

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

With the utmost care Ella arranged her long curls, and then, tying over her black dress the only white apron which she possessed, she started for Mrs. Campbell's. The resemblance between herself and Ella Campbell was indeed so striking that but for the dress the mother might easily have believed it to have been her own child. As it was, she started up when the little girl appeared, and, drawing her to her side, involuntarily kissed her; then, causing her to sit down by her side, she minutely examined her features, questioning her minutely concerning her mother and her home in England. Of the latter Ella could only tell her that they lived in a city, and that her mother had once taken her to a large, handsome house in the country, which she said was her old home.

From this Mrs. Campbell inferred that Ella's family must have been superior to most of the English who emigrate to this country, and after a few more questions she decided to take her for a time at least; so with another kiss she dismissed her, telling her she would come for her soon. Meantime arrangements were made for Mary and Alice, and on the same day in which Mrs. Campbell was to call for Ella Mr. Knight, one of the "selectmen," whose business it was to look after the town's poor, also came to the cottage. After learning that Ella was provided for, he turned to Mary, asking, "How old she was, and what she could do," saying that his wife was in want of just such a girl to do "chores," and if she was willing to be separated from Alice he would give her a home with him.

But Mary only hugged her sister closer to her bosom as she replied, "I'd rather go with Alice. I promised mother to take care of her."

"Very well," said the man. "I'm going to North Chippewa, but shall be back in two hours, so you must have your things all ready."

"Don't cry so, Mary," whispered Billy, when he saw how fast her tears were falling. "I'll come to see you every week, and when I am older, and have money, I will take you from the poorhouse, and Alice, too."

Just then Mrs. Campbell's carriage drove up. She had been taking her afternoon ride, and now, on her way home, had stopped for Ella, who in her delight at going with so handsome a woman, forgot the dreary home which awaited her sister. While she was getting ready Mr. Knight returned, and, driving his old-fashioned yellow wagon up by the side of Mrs. Campbell's stylish carriage, he entered the house, saying, "Come, girl, you're ready, I hope. The old mare don't want to stand, and I'm in a desultory hurry, too. I ought to be home this minute, instead of driving over this story Parton road. I hope you don't mean to carry that ar' thing," he continued, pointing with his whip toward Alice's cradle, which stood near Mary's box of clothes. The tears came into Mary's eyes, and she answered, "Alice has always slept in it, and I didn't know but—"

Here she stopped and, running up to Ella, hid her face in her lap and sobbed, "I don't want to go. Oh! I don't want to go; can't I stay with you?"

Billy's yellow handkerchief was suddenly brought into requisition, and Mrs. Bender, who, with all her imaginary aches and pains, was a kind-hearted woman, made vigorous attacks upon her snuffbox, while Mrs. Campbell patted Mary's head, saying, "Poor child, I can't take you both, but you shall see your sister often."

Ella was too much pleased with Mrs. Campbell and the thoughts of the fine home to which she was going to weep, but her chin quivered when Mary hid up the baby for her to kiss, and said, "Perhaps you will never see little Alice again."

When all was ready Mr. Knight walked around his wagon, and, after trying to adjust the numerous articles it contained, said: "I don't see how in the world I can carry that cradle; my wagon is chuck full now. Here is a case of shoes for the girls to stitch, and a pillowcase of flour for Miss Smith, and forty 'leven other traps, so I guess you'll have to leave it. Mebbe you can find one there, and if not, why, she'll soon get used to going without it."

Before Mary could reply Billy whispered in her ear, "Never mind, Mary; you know that little cart that I draw mother's wood in; the cradle will just fit it, and to-morrow afternoon I'll bring it to you, if it doesn't rain."

Mary knew that he meant what he said, and, smiling on him through her tears, climbed into the rickety wagon, which was minus a step, and, taking Alice into her arms, she was soon moving away.

In striking contrast to this Ella, about five minutes afterward, was carefully lifted into Mrs. Campbell's handsome carriage, and, reclining upon soft cushions was driven rapidly toward her new home.

Will their paths in life always continue thus different? Who can tell?

CHAPTER V.

How long and tiresome that ride was, with no one for a companion except Mr. Knight, who, though a kind-hearted man, knew nothing about making himself agreeable to little girls, so he remained perfectly taciturn. Alice soon fell asleep, and though the little arms which held her creaked sadly, there was no complaint.

Only Mary's tears gushed forth, and falling upon the baby's face awoke her. Her nap was not half out, and setting up a loud cry she continued screaming until they drove up to the very door of the poorhouse.

"For the land's sake," said Mr. Knight, as he helped Mary from the wagon, "what a racket; can't you contrive to stop it? You'll have Sal Furbush in your hair, for she don't like a noise."

down pane. In terror Mary clung to Mr. Knight, and whispered, as she pointed toward the figure, which was now laughing hideously: "What is it? Are there many such here?"

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Knight; "that's nobody but foolish Patsy; she never hurt anybody in her life. Come, now, let me show you to the red-whiskered man, who stood in the door."

"Here, Parker," said he, "I've brought them children I was tellin' you about. You've room for 'em, I s'pose?"

"Why, y-es, we can work it so's to make room."

They now entered the kitchen. Mary was very tired with holding Alice so long, and, sinking into a chair near the window, she would have cried; but there was a tightness in her throat, and a pressure about her head and eyes which kept the tears from flowing. She pressed her hands tightly and said, "Oh, I hope I shan't faint."

"To be sure you won't," said a loud, harsh voice, and instantly large drops of water were thrown in her face, while the same voice continued: "You don't have such spells often, I hope, for Lord knows I don't want any more ditty ones here."

"No, ma'am," said Mary, meekly; and looking up, she saw before her a tall, square-backed, masculine looking woman, who wore a very short dress, and a very high-crowned cap, fastened under her chin with bows of sky-blue ribbon. Mary secretly hoped she would not prove to be Mrs. Parker, the wife of the overseer. She was soon relieved of her fears by the overseer himself, who said, "Polly, I don't see any other way but you'll have to take these children into the room next to yours. The baby worries a good deal, and such things trouble my wife, now she's sick."

The person addressed as "Polly" gave her shoulders an angry jerk, and sticking the pin on the waist of her dress, replied, "So, I s'pose it's no matter if I'm kept awake all night, and worried to death. But I guess you'd find there'd be queer doin's here if I should be taken away. I wish the British would stay to bum, and not lug their young ones here for us to take care of. Come, child, I will show you where you are going to sleep; at the same time she caught up Alice, who, not liking her handling, kicked so vigorously that she was soon dropped. Polly remarking that "she was mighty strong in her legs for a sick baby."

After passing up a dark stairway they came to a door, which opened under the garret stairs, and Mary was startled by a voice which seemed to be almost over her head, and which, between a sneer and a hiss, called out, "See where the immaculate Miss Grundy comes!" Mary sprang in terror to Polly's side.

"Oh, what is it?" she said. "Is it Patsy?"

"Patsy" was the tart reply. "She never is saucy like that. It's Sal Furbush." Mary asked who Sal Furbush was, and was told she was one of the poor insane inmates. She subsequently learned that Sal was perfectly harmless, and struck up quite a friendship with her. At present Mary followed her guide until they came to a longer and lighter hall, or "spaceway," as it is frequently called in New England. On each side of this there were doors opening into small sleeping rooms, and into one of these Polly led her companion, saying, as she did so, "This is your room, and it's a great favor to you to be so near me. But mind, that child mustn't cry and keep me awake nights, for if she does, maybe you'll have to move into that other space, where we heard the laugh."

Mary thought she would rather do anything than that. She also felt a great curiosity to know who her companion was, so she at last ventured to ask, "Do you live here, Miss Polly?"

"Why, yes, I'm staying here for a spell now; kind of seeing things. My name isn't Polly. It's Mary Grundy, and somehow folks have got to nicknaming me Polly, but it'll look more mannerly in you to call me Mrs. Grundy; but what am I thinking of? The folks must have their supper."

That night Alice, who missed her cradle, was unusually restless, and Mary, remembering Mrs. Grundy's threat, carried her in her arms until after midnight. Then, without undressing, she threw herself upon the bed, and for the first time in many weeks dreamed of George and his parting promise to see her again. The next morning when she awoke, the clouds were pouring rain. "Billy won't come to-day," was her first thought, and throwing herself upon the floor, she burst into tears, wishing, as she had once done before, that she had died with her mother.

In the midst of her grief the door was pushed hastily open, and Mrs. Grundy's harsh voice exclaimed, "Well, so you are up at last, hey? I didn't know but you were going to take it upon you to sleep over, but that don't answer here. Do you think we's goin' to support you in idleness?"

Here, touched perhaps by the pale, tearful face, uplifted to hers, Mrs. Grundy's voice softened, and in a milder tone she added, "We won't mind about it, seein' it's the first morning; but, come—you must be hungry by this time."

Mary glanced at Alice. She was sleeping sweetly, and though there seemed to be no reason, she still lingered.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Mrs. Grundy, and Mary, with some hesitation, answered, "I haven't said my prayers yet."

A change passed suddenly over Mrs. Grundy's face, and she turned away without a word. When she was gone Mary fell on her knees, and though the words she uttered were addressed more to her mother than to God, she felt comforted, and, rising up, started for the kitchen. It was a motley group which she found assembled around the breakfast table, and as she entered the room a man called Uncle Peter smiled on her,

saying, "Come here, little daughter, and let me touch you with the top of my fourth finger."

About noon the clouds broke away, while here and there a path of bright blue sky was to be seen. But the roads were so muddy that Mary had no hope of Billy's coming, and this it was, perhaps, which made the dinner dishes so hard to wash, and which made her cry when told that all the knives and forks must be secured, the teakettle wiped and set with its nose north. In what Mrs. Grundy called the "Pout Hole," and which proved to be a place under the stairs, where pots, kettles and ironware generally were kept.

All things have an end, and so did the scolding, in spite of Mary's fears to the contrary, and then watching a time when Mrs. Grundy did not see her, she stole away upstairs, taking Alice on her lap, and set down by the open window where the damp air cooled and moistened her flushed face. The rain was over, and across the meadow the sun was shining through the tall trees, making the drops of water which hung upon the leaves sparkle and flash in the sunlight like so many tiny rainbows. Mary watched them for a time, and then looking into the road, she saw directly opposite the house Billy Bender and with him Alice's cradle. In a moment Mary's arms were thrown around his neck as tightly as if she thought he had the power and was come to take her away.

"Oh, Billy, Billy," said she. "I was afraid you would not come, and it made me so unhappy."

Mary released her when he was startled at hearing some one call out, "Bravo! That, I conclude, is a country hug. I hope she won't try it on me!"

Turning about he saw before him a white-faced boy, nearly of his own age, whose dress and appearance indicated that he belonged to a higher grade, as far as wealth was concerned. It was Henry Lincoln, notorious both for pride and insolence. Billy, who had worked for Mr. Lincoln, had been insulted by Henry many a time, and now he longed to avenge it, but native politeness taught him that in the presence of Mary 'twould not be proper, so without a word to Henry he whispered to the little girl, "That fellow lives near here, and if he ever gives you trouble just let me know."

"Kissed her then, didn't you?" sneeringly asked Henry, retreating at the same time, for there was something in Billy's eyes which he feared.

"Come into the house," said Mary, "where he can't see us," and leading the way she conducted him up to her own room, where there was no fear of being interrupted.

Alice was first carefully fixed in her cradle, and then kneeling down at Billy's side, and laying her arms across his lap, Mary told him of everything which had happened, and finished by asking, "how long she must stay here?"

Had Billy's purse been as large as his heart, that question would have easily been answered. Now he could only shake his head in reply, while Mary next asked if he had seen Ella.

"I have not seen her," returned he, "but I've heard that rainy as it was this morning, Mrs. Campbell's maid was out selecting muslins and jacobets for her, and they say she is not to wear black, as Mrs. Campbell thinks her too young."

Mary did not speak for some time, but her head dropped on Billy's knee, and she seemed to be intently thinking. At last, brushing aside the hair which had fallen over her forehead, Billy said: "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if Ella wouldn't forget me and Alice now she is rich and going to be a lady."

Billy had thought the same thing, and lifting the little girl in his lap, he replied: "If she does, I never will!" and then he told her again how when he was older and had money he would take her from the poorhouse and send her to school, and that she should some time be as much of a lady as Ella.

(To be continued.)

NOT CONCLUSIVE OF GUILT.

Fair-Minded Men Are Often Deceived by Circumstantial Evidence.

"As to circumstantial evidence, it's a queer thing," said the man in the brown suit. "Five or six years ago I was in a town in Indiana for a night when a bank was robbed. Next morning I was arrested as an accomplice, it being contended that I was seen idling in front of the bank and evidently acting as sentinel for those within. Three different persons identified me as the man and the fourth claimed to have seen me enter the hotel at a late hour by way of a shed and a window. I was locked up for examination, with a chance of things going hard with me, when evidence began to come forward on my side. The landlord asserted and swore that I was sitting in the office at 10 o'clock p. m. Two servants swore to seeing me go to my room half an hour later. A man having rooms opposite the hotel swore that he saw me smoking at my window at midnight. A guest of the hotel who had a room next to mine swore that my snoring disturbed him from midnight till 2 o'clock, and that he heard me turn over in bed at 3, and so I was honorably discharged from custody."

"But about it's being queer?" was asked.

"Why, all the people on both sides were mistaken. I was not outside the bank at the time mentioned and neither was I in the hotel."

"But you were somewhere."

"Oh, of course. Fact is I got mashed on the landlord's daughter and we sat up all night on a balcony and squoze hands and talked love and looked at the moonlight and slapped mosquitoes. Yes, sir, sat there all night like a couple of idiots, and though I declared I would die for her and she said she only wanted me and a humble cottage she was married to a red-headed butcher within a year and I was sued by a snub-nosed widow for breach of promise. I was simply observing, you know, that circumstantial evidence is a queer thing, and I wish to add that a jurymen shouldn't be influenced too much by it."—Washington Post.

There is no distinction of parts of speech in the Chinese language, and no recognition of the principle of inflection.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

SPREADING RAPIDLY OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

One Million Members in America—The Boston Society Has the Largest Congregation in the World—Has 20,000 Members.

The spokesmen of some of the leading denominations have been attacking Christian Science, and they have not minced matters in dealing with it. Dr. Parkhurst for the Presbyterians, Dr. James M. Buckley for the Methodists, Rev. Dr. Alfred G. Lawson for the Baptists, and Rev. Dr. David G. Burrell for the Reformed, have by a vigorous assault upon the new faith made plain the line of action which these powerful bodies will pursue in the attempt to crush it out of existence. These gentlemen declare that their respective churches have not suffered in membership by the introduction of the propaganda, but assert that its rapid growth has come from that great body not affiliated with any of the churches, Dr. Lawson says Christian Science is bound to bring a sad harvest of corruption. Rev. Mr. Buckley thinks it ridiculous and indecent and that it should be spurned by respectable people everywhere. Dr. Parkhurst charges it with being the greatest delusion of the age in that its followers are the biggest dupes of its wickedness. Dr. Burrell says he re-



MRS. MARY BARKER G. EDDY. Who founded Christian Science in 1838 and who claims that that religion, with 1,000,000 adherents to-day, will be the dominant one of the world in fifty years.

gards it as a dangerous delusion. So far from being a form of Christianity, it is, in his judgment, blasphemy against God the Father, in denying his personality; against God the Son, in denying his divinity and the reality of his atonement for sin, and against the Holy Ghost, in asserting that Christian Science itself is the Spirit of God. There are undoubtedly Christian people in the circle of the Christian Scientists, but they labor, he says, under a delusion of the most dangerous sort, and as to their leaders, they are deliberate enemies of true religion and wilful deceivers of those who follow them.

Its Wonderful Growth.

The growth of Christian Science has been marvelous, the more because its followers have been drawn from the rich and comfortable classes. It was founded by Mrs. Mary Barker Eddy in Boston in 1836, but it did not begin to attract general attention until 1890 and the beginning of the erection of the splendid temples found in the large cities was undertaken within the past five years. In New York City alone there are three churches completed or on the way to it—the aggregate value of which is \$1,500,000. The First Church cost \$670,000 and the Second \$550,000. Both are paid for. In addition there are six more societies in Greater New York. In Boston, the mother church, built at a cost of \$500,000 and dedicated in 1894, has the greatest number of members of any church in the world—15,500, of whom 4,000 were added last year. Chicago has three handsome churches erected within four years. Tennesseans take to it strongly, especially in Memphis, where two flourishing churches have been established within two years with 1,500 followers. Philadelphia has four churches and 1,000 believers. Buffalo is a stronghold of the cult and Denver is preparing a temple to cost \$250,000 to further its principles. Boston, however, is the leader in winning followers. From 26 members in 1880 the church there has now a membership of more than 20,000. Altogether in America the Scientists have 623 church societies, with a membership of 1,000,000, and with churches to the value of \$12,000,000.

Around the cult is taking wonderfully, especially in Great Britain. London has a flourishing church, as have Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Leamington. Among the English converts enumerated are the Earl of Dunmore and the Earl of Tankerville, Mrs. Henry Montague Butler, wife of the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Charles Smith, wife of the head master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. It is said that King Edward, while in no way wavering in his allegiance to Anglicism, is well disposed toward Christian Science.

The churches, or temples, are open every day, and in some of their features and appointments are suggestive of club houses rather than places of worship. This has done much to popularize the institution, especially in large cities, and to wean away members of other Christian denominations.

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She (turning from the piano)—There, how do you like that refrain? He—Splendid—and the more you refrain the better I like it.

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She entered the luncheon on Michigan avenue so softly she was almost unnoticed. She gave the impression of one alone in the world, and, from her

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well touch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory for advice. An inflamed and

ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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"Come, my darling," he said tenderly, "and we will begin all over again. God knows I love you."

Then he led her away.—Detroit Free Press.

Air Ship Is Promising.

Mechanics have not yet despaired of constructing a ship that will navigate the air, but are constantly at work developing new ideas or improving upon old ones. A new type of such craft has been tried with some success at the Crystal Palace, London, the design being the invention of Auguste Gaudron and Ceil Barth.

The contrivance is rather an air ship than a flying machine proper, from the fact that it depends for its support upon a cigar-shaped balloon seventeen feet in length by three feet in diameter, holding about 100 cubic feet of hydrogen. The ideal flying machine, of course, is to support itself by mechanical power apart from any balloon. Beneath the balloon in question are fixed platforms, certain of these containing a motor and fan to supply the propulsive power, the center platform being reserved for the aeronaut who there controls the steering gear. During the trial the machine behaved very satisfactorily, ascending and descending at any given angle and answering readily to the rudder. On a windless day the inventors hope to attain a speed of thirty miles an hour and have in contemplation a machine to accommodate five people. The balloon of such an apparatus would have to be 100 feet long and thirty feet in diameter and would require four motors, each of ten horse power. The balloon would be made for safety's sake in compartments and would require 120,000 cubic feet of hydrogen to inflate it.

Mustache Fad in England.

A humorous result of Emperor William's recent visit to England is evident in the mustaches of the inhabitants of the west end of London. That upward and outward twist so associated with the Kaiser's mustache has been extensively adopted, especially by those having pretensions to military appearance. Interviews with west-end barbers reveal the trouble they are encountering in transforming lifelong droops into upward curls.

The Pope's Pens.

The Pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but his pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill which is believed to come from the wing of a dove, although persons who have seen it say it must have come from a larger bird. The same quill has been in use for more than forty years. It serves only for important signatures, and is kept in an ivory case.

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