "It will only add to my misfortune; it only increases my humiliation," and she wrung her hands, while the tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Sister Helen," said little Amos, who sat in a low chair near her, looking in her sad face, "why do you cry?"

"Never mind me, little brother—never mind me. I will tell you a pleasant story when I get my work done."

There was no one in the kitchen save herself and her little brother.

"I dreamed last night a purty dream, sister, oh, so purty," said Amos.

"What was it, little brother?"

"I dreamed I saw a thousand angels a flyin' through the air."

"That was a delightful dream, little brother."

"Oh, it was so nice," cried the little fellow, clapping his hands at the glorious remembrance of the dream revived.

"I hope we will see the angels when we die."

"And there was such nice music, oh, sister! I never heard the like. Great big harps and organs seemed to be playin' all over the sky. Is Heaven that nice?"

"Yes, brother, and much nicer than you could imagine."

"An', oh, sister, my back was straight, an' I could walk an' run like other boys; an' I could fly, 'cause I seemed to have wings."

"You was an angel, little brother," said Helen, working to crowd down the sad emotions which arose in her heart.

"I want to be an angel, agin, sister," said the little cripple. "Oh, I get so tired sitting here all day, an' I can't walk 'round much, only wif my crutches, an' if I was an angel an' could fly it would be so nice."

"You will be an angel some day, little brother, because you are good."

"But it's so long to wait, an' I just git tired sittin' here an' waitin' an' waitin'," said the child, whose poor little crippled body prevented his enjoying much of childhood's happiness.

"You must learn to be patient, brother," said his sister, her face red with the exercise of handling pots and kettles.

"I am, sister Helen; I can be patient, 'cos you are with me, but oh, if I should be left without you; if God should take you home in Heaven as He did mamma and papa, then what would become of me?"

Helen did not risk an answer for a few moments; then told him that he must not talk so; God took care of His little children.

"But you take care of me," said Amos.

"It is God, little brother, that gives me the strength and desire to work for you. It is God that sent us to these good people, where I am able to make a living for both of us."

"But where is Mr. Warren, who used to play with me, and talk to you, sister?" asked the boy.

"He has gone to Chicago."

"Where is that?"

"A great way off."

"Will he ever come back?"

"O yes, I hope he will," Helen spoke unconsciously the true desire of her heart.

Since the departure of Warren her burden seemed doubly great, and the scowl upon the face of Mr. Stuart grew darker every day. She came to fear him, and little Amos, who used to prattle fearlessly to the farmer, was now awed into silence by his dark presence. Helen had just finished sweeping the house and was congratulating herself on a few moments' rest this warm afternoon, when the door opened and Mrs. Stuart entered the kitchen. She had some money in her hand, and

there was a look of unusual gravity on her face.

"Here, Helen, is three dollars," said she, placing the money in the girl's hand. "There is not quite that much coming to you, but take it, you will need it."

Helen turned her face, white now, but beautiful still, to Mrs. Stuart, and asked by an appealing glance:

"What do you mean?"

Mrs. Stuart evidently understood her unasked question, and said:

"We do not want a hired girl any longer, Helen."

"Then you do not want my services further?" Helen gasped, in dismay.

"No, you had better hunt you another place. I think you'd better go to Newton and take the train for St. Louis."

"But you have given me more money than was coming to me. You only owe me two dollars and fifty cents."

"I know it, Helen; but it will help you along some to get another place. It will pay your fare on the train."

"reien took a half-dollar piece and placed it on the table by the side of Mrs. Stuart, saying:

"Mrs. Stuart, I can only take what justly belongs to me; I want no more, and, with God's help, my little brother and I will succeed some way in driving the 'wolf from the door.'"

"But, sister, we ain't got no door, and I must stay out among the wolves," interrupted little Amos, in a manner so pathetic that the tears arose in Mrs. Stuart's eyes, and it was only by the greatest effort and strong remembrance of duty that she was restrained from following her natural impulse to clasp the dear girl in her arms and tell her she should stay.

Helen was busy gathering up the few articles of clothing belonging to herself and brother, and putting them in an old carpet bag.

"You are not going away at once, are you?" asked Mrs. Stuart, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," said Helen, striving to repress her tears, for she felt this discharge was on Warren's account.

"Do not go till morning, child, a rain is coming up."

"No, Mrs. Stuart, we will go on as far as we can to-night, and be that far on our road in the morning."

"I'll have you sent in the wagon."

"No, thank you, the teams are busy."

Little Amos put on his little jacket and hat, and then, with his crutches under his little arms, stood ready to accompany his sister. It was slow progress, indeed, they would make, and Mrs. Stuart knew it would be hard for Helen to "find a place" for herself and the crippled brother.

That good lady watched the hired girl as she and the boy passed out of the gate into the lane, and then went into her bedroom to cry for having done her duty in obeying Mrs. Arnold and "shipped that girl."

Little Amos hopped along on his crutches without any complaint, for he had learned to bear misfortunes without a murmur. Great dark clouds were rising in the western sky, and there was every indication of one of those thunder-storms common to the summer season.

Helen did not go in the direction of Newton. Why should she, who knew nothing of cities and towns, seek a home there, exposed to their ills? The country had been her home and she would seek none other. She turned eastward, with her little brother feebly hopping along at her side. She turned down the lane. As they were passing the pasture gate it opened, and Rose Stuart, her cheeks wet with tears, sprang out and threw her arms about Helen's neck.

THEY STARTED DOWN THE ROAD.

"Oh! Helen, dear, good girl, do not think I am to blame for this," she sobbed.

"I do not blame you, Rose," said Helen, her own tears falling fast.

"Forgive father and mother, they have been talked to by the vilest slanderers."

"I can forgive all as I hope to be forgiven," turning her large blue eyes toward Heaven, as if she sought Divine approval.

"Now she just looks like the angels I dreamed about," said little Amos, who occupied his time, alternately, in watching the almost angelic expression on his sister's face and those threatening clouds from which thunder occasionally growled.

"Oh, Helen, we are going to have a storm," said Rose, "won't you come back and stay until it is over?"

"No! no! Rose, thank you, we must go on, we will reach some shelter I hope before the rain begins to fall."

"But oh, I wish you would let me help you. Here is five dollars my father gave me to buy a new summer hat; will you not take it?"

"Oh, no! no! Rose, I could not," said Helen, drawing herself away, "I dare not accept charity while I am strong and able to earn a livelihood for myself and brother. Farewell, Rose, we will always remember you in love."

"Farewell, Helen, my dear, but will you leave no word for brother Warren?"

OLD SQUIRE BEASLEY.

The Officiating Genius of the Famous Gretna Green of America.

The village of Aberdeen, O., directly opposite this city, has become famous within the last quarter of a century as the Gretna Green of America. More couples are married there in a year than in many large cities of the country. It is the haven of runaway lovers from Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and even New York. Aberdeen is a pretty place of about nine hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the Ohio river, sixty-one miles above Cincinnati, and is reached by steamer and ferry-boat. Runaway marriages have become so frequent at Aberdeen that the people pay no attention to them. There are sometimes six or seven weddings a day. The veteran marrying 'Squire' is Massie Beasley, who is now seventy-seven years old. He has held his present office continuously for twenty years, and is always re-elected without opposition. Every grade of society appears before 'Squire Beasley' to have the hymeneal knot tied. He is a good-hearted old fellow, and if the pair have no money to pay the fee, which is often the case, he dismisses them with his blessing. Some of the couples arrive in carriages and are dressed in silks and broadcloth. Others enter his office barefooted and in rags, but the 'Squire' never turns them away, no matter how forlorn or pitiable their condition. He marries people at the dead of night when they are in a hurry to escape the wrath of pursuing fathers or brothers.

'Squire Beasley's office has furnished many sensations which never got into the newspapers. On two or three occasions the wedding has been harshly interrupted by the arrival of pursuers just in time to prevent the ceremony. The age of applicants for his services makes no difference to Mr. Beasley. He has united boys of thirteen and girls of eleven, but up to this time he has never been involved in any trouble. The oldest pair to enter matrimony before the marrying 'Squire was a man of eighty and a woman of seventy-two. It had been a wonder how many mere children could be wedded without making the justice liable to fine and imprisonment. It seems that Beasley is a law unto himself. He asks no questions, and aims to make every body happy without regard to age or color. Most of his patrons are from Kentucky, and the marriage laws of that State are decidedly crude and indefinite. Within the last five years West Virginia has sent many of her young people to Aberdeen to be married. 'Squire Beasley has tied the knot for 4,153 couples in the sixteen years of his career in that time. His predecessor, 'Squire Shelton, who has been dead many years, married 5,000 couples in his life. In thirty years nearly 10,000 pairs of lovers have been made happy or miserable in Aberdeen.

'Squire Beasley is youthful in spirits, being a man of fine social qualities. His office is at his residence, a two-story brick, just on the outskirts of the town. There, with his only son, Captain Tom Beasley, he keeps bachelor's hall. The room used for matrimonial purposes is large and attractive. It contains an old-fashioned book-case and table, cozy arm-chairs, a bedstead, and the 'Squire's pet mocking bird. The experiences of Mr. Beasley prove that people will undergo almost any hardship to get married. The run-aways knock at his doors at all hours of the night in the worst of weather. They come on horseback and on foot, frequently being only a few minutes ahead of the infuriated father.

The records of the 'Squire's office show that Lewis County, Kentucky, sends the most runaways to Gretna Green, although every county in that State is well represented in his register. Ohio couples are required to produce a license, and in this way Mr. Beasley saves himself from being amenable to the laws of that State.

Although 'Squire Beasley is a jovial fellow, he is aggravatingly reticent about his career as a dispenser of matrimonial bonds. He has refused repeatedly to be interviewed on the subject and will not have his picture taken. The 'Squire keeps his records, not in a book, but on slips of paper. He says it is nobody's business who the people are that come to him to get married, and he will not reveal any of the many interesting secrets of which he is the possessor. A newspaper man once offered him a \$100,000 for two of his pictures and an interview, but he positively declined to consider the proposition. Mr. Beasley has made several thousand dollars as the result of his reputation as the marrying 'Squire of America.—*Maysville, (Ky.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—The coasts of Lower California abound with huge turtles, which weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each. Down at Punta Banda, where a company is building a large hotel, one of the workmen, who is an expert swimmer and who spends much time in the water, has become skillful in riding the big animals. A traveler says that when the man sees one that is big enough to ride, he rushes into the water and mounts it. He has a way of slapping the turtles on the side of the head that makes them jog along, and, by striking them, he also guides them. He rode a big fellow near the shore the other day as the stage drove up the coast road, and the occupants of the stage were so pleased with the exhibition that they made up a purse of \$20 for the rider.

—An ether-tight joint can be made with a screw-cap by just rubbing common bar soap in the thread. The ether will not penetrate through the soap.

—A good place to study human nature is in a horse car; but you are apt to think that human nature isn't worth studying before you get through.—*Somerville Journal.*

LONDON'S PET GORILLA.

The Baby from the Tropics Proves to Be a Gloomy Little Fellow.

The unpleasant idea that must arise in the mind of a visitor to the gorilla which has been comfortably housed in the Zoological Society's gardens, Regent's Park, will probably be that he ought to be spoken of as our young relation. The missing link, it is true, may yet be wanting, but it is humiliating to be forced, after watching the newcomer, and the Chimpanzee Sally, in the next cage, to the conclusion that the hairy creatures behind the bars and the nineteenth-century people in front of them have much in common. Our young gorilla is, of course, at present, the curiosity par excellence at the Zoo. This is his indisputable right, because of his rarity.

The successful prolongation of Chimpanzee Sally's life to the fourth year gives hope that the gorilla may also be kept in the land of the living to be petted, admired, argued about and to be called (to its face) a great troglodyte and an anthropomorphous ape. Our young gorilla does not, so far, impress us as being of a happy or contented disposition. Small wonder, indeed, is there for his melancholy. He voyaged from the Gaboon in a wretched box with scarce room to move, and arrived from Liverpool at the Zoological Gardens terribly knocked about, and, of course suffering from a cold that it was feared would be the forerunner of that pulmonary disease which so generally proves fatal to the tropic-born anthropoids. The chimpanzee, coming also from gorilla land, had been very good practice for Mr. Bartlett, who accordingly nursed the gorilla with almost parental care, and has had the satisfaction of seeing him recover health and in some measure become reconciled to his captivity. The animal has all the characteristic marks of the true gorilla, and it is a great advantage to the natural-history student to have the opportunity of making comparisons between him and the chimpanzee. Which of the two is most human in appearance will probably be a matter of opinion. Sally is tame, and even playful. She understands what her keeper says to her, and has been taught by him to count straps up to five. She is fond of being noticed and will thrust out her paw, with its long fibrous nails, to grasp the hand of a stranger. The gorilla, as yet will make friends with none, but he will occasionally be tempted at the sight of a bunch of grapes to come forward and sulkily pick up and eat the fruit thrown in among the straw. By and by he may emerge from his sullen fit and permit himself to be handled like his distant relative next door. After all, he is, being three years of age, but a baby, and there is ample time for the ameliorating influences of kind treatment (not to mention the courses of bananas, grapes, and an occasional pineapple to which he is meanwhile treated) to soothe his savage and remarkably broad breast. Sally is more human, at least in her diet, than the gorilla, for she has no objection to meat, and will tear to pieces and make very short work with a pigeon. The gorilla's appetite has naturally to be a good deal humored in these early days, when the luscious fruits and berries of his native forests have not been quite forgotten. The atmosphere of the house in which these large apes reside, which is on the north side of the gardens (opposite the kangaroos), is kept at about seventy degrees, and the cages of both gorilla and chimpanzee are roomy apartments, furnished as appropriately as can be expected under the circumstances. The gorilla will mostly be found crouched upon the straw at the remote end of his house, with his arms clasped behind his head, and the stolid expression of his flat face and dark eyes expressive of a settled gloom. There is in his demeanor at such times a real touch of nature that makes him kin with all who have been unhappy. The young naturalist who studies this young specimen should supplement his visit to the gardens by another to the Natural History Museum, where a stuffed adult specimen will be found.—*London Daily News.*

Who Struck Billy Patterson.

About forty years ago, at one of the medical colleges of this country, the students had a trick of hazing every new man who entered the institution. They would secure him hand and foot, carry him before a mock tribunal, and then try him for some high crime with which they charged him. He would be convicted, of course and sentenced to be led to the block and decapitated. A student named William Patterson came along in time, and was put through the court and sentenced in the usual solemn and impressive manner. He was blindfolded and led to the block, and his neck placed in position. The executioner swung his axe and buried it in the block, allowing it, to be sure, to go nowhere near Patterson's head. The students laughed when the trick was at an end, but Patterson was dead. He had died from what medical men call shock. All the students were put under arrest, and the question arose, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" On the trial it was shown that nobody struck him, but the medical students retained the expression, and it has come down through them to the present day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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