

# FROM DOORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Just then Ella came singing 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—hush," said Mrs. Campbell, drawing Ella to her side, and 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 hands, 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 near 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? I shall 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 which would 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 decent 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 could not 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 said 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, and that part of her mind should be his, and with that of a stepping stone to future wealth. Mrs. Lincoln, when poor and destitute, could not 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 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 cause 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 indulging anyone who stole from him, 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 money was in "fact" the thing 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 whether 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 Ezra, who had accompanied her from Chicago, 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, when she saw in the newspaper 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.

"Don't know, miss; never seen him afore," said Uncle Ezra, "but he's got heaps of money, for when he paid for the

planner he took out a roll of bills near about big as my two fists!"

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

"Three hundred dollars was the last bid I heard of that young fellow, and somebody who was bid'din' agin him said 'twas more'n 'twas with."

"It wasn't, either," spoke up Jenny, 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 hands, and blessing them, called them "her own dear children."

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The Main Thing. Ascum—Now that your new house is finished, is it entirely satisfactory?

Richman—I believe it is.

Ascum—I was told you didn't like it.

Richman—I don't, but the architect says he's quite satisfied with it.—Philadelphia Press.

All the Same to Him. Mistress of the House—It's no use for a big, strong, healthy man like you asking me for cold victuals or any other kind of victuals. You won't get anything.

Ruffon Wratts—I don't know, ma'am, but you might feel like feedin' me up a little 'an considerin' it a contribution for the benefit of the heathen.

A Call Down for Mr. M. Mr. Meek—I should certainly have some say as to whom my daughter weds.

Mrs. Meek—Not at all. Let her alone, and she'll marry some old fool just like her mother did.—Baltimore World.

Trying to Explain. "Josiah," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "what is these negligie shirts I see advertised in the bargain sales?"

"Well, they ain't quite so prim an' scratchy as a billed shirt—that is to say, a regular hard-billed shirt. I reckon a negligie is what you might call a soft-billed shirt."—Washington Star.

ALARMING THE YOUNG MAN. How the Young Woman's Mother Clashed the Case Early.

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She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, said: "I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with our Sarah, he should have my consent."

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"With your wages and what the boarders will bring in we shall get along as comfortably as possible."

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"Never mind about thanks," she cried; "I don't believe in long courtships. The 20th of May is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

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## 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.

Callow Youth—I—aw—have a deshab to—aw—go on the stage, doncher know? Can't you—aw—make a place for me?

Theatrical Manager—Sorry I can't oblige you, old man, but I'm afraid our scenery is too heavy for you to handle.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Inclusive. She—No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you.

He—But if you are not— She—I said all our family.—Philadelphia Press.

Responsible for the Charge. Willie—Pa, teacher told us to be prepared to-morrow to light water the "Charge of the Light Brigade" is in.

Pa—That's easy. Gas-meter, of course.—Philadelphia Press.

Baseball in Africa. The news that George Moreland had returned and bought Rose Lincoln's piano spread several other articles, spread rapidly, and the day following his arrival Mary and Ida were stopped in the street by a group of young gentlemen, 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 discrediting Henry on account of his father's failure, and saying that they expected it, "twas his lot."

Ere long the report, in the shape of a condolence, 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 mistake, 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 a suppressed sneeze, 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 of a suppressed sneeze, that Mrs. Russell told her his name was plighted to another. She cared nothing for that. Her life had been one long series of conquests until now, at 25, there was not in the whole world a more finished or heartless coquette than Evron Herndon. (To be continued.)

Missed His Calling. Guest (angrily)—Why didn't you wake me at 5:42? Now I've missed my train!

Hotel Clerk—I'm sorry; if you hadn't missed your calling you would not have missed your train, would you?—Ohio State Journal.

A Sure Result. "Say, old chap. Gofup and I have a bet we wish you'd decide for us."

"No, thanks."

"Why, why not? We're both friends of yours."

"Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you?"—Life.

Debtless Abundantly Supplied. Binkerton—What is that place that Prof. Nagleschultz is playing?

Pilgrimage—That? Oh, that's one of the "Songs Without Words."

Binkerton—Well, the audience seems to be doing their level best to supply the deficiency.—Harlem Life.

Convicts. "Oh, you cruel boy, to take those eggs out of the nest! Think of the poor mother bird when she comes—"

"The mother bird's dead, miss."

"How do you know that?"

"I see it in your hat!"

Museum Discipline. Visitor—So you weigh 200 pounds; doesn't it annoy you to have people comment on your size?

Fat Man—Oh, no; if I wasn't worried to death with food questions maybe I'd weigh 1,000 pounds.—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Amended Complaint. A man wearing a bandage across one eye called at a solicitor's office and declared that he must have a divorce from his spouse. By way of cause he complained that his wife made a practice of throwing things at the dog.

"You can't get a divorce for that," explained the solicitor.

"The worst of it is," complained the husband, "every time she throws at the dog she hits me."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Test of Security. "I understand that friend of yours has resigned."

"Yes," answered the man with a broad-brimmed hat, "and it means a good deal to me. When a man in this part of the country resigns it shows he feels deep sure of his ability to hold onto office indefinitely."—Washington Star.

Missed a Chance. "I am satisfied now that I have made a professional blunder in your case," the physician said, noting the symptoms of his patient.

"A blunder, doctor? Don't I seem to be improving fast enough?"

"You are improving too fast. Your malady had begun to interest me, but I stupidly gave you a prescription that has knocked it entirely out of your system."—Chicago Tribune.

Four Grapes. "What do you think of 'The Love Letters of a Liar'?"

"Too indefinite."

"What do you mean?"

"All who write love letters are liars."

So Unreasonable. "Men in love are such unreasonable creatures."

"It's always been so."

"There's your Dedeigh, for instance. When he lost his heart he went looking for it in a dark parlor without a light."—Philadelphia Times.

Playing Him. Tommy—Pop, who was Ananias?

Tommy's Pop—Ananias, my son, was the man who first conceived the summer resort booklet.—Philadelphia Record.

Regularly. The Landlady—You said when you engaged these rooms a week ago that your habits were very regular, and you've come home at 3 in the morning ever since.

The Young Man Lodger—Well isn't that regular?—Pick-Me-Up.

## HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

Art of Polishing Diamonds Unknown Up to the Fourteenth Century.

Pliny said that in gems might be perceived all the majesty of nature united in small space. Epitomes of all that is most perfect, these flowers of the rock add to splendor of form and color the quality that most impresses the imagination of finite man, durability, while in virtue of their rarity they become most truly precious—attributes all possessed in sovereign degree by the diamond, the Greek adamas, the "indomitable," the marvelous stone which nothing in nature, so the ancients believed, could impress; which placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, as Martial and Lucretius record (an erroneous test, responsible for the loss of many fine stones, shivered the iron without being affected by the blow. Plato described this gem as a kind of kernel formed in gold, condensed from the purest and noblest part of the metal, and prized more for its medical and pschical virtues rather than for its beauty; in fact, up to the fourteenth century the art of polishing the diamond with its own dust had not been discovered. His theories were sustained as late as the beginning of the fifteenth century by the alchemist Cardan, who believed that precious stones were engendered by juices distilled from gold, silver and iron in the cavities of the rocks, and who asserted so emphatically that these masterpieces of nature, these quintessences of the purest metals, not only live, but also suffer illness, old age and death. This conviction that even the impenetrable crystal of the diamond incloses its atom of the universal spirit, together with all the vague mystical notions concerning the influence of gems, the waning and rejuvenescence of the pearl, the opal, the turquoise, in accordance with the fortunes of their human owners, the prescriptions of the ancient pharmacopoeia which administered powders of topaz or of hyacinth for the cure of hypochondria or sleeplessness; the superstitions of astrological mineralogy, which assigned a stone to each month and to each sign of the zodiac; Theophrastus' division of gems into male and female, and the theories of Dioscorides, of Avicenna, of Albertus Magnus, and of St. Thomas Aquinas—all these may be traced back to their origin in that magnificent treasury of jewels, that dwelling place of mystery and witticism, India, whose philosophers held the cardinal principle that the souls of the erring might be imprisoned in the rock and serve out an incarceration in a gem.—Lippincott's Magazine.

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