

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER I.

"What makes you keep that big blue sunbonnet drawn so closely over your face? Are you afraid of having it seen?"

The person addressed was a young girl, looking child about nine years of age, who on the deck of the vessel Windermere, was gazing intently toward the distant shore of old England, fast receding from view. Near her a fine-looking boy of fourteen was standing, trying in vain to gain a look at the features shaded by the glancing bonnet.

At the sound of his voice the little girl started, and without turning her head, replied, "Nobody wants to see me, I am so ugly and disagreeable."

"Ugly, are you?" repeated the boy, lifting her up and looking her fully in the face. "Well, you are not very handsome, that's a fact, but I wouldn't be so sure about it. Ugly people are always smart, and perhaps you are. Anyway, I like little girls, so just let me sit here and get acquainted."

Mary Howard was certainly not very handsome. Her features, though tolerably regular, were small and thin, her complexion sallow, and her eyes, though bright and expressive, seemed too large for her face. She had a somewhat peculiar habit of looking down, and often when alone had wept, and wondered why she, too, was not handsome like her sister Ella, on whose cheek the softest rose was blooming, while her rich brown hair fell in wavy masses about her white neck and shoulders. But if Ella was more beautiful than Mary, there was far less in her character to admire. She knew that she was pretty, and this made her proud and selfish, expecting attention from all, and growing sullen if it was withheld.

Mrs. Howard, the mother of these children, had incurred the displeasure of her father, a wealthy Englishman, by marrying her music teacher. Humbly at her father's feet she had knelt and sued for pardon, but the old man was inexorable and turned her from his house. Late in life he had married a youthful widow, who, after the lapse of a few years died, leaving three little girls, Sarah, Ella and Jane, two of them his own, and one a stepdaughter and a child of his wife's first marriage. As a last request Mrs. Temple had asked that her baby Jane should be given to the care of her sister, Mrs. Morris, who was on the way of embarking for America. Sarah, too, was adopted by her father's brother, and thus Mr. Temple was left alone with his eldest daughter, Ella. Occasionally he heard from Jane, but time and distance gradually weakened the tie of parental affection, which would itself more closely surround Ella; and now, when she, too, left him, and worse than all, married a poor music teacher, the old man's wrath knew no bounds.

"But what's that?" said he—"I'll see how they get on. I'll use all my influence against the dog, and when Miss Ella's right cold and hungry she'll be glad to come back and leave him."

But he was mistaken, for though right cold and hungry Ella oftentimes was, she only clung the closer to her husband, happy to share his fortune, whatever it might be. Two years after her marriage, hearing that her father was dangerously ill, she went to him, but the forgiveness she so ardently desired was never gained, for the old man's passion was gone, and fully she watched until the end, and then when she heard read his will and knew that his property was all bequeathed to her sister in America, she brushed the tears from her long eyelashes and went back to her humble home prepared to meet her worst.

In course of time three children, Frank, Mary and Ella, were added to their number, and though their presence brought sunshine and gladness, it brought also an increase of toil and care. Year after year Mr. Howard's strength failed, and each day rumors reached him of the plenty to be had in the land beyond the sea; and at last, when hope seemed dying out, he resolved to try his fortune in the far-famed home of the weary emigrant. The necessary preparations for their voyage were made as soon as possible, when the Windermere left the harbor of Liverpool they stood upon her deck, waving a last adieu to the few kind friends who on shore were bidding them goodspeed.

Among the passengers was George Moreland, whose parents had died some months before, leaving him and a large fortune to the guardianship of his uncle, a wealthy merchant residing in Boston. This uncle, Mr. Selden, had written for his nephew to join him in America, and it was for this purpose that George had taken passage in the Windermere. He was a frank, generous-hearted boy, and a favorite with all who knew him. He was a passionate admirer of beauty, and the moment the Howards came on board and he caught sight of Ella, he felt irresistibly attracted toward her. Mary, whose sensitive nature shrunk from the observation of strangers, eluded all his efforts to look under her bonnet. This aroused his curiosity, and when he followed her addressed to her the remark with which we commenced this chapter. At last, gently smoothing back her hair, which was really bright and glossy, he said, "Who told you that you were so ugly looking?" The tears started to Mary's eyes, and her chin quivered, as she replied, "Father says so, Ella says so, and everybody says so but mother and Franky."

"Everybody doesn't always tell the truth," said George, wishing to administer as much comfort as possible. "You've got pretty blue eyes, nice brown hair, and your forehead, too, is broad and high; now if you hadn't such a broad complexion, blue cheeks, little nose, big ears and awful teeth, you wouldn't be such a fright!"

George propensity to tease had come upon him, and in enumerating the defects in Mary's face he purposely magnified them; but he regretted it, when he saw the effect his words produced. Hiding her face in her hands, Mary burst into a passionate fit of weeping, then snatching the bonnet from George's lap, she threw it on her head and was hurrying away when George caught her and pulling her back, said, "Forgive me, Mary, I could not help playing you a little, but I'll try and not do it again."

For a time George kept this resolution, but he could not conceal the preference which he felt for Ella, whose doll-like face and childish ways were far more in keeping with his taste than Mary's old look. Whenever he noticed her at all, he spoke kindly to her; but she knew there was a great difference between his treatment of her and Ella, and oftentimes, when saying her evening prayer, she prayed that George Moreland might love her a little, just a little.

were thrown open to all, and by three o'clock they were nearly filled.

At first there was almost perfect silence, broken only by a whisper or a murmur, but gradually the hum of voices increased, until at last there was a great deal more talking than working. Then for a time there was again silence while Mrs. Johnson, president of the society, told of the extreme destitution in which she had that morning found a poor English family who had moved into the village two or three years before. They had managed to earn a comfortable living until the husband and father suddenly died, since which time the wife's health had been very rapidly falling, and she was no longer able to work, but was wholly dependent for assistance upon the exertions of the villagers. The day before the sewing society Frank had been taken seriously ill with what threatened to be scarlet fever.

The sick woman in whom Mrs. Johnson was so much interested was Mrs. Howard. All inquiries for the sisters Frank had made from some rough boards, until midnight the little fellow toiled, and then when his work was done crept softly to the cupboard, where lay one slice of bread, the only article of food which the house contained. Long and wistfully he looked at it, thinking how good it would taste; but one glance at the pale faces near decided him. "They need it more than I," said he, and turning sleepily away, he prayed that he might sleep pretty soon and forget how hungry he was.

One morning when he attempted to rise he felt oppressed with a languor he had never experienced, and turning on his trundle-bed and adjusting his blue cotton jacket, his only pillow, he again slept so soundly that Mary was obliged to call him twice ere she could get him to get up. "What can I ever do to help you?" he had earned a whole dollar, and he knew how he could earn another half-dollar to-morrow. Oh, I wish it would come quick," said he, as he related his success to his mother.

But, alas! the morning found him burning with fever, and when he attempted to stand he found it impossible to do so. A case of scarlet fever had appeared in the village, and it soon became evident that the disease had fastened upon Frank. The morning following the sewing society Ella Campbell and several other children showed symptoms of the same disease, and in the season of general sickness which followed few were left to care for the poor widow. Daily little Frank grew weaker. The dollar he had earned was gone, the basket of provisions Mrs. Johnson had sent was gone, and when for milk baby Alice cried, there was none to give her.

(To be continued.)

SEEM ALIVE, THOUGH DEAD.

Instances in Which Corpses Have Had the Semblance of Life.

Live persons have feigned death with marvelous exactness, but when the dead feign life, or seem to feign life, the spectacle is as gruesome as can well be imagined.

Not long ago a Russian cemetery was the scene of as weird a wedding as ever has been witnessed. A young girl who had been betrothed to a man of the same name, but who had died of the eye of her marriage, and her friends decided that, in spite of the fact that she was dead, her marriage must take place. The wedding ceremony was performed at the side of the grave, and after the marriage the body was returned to the coffin and lowered to its long resting place.

It is not long ago that a valuable cup was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who was dead when he passed the winning post. The race took place at an "electric light carnival," so called, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. In the last lap James Somerville, a rider, forged to the front and secured such a lead that his victory was assured. When within twenty-five yards of the finish he was seen to relax his hold on the handle bar and lose his footing on the pedals. He did not fall from the machine, however, and amid frantic cheers dashed by the goal, winning the race by half a wheel. As he passed the finishing post he pitched forward and fell to the ground. When he was picked up he was found dead, and what was more the doctors declared that death had come to him when he was seen to lose his hold of the handle bars. It was a dead body that had ridden the last twenty-five yards of the race.

On a recent voyage the sailing schooner Arctis was cruising about 200 miles off the coast of British Columbia, when she sighted a dismantled ship. The Arctis bore down upon the derelict, and as she got near enough a man was seen on board grasping the wheel and apparently steering the craft. No other sign of man was seen on the ship. The man at the wheel was hailed, but returned no answer—just stood there looking straight ahead. A boat was lowered and the mysterious ship boarded. When they came close to the man at the wheel they saw with horror that he was dead and had evidently been dead for many days. The ship which was named the General Siglin, had sailed from San Francisco for Alaska. She had clearly been dismantled in a gale and then abandoned by her crew. The captain had refused to leave the ship, and, finding his strength failing, he had lashed himself to the wheel and literally died at his post, steering his craft for hundreds of miles with his hands that held the wheel in as firm a grip as when alive.

Since the plague has been prevalent in India searching parties go through the villages inspecting the houses with the idea of seeing that all cases of death by the plague are reported to the authorities. On entering a suspected house one day the inspectors saw a group of natives playing cards. Something in the appearance of one of the players attracted the attention of one of the inspectors, who placed his hand upon the man's shoulder. To his amazement the man averted and fell to the floor. Upon examination it was found that he had been dead some time, but in order to avoid having the house marked as plague-stricken the other inmates had concealed the fact of his death.—Chicago Chronicle.

End of the Baker Howard Feud

If a recent report from London, Ky., that the Baker-Howard feud has been finally settled is correct it will put an end to a warfare which has lasted for more than thirty years, which has cost the lives of more than thirty men, and has several times necessitated the calling out of the State troops with galling guns and loaded rifles.

"Bloody Clay" County, the scene of the famous feud, is perhaps the most remarkable as it is one of the best known counties in the country. There is not a mile of railroad or even a wagon bridge within its limits. The whole country is covered with high hills, so close together that it is difficult to find a place of level land in the county a sixth of a mile square. Down and between all these wood-covered hills are the beds of streams which are dry in summer time and are turned into roaring torrents in the spring and winter. The people of Clay County travel either on horseback or on foot, and they use the beds of these streams in the place of roads. Some of the hills are quite high, and in several instances



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the tops of two hills, which are 400 feet in height, are less than 200 feet apart. Often a cornfield, which begins down in a gully, will run up several hundred feet in the course of a few rods, and several farmers have been killed by falling off their cornfields.

The citizens of Clay County are almost all the descendants of people who settled there in 1770 or thereabouts. Strangers are not encouraged to move into the county, and there is nothing to attract immigrants, even if they were welcomed. For more than a century and a quarter the land has been held by comparatively few families, who have intermarried until practically all the population is related in different degrees of consanguinity.

Over much of the country the forest is still unbroken and untouched, and the hills are full of deep and mysterious ravines. The only industries are the raising of hogs, mules, and corn, some of which is sold to be turned into moonshine whisky at hidden stills.

The people are by nature taciturn and almost silent. They rarely laugh, and are given to moods and brooding. In personal appearance they are all of the same general type, tall, averaging over five feet, and dark, with black hair and eyes. The women are also large and dark, and a few of them have any claims to good looks. Scattered about among the hills and usually near the creeks are the little one-story log cabins, in which the larger part of Clay County's population lives. These cabins are built in a most primitive manner, with clay between the logs and a huge clay and stone chimney at one end, which is often almost as large as the rest of the house.

Some of the people of Clay County have Indian blood in their veins. Others are descended from old Scotch border families. Absolute and democratic equality prevails among them all. The power of money is unknown, probably because there is so little money in the county. They are divided into clans, claiming descent from some common ancestor of distinction, and the poorest of them is always ready to hold his own and defend his honor at the point of a rifle or revolver. To call a man a liar in Clay County means at least one and probably half a dozen deaths. Everybody in the county knows everybody else, and it is taken for granted that a stranger is either a government officer or a detective looking for some of the feud warriors. Therefore there are few visitors to Clay County, and those who go once are not at all likely to return a second time.

Every Clay County boy has a rifle by the time he is 15 and in many cases he has taken part in one or more of the feud battles before he has reached that age. They are all good shots and they keep up to the times in the line of the latest and most improved weapons. A favorite amusement in Clay County is the shooting out of cabin windows by a party of prominent citizens riding their mules home through the hills after partaking freely of "corn juice."

With this knowledge of the country and its people it is easier to understand how a feud like that one which has just come to an end might find its beginning in a trivial cause and be continued for years, being handed down from generation to generation.

In 1844 Dr. Abner Baker, a prominent physician of Clay County, shot and killed his brother-in-law, Daniel Bates. Dr. Baker engaged as his attorney Daniel Garrard, the head of one of the great families of the county and the son of the second Governor of the State. Hugh White, a man of almost equal prominence, took the leading part in Baker's prosecution. Dr. Baker was convicted and finally hung. Ever since that time the Garrard family, one of the few wealthy families of the county, has backed the Bakers in all their troubles, while the Whites, who for years have controlled all the county offices, have always been ready to espouse the cause of the people who for the time being were fighting the Bakers.

For that reason the feud which has just been ended is known as the Garrard-Baker-White-Howard feud. It began in a quarrel between Tom Baker

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Sometimes," said Senator Sorghum, pensively, "I am inclined to look on what some people call honesty as downright egotism."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well, I don't know as I can make it absolutely clear. But I have always gone on the principle that every man has his price."

"So I have observed."

"Well, sir, the bids that some people have refused would indicate a self-valuation which deserves to be characterized by no less an epithet than 'indeterminate vanity.'"—Washington Star.

Exaggerated.

Gabb—Strecholt told me that he once saw four hens' eggs which weighed a pound each.

Blubb—I think it's an instance of eggs-ageration.—Ohio State Journal.

Gave Himself Away.

Merchant—Are your habits all correct?

Applicant for Position—Yes, sir.

Merchant (after a pause)—Do you drink?

Applicant (hesitantly)—Thanks. Don't care if I do.

Cumbersome.

"Do you consider it good taste for a woman who marries to retain her former name and merely add her husband's to it?"

"Certainly not," answered the lady from Chicago. "There is a charming friend of mine, a grass widow, who, under such a system, would be known as Mrs. Eliza Jenkin-Smith-Thompson-Brown-Smithers and several more that I can't remember."—Washington Star.

Not His Wife.

Closefast—Does your wife eternally pester you for money?

Grasput—No, the people she buys things from do that.—Ohio State Journal.

So Would They A'!

"It's easy enough to tell," remarked the girl in the fur jacket, "that men write the paragraphs in the newspapers. They are always putting in little slurs on women."

"I'd rather have any man write about me than to have some other woman do it," replied the girl with the reticent nose.—Chicago Tribune.

Shorter Process.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, the paper says \$200,000 worth of oats changed hands in a few minutes. How could they do all that in so short a time?

Mr. Chugwater—The oats didn't really change hands. The cash changed hands. A woman oughtn't to try to understand these things. They're away beyond her.—Chicago Tribune.

Well, Hardly Ever.

Faith—I wouldn't marry the best man in the world.

Hope—Of course not, you goose. The bride never marries the best man.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Isn't this a queer spot to plant seeds, little boy?

"We ain't plantin' no seeds. These are Injin relics for the summer boarders to find."—The King.

Peculiarities.

"What kind of a man is your employer?" asked one young man.

"Oh, he's peculiar," answered the other. "He thinks that simply because he has satisfied his customers and made money he knows more about how his business ought to be run than I do."—Washington Star.

Contradict.

"Here's a scientist who says that we think with one-half of our brain."

"Well, I could show him some people who don't."—Puck.

Caught.

She—Do you believe in this theory about spreading disease by kissing?

He—Well, they say there's something in it.

"Did you ever catch anything by kissing a girl?"

"Yes, once; her father saw me at it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Farce Comedy.

"I see the druggists are forming a trust to maintain retail prices."

"The stage is not the only place where one finds farce-comedy."—Ohio State Journal.

More Reductive.

"See here," said the lobbyist of the future, "I want you to secure the vote of Mrs. State Senator Jones, of the 'Stentch' district. You ought to get it for \$100."

"O! my!" exclaimed his female assistant, "I wouldn't think of offering her that."

"You don't mean to say she'll want more?"

"O! no. I'll offer her \$98.95."—Philadelphia Press.

Quite Indispensable.

Towne—I've seen Gazley several nights recently with his field glass. I wonder what his game is.

Brown—O! he's calling on Miss Kuller, of Boston.

Towne—The idea! What does he carry field glasses for?

Brown—He doesn't. He merely uses the case to carry a dictionary in.—Philadelphia Press.

Know Him Better.

Mrs. Caller—Surely, you're not jealous of your husband?

Mrs. Chellus—Yes, I am. He simply can't keep his eyes off the women.

Mrs. Caller—O! yes, he can. You should see him some time when he has a seat in a crowded street car.—Philadelphia Press.

Dearly Bought Knowledge.

Rivers—This "Order of the Buffaloes" only shows that the fools are not all dead yet.

Brooks—Yes? How much did it cost you to join?—Chicago Tribune.

Yet He Didn't Buy.

"These cigars, said the dealer, 'are the kind Senator Lotsumun smokes.'"

"But Senator Lotsumun has sworn off from smoking," the customer reminded him.

"Well, this is the kind he swore off from."—Chicago Tribune.

In China.

First Native—And the missionaries want compensation for their property.

Second Native—Dear me! Haven't they a text that if a man takes your coat you are to give him your cloak, also?—Puck.

Two Waiting for Him.

Rownders—Well, there's one time at least when a fellow's sincerely glad that he's not a polygamist, and that's when he comes home late from the club.

De Kanter—Well, on such occasions I invariably see apparent evidence that I'm at least a bigamist.—Philadelphia Press.

The Cares of Riches.

"Do you find the possession of a large sum of money occasions worry?" said the inquisitive man.

"I do," answered the millionaire.

"What sort of worry?"

"Worry for fear somebody is going to get it away from me."—Washington Star.

A Careless Remark.

"I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne.

"In what way?"

"You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show."—Washington Star.

Sliding Scale for Wedding Fees.

Erastus—Pawson, what you charge to marry me an' Mary Jane?

Parson—Twenty dollars.

Erastus—Lo! dat's high. What you charge to marry me to 'Liza Smit'?

Parson—One dollar. You see, I adminds Mary Jane maiseff.

A Most Request.

Mrs. Chatterton—I should like to go shopping this afternoon.

Chatterton—But, honest, my dear, I haven't got a dollar in my pocket.

Mrs. Chatterton (lightly)—Oh, well, then, you might give me ninety-eight cents.—Puck.

No Wonder.

"I got into an argument with Biggett coming home in a crowded car last night and it didn't take me long to make him acknowledge he was corn."

"You don't mean it, really?"

"Yes; I accidentally trod on his foot."—Philadelphia Press.

Just the Reverse.

Fresh—I hear our 'varsity team is going to play with the Brooklyn Leaguers next week.

Soph—No, I'm afraid the leaguers are going to play with our team.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unwilling Victim.

First Reporter—I guess I'll take a little of your tobacco, if you don't mind.

Second Reporter—I don't care how little you take.—Somerville Journal.

Paradoxical.

Quizzer—You say you don't believe in aerial navigation?

Cy Nick—No.

Quizzer—But what about these people you hear of walking on air?—Ohio State Journal.

An Indication.

He—How innocent Miss Priscilla is! She blushes at everything I say to her. She—that isn't innocence, that's refinement.—Life.

Another Illusion Destroyed.

"I wish you hadn't had your hair cut so short, Harold," exclaimed the young woman, turning from him involuntarily.

"What difference does that make, dearest?" asked Harold with tender anxiety.

"You—you have destroyed an illusion," she sighed. "That is all."

"You didn't think I was a poet, did you, Clara, because I wore my hair long?"

"No, I never suspected you of being a poet."

"Nor an artist?"

"No."

"Then, what illusion have I destroyed?" he asked.

"Perhaps I should say, Harold," she answered, with tears in her voice, "that you have unconsciously revealed a fact I never suspected, dear. Yours ears don't match?"—Stray Stories.

College-Bred Men.

According to recent statistics, there is one man in about 500 in the United States who receives a college training.

Crazy men and fools are poor instructors.

