

HELEN LAKEMAN;

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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to ascertain the address from his father.

"I'll back the letter and forward it, don't ye fear," he said to Helen.

"There is one thing I am very anxious about," said Helen.

"What is it?" Clarence asked.

"My brother, you know he is so frail and so young. I want to know that he is comfortable, and then, be my trials ever so great, I can endure them cheerfully."

"Where is Amos?" Rose asked.

"I left him at Mr. Arnold's. They would not let him come with me, and said they would take the best of care of him."

"That ain't no fit place for him," said Clarence. "I'm goin' to find another place for him. When is your trial?"

"Next Monday."

"All right. I'll be back then if not before."

"Don't forget poor little Amos. I can get along very well if he is only comfortable. I fear he was taking fever when I left, having been in the rain the night before. He had a severe cold."

"He'll be all right; don't give yourself any trouble."

Vain was Clarence's boast. Helen's arrest, her innocence and the coming preliminary examination so engrossed his mind that little Amos was forgotten almost before they left Newton.

"I'll find out his address and bring it to ye, Helen," said Clarence when he became convinced that he could not find the slip of paper upon which it was written. "I'll address the letter myself and send it off."

The vehicle containing the brother and sister rattled away from the village just as the sun was setting. The road to Sandy Fork neighborhood lay through a wooded portion of the country, and the mystic shadows of gigantic trees hastened approaching night. From these dark depths one might almost expect to see some Robin Hood, or forest outlaw appear. Clarence had no fears, but Rose shuddered. The dark forests she had always feared, and when the horse shied to one side of the road she felt a flutter at her heart and with terror clung to the arm of her strong brother.

"Oh Clarence, Clarence, what is that?" she cried.

"Where, what?"

"There on the right, don't you see a horrid thing standing at the roadside?"

Clarence looked, and through the gathering twilight he beheld a tall, gaunt form, clothed in rags, with long, disheveled hair, and eyes which seemed to be burning coals.

"Oh, Heavens! help me!" groaned the girl, burying her face in her hands, as the tall, haggard form stepped out in the road and, raising one horny hand, pointed her finger at the occupants of the vehicle, and said:

"Hush—don't tell any one. I got away from the Injuns. They wanted to scalp me, but I got away. If you tell them, they'll be on my track again."

"Be quiet, Rose," said Clarence, who understood now what it was, "it's only crazy Jane—she's got away from the poor-house keeper."

"But oh, brother, she looks so awful, I'm afraid of her."

The wandering mind of the lunatic seemed only to catch at a part of what Rose said:

"Yes, yes, I'm afraid, too. Don't tell them I'm here, and I can escape 'em. They kill and scalp people. They cut off half my head, and put on half a sheep's head. I'm a woman half the time and a sheep half the time."

"Poor woman!" sighed Rose, her pity overcoming her fear.

"They feed me on grass when I'm a sheep," said crazy Jane, "and I don't get enough when I'm a woman. They beat me, too. But I know them. Their chief is Bill Jones and his chief is Jim Arnold."

The brother and sister started, very naturally, at hearing the name of a man mentioned whose bad qualities they had been discussing. Crazy Jane now seemed to become more excited, and continued:

"There's times when I'm human and I hear 'em. They bring little children there and make 'em lambs, that they may have lamb stew. I heard 'em and I wasn't a sheep then. I saw the tears trickle down its cheeks, then they said they would have the land fixed sure. But I'm a sheep now, and must hunt the green pasture." Then bleating in imitation of a sheep the insane creature ran away.

Rose breathed more freely when she had disappeared in the dark woods. At the top of the next hill they met Bill Jones and his brutal hired man hunting for the escaped lunatic. Clarence directed them as best he could where crazy Jane had gone, and then drove home. He was not on good terms with the keeper of the poor-house, so exchanged a few words as possible.

When they reached home Rose found her mother anxiously awaiting their return. She judged from the look of anxiety upon her mother's face that there had been a stormy afternoon at home. The father was not to be seen, and she thought best to ask nothing about him at present.

"Come in, Rose," said Mrs. Stuart, leading the way to her sitting-room.

No words were spoken until the wraps of the girl had been removed, and then the mother anxiously said:

"Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At the jail."

"Oh, Rose, have they really got her in jail?"

"Yes, mother, though she is permitted to stay with the family of the jailer."

Mrs. Stuart was silent. Her large eyes were fixed on the carpet. She wanted to ask something more, but almost feared to. At last she said, in a tone of desperation:

"Rose, how does she bear it?"

"With Christian resignation and fortitude, mother. Oh, mother, I never saw a more angelic picture of Christian faith than that girl's face. From the Bible she gathers hope and happiness, even in the darkest hour. She admits that the bracelet was found in her possession, but says she can not account for it. She expects imprisonment, and yet she says there is such a world of consolation in the Scriptures that she is willing to forgive those who were first in her persecutions."

Mrs. Stuart sat long gazing upon the carpet. The lighted lamp shone brightly in the room, and an expression of pain could be seen upon the good woman's face. She was humiliated. There was a great struggle going on in her breast, and she was not successful.

"Poor girl," she sighed. "Do you think she is innocent?"

"Yes, mother, I know it."

"How do you know it?" asked the father, gruffly, as he entered the apartment, "how do you know any thing about it, I would like to know?"

"No one with such perfect resignation, such supreme confidence in God's goodness, could be a thief. Thieves and criminals don't read the Bible."

The old man had fallen upon the ground, and lay there begging the brute to spare his life. Having satisfied himself, the brutal keeper desisted.

The poor-house stood off the main road, and was completely isolated from any other farm. There were never any visitors, and consequently no danger of a witness to Bill's brutality.

Supper was announced at last, by the ringing of an old cow-bell, and little Amos saw the wretched creatures, whom he had held in such fear, running out of the house into a long, low shed where there was a long table. The table was made of rough oak boards on which were rude dishes, bowls and plates of wood, pewter, tin, and earthenware, all of the cheapest and coarsest kind. Around this rude table, which was greasy and devoid of covering of any kind, were hard, backless benches for the paupers to sit upon.

"Ain't you goin' to supper?" said a woman, with an idiotic giggle, as she peered in at the door, putting her distorted face almost against the terrified child. One side of her face was drawn, and one eye almost closed from the effect of epileptic fits, which produced partial paralysis and idiocy.

"Where is supper?" asked Amos.

"Over there; an' if you don't go soon they'll not be any left. They eat a race," said the simple woman, giggling.

"Who are you?" Amos asked.

"They calls me foolish Nancy; I ain't so foolish as they think. It's because I larf; but I larf when I can't help it. There's nothin' here to make any one larf, an' I guess I's got to do larfin' for all the others."

She paused, because she was giggling in a most hysterical manner. After a few moments, she said:

"Ye'd better come now an' get suthin' to eat, cos' they don't wait here on any body," and again she fell to giggling, until her distorted face was almost dark.

Amos looked at that low, open shed, which answered for a dining-room, and saw those wretched creatures there struggling, fighting and snatching at the food, more like hungry dogs than human beings, and felt that he did not care to be among them. But at this moment Bill Jones, passing the door, said:

"Why don't you go to supper?"

Feeling sure he would displease the cruel man to refuse, the child said:

"I'll go, sir, I'll go."

He began to climb down from the hard chair, and with much difficulty found his crutches.

"Ye'll not get nothin' to eat, of ye're goin' to be that slow," chuckled Bill, whose grammar was as bad as his morals.

The woman who had called herself simple Nancy was waiting for him, her face distorted with a giggle.

"Come," she said, "come with me. Ye shall be my boy. I hed a little boy like you once."

Disgusting as this poor creature was, Amos found that she was a beam of sunshine in that place of horror. His infantile mind could distinguish in her less selfishness than was in many others. Her mind, dwarfed and clouded as it was, had yet some faint gleams of humanity, and he accepted her proffered friendship. As he hobbled along on his crutches, at her side, he asked:

"Is sister here?"

"Yes, yes; I'm your sister," the woman answered, with a giggle. "I'm your sister and mother both."

"But my sister Helen, is she here?"

The woman seemed puzzled. She reflected in her stupid way, and then, with a giggle which seemed to decide the matter, said:

"Oh, yes—yes, yes, I am your sister Helen."

When the table was reached there was nothing on it he could eat. He had watched his father's pigs eat swill far more wholesome and palatable than

a large whip more like a slave-driver than a poor-house keeper, was beating an old man because he could not hoe in the garden.

"You lazy dog," he thundered, "d'ye think we're goin' to keep ye here like a lord, and ye do nothin'?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried the old man, trying to escape the keen lash of the whip; "I'll report ye, if ye don't quit."

"Report me, ye rascal," crack, crack, crack came the whip about his body and almost bare legs. The pauper could only scream with pain. He backed up in a fence corner and then crouched down, buried his face in his hands and arms, while the keen lash was laid upon his almost bare shoulders.

"You'll report on me, will ye?"

"You'll report on me, will ye? This is for reportin' on me." Crack, crack, crack, came the whip, tearing up the spare flesh and clothing.

"Does anybody else want to report?" he said, looking around.

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THE CHLOROFORMER.

How He Selects His Unsuspecting Victim and Operates Upon Him.

As a class the chloroformers belong to the highest order of the swell mob. They practice in railway carriages, on steamboats, in hotels. Essentially cosmopolitan, traveling takes up a large part of their existence. They talk like a hand-book, are especially familiar with the watering-places wherein aristocracy and finance are wont to congregate. The railway time tables they have by heart. The chloroformer is very often a professional waif, what the French call *un fruit sec*—a man, that is, who, having followed the course of a school of medicine, has not followed up the profession, though he knows how to employ drugs and what their effects are. Man of the world, clever, of bright, pleasant manner, he generally has the gift of starting some engrossing conversation. He speaks several languages, and knows where and how to throw in the name of some titled personage now and then.

Let us see him at work in a train. He has no need there to bring all his accomplishments into play; the more elementary one will suffice. First he must mark down his "pocket-book." He lies in wait at one of the railway booking offices—Paris, Lyons, Mediterranean, for instance. It is a long journey. He watches the pocket-books opening. He selects the best filled, and takes similar ticket to that which the owner of the pocket-book asks for. He carries with him a traveling bag stocked with provisions, a good bottle of wine, superfine cigars, a pack of cards—everything, in short, required by so experienced and luxurious a traveler as himself. He takes a seat in the same compartment as the pocket-book, and cleverly draws him into conversation. After traveling about a third of the distance he again expiates on the discomforts of railroad restaurants—the jostling, the tedium, the waiting to be served, the scant time left the traveler. With engaging courtesy he invites his companion to share his luncheon. He explains that he was to have gone to Switzerland with a friend. At the eleventh hour a telegram reached him with apologies from his friend for being unable to come. The dispatch is peeping out of a pocket as the chloroformer adds:

"That is how it happens that I have these two silver mugs with me and all this set-off." If the offer is declined, after lunching himself he unobtrusively offers a cigar—doctored as the wine had been. They chat. Time flies, and the monotonous roar of the train, added to the smoke of the cigar, overcomes the victim with a sense of torpor. The chloroformer now opens his tin phial and holds it during a few seconds under the sleeping man's nostrils. At the same time he applies a very thin leaf of parchment to his mouth. This piece of parchment is shaped like the nether portion of a carnival mask, and is called a "sufflator." The man's sleep is now complete. He is *un cadaver*.

The robber then proceeds with his operations in security. He sets to work and finds the pocket-book or note-book, takes the money out, carefully leaving one or two bank notes. He then restores the pocket-book to its place, taking care not to touch the man's purse, his loose pocket-money or his watch. At the next station or junction he leaves the carriage. His luggage consists of his traveling bag, and whatever other effects he may have bear no distinctive mark.

Why, it may be asked, should not the chloroformer take all he can find? The answer is easy. It is part of his policy never to put his victim in straits, and the money he leaves him is left for one or two reasons. First, if the traveler on recovering his senses, does not examine his pocket-book, he will attribute the departure of his companion to some incident or other, whereby the chloroformer gains time. And if the victim does not miss his notes till some time after, he may believe he has lost them himself somehow. Moreover, a man who is in no want of cash is more likely to take time before he calls in the police. Meanwhile the thief is making his escape good. That is the first reason; the second is a graver one. The person robbed may never wake again; in which case the authorities called upon to ascertain the cause of death will find no external wound, and the deceased will appear to be in possession of his papers, money and jewelry.—*St. James' Gazette*.

A Narrow Escape.

It was at a wedding. The guests filed slowly through the room where the presents were displayed, and each gazed in wonder and admiration at the one that lay above them all.

"How good of him!" was echoed.

"Oh! father, how could you?" said the bride as she saw it, and fell blushing on his neck.

"Never mind," he said, in choked accents, "you deserve it."

Three hours later when all was still and the room deserted, he stole in in his slippers, drawing short, quick breaths as he approached the wonder-causing gift. Then he clutched it, crumpled it in his eager, nervous grasp, and threw it in the stove.

"Saved!" he gasped. "Saved from beggary and ruin!" and he went back to bed.

It was an order for a ton of coal.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The Herrmannsburg Mission reports that in the course of last year 232 Zulus were baptized under its auspices. The total number of Zulu Christians is now supposed to be 1,529.

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

Social Customs of a Quaint, Harmless and Lovable People.

Their social customs are full of interest and individuality. Their way of eating, for instance, is decidedly peculiar. Cutting a long strip of gory greasy meat from the mass before him the Esquimaux gourmand takes one end of it in his mouth, and then pulling on the other end until it is strained tight, with a quick slash of the knife past his mouth and nose severs a mouthful and swallows it without mastication, repeating the operation rapidly until the limit of his storage capacity is reached. A civilized spectator watching an Esquimaux family at dinner can not fail to be struck with the wisdom of providence in giving these people such short noses, as, were they any longer, they would infallibly suffer early abbreviation.

In the matter of amusement the Esquimaux are not badly off. They have a form of cup-and-ball, the ball being a block of ivory pierced with holes at different angles, into one of which the players strive to insert an ivory peg as the block falls, the position of the hole determining the value of the stroke. Another game closely resembles dominoes, and contains pieces running as high as "double thirties," but sequences are not regularly carried out, the breaks in them seeming to be without system. They have a game exactly like solitaire, with the exception that ivory pegs take the place of the glass balls. The special amusement of the women is a species of "cat's cradle," which has been brought to such perfection that they develop from twenty to thirty different figures in it. Indeed, they are extremely clever in performing tricks with string, winding and twisting a piece in and out among the fingers, and then disentangling it by a single pull on one end.

Such are some of the manners and customs of the quaint, harmless, and—despite their dirt-lookable people, whose home is among the dreary regions to the north and south of Hudson's Straits. They have many admirable traits of character. They are wonderfully patient and enduring in times of trial and suffering; honest and intelligent to an unlooked-for degree; perfectly fearless in the chase, yet so peace-loving in their disposition that quarrels are almost unknown; hospitable, docile, keenly appreciative of kindness, and ready to share their last bite with their white visitors; willing to work when opportunity offers, and content with small remuneration. So many good points have they, indeed, that the sad certainty of their gradual extermination is rendered all the sadder thereby. The most careful estimate of their numbers in the Hudson's Straits region at present is one thousand five hundred; but this, of course, is only an approximation, as their own system of counting, which generally runs "one-two-three—a great many," renders any thing like an accurate census impossible. Each year finds their food supply diminishing, thanks mainly to the enterprise of the whalers and sealers. As the number of the seals decrease, the number of the Esquimaux must decrease also, and the end, though it may be long delayed, seems inevitable.—*J. Macdonald Oxley, in American Magazine*.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Why Those of the United States Are Inferior in Every Respect.

It is not only jobbery in municipal and State architecture which makes our public buildings inferior as a class to those built by private enterprise. It is not only because the architect of the United States Government is changed from time to time that the works for which that Government is responsible are so often discreditably. The whole system by means of which the Government manages such matters is a bad one—but not merely in the sense that it is not always well administered, but in the sense that it can not be so administered as to result in an average of works which would rightly represent the standing of American architecture to-day. Until the system is radically changed—until the architectural business of the United States Government is put upon such a basis that it will tempt the hands of our very best architects, and will permit that many of them shall join in devoting to it a portion of their time—until this good day comes, American citizens may feel sure of being as well served (if they wish) as any individuals in the world, but the American people must be content with a worse service than any other Nation accepts. It must be satisfied to put itself on record as too blind or too indifferent to see and appreciate and secure a quality of work which year by year excites an ever-growing admiration among our foreign visitors. It must submit to perpetuate the sins of a past generation of architects when it might be giving immense assistance to the virtues of the generation which is now at work and of those others which are to follow in its steps, if we may trust our English critics, with still greater freedom of effort and power and skill.—*Century*.

Senator Ingalls is popularly believed to be more or less of a crank and a man with a good deal of vinegar in his composition; but the fact that after thirty years in public life and fifteen years in the Senate he is comparatively a poor man speaks well for his honesty. Since the burning of his home the Senator and his daughter have begun writing for the newspapers, the proceeds going into a sinking fund for a new house.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Despair not; God can help thee. Presume not; God can humble thee.

—Philadelphia has about seven hundred churches, and when full can not accommodate one-quarter of the population.

—If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they gain to the good cause!—*Usher*.

—A society has been formed that is devoting itself exclusively to the relief of the suffering of the 135,000 lepers said to be in India and for proclaiming the Gospel to them.

—The late Rev. J. H. Wilbur, D. D., in his will devised \$10,000 to the Missionary Society and the Methodist Episcopal church, \$10,000 to the Church Extension Society and \$10,000 to the Freedmen's Aid Society.

—In the election of lord rector of Glasgow University the vote was equally divided between Lord Lytton and Lord Roseberry. Lord Lytton received the casting vote of the chancellor of the university, and was elected.

—The reports of the Reformed Episcopal Church for last year are: Baptisms, 907; confirmations, 916; received otherwise, 519; present number of communicants, 8,429; contributions for all purposes, \$155,861.51; church buildings, 87; value of church property, less incumbrances, \$1,077,768.—*Public Opinion*.

—The following collections for missions were made by the Methodist Episcopal Church for twelve months ending October 31, 1887: For the Parent Missionary Society, \$1,045,000; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, \$195,000; Woman's Home Missionary Society, \$83,000; Bishop Taylor's transit fund, \$63,000; total, \$1,386,000.—*Public Opinion*.

—The colored people of Philadelphia have asserted their rights in a manner worth commendation. A school containing three hundred and twenty-six pupils, all of them colored, has seven teachers, who are all white. The colored population of the ward, feeling that the principal of the school should be of their race, have demanded that a colored man should be appointed.—*Chicago Times*.

—Next year Bologna will have a grand jubilee because the university so renowned of old was born about eight hundred years ago. The year 1088 is a respectable date. There will be a historical assembly, at which papers on Italian and foreign universities will be read. But there will also be an exposition, industrial, musical and artistic. The musical section will be international in scope.

—The world is, perhaps, wiser and better to-day than at any previous period since the time of Noah's flood—has more wise, good, and great men, more learning, more piety, more consistency, and more people who really try to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" than ever before. So let all take courage, and do what they can to maintain the right.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate*.

—A little five-year-old who had been to Sunday-school for the first time came home puffed out with importance over what he had learned. "Mamma," said he, "do you know about Lot's wife?" "A little," she said, "but tell me what you know." So the little fellow told his story very earnestly, becoming positively dramatic when he reached the climax and said, "And the angel of the Lord said unto Lot's wife, skate for your life and don't you look back, but she did look back and turned a somersault."—*Harper's Bazar*.

ABOUT WHITE LEAD.

Description of the Methods Employed in Its Manufacture.

White lead is the carbonate of lead. The method of combining the carbon with lead is as follows: The pig lead is melted and run into molds, forming what are called buckles, which are shaped like a stove grate and weigh about a pound each. Iron pots are then taken, which are half filled with vinegar, and just above the level of the vinegar are projections on the side of the vessels, upon which the buckles of lead are placed, not allowing them to touch the liquid. The pots are then stacked up in great numbers in a framework which is roofed in and provided with double walls. They are placed upon layers, with boards and tan between each, and piled up to the height of the building, and beneath them the floor is padded with tan-bark, and so are the spaces between the double walls. The whole is then tightly shut in, and the contents of the pots are left to the silent action of chemical laws. The tan generates heat and makes an oxide of the lead, while the carbonic acid which the decomposition of the tan evolves combines with the oxide and gradually reduces the metal to a beautiful soft and snow-white substance. This result is accomplished after an interval of ten to fourteen weeks. This carbonate is then taken to long, revolving screens, through the meshes of which it drops into bins, any uncorroded particles of metal being separated by the screens and returned to the cauldrons. The sifted lead is then washed to deprive it of any free acid, stain or impurities, and is then ground in water, between heavy burr-stone mills, into a pulpy mass. This is then gathered and pumped upon drying-pans in the kiln-house, and gives the dry white lead of commerce. This dry lead is kneaded with linseed oil, in the proportion of about eight pounds of oil to one hundred of lead. The mixture is then ground fine in mills and packed for shipment.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.



"HOW DO YOU KNOW IT?"

"Yes, they do, yes, they do," said Mr. Stuart, with a frown upon his face. "They always do that to make ninnies think they are too pious to do a bad act. I have very obedient children to be hanging around jail-birds against my wishes; very obedient, indeed."

Rose, knowing it was useless to try to get on friendly terms with her father, arose, retired to her room, and, after offering a prayer for the poor girl, went to bed.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SUFFERINGS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

The unfortunate beings who are sent to the poor-house deserve the pity of the entire human family. They are always treated to the plainest, coarsest food and wearing apparel, and frequently not enough of that. The poor-house is usually let out by contract to the lowest bidder, and the contractor who takes it as a job tries to make the most out of his job. Poor-house contractors are not always humane men. They often abuse their helpless victims, and as they get so much per head for every member, it is to their interest to have many, and feed them as cheaply as possible.

In the case of Bill Jones' contract, like many others, it was, what is sometimes called, a political job. Bill furnished Arnold's man for collector of revenue all the votes in his school district, and Arnold, who had elected the county justice, just as one or two men sometimes do elect every officer in their county, had Bill appointed poor-house keeper. We fear the county justices did not look to the interests of those unfortunates who depend on them for the little comfort they require in this world. They did not study the physiognomy of those brutal features, or consider the suffering he might cause. But they rather considered whether they would gain the most votes by appointing him or the benevolent-looking man recommended by his pastor as a suitable person. Preachers are not usually good electioneers, and consequently their recommendations are hardly ever considered in the distribution of public patronage.

"Old