

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 meantime 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 making 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 Chipsope, 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, gal, you're ready, I hope. The old mare don't want to stand, and I'm in a despatch hurry, too. I ort to be to him this minute, instead of driving over that stony Part-upog 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 held up the baby for her to kiss, and said, "Perhaps you will never see little Allie 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 piller-case of flour for Miss Smith, and forty 'leven other traps, so I guess you'll have to leave it. Mebby 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. All's soon fell asleep, and though the little arms which held

her ached 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."

Mary glanced nervously round in quest of the goblin Sal, but she saw nothing save an idiotic face with bushy, tangled hair, and nose flattened against the window 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 afeerd," said Mr. Knight; "that's nobody but foolish Patsy; she never hurt anybody in her life. Come, now, let me show you to the overseer." And he led her toward 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, ye-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 fitty 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 hum, 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, "Wall, so you are up at last, hey? I didn't know but you was goin' 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, see in' 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 patch 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 scoured, 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 scouring, 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, she sat 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."

As Billy released her 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 jaconets 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.)

Assured of a Long Life.

Mrs. Knowit—So you are engaged to Miss Sweetly? I do not wish to discourage you, but I understand that she has said she has absolutely no wish to know how to cook.

Mr. Wise—That's right; I proposed as soon as I heard it.—Baltimore American.

Stingy.

"Barlow is rather close, isn't he?" "Close? He's stingy. He lets the students in the barbers' college shave him and cut his hair, in order to save expense."

Give a grateful man more than he asks.

MRS. GAGE IS DEAD

AFTER NINE WEEKS' STRUGGLE WITH HEART TROUBLE.

Wife of Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage—Heart Trouble was the Result of Severe Attack of Grip—Mrs. McKinley is Slightly Improved, but by no Means Out of Danger.

Washington, May 18.—Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, wife of the secretary of the treasury, died at her residence, 1715 Massachusetts Avenue Northwest, at 9:30 o'clock last night, after an illness of nine weeks' duration. With her when the end came were her husband, her married daughter, and the attending physician. For a time before her death Mrs. Gage suffered much pain, but she maintained her bright and cheerful demeanor and was conscious to the last. Heart trouble, the result of grip complications, was the immediate cause of death.

A DAY OF IMPROVEMENT.

Mrs. McKinley Was Better, but the Crisis is Not Passed.

San Francisco, May 17.—President McKinley described the marked improvement in Mrs. McKinley's condition today as a transformation. But perhaps even the president of the United States may overstate the case in his elation at the prospect of his wife's recovery. Certain it is, however, that Mrs. McKinley's condition last night improved to an extent that fairly plumped the doctors, brightened the anxious and devoted husband and filled the city with joy and thanksgiving. The sinking spell that was feared in the early hours before dawn, when the tide flows out and the vitality of the world is at lowest ebb, did not come. There was a slight tendency in that direction, but that was all.

But it must not be assumed from all this that Mrs. McKinley has passed the crisis and is out of danger. The elation of today may have been only the crest of the wave after the trough of the sea. Mrs. McKinley is still dangerously ill, and it will be at least 48 hours before it will be safe to say the crisis has been passed. Her vitality is so low and she is so weak that a change for the worse would not be unexpected at any moment, and it is feared that she would not have the reserve strength to weather another sinking spell such as she experienced yesterday morning. Her mind was clear during her waking moments.

Telegrams continue to pour in from all parts of the country eagerly asking for news from the sickroom, and today the president received many messages congratulating him upon the reports of the improvement in Mrs. McKinley's condition. All the foreign ambassadors and ministers at Washington have sent messages of sympathy, doubtless by direction of the governments they represent.

The launching of the Ohio tomorrow was to have been a notable occasion. Great preparations had been made and an elaborate programme had been planned. Much of the programme, however, will now be curtailed. Miss Barber, a niece of Mrs. McKinley, in the absence of the mistress of the White House, will press the electric button which will sever the cord which holds the last stay, and as the ship begins to glide down the ways Miss Helen Deshler, a relative of Governor Nash, will christen the ship with a bottle of champagne.

TUBERCULOSIS CONGRESS.

Assertion That Are No Infectious Diseases Created a Sensation.

New York, May 20.—The American congress of Tuberculosis and the Madico society opened the second day of their joint session with the reading of a number of addresses on topics connected with the general subject of tuberculosis.

During the afternoon session one prominent physician read a paper in which he denied that there were any infectious diseases; smallpox was not contagious and certainly not tuberculosis. He argued that the real cause of the spread of disease was not infection, but fear, and scored the doctors. It was announced that a free annex for consumptives would soon be opened at the Home for incurables in this city.

The Father Riegel Murder Case.

Philadelphia, May 20.—The jury in the case of Jacob Wynn, charged with the murder of Rev. Father Riegel brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. Father Riegel, who had charge of the Catholic church at Cheltenham, Pa., was found dead on a doorstep in the tenderloin district. Death was due to "knockout drops." Wynn and eight others who had been drinking with the priest were indicted. It was testified that Wynn bought the poison and placed it in Father Riegel's glass of beer.

SMALLPOX AT SKAGWAY.

No Doubt About It, Syas Physician Who Made the Investigation.

Seattle, May 20.—Following are private advices received by mail from Sitka, Alaska, dated May 11:

Doctors Moore of Skagway, and Linhart, of Juneau, have been investigating the small pox epidemic at this place, and the former says there is no doubt of the prevalence of the disease, despite reports to the contrary. The doctors visited all the infected districts, and the Indian ranch, Russian town and the Indian mission. Dr. Moore was outspoken regarding existing conditions. He said there can be no question of the seriousness of the situation. Small pox, generally in a mild form, is prevalent, and owing to the uncleanly condition of the ranch, combating the sickness will be a difficult matter.

In Russian town there were but two cases, one serious. At the mission there were found over 30 children suffering from small pox. They have been treated in the hospital which is located considerable distance from the dormitories. Up to the present time there have been seven fatalities, all confined to the Indians. A rigid quarantine has been placed on the ranch, Indian policemen guarding all entrances to the infected quarters. Guards have kept visitors from the homes of the two Russians who are sick.

VICTIMS OF CANIBALS.

Particulars of the Murder of Missionaries in New Guinea.

Vancouver, B. C. May 20.—Details have been brought by the steamer Moana from Sydney of the massacre of the missionary party in New Guinea. The report to the government resident of Thursday island is as follows:

"The crew of the Dido report the murder of the Rev. James Chalmers and Rev. Oliver Tomkins, of the London Missionary Society, by New Guinea natives at Debe, near the mouth of the Fly river. It seems they went ashore after friendly natives had warned them that a tribal war was in progress, and that their lives would be endangered. Despite this warning the missionaries, with six native converts, went ashore and attempted to hold a religious service. The natives blamed the missionaries for a reverse in battle, and killed the two white men and all their school boys. Part of their bodies were afterwards devoured by the cannibal natives. The captain of the missionary schooner Niue, from his vessel, saw the bodies lying on the beach with their heads cut off, but he was afraid to land. This report of the Dido's crew has been confirmed by a well known native missionary named Isai.

WON'T JOIN THE COMBINE.

Alaska Packers Association Will Stay Out of the Salmon Trust.

San Francisco, May 20.—The big salmon combine is off, so far as the Alaska Packers' Association is concerned. After days of negotiations between the promoters of the Pacific Packing & Navigation Company and the association's officers, a halt was called. President Fortman and Vice President Hirsch of the Alaska Packers' Association, say that they have refused to sell to the promoters except for cash, and that not being offered they terminated the negotiations. T. B. McGovern, one of the promoters, in an interview, said:

"We shall put this combine through without the Alaska Packers' Association. We had figured that with the options we have, if we could secure the association, we would control practically all the salmon in the world. There are, roughly speaking, 3,200,000 cases of salmon packed every year. Of this total the Alaska people put out about 1,000,000 cases."

Legality of the Blacklist.

Chicago, May 20.—Judge Baker has decided that it is legal for employers to maintain a blacklist. The plaintiff was a labeler and can painter in the employ of the Libby Packing company and in February, in company with a number of other young women, went on strike because of repeated reductions in wages. Later the women tried to obtain work with other firms, but their applications were rejected on account of their having been strikers. Miss Condon brought suit as a test, and the court ruled that the various firms had a right to take protective measures against persons who had quit the employment of other firms without valid reasons.

Conger Favors Ship Subsidy.

New York, May 20.—Edwin H. Conger, minister to China, was the guest of honor at the third annual banquet of the American Asiatic Association, given at Delmonico's. In his address he dwelt upon the great possibilities in China, advocated the subsidizing of American ships as a patriotic measure, and regretted that our new possessions in the Pacific were not connected by American cables.