

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Just then Ella came striding into the room, but started when she saw how excited Mrs. Campbell appeared, and how swollen her eyelids were.

"Why, what's the matter?" said she. "I never saw you cry before, excepting that time when I told you I was going to marry Henry," and Ella laughed a little, spiteful laugh.

"Hush—sh," said Mary, softly; and Mrs. Campbell, drawing Ella to her side, told her of the strange discovery she had made; then beckoning Mary to approach, she laid a hand upon each of the young girl's heads, and blessing them, called them "her own dear children."

It would be hard telling what Ella's emotions were. One moment she was glad, and the next she was sorry, for she was so supremely selfish that the fact of Mary's being now in every respect her equal gave her more pain than pleasure. Of course, Mrs. Campbell would love her best—everybody did who knew her—everybody but Henry. And when Mrs. Campbell asked why she did not speak she replied, "Why, what shall I say? shall I go into ecstasies about it? To be sure I'm glad—very glad that you are my aunt. Will Mary live here now?"

"Yes, always," answered Mrs. Campbell; and "No, never," thought Mary.

Mrs. Campbell that evening tried to devise some means by which to atone for neglecting Mary so long. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her, upon which she determined immediately to act, and the next morning Mr. Worthington was sent for to draw up a new will, in which Mary Howard was to share equally with her sister.

"Half of all I own is theirs by right," said she, "and what I want is that on their twenty-first birthday they shall come into possession of the portion which ought to have been their mother's, while at my death the remainder shall be equally divided between them."

The will was accordingly drawn up, signed and sealed, Mr. Worthington keeping a rough draft of it, which was thrown among some loose papers in his office. A few days afterward Henry, coming accidentally upon it, read it without hesitation.

"That settles it at once," said he, "and I can't say I'm sorry, for I was getting horribly sick of her. Now I'd willingly marry Mary without a penny, but Ella, with only one-quarter as much as I expected, and that not until she's twenty-one, is a different matter entirely. But what am I to do? I wish Moreland was here, for, though he don't like me, he wouldn't mind lending me a few thousand. Well, there's no help for it, and the sooner the old man breaks now the better. I'll help me out of a deuced mean scrape, for, of course, I shall be magnanimous and release Ella at once from her engagement with a ruined man."

The news that Mary was Mrs. Campbell's niece spread rapidly, and among those who came to congratulate her none was more sincere than William Bender. Mary was very dear to him, and whatever conducted to her happiness added also to his. Together with her he had heard the rumor of Mr. Lincoln's downfall, and while he felt sorry for the family he could not help hoping that it would bring Jenny nearer to him. Of this he told Mary, who hardly dared trust herself to reply lest she should divulge a darling secret, which she had cherished ever since Mrs. Campbell had told her that in a little more than a year she was to be the rightful owner of a sum of money much larger than she ever dreamed it possible for her to possess. Wholly unselfish, her thoughts instantly turned toward her adopted brother. A part of that sum should be his, and with that for a stepping stone to future wealth Mrs. Lincoln, when poor and destitute, could no longer refuse him her daughter. Mrs. Campbell, to whom alone she confided her wishes, gave her consent, though she could not understand the self-denying love which prompted this act of generosity to a stranger.

And now Mary was very happy in thinking how much good she could do. Mrs. Mason, her benefactress, should never want again. Sally Furbush, the kind-hearted old crazy woman, who had stood by her so long and so faithfully, should share her home wherever that home might be; while, better than the rest, William Bender, the truest, best friend she ever had, should be repaid for his kindness to her when a little, unknown pauper. And still the world, knowing nothing of the hidden causes which made Mary's laugh so merry and her manner so gay, said that "the prospect of being an heiress had turned her head, just as it always did those who were suddenly elevated to wealth."

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Lincoln had failed. At the corners of the streets groups of men stood together, talking over the matter, and ascribing it, some to his carelessness, some to his extreme good nature in listening for anyone who asked, and others, the knowing ones, winked slyly as they said, "they guessed he knew what he was about—they'd known before of such things as falling rich," but the mouths of those last were stopped when they heard that the household furniture, everything was given up for the benefit of his creditors, and was to be sold at auction during the coming week.

When the day of the auction arrived, it required the persuasion of both Mrs. Campbell and Mary to keep Jenny from going, she knew not whither herself, but anywhere to be near and take one more look at the dear old furniture as it passed into the hands of strangers. At last Mrs. Campbell promised that black Ella, who had accompanied her from Chicopee, should go and report faithfully all the proceedings, and then Jenny consented to remain at home; though all the day she seemed restless and impatient, wondering how long before Uncle Ezra would return, and then weeping as in fancy she saw article after article disposed of to those who would know little how to prize it.

About five o'clock Uncle Ezra came

home, bringing a note from Ida, saying that the carriage would soon be round for Mary and Jenny, both of whom must surely come, as there was a pleasant surprise awaiting them. While Mary was reading this Jenny was eagerly questioning Uncle Ezra with regard to the sale, which he said "went off uncommon well," going chiefly, he reckoned, "to a tall and mighty good-looking chap, who kept bidding up and up, till he got 'em about where they should be. Then he'd stop for someone else to bid."

"Who was he?" asked Mary, coming forward and joining Jenny.

"Dun know, miss; never seen him afore," said Uncle Ezra, "but he's got heaps of money, for when he paid for the piano he took out a roll of bills near about big as my two fists!"

"Then the piano is gone?" said Jenny, sadly, while Mary asked how much it brought.

"Three hundred dollars was the last bid I heard from that young feller, and somebody who was bidding again him said 'twas more'n 'twas worth.'"

"It wasn't, either," spoke up Jenny, rather spitefully. "It cost five hundred, and it's never been hurt a bit."

"Mr. Bender bought that little fiddle of yours," continued Uncle Ezra, with a peculiar wink, which brought the color to Jenny's cheeks, while Mary exclaimed:

"Oh! I'm so glad you can have your guitar again!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage, which came for the young ladies, who were soon on their way to Mr. Selden's, Mary wondering what the surprise was, and Jenny hoping William would call in the evening. At the door they met Ida, who was unusually merry—almost too much so for the occasion, it seemed to Mary, as she glanced at Jenny's pale, dispirited face. Aunt Martha, too, who chanced to cross the hall, shook Mary's hand as warmly as if she had not seen her for a year, and then with her broad, white cap strings flying back, she repaired to the kitchen to give orders concerning the supper.

Mary did not notice it then, but she afterward remembered that Ida seemed quite anxious about her appearance, for, following her to her room, she said, "You look tired, Mary. Sit down and rest you awhile. Here, take my vinaigrette—that will revive you." Then, as Mary was arranging her hair, she said: "Just puff out this side a little more—there, that's right. Now turn round, I want to see how you look."

"Well, how do I?" asked Mary, facing about as Ida directed.

"I guess you'll do," returned Ida. "I believe Henry Lincoln was right when he said that this blue merino and linen collar was the most becoming dress you could wear, but you look well in anything, you have so fine a form."

"Don't believe all her flattery," said Jenny, laughing. "She's only comparing your tall, slender figure with little dumpy me; but I'm growing thin—see," and she tapped her dress two or three inches in front.

"Come, now, let's go down," said Ida. "And I'll introduce you to Jenny's surprise first."

With Ida leading the way, they entered the music room, where in one corner stood Rose's piano, open, and apparently inviting Jenny to its side. With a joyful cry she sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Oh, how kind in your father! I must know we can redeem it some time. I'll teach school—anything to get it again."

"Don't thank father too much," answered Ida, "for he has nothing to do with it, except giving it house room, and one quarter's teaching will pay that bill!"

"Who did buy it, then?" asked Jenny; and Ida replied:

"Can't tell you just yet. I must have some music first. Come, Mary, you like to play. Give me my favorite, 'Rosa Lee,' with variations."

Mary was passionately fond of music, and, for the time she had taken lessons, played uncommonly well. Seating herself at the piano she became oblivious to all else around her, and when a tall figure for a moment darkened the doorway, while Jenny uttered a suppressed exclamation of surprise, she paid no heed, nor did she become conscious of a third person's presence until the group advanced toward her, Ida and Jenny leaning upon the piano and the other standing at her right, a little in the rear. Thinking, if she thought at all, that it was William Bender, Mary played on until the piece was finished and then observing that her companions had left the room, she turned and met the dark, handsome eyes—not of William Bender, but of one who, with a peculiar smile, offered his hand, saying, "I believe I need no introduction to Miss Howard, except a slight change in the name, which, instead of being Stuart, is Moreland!"

Mary never knew what she said or did. She only remembered a dizzy sensation, in her head, a strong arm passed around her, and a voice, which fully aroused her as it called her "Mary," and asked if she were faint. Just then Ida entered the room, announcing tea, and asking her if she found "Mr. Stuart" much changed! At the tea table Mary sat opposite George and every time she raised her eyes she met his fixed upon her, with an expression so like that of the picture in the golden locket which she still wore that she wondered she had not before recognized George Moreland in the Mr. Stuart who had so puzzled and mystified her.

During the evening William Bender called, and soon after Henry Lincoln also came in, frowning gloomily when he saw how near to each other were William and his sister, while he jealously watched them, still keeping an eye upon George and Mary. At last, complaining of feeling "blue," he asked Ida to play, at the same time sauntering toward the music room, where stood his sister's piano. "Upon my word," said he, "this looks natural. Who bought it?" and he drummed a few notes of a song.

"Mr. Moreland bought it. Wasn't he kind?" said Jenny, who all the evening

had been trying for a chance to thank George, but now when she attempted to do so he prevented her by saying, "Oh! don't—don't—I can imagine all you wish to say and I hate to be thanked. Rose and I are particular friends, and it afforded me a great deal of pleasure to purchase it for her—but," he added, glancing at his watch, "I must be excused now, as I promised to call upon my ward."

"Who's that?" asked Jenny, and George replied that it was a Miss Herndon, who had accompanied him from New Orleans, to visit her aunt, Mrs. Russell.

"He says she's an heiress, and very beautiful," rejoined Ida, seating herself at the piano.

Instantly catching at the words "heiress" and "beautiful," Henry started up, asking "if it would be against all the rules of propriety for him to call upon her this evening?"

"I think it would," was George's brief answer, while Mary's eyes flashed scornfully upon the young man, who, rather crestfallen, announced himself ready to listen to Ida, whom he secretly styles "an old maid," because since his first remembrance she had treated him with perfect indifference.

That night before retiring the three girls sat down by the cheerful fire in Mary's room to talk over the events of the day, when Mary suddenly asked Ida to tell her truly if it were not George who had paid her bills at Mount Holyoke.

"What a silly girl," said Ida. "He was perfectly able and more than willing, so why do you care?"

"I do not like being so much indebted to anyone," was Mary's reply, and yet in her secret heart there was a strange feeling of pleasure in the idea that George had thus cared for her, for would he have done so if—She dared not finish that question even to herself—dared not ask if she hoped that George Moreland loved her one-half as well as she began to think she had always loved him. Why should he, with his handsome person and princely fortune, love one so unworthy, and so much beneath him? And then, for the first time, she thought of her changed position since last they met. Then she was a poor, obscure school mistress—now flattered, caressed and an heiress. Years before, when a little pauper at Chicopee, she had felt unwilling that George should know how destitute she was, and now in the time of her prosperity she was equally desirous that he should, for a time at least, remain ignorant of her present condition.

"Ida," said she, lifting her head from the table, "does George know that I am Mrs. Campbell's niece?"

"No," answered Ida. "I wanted to tell him, but Aunt Martha said I'd better not."

"Don't, then," returned Mary, and resuming her former position she fell into a deep reverie, from which she was at last aroused by Jenny's asking "if she intended to sit up all night?"

The news that George Moreland had returned and bought Rose Lincoln's piano besides several other articles, spread rapidly, and the day following his arrival Mary and Ida were stopped in the street by a group of their companions, who were eager to know how George bore the news that his betrothed was so ill, and if it was not that which brought him home so soon; and then the conversation turned upon Miss Herndon, the New Orleans lady who had that morning appeared in the street; "And don't you think," said one of the girls, "that Henry Lincoln was dancing attendance upon her? If I were you," turning to Mary, "I'd caution my sister to be a little wary of him. But let me see, their marriage is to take place soon?"

Mary replied that the marriage was postponed indefinitely, whereupon the girls exchanged meaning glances and passed on. In less than twenty-four hours half of Ella's acquaintances were talking of her discarding Henry on account of his father's failure, and saying "that they expected it, 'twas like her."

Ever long the report, in the shape of a confidence, reached Henry, who, caring but little what reason was assigned for the broken engagement, so that he got well out of it, assumed a much-injured air, but said "he reckoned he should manage to survive"; then, pulling his sharp-pointed collar up another story, and brushing his pet mustache, wherein lay most of his mind, he walked up street, and, ringing at Mrs. Russell's door, asked for Miss Herndon, who, vain as beautiful, suffered his attentions, not because she liked him in the least, but because she was fond of flattery, and there was something exceedingly gratifying in the fact that at the North, where she fancied the gentlemen to be icicles, she had so soon made a conquest. It mattered not that Mrs. Russell told her his vows were pledged to another. She cared nothing for that. Her life had been a long series of conquests until now, at 25, there was not in the whole world a more finished or heartless coquette than Henry Herndon. (To be continued.)

Introduction of Ices.

Ices are supposed to have been introduced by Catherine de Medici in the sixteenth century. Still some assert that ice-cream was first invented by a negro named Jackson, who kept a small confectioner's shop in Soho, London, in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep!

"See here!" exclaimed Mr. Popleigh "I don't propose to have that burglar alarm in our bedroom. We'll put it down stairs in the hall."

"Nonsense!" replied the wife. "Then we won't hear it when it goes off."

"Neither will the baby. That's the main point."—Philadelphia Press.

Mormons in Mexico.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate, signed by his first helpmeet, to the effect that she is willing, and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

Human Vocabularies.

In rural districts many people use no more than 200 words; the ordinary man can do very well with a vocabulary of 500 words.

A Perfect Face.

A perfectly formed face is one-third forehead, one-third nose and one-third upper and lower chin.

PRESIDENT EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.



W. M. BEARDSHEAR

William Miller Beardshear, elected President of the National Educational Association, is President of the Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa. He was president of the Western College of Toledo, Iowa, from 1881 to 1889 and was superintendent of the Des Moines city schools from 1889 to 1891 and president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association in 1894. He was United States Indian Commissioner in 1897-98. Mr. Beardshear has been president of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames since 1891. He was born at Dayton, Ohio, and was educated at Oberlin and at Yale.

WORLD'S QUEEREST NEWSPAPER

The Telephone Journal of Budapest, and How It Is Worked.

Budapest has the most singular newspaper in the world. It is called the "Telefon-Hismond," or "Telephone News."

For eight years this venture has been in working order, and it is a great financial success. There are 6,200 subscribers, who at regular stated intervals receive the news of the day, "hot" from all over the world, while sitting comfortably at home. The subscribers take up at a certain time of day their telephone receivers and listen to the news which is spoken to them all simultaneously by a "teller" in the newspaper office. Advertisements are heard in the same way. You cannot skip the advertisements in the telephone newspaper, for they are artfully sandwiched by the teller between exciting pieces of news, and you are bound to listen for fear of missing anything.

One editor, four assistant editors, nine reporters, and a number of "tellers" compose the staff of the paper. News is collected in the usual way, and is written out by the reporters, passed by the assistant editors, and finally initiated by the editor. Then it is handed in to the "teller," who speaks it over the wires. There are two Sunday



THE TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER.

"Issues," as well as many "editions" during the secular days of the week.

Aggrieved subscribers dissatisfied with the editorial policy of the paper sometimes wish to stop their connection with it, but this is not done easily. In the first place, instruments have been installed in the house, and security given for a year's subscription, and some time must elapse before the receivers can be removed. The subscriber may decline to listen to the news, but the maddening bell will nevertheless continue to ring him up at the customary intervals.

The penny-in-the-slot system is being tried in connection with the newspaper, so that soon anyone in Budapest will be able to have "pennorth's" of news doled out to them.

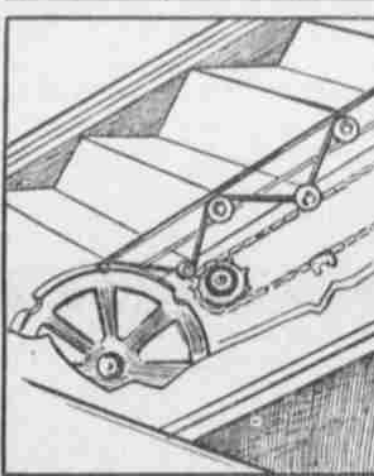
This novel and interesting enterprise was started about eight years ago by Theodore Buschgesch, who had been interested in electricity and had patented some inventions. Mr. Buschgesch died March 16, 1893, and the present efficiency of the paper in all that pertains to its technique is largely due to Mr. Emil von Szvetles, who is known on the staff as technical director. His skill and energy have produced great results. The concern is owned by a stock company with a capital of about \$50,000.

At first some difficulty was experienced in hearing the news clearly over the telephone—a difficulty which telephone subscribers in other countries experience in ordinary conversation—but a simple invention soon disposed of this obstacle.

Stair-Lift for Passengers.

The moving stairway in the Eastern department stores have ceased to be a wonder to the shoppers and have proved themselves a great convenience and necessity, being always ready to

carry passengers without the necessity of waiting for a return trip as in the case of the ordinary elevator. Now comes James M. Dodge of Philadelphia with an improvement on the original moving stairway, with its low treads, the new arrangement taking



ENDLESS STAIRWAY FOR STORE USE.

the form of stairs which are made to rise on the endless chain conveyor. These stairs afford a firm foothold on which the passengers can stand until they reach the upper level. A glance at the picture will show the plan on which the apparatus works, the treads forming automatically at the bottom of the lift by causing the supporting bars to pass into alternate upper and lower slots or guideways, thus bending the conveyor out of a straight line to form the treads and risers. Of course, the moving handrail is also provided to aid the passengers in maintaining their balance.

Photography to the Front.

A well-known photographer recently had his house overhauled. A new skylight was added and alterations were made in the roof.

The men took their time and did not overwork themselves, but this did not prevent the builder from presenting a very long bill.

When the owner of the house expostulated it was explained to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and they had spent several days on the job.

"No wonder," said the photographer; and then he produced a number of snap-shot photographs representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished builder, "these are my men!"

"Exactly so," replied the photographer, "and they are earning my money."

Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer makes the following interesting statement in a letter to the London Times: "During the first twelve years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertisements, and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them made me the poorer. Nevertheless, the forty millions of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain-worker five gratis copies of each. There is only one simile occurring to me which at all represents the fact, and that is but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus!"

Memorial of King Alfred.

The colossal memorial of King Alfred the Great, now in course of preparation, which is to be erected in Winchester, England, will probably be one of the most remarkable pieces of sculpture in the kingdom.

KNOWN AS THE RAIN KING.

Wherever He Goes Clouds Hover Over Captain Berger and Barge.

De Wit Berger, captain of the barge Henry D. Maxwell, is a man not much out of the ordinary line of seafarers, but he appears to have an awful influence over the watery element. He never fails to notify the rain gods that he is about to enter port, and allows them plenty of time to stir up the raging tempests, for he would feel ill at ease were his landing not greeted with some outburst of recognition by the rain powers.

Three years ago he entered the port of Philadelphia on one particular occasion. For a whole month not a drop of rain had fallen, and the residents of the city were praying hard for some small relief from the oppressive heat.

As the barge entered the harbor a large steamship lifted anchor and allowed him to make fast to the wharf. A few newspaper men gathered about the boat, jotted down the name of the captain and the cargo he brought in, and the next day a small item appeared in the papers telling of his arrival, but not one of them thought of the godsend which this little barge brought with it. It was late in the afternoon when the captain saw all things arranged safely and repaired to his cabin. When night came on the stars became overshadowed, dark clouds hovered on the horizon and distant peals of thunder were heard. The captain knew then that his charm had not failed him. Soon the storm gathered in all its forces and approached the city to let loose its fury. For a full week after the captain landed it rained continuously. There were no more heat prostrations, and the hospitals discharged their weather patients.

For the last twenty years Captain Berger has been a regular visitor here with crossing stones. He generally comes in the spring or fall. The captain left with his barge last night, and to-day the sun will be shining in all its splendor. He says it rains wherever he goes.—Wilmington Morning News.

Strike Disrupts a Church.

The strike of machinists has had a remarkable result in the Hope Chapel at Plainfield, N. J. It so happened that one Robert Gow, a member of the church and also one of the striking machinists, went back to work before the strike was declared off. He was accordingly denounced by his fellow members in the church, who were at the same time loyal to their union. They went to the Rev. G. Kennedy Newell, the pastor of the church, and demanded that he denounce Robert Gow from the pulpit as a son of Belial, unworthy of association with his fellows. The preacher declined to accede to this demand. Then one of the men who passed the plate in Hope Chapel on Sunday mornings backslid from the union and went back to his job. Then all the other union church deacons refused to pass the plate unless the scab was expelled from the church. As a result of all this trouble the Rev. Mr. Newell has resigned his pastorate and gone over to a church in Brooklyn, where it is promised the question of "scab deacons" will not be raised.

REV. NEWELL.

One of the most remarkable lawsuits on record was tried recently at Macon, Mo. The plaintiff in the case was F. A. Quinn, a wealthy farmer, who brought suit against his son-in-law, James Mullins, to recover \$247 alleged to be due for a span of mules, a wagon, and other farm implements sold by him to Mullins. In addition he asked for \$6 damages for six calves' tails alleged to have been bitten off by Mullins' pet dog. The remarkable feature of the case was the fact that Mullins was represented at the trial by his wife, who is at the same time the daughter of the prosecuting witness. As an attorney Mrs. Mullins showed unusual skill and tact. The only fault found with her conduct of the case was the fact that her cross-examination of her father was so severe that the old man almost lost his temper. As it was, the jury brought in a verdict giving the plaintiff less than a fifth of what he sued for, and Mrs. Mullins was congratulated by court, jury, and defendant on her triumph. The lawyer on the other side, though defeated, declared after the trial was over that Mrs. Mullins had conducted the case in a masterly manner and deserved her success.

Wife as Husband's Lawyer.

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Incomes of British Families.

The number of families in the United Kingdom is just over 7,700,000. For the United Kingdom we get one income of £10,000 in every 2,500 families; one income of over £1,000 to every 130 families, one income of over £500 to every seventy-five families and one income of over £200 for every fourteen families.

Luther's Old MSS.

A German trial for swindling with forged autographs of Martin Luther brought out the fact that the ink used by Luther 350 years ago is so good that copies can still be taken from it.

In eleven cases out of a dozen the charity that begins at home stops there.

The man who never gives offense is as clever as he is scarce.