

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

While the family were making arrangements to move from Glenwood to Chicopee, Henry for the first time in his life began to see how little use he was to himself or any one else. Nothing was expected of him, consequently nothing was asked of him, he began to wonder how he himself was henceforth to exist. His father would be in California, and he had too much pride to range around the old homestead, which had come to them through George Moreland's generosity. Suddenly it occurred to him that he, too, would go with his father—he would help him repair his fortunes—he would be a man, and when he returned home, hope painted a joyful meeting with his mother and Jenny, who should be proud to acknowledge him as a son and brother. Mr. Lincoln warmly seconded his resolution, which possibly would have never been carried out had not Henry heard of Miss Herndon's engagement with a rich old bachelor, whom he had often heard her ridicule. Cursing the fickleness of the fair lady, and half-wishing that he had not broken with Ella, whose fortune, though not what he had expected, was considerable, he bade adieu to his native sky, and two weeks after the family removed to Chicopee, he said with his father for the land of gold.

But alas! The tempter was there before him, and in an unguarded moment he fell. The newly made grave, the narrow coffin, the pale, dead sister and the solemn vow were all forgotten and a debauch of three weeks was followed by a violent fever, which in a few days cut short his mortal career. He died alone, with none but his father to witness his wild ravings, in which he talked of his distant home, of Jenny and Rose, Mary Howard and Ella, the last of whom he seemed now to love with a madness amounting almost to frenzy. Tearing out handfuls of his rich brown hair, he thrust it into his father's hand, bidding him to carry it to Ella and tell her that the heart she had so earnestly coveted was hers in death. And the father, far more wretched now than when his first-born daughter died, promised everything, and when his only son was dead, he laid him down to sleep beneath the blue sky of California, where not one of the many bitter tears shed for him in his far-off home could fall upon his lonely grave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Great was the excitement in Rice Corner when it was known that on the evening of the 10th of September a grand wedding would take place in the house of Mrs. Mason. Mary was to be married to the "richest man in Boston," so the story ran, and what was better yet, many of the neighbors were to be invited. Almost every day, whether pleasant or not, Jenny Lincoln came over to discuss the matter, and to ask if it were not time to send for William, who was to be one of the groomsmen, while she, together with Ida, were to officiate as bridesmaids. In this last capacity Ella had been requested to act, but the tears came quickly to her large mournful eyes, and turning away, she wondered how Mary could thus mock her grief!

From one fashionable watering place to another Mrs. Campbell had taken her, and finding that nothing there had power to rouse her drooping energies, she had, toward the close of the summer, brought her back to Chicopee, hoping that old scenes and familiar faces would effect what novelty and excitement had failed to do. All unworthily as Henry Lincoln had been, his sad death had cast a dark shadow across Ella's pathway. Hour after hour would she sit, gazing upon the locks of shining hair, which over land and sea had come to her in a letter from her father, who told her of the closing scene, when Henry called for her to cool the heat of his fevered brow. Every word and look of tenderness was treasured up, and the belief fondly cherished that he had always loved her thus, else why in the last fearful struggle was she alone remembered of all the dear ones in his distant home?

The bridal day was bright, beautiful and balmy, as the first days of September often are, and when the sun went down the full silvery moon came softly up, as if to shower her blessings upon the nuptials about to be celebrated. Many and brilliant lights were flashing from the windows of Mrs. Mason's cottage. And now great and guest flocked down the narrow staircase and entered the parlor, which, with the bedroom adjoining, was soon filled. Ere long Mr. Seaton, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, appeared. Immediately the crowd fell back, leaving a vacant space in front of the mirror. The busy hum of voices died away, and only a few suppressed whispers of "There!—Look!—See!—Oh, my!" were heard, as the bridal party took their places.

Among the first to congratulate "Mrs. Moreland" was Sally Furbush, followed by Mrs. Perkins, who whispered to George that "she blinder had a notion how 'twould end when she first saw him in the school house; but I'm glad you've got him," turning to Mary, "for it must be easier living in the city than keeping school. You'll have a hired girl, I s'pose?"

When supper was announced the widow made herself very useful in waiting upon the table and asking some of the Boston ladies "if they'd be helped to anything in them dishes," pointing to the finger glasses, which now for the first time appeared in Rice Corner! The half-suppressed mirth of the ladies convinced the widow that she'd made a blunder, and perfectly disgusted with "new-fangled fashions," she retreated into the kitchen, where she found things more to her taste, and "thanked her stars she could, if she liked, eat with her fingers, and wipe them on her pocket handkerchief."

Soon after her engagement Mary had asked that Sally should go with her to her city home. To this George willingly assented, and it was decided that she should remain with Mrs. Mason until the bridal party returned from the western tour they were intending to take. Sally knew nothing of this arrangement until

the morning of the wedding, when she was told that she was not to return to the poorhouse again.

"And verily, I have this day met with a great deliverance," said she, and tears, the first shed in many a year, mingled with the old creature's thanks for this unexpected happiness. As Mary was leaving she whispered in her ear, "If you travels lead you near my Willie's grave drop a tear on it for my sake. You'll find it under the buckeye tree, where the tall grass and wild flowers grow."

George had relatives in Chicago, and, after spending a short time in that city, Mary, remembering Sally's request, expressed a desire to visit the spot renowned as the burial place of "Willie and Willie's father." Ever ready to gratify her slightest wish, George consented, and toward the close of a mild autumnal day they stopped at a small public house on the border of a vast prairie. The arrival of so distinguished-looking people caused quite a commotion, and after duly inspecting Mary's handsome traveling dress and calculating its probable cost, the hostess departed to prepare the evening meal, which was soon forthcoming.

When supper was over and the family had gathered into the pleasant sitting room, George asked if there was ever a man in those parts by the name of Furbush.

"What! Bill Furbush?" asked the landlady.

George did not know, but thought likely that might have been his name, as his son was called William.

"And, yes!" returned the landlady, "I knowed Bill Furbush well—he came here from Massachusetts, and I from Vermont; but, poor fellow, he was too weakly to bear much, and the first fever he took finished him up. His old woman was as clever a creature as ever was, but she had some high notions."

"Did she die, too?" asked George.

"No, but it's a pity she didn't, for when Bill and the boy died she went ravin' mad, and I never felt so like cryin' as I did when I see her a tearin' her hair and goin' on so. We kept her a spell, and then her old man's brother's girl came for her and took her off; and the last I heard the girl was dead, and she was in the poorhouse somewhere East. She was born there, I b'lieve."

"No, she worn't, either," said the landlady, who for some minutes had been aching to speak. "No, she worn't, either; I know all about it. She was born in England, and got to be quite a girl before she came over. Her name was Sarah Fletcher, and Peter Fletcher, who died with the cholera, was her own uncle, and all the connection she had in this country; but goodness, suz, what ails you?" she added, as Mary turned white, while George passed his arm around her to keep her from falling. "Here, Sophrony, fetch the camphire; she's goin' to faint."

But Mary did not faint, and after smelling the camphor, she said, "Go on, madam, and tell me more of Sarah Fletcher."

"She can do it," whispered the landlady, with a sly wink. "She knows everybody's history from Dan to Beer-sheba."

"This intimation was wholly lost on the good-humored hostess, who continued, 'Mr. Fletcher died when Sarah was small, and her mother married a Mr. Temple' suggested Mary.

"Yes, Temple, that's it. He was rich and cross, and broke her heart by the time she had her second baby. Sarah was adopted by her Grandmother Fletcher, who died, and she came with her uncle to America."

"Did she ever speak of her sisters?" asked Mary, and the woman replied: "Before she got crazy she did. One of 'em, she said, was in this country somewhere, and 't'other, the one she remembered the best, and talked the most about, lived in England. She said she wanted to write to 'em, but her uncle, he hated the Temples, so he kinder forgot 'em, and didn't know where to direct, and after she took crazy she never would speak of her sisters, or own that she had any."

"Is Mr. Furbush buried near here?" asked George, and the landlady answered: "Little better than a stone's throw. I can see the very tree from here, and maybe your younger eyes can make out the graves. He ought to have a gravestone, for he was a good fellow."

The new moon was shining, and Mary, who came to her husband's side, could plainly discern the buckeye tree, and the two graves where "Willie and Willie's father" had long been sleeping. The next morning before the sun was up Mary stood by the mounds where often in years gone by Sally Furbush had seen the moon go down, and the stars grow pale in the coming day, as she kept her tireless watch over her loved and lost.

"Willie was my cousin's cousin," said Mary, resting her hand upon the bit of board which stood at the head of the little graves. George understood her wishes, and when they left the place a handsome marble slab marked the spot where the father and his infant son were buried.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bewildered, and unable to comprehend a word, Sally listened while Mary told her of the relationship between them; but the mist which for years had shrouded her reason were too dense to be suddenly cleared away; and when Mary wept, winding her arms around her neck and calling her "aunt," and when the elegant Mrs. Campbell, scarcely less bewildered than Sally herself, came forward, addressing her as "sister," she turned aside to Mrs. Mason, asking in a whisper "what had made them crazy?"

But when Mary spoke of little Willie's grave, and the tree, which overshadowed it, of the green prairie and cottage by the brook, once her western home, Sally listened, and at last, one day, a week or two after her arrival in Boston, she suddenly clasped her hands closely over her

temples, exclaiming: "It's come! It's come! I remember now—the large garden—the cross old man—the dead mother—the rosy-checked Ella I loved so well—"

"That was my mother—my mother," interrupted Mary.

For a moment Sally regarded her intently, and then catching her in her arms, cried over her, calling her "her precious child," and wondering she had never noticed how much she was like Ella.

"And don't you remember the baby Jane?" asked Mrs. Campbell, who was present.

"Perfectly—perfectly," answered Sally. "He died and you came in a carriage, but didn't cry—nobody cried but Mary."

It was in vain that Mary tried to explain to her that Mrs. Campbell was her sister—once the baby Jane. Sally was not to be convinced. To her Jane and the little Alice were the same. There was none of her blood in Mrs. Campbell's veins, "or why," said she, "did she leave us so long in obscurity, me and my niece, Mrs. George Moreland, Esq.?"

This was the title which she always gave Mary when speaking of her, while to Ella, who occasionally spent a week in her sister's pleasant home, she gave the name of "little cipher," as expressing exactly her opinion of her. Nothing so much excited Sally, or threw her into so violent a passion, as to have Ella call her aunt.

"If I wasn't her kin when I wore a six-penny calico," said she, "I certainly am not now that I dress in purple and fine linen."

When Sally first went to Boston George procured for her the best possible medical advice, but her case was of so long standing that but little hope was entertained of her entire recovery. Still, everything was done for her that could be done, and after a time she became far less boisterous than formerly, and sometimes appeared perfectly rational for days.

True to her promise, on Mary's twenty-first birthday, Mrs. Campbell made over to her one-fourth of her property, and Mary, remembering her intentions toward William Bender, immediately offered him one-half of it. But he declined accepting it, saying that his profession was sufficient to support both himself and Jenny, for in a few weeks Jenny, whose father had returned from California, was coming and already a neat little cottage, a mile from the city, was being prepared for her reception. Mary did not urge the matter, but many an article of furniture more costly than William was able to purchase found its way into the cottage, which, with its overhanging vines, climbing roses and profusion of flowers, seemed just the home for Jenny Lincoln.

And when the flowers were in full bloom, and the summer sky was bright and blue, Jenny came to the cottage, a joyous, loving bride, believing her own husband the best in the world, and wondering if there was ever any one as happy as herself. And Jenny was very happy. Blithe as a bee, she flitted about the house and garden, and in the morning a tear glistened in her laughing eyes as William bade her adieu, it was quickly dried, and all day long she busied herself in her household matters, studying some agreeable surprise for her husband, and trying for his sake to be very neat and orderly.

There was no place which Ella loved so well to visit, or where she seemed so happy, as at the "Cottage," and as she was of but little use at home, she frequently spent whole weeks with Jenny, becoming gradually more cheerful—more like herself, but always insisting that she should never be married.

The spring following Mary's removal to Boston, Mrs. Mason came down to the city to live with her adopted daughter, greatly to the delight of Aunt Martha, whose home was lonelier than it was wont to be, for George was gone, and Ida, too, had recently been married to Mr. Elwood and removed to Lexington, Ky.

And now a glance at Chicopee, and our story is done. Mr. Lincoln's California adventure had been a successful one, and not long after his return he received from George Moreland a conveyance of the farm, which, under Mr. Parker's efficient management, was in a high state of cultivation. Among the inmates of the poorhouse but few changes have taken place. Miss Grundy, who continues at the helm, has grown somewhat older and crosser, while Uncle Peter labors industriously at a new fiddle, the gift of Mary, who is still remembered with much affection.

Lydia Knight, now a young lady of sixteen, is a pupil at Mount Holyoke, and Mrs. Perkins, after wondering and wondering where the money came from, has finally concluded that "some of George's folks must have sent it!"

(The end.)

Men Who Chase After Fires.
The latest thing for fire insurance agents to do is to be on the spot looking for new business while the old business is burning up. One of the canvassers of a New England company began to make money so rapidly a few months ago that some of his competitors tried to find out how he did it.

They learned that he made a specialty of following the fire engines, and if the fire happened to be in a tenement house or flat he waited until the flames were subdued and reaped a harvest by insuring the other tenants and neighbors. Hosts of people are apt to be so badly scared by a fire near their home that if not insured they are glad to take out policies on the spot. It didn't take the other agents long to catch on, and it is said that the other day after a fire twenty-one agents wrote seventy policies in the immediate neighborhood.

"It is a great scheme," said one of these agents yesterday. "All one has to do is to hit the iron while it is hot. Don't talk insurance to any of the tenants or neighbors while the fire is going on, because they are likely to be too excited to think of anything but their personal safety. When everything is quieted down and the fire engines are going away is the time to jump in with your proposition."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Profitable Possibility.
Solomon—Shall we pay that bill today, Ike?
Isaac—Not to-day, Solomon. We may die before to-morrow.—Somerville Journal.

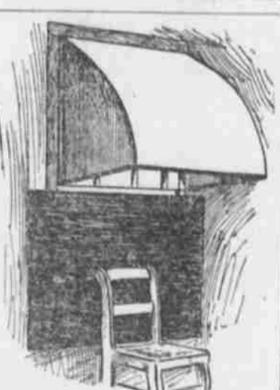


Taking Portraits at Home.

One of the most interesting features of amateur photography is the taking of portraits. This work is of two kinds—the out of door snap shot portraiture that is often very successful, so far as the "likeness" goes, but always lacks the fine balancing of light and shade, and the artistic finish of a portrait that is taken where the amount and the direction of the light can be controlled.

For the majority of amateurs the light that comes from the ordinary house window must be utilized.

The trouble encountered here is that



ARRANGEMENT FOR LIGHTING A SITTER.

A north window in a dwelling house admits too small an amount of light, while the direct sunlight of a south window is as bad as are out of door conditions. The strong light of a sunny window may be made to serve the purpose of the portrait taker.

A dark cloth is pinned across the lower sash, before which the sitter is placed, either back to the curtain or with the side of the body toward it, according to location of the camera. In front of the upper sash of the window is constructed a hood. The framework of this is of strips of wood put together in the form shown in the illustration. The curved pieces can be made of barrel hoops.

This framework is made to hang up on hooks against the window casing. It is covered with white cloth to reflect

the light down upon the sitter. Over this is put a cover of black cloth, that the light may not come through and strike the lens of the camera.

White and black paper will answer as well as cloth. The camera must be placed high enough on the tripod or the hood be brought down low enough so that no light from the upper sash may fall upon the camera lens. If the camera is placed directly in front of the window, the cloth covering the lower sash will form the background of the portrait. If the sitter sits with his side toward the window, a background should be hung from the side of the hood, coming down behind the sitter.

If at any time the light is too strong, a square of white muslin can be pinned across the base of the hood above the head of the sitter. This will diffuse the light somewhat and temper it. With these suggestions the amateur ought to be able by experimenting to reach a successful method of portrait taking in his own house. Some experimenting is necessary, since in no two houses are the conditions of light and windows exactly the same.—Webb Donnell, in the Household.

The so-called sensitometer number of dry plates is a delusion. Why plate-makers keep it up is one of the things photographers cannot explain. One firm uses 25 as indicating about the extreme of rapidity, another has 40, and there is a third with 40. What does it all amount to, anyway? Dry plates take on rapidly with age, and a plate that is "medium" when new will be chain lightning, or whatever else you want to call it, after it has been kept long enough. Some of the makers of the best plates are dropping the numbering and giving a name to distinguish the slower from the extremely rapid. That is all right and answers all purposes.

A scratch on the negative can be filled with Canada balsam thinned down with chloroform, so that it will print all right, as the refractive index of balsam is about the same as glass.

Dust out your holders and rub over the slides carefully. Wipe off the plates also before loading. The sprinkle of fine holes often found on the negative is caused by dust.

A COWARDLY SOVEREIGN.

The Sultan's Unhappy Life Through Fear of Assassination.

The most ardent coward among the royal folk of Europe is Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. A record of his life would be a drama of cowardice, and the most fearful of dramas at that. Terror of man, of disease, of the calamities of nature, of aught spelling "death," is the trait in the Sultan's character that dominates all the others.

One day M. Vambéry, the Hungarian orientalist, was received informally at the palace. This was not an unusual thing, as Prof. Vambéry had been Abdul's tutor. Quite naturally, then, the

pocket, his face pallid. The gesture of the harmless old servant looked to him like assassination.

Study What You Most Affect.
Scientists now acknowledge that education has most effect upon mediocre minds. It can do a great deal with them, less for those that are defective and still less for those highly endowed; for talented persons, even though they may receive all the usual courses of intellectual training, usually educate themselves. They gain their most valuable education through the exercise of their strongest faculties. Work is their tutor and self-direction their college.

Parents and tutors need to have a care that their efforts to be helpful to children do not interfere with the natural development of their faculties. This is sometimes done through not recognizing their special abilities, quite frequently from a wish to fix their destinies in accordance with some conventional standard. We should study the individuality of our child from his birth, so we may avoid a wasteful employment of his energies in pursuits that are alien to his disposition and foreign to his needs.—Woman's Home Companion.

His Speech.
As a specimen of what candidates for parliamentary honors have occasionally to put up with from their "supporters" the following little incident is worth recording:

Visiting a north-country colliery during the men's dinner hour, a certain candidate was advised by his agent to ask "old Ben," a supporter who happened to work at the pit, to say a few words to his mates.

After some little persuasion the old man acceded to the request, and this is what he said:

"Weel, mates, I ain't a-goin' ter tell ye as we're gotten a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich things as a honest politician breathin'. Howsomer, I've heard both candidates, an' I've picked out wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This," indicating the candidate by no means comfortable candidate, "this is 'im!"

That was all.

Knew the Ropes.
Two-Tooth Thompson, "I suppose that you are what we Easterners call a 'bad man.'"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied Mr. Thompson, "but I'll say this for myself, I don't need no guide when I'm huntin' fer trouble."—Baltimore American.

A key of old will not unlock the gates of wisdom.

Growth of Human Hair.
Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum.

Electricity in Argentina.
Already nearly \$40,000,000 has been invested in electric undertakings in the Argentine Republic.

LIVING WOMAN HAUNTS HOUSE.

Death of a Man Who Was the Most Famous of His Line.

After suffering for forty years from paralysis sustained in a fall from a trapeze, Henry M. Magilton, whose acrobatic feats astonished the people of two continents, died a few weeks ago at his home in Philadelphia.

When a mere boy Magilton figuratively leaped into fame. He was caught several times swinging handsprings in the back yard of his home, and his feats were such as to attract the attention of the whole neighborhood. His brief but marvelous career was ended when in the presence of Queen Victoria and a great audience in the Alhambra Theater, London, he missed his grip while leaping from a flying trapeze and fell to the stage, a distance of only six feet. That was forty years ago, and paralysis resulted. The world's best physicians tried to cure him, but from that time he was helpless from his waist down.

Magilton was as much at ease while engaged in feats of juggling on a galloping horse as he was on the flying trapeze. As "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape," he traveled through the cities and towns up and down the Mississippi, performing feats that have never since been imitated. He was a short man and thick set. Attired as an ape, he would leap along the gallery rails of a theater, from one proscenium box to another, and then into the pit and onto the stage.

While doing this act in the city of Charleston he caused a panic. A scrub woman with a stuffed baby was stationed in the gallery. Magilton snatched the baby from her, and leaping along the edge of a proscenium box, he beat his head against a pillar. The audience became horror stricken and panic ensued.

Everywhere Magilton, "the Yankee," as they called him abroad, was hailed with acclamations. European royalty rewarded him for his entertainments; princes dined with him and crowds followed him on the streets. Victor Emmanuel, late King of Italy, gave him a costly gold ring set with a cluster of eight diamonds.

Magilton's wife died many years ago. No family survives him. From the money he saved while able to perform he lived comfortably and spent much of his time riding. He was able to move about only on his hands.

RECENT INVENTIONS.
A new form of sealing wax has recently been devised. It differs from the ordinary stick wax in that it is enclosed in a glass tube, from which it may be poured by heating the cylinder.

A new smoke cap, suitable for firemen, is now being served out to British ships of war. The helmet has a list of merits of its own. The wearer can hear, see and breathe without any accessory hose or chemicals. A small pump is the one needful adjunct, and it is used to force air into the reservoir behind the helmet. This new hat, which is lighted rather than light, and which fairly outdoes that of the diver, is fastened on by straps that pass under the arms of the wearer.

The object of a recent invention is to provide a new and improved process for manufacturing lime and carbonic acid in such a simple and economical manner that both the lime and the carbonic acid are almost immediately in condition for the market. The process consists essentially in passing a mixture of highly heated carbonic acid and steam up through a column of limestone to expel the carbonic acid contained in the limestone and to convert the latter into calcium oxide.

A new method of manufacturing Oriental carpets has been placed upon the market by an English syndicate, which has secured the rights from the inventor. It relates principally to the weaving of Turkish "piled" and "tufted" carpets, and the process embodies a revolutionary advance. By hand about half a day is occupied in making a square yard of this textile fabric, but the new loom has a capacity of thirty-five square yards per day. The process of coloring the yarns for the design is another novel feature. This again is almost entirely accomplished by hand.

The Extinct Mocking-Bird.
The mocking-bird is practically extinct save in captivity, and there are but few of them captive, for the bird does not take readily to a cage, and unless caught when very young, it is reported to commit suicide rather than endure imprisonment, or to be supplied with poison by the free birds that pity its fate. It was discovered not long ago that many of the negroes on the plantations, knowing very little about ornithology, shoot any bird they come across and are indulging in poisons made of the American nightingale.

This slaughter has been largely stopped by the license taxes placed on the sale of shotguns and ammunition. This action was not taken, however, until there were very few mocking-birds left in Louisiana. The same is true of the game law which was passed only at the last session of the Legislature, when the ducks had been killed or largely driven from Louisiana; and the action of the Ornithological Union in regard to sea birds also came a little late.