

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

**CHAPTER X.**

It was beginning to be daylight in the city of Boston, and as the gray east gradually brightened and grew red in the coming day, a young man looked out upon the busy world around him with that feeling of utter loneliness which one so often feels in a great city where all is new and strange to him. Scarcely four weeks had passed since the notes of a tolling bell had fallen sadly upon his ear, and he had looked into a grave where they laid his mother to her last dreamless rest. A prevailing fever had effected what the fancied ailments of years had failed to do, and Billy Bender was now an orphan and alone in the wide world. He knew that he had his own fortune to make, and after settling his mother's affairs and finding there was nothing left for him, he had come to the city, and on this morning went forth alone to look for employment, with no other recommendation than the frank, honest expression of his handsome face.

"It was foolish in me to attempt it," thought he, as he stepped in front of a large wholesale establishment. His eye caught the sign on which was lettered "R. J. Selden & Co." The name sounded familiar, and something whispered to him to enter. He did so, and meeting in the doorway a tall, elegant looking young man, he asked for Mr. Selden.

"My uncle," returned the gentleman, who was none other than George Moreland, "has not yet come down, but perhaps I can answer your purpose just as well. Do you wish to purchase goods?"

Billy, thinking that everyone must know his poverty, fancied there was something satirical in the question, but he was mistaken; the manner was natural to the speaker, who, as Billy made no direct reply, again asked: "What would you like, sir?"

"Nothing to do; for I have neither money nor home," was Billy's prompt answer.

"Will you give me your name?" asked George.

Billy complied, and when he spoke of his native town George repeated it after him, saying: "I have some acquaintances who spend the summer in Chicopee; but you probably have never known them."

Immediately Billy thought of the Lincoln, and now knew why the name of Selden seemed so familiar. He had heard Jenny speak of Ida, and felt certain that R. J. Selden was her father.

For a moment George regarded him intently, and then said: "We seldom employ strangers without a recommendation; still, I do not believe you need any. My uncle is wanting a young man, but the work may hardly suit you," he added, handing the duties he would be expected to perform, which certainly were rather menial. Still, as the wages were liberal, Billy for want of a better, accepted the situation, and was immediately introduced to his business. For some time he only saw George at a distance, but was told by one of the clerks that he was just graduated at Yale, and was now a junior partner in his uncle's establishment.

"We all like him very much," said the clerk, "he is so pleasant and kind, though a little proud, I guess."

This was all that Billy knew of him until he had been in Mr. Selden's employ nearly three weeks; then, as he was one day poring over a volume of Horace which he had brought with him, George, who chanced to pass by, looked over his shoulder, exclaiming: "Why, Bender, can you read Latin? Really, this is a novelty. Are you fond of books?"

"Yes, very," said Billy, "though I have but a few of my own."

"Fortunately, then, I can accommodate you," returned George, "for I have a tolerably good library, to which you can at any time have access. Suppose you come round to my uncle's to-night. Never mind about thanking me," he added, as he saw Billy about to speak: "I hate to be thanked, so to-night, at eight o'clock, I shall expect you."

Accordingly, that evening Billy started for Mr. Selden's. George, who wished to save him from any embarrassment, answered his ring himself, and immediately conducted him to his room, where for an hour or so they discussed their favorite books and authors. At last, George, astonished at Billy's general knowledge of men and things, exclaimed, "Why, Bender, I do believe you are almost as good a scholar as I, who have been through college. Pray, how does it happen?"

In a few words Billy explained that he had been in the habit of working summers and going to school at Wilbraham winters; and then, as it was nearly ten, he hastily gathered up the books which George had kindly loaned him and took his leave. As he was descending the broad staircase he met a young girl fashionably dressed, who stared at him in some surprise. In the upper hall she encountered George, and asked him who the stranger was.

"His name is Bender and he came from Chicopee," answered George.

"Bender from Chicopee?" repeated Ida. "Why, I wonder if it isn't the Billy Bender about whom Jenny Lincoln has gone almost mad?"

"I think not," returned her cousin, "for Mrs. Lincoln would hardly suffer her daughter to mention a poor boy's name, much less to go mad about him."

"But," answered Ida, "he worked on Mr. Lincoln's farm when Jenny was a little girl; and now that she is older she talks of him nearly all the time, and Rose says it would not surprise her if she should some day run off with him."

"Possibly it is the same," returned George, "Anyway, he is very fine looking, and a fine fellow, too, besides being an excellent scholar."

The next day, when Billy chanced to be alone, George approached him, and after making some casual remarks about the books he had borrowed, etc., he said, "Did you ever see Jenny Lincoln in Chicopee?"

"Oh, yes," answered Billy, brightening up, for Jenny had always been, and still was, a great favorite with him: "Oh, yes, I know Jenny very well. I worked

"Yes, she's forgotten him," said Billy, and that belief gave him secret satisfaction. He had known Mary long, and the interest he had felt in her when a lonely, neglected child, had not in the least decreased as the lapse of time gradually ripened her into a fine, intelligent looking girl. He was to her a brother still, but she to him was dearer far than a sister; and though in his letters he at ways addressed her as such, in his heart he claimed her as something more, and yet he had never breathed in her ear a word of love or hinted that it was for her sake he toiled both early and late, hoarding up his earnings with almost a miser's care that she might be educated.

Regularly each week she wrote to him, and it was the receipt of these letters and the thoughts of her that kept his heart so brave and cheerful, as, alone and unappreciated, except by George, he worked on, dreaming of a bright future when the one great object of his life should be realized.

(To be continued.)

## CARE OF THE EYES.

Much Trouble and Suffering May Easily Be Avoided.

Nowhere is the comparison between an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure more applicable than in the care of the eyes; for the neglect of seemingly trivial affections, perfectly curable in their beginnings, may lead in an incredibly short time to permanent impairment of vision, or even to total blindness. The care of the eyes should begin with the moment of birth. The new baby's eyes should be the first part to receive attention. They should be wiped carefully with a piece of absorbent cotton wet with a warm solution of boric acid, of a strength of about sixty grains in four ounces of distilled water. After the lids have been thus carefully washed on the outside they should be gently separated and some of the solution dropped into the eyes.

In washing the eyes one should be careful never to dip again in the solution a piece of cotton which has once been used; a fresh piece must be taken each time the eyes are wiped.

The baby's eyes must be protected from the light; its crib should be placed where the eyes are not exposed to the full light from a window, and the carriage should have a shade raised only about a foot above the baby's head.

Children often suffer from inflammation of the edges of the lids, which are red and scaly, and the lashes fall out and break off. This may betoken a general scrofulous condition, or it may depend upon some defect in the sight which causes eye-strain, or it may be only a local trouble. If it is only a local trouble, a few applications of boric acid ointment at bedtime will generally effect a cure.

Conjunctivitis, or inflammation of the membrane covering the globe of the eye, may be due to a cold, to the action of bright sunlight or reflection from water or from snow, or to eye-strain from some visual imperfection. Usually the boric acid solution will give relief here, even when the trouble cannot be permanently cured until proper glasses are worn.

Another painful consequence of eye-strain is a succession of sties. When a child suffers frequently from sties, from sore lids, or from conjunctivitis, the sight should be tested.

Much harm is often done to the eyes, as well as to the general health, by too long application to books, either school or story-books. Three hours of looking at print by daylight and one hour in the evening, should not be exceeded by any child under 14, for that is as much as his eyes, even if their vision is perfectly normal, will stand without injury.—Youth's Companion.

**The Pickles Test.**

There had been an epidemic of numps in Denver, and every afternoon brought to the health department a number of children seeking permission to return to school. Sometimes no doctor was present, and they had to wait. So, says the Republican, Dr. Carlin devised a means by which his secretary, Miss Currihan, might test the applicants.

"Pickles are the thing," said Dr. Carlin. "If a person with the slightest trace of inflammation in the thyroid glands takes a bite of anything sharply sour, the face is instantly contorted. In extreme cases the pain is extreme."

So a bottle of mixed pickles was added to the pharmacopoeia of the office.

Now, when there is no doctor in the office, Miss Currihan lines up the applicants for certificates and goes down the line with the bottle of pickles. If the child takes the pickle and smiles as a healthy child should, he may go back to school again; but if he scowls in pain he is condemned to stay at home.

**Decidedly the Reverse.**

Uncle Wellington de Bergh, a retired English merchant who occasionally came to visit his relatives in this country, was an enthusiastic bicyclist, notwithstanding his age, which was over seventy.

His other passions was a fondness for Walker's Dictionary, which he maintained, was superior to all others, of whatever date, and he seemed to know it by heart.

"Your uncle," said a caller one day, "appears to be a walking cyclopedia."

"On the contrary," responded one of Uncle Wellington's American nieces, "he's a cycling Walkerpedia."

**Her Supposition.**

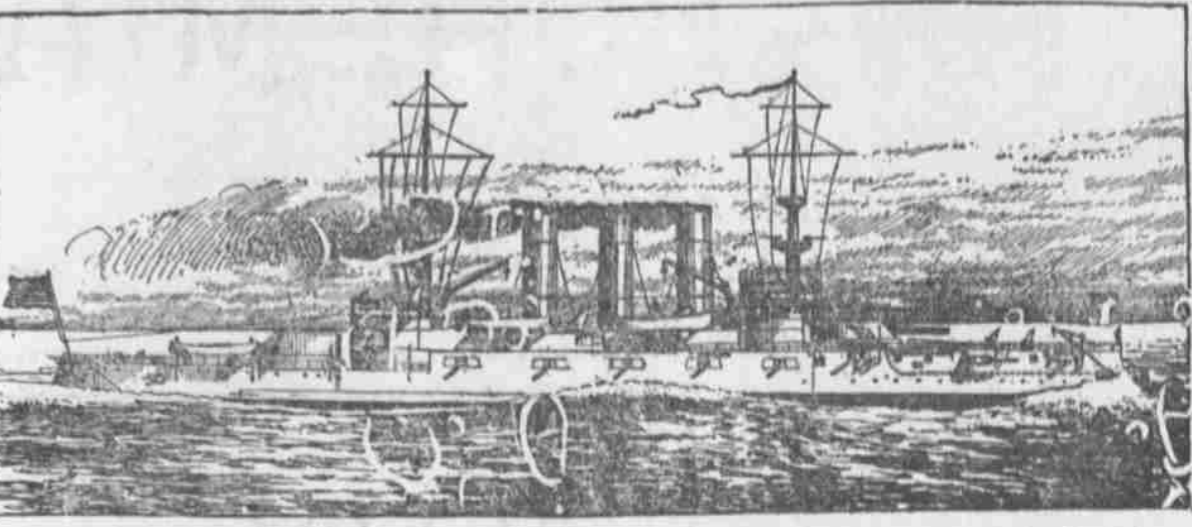
"Did you say you took a stall at the theater while you were in London?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered the young man who was ailing his foreignisms.

"I suppose," she proceeded pensively, "that it must have been one of those recent productions that the critics condemned for their horseplay."—Washington Star.

There is time for everything and everybody, especially the convicts.

## POWERFUL UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP OHIO.



The battleship Ohio, recently launched at San Francisco, is the newest "pride of the American navy." She is forty feet longer than the Oregon and 2,000 tons greater in displacement. She is twenty feet longer than the Iowa and 1,000 tons greater in displacement than that ship. Her largest rifle will be twelve inches. Her secondary battery will contain sixteen 6-inch rifles. The Ohio's dimensions are: Length on the water line, 388 feet; width, 72 feet 5 inches; mean draught, 23 feet 6 inches; maximum draught, 25 feet 3 inches; displacement, 12,500 tons; speed, 18 knots; maximum horsepower, 16,000; total coal supply, 2,000 tons. She will carry one flag officer, one commanding officer, sixteen wardroom officers, twelve junior officers and five warrant officers. In many respects the Ohio will be the greatest of all marine fighting machines. The works of the ship will be of the most approved kind. The ship herself, with her windings and alleyways, her broad decks and fitted with the finest tools that can be made. The ship herself, with her engine room, will resemble a great workshop, and her water works. In this at-sea-city will be nearly 1,000 incandescent lamps and telephone communications between all parts. The filling of a water-tight compartment at any time need be no cause for alarm. The touch of a button in the central station will close every water-tight door in less time than would take to give the order. Her complement will be about 500 men.

## SIXTY THOUSAND A YEAR.

**Chicago System Has Largest Salaries.**

Telephone Official in the Country.

John I. Sabin, president of the Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone Company, has entered upon his duties in a larger field of activity as the manager of the Chicago system of telephones. There have been promotions all along the Pacific coast line to fill the places made vacant by the transfer of experts from San Francisco and Spokane to Chicago. Mr. Sabin receives a salary of \$35,000 per annum from the Chicago company. He also retains the presidency of the Pacific States company, receiving from the latter corporation \$25,000 per annum. His



JOHN I. SABIN.

compensation is, therefore, \$60,000 a year.

John I. Sabin was born in New York Oct. 3, 1847. When 15 years of age he left the public schools of Brooklyn to enter the messenger service of the Independent Telegraph Company of New York. After an apprenticeship of five months he was sent to New Brunswick, N. J., to open an office as operator on the new line then building between New York and Philadelphia. He remained but three months in this position, being transferred to White Plains and from there to New York, where he became night operator on the Western press lines of the United States Telegraph Company.

## Washing a Wild Tiger.

A story copied from "La France du Nord" illustrates the lengths to which perfect fearlessness may carry a man. The famous lion-tamer Pezon hired at Moscow a poor Cosaque, who was as ignorant of the French language as of fear, to clean the cages of his wild beasts.

Instructions were given to the man by means of gestures and dumb show, and apparently he thoroughly understood what he was expected to do.

The next morning he began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame beast, but that of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, untrifled, to approach the tiger.

At this moment Pezon saw what was going on, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion on his part would increase the danger of the situation by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or a dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, purred, and offered every part of its body to the moujik, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant.

Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert had not Pezon with difficulty drawn him off.

## Free Mustard.

James Russell Lowell said, "All deacons are good, but there are odds in deacons," and it may be added that there are odds in other varieties of men.

Squire Blank, according to Harper's Bazar, was not only the richest man in his village, but the stingiest as well. Nothing gave him such keen delight as to get something for nothing.

One day he and several of his neighbors had been in conference with a manufacturer who contemplated establishing a mill in the town. The conference was held in the one store of the village, and at its close the manufacturer stepped up to a showcase containing cigars, and said:

"Have a cigar, gentlemen."

All the men selected a cigar except Squire Blank. He didn't smoke. Therefore he said:

"Thank you, sir, but I don't smoke; but as the cigars are a dime apiece, I'll take a dime's worth o' mustard if you say so."

Of course the astonished gentleman "said so," and the squire went home jubilant over "a hull half-pound o' mustard that never cost me a red cent."

## The Pigeons of St. Mark.

Venice has asserted the right of ownership over the famous pigeons of Saint Mark. Some enterprising street boys who had made a business of killing the birds, when brought up in court, pleaded that the pigeons had no legal owners, and they were fed by the public on the Piazza San Marco. The city authorities maintained that the pigeons were the ward of the old republic, and therefore of the present municipality, a view that was adopted by the court.

## Uprooted Trees Still Live.

The "life tree" of Jamaica grows and thrives for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.

Man proposes—and the girl sends him round to papa to see if he opposes.

## LORD HUGH, THE HOPE OF THE CECILS.



Lord Hugh Cecil, who at a recent Irish demonstration in the House of Commons, advocated the imprisonment of rebellious members of Parliament, is the "rising hope" of Lord Salisbury's "festive circle," as Lord Rosebery recently called the Prime Minister's family. Lord Salisbury's eldest son is not looked upon as a likely successor to the political position of his father, and it is Lord Hugh, the youngest, who is viewed as the coming man of the Cecil's. He is the only unmarried son, and has lived all his life with his father, whose disciple he is. He is the only Cecil who raises any enthusiasm, or who wants to be enthusiastic. To him, as to his father, politics is an essential part of religion, and he speaks to the House of Commons as if he were preaching from his brother's pulpit at Hatfield. He is earnest enough to revolt from party ties when they interfere with freedom of thought and conviction, and intense enough to propose a revolution in parliamentary procedure which no other member of the House dares support. He is 31 years old.