

RUTHVEN'S WARD

BY FLORENCE MARRIAT.



CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

After which, regardless of remonstrances and entreaties, she lathered, and rubbed and scrubbed Miss Peg O'Reilly's attenuated little body till it was as clean as her own.

As the girl stepped out of her bath again Mrs. Garrett was much satisfied with the result of her labor. The fair skin was still sadly disfigured by the bruises and the marks of half-healed sores; but it was as white as milk, and her tangled hair, thoroughly cleansed from the burden of mother earth it had carried about with it, and well brushed and combed, was transformed into a thick mane of flaxen curls, which only required attention to render them as glossy and soft as silk.

"Well, I never did see such a transfiguration in my life!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "Don't you feel a deal lighter than you did before?"

"I feel ever so comfortable," sighed the poor girl, as, lulled by the unusual warmth and nourishment she had received, her head sunk forward drowsily on her breast.

CHAPTER III

LESS me, if you ain't going to sleep at two o'clock in the afternoon! Well, I don't know if it isn't the best thing you could do. Would you like me now to put you to bed and let you sleep it off, whilst I run out and see what I can get in the way of clothes to make you decent when you wake up again?"

"Bed!" ejaculated Peg, opening her eyes again with astonishment. "Am I to sleep in a bed?"

"Bless the gal! Did you think we meant to let you lie on the floor? That ain't the way Mr. James does things. I can tell you. And catching up the slight figure in her arms, Mrs. Garrett carried it up to the top story of the house, and laid it between her own sheets.

"A bed!" exclaimed the girl, wonderingly, as she drew her hands admiringly over the pillow. "My! isn't it beautiful! I feel as if I don't ever want to wake again."

"And I—and such as I—lie down in one every night, and grumble if the mattress ain't been turned—Lord forgive us!" thought Mrs. Garrett, and the thought prompted her to stoop down and kiss the poor pale face on the pillow.

Peg did not respond to the kiss. She only stared as it fell upon her brow on one side and shed weak tears.

"No one never did that to me before," she said, brokenly.

Something rose in the housekeeper's throat, and prevented an answer.

"You lie still and go to sleep," she said in parting, "and I'll be back within an hour."

After which she took the note Ruthven had given her in her pocket, with the hall door key, and sallied forth to make her purchases; for Hamilton Shore did not come home till the evening, and few visitors were likely to trouble her master's bell at that hour of the day. There are plenty of shops in London where you may clothe the naked at short notice, and Mrs. Garrett found little difficulty in procuring ready-made, not only underclothing, but a dress, hat and jacket, which would render her charge fit to appear in public at any moment.

When she had waked up from a long refreshing sleep, and Mrs. Garrett, to the child's wonderment and delight, had arrayed her in decent linen, surmounted by a neat pink frock and black apron, and tied her fair curls off her face with a black ribbon, she looked so primly pretty and delicate, so like a conventional outcast in one of Lake Addison's pictures of the London poor, that Hamilton Shore, rushing into the housekeeper's snug little sitting-room that evening, paused in the act of flinging his books in a heap upon the table to exclaim: "Hallo! Garrett, where did you pick up that jolly girl?"

"That's a new house-maid as your uncle James has found for us, Master Hamilton," was the withering reply; "and neither Margaret nor I don't want none of your rude expressions nor remarks here." (For Mrs. Garrett had already decided that in order to maintain a proper distance between the two young people, who must be thrown so much together, the familiar appellation of "Peg" should be exchanged for that of "Margaret.")

"I'm not rude, am I, Margaret?" returned the boy, gayly; "and if you are the house-maid I don't see why you shouldn't be jolly at the same time. And I hope you'll give me a little more hot water in the morning than Garrett does. She's as stingy with it as a miser over his gold."

"You have as much hot water as your

uncle does, Master Hamilton, and I should think that ought to be enough for the smooth-faced lad like yourself. And if you think Margaret has come here only to trot up and down-stairs to do your bidding, you're vastly mistaken. She's got her duty to learn as a good servant, and to try and repay your uncle for taking her into his house, and that won't leave her any leisure for fooling, as you'll soon find out."

Mrs. Garrett had cautioned Peg not to mention the police court and the work-house before Master Hamilton, and she had placed the shame of her antecedents so vividly before the girl's eyes that she sat by her side, mute as a mouse, lest by opening her mouth she should commit some solecism, and make Mrs. Garrett angry.

"Well, I suppose I can speak to her, or what is she here for?" cried Hamilton, unabashed; "and we can play a game of draughts together in the evenings, or read the same book. It's twice as jolly to read when you've got some one to talk it over with."

"Young gentlemen aren't in the habit of playing draughts with their uncle's house-maids," quoth the housekeeper, grimly.

"That's a good 'un! Don't I play with you?"

"And Peg—that is, Margaret—can't read."

"I'll teach her," replied the lad, who had taken a violent fancy to the mass of flaxen curls and the large blue eyes, from which the look of distress and fear were already fading. "Wouldn't you like to learn, Peg?" he continued to the girl.

"Yes, very much," said Peg, shyly.

"Her name is Margaret, and not Peg, Master Hamilton."

"Why, you said Peg yourself just now; besides, it's a deal shorter and easier to remember, and I mean to call her by it, into the bargain."

"You're a saucy fellow, and I've spoiled you altogether," says Mrs. Garrett, who only spoke the truth in saying so. The boy answered her by sitting down on her lap, and kissing her cheek. He was a handsome, lively lad, with an insouciant air about him that most people mistook for honesty. He generally got his own way with the housekeeper, who had known him from a baby, and therefore, as a rule, he behaved well to her; but if she thwarted him in a single thing, however trifling, he would fling himself out of the room in a pet, and sulk for the next twenty-four hours. Mrs. Garrett, as she watched him enter into eager conversation with Peg O'Reilly, and play with her as though she had been his equal, wished she had thought of asking Mr. James whether his nephew had not better occupy the dining-room in the evenings for the future. It had been all very well for him to sit in her little apartment when there was no one but his old nurse to wait upon him, but a young girl about the place made things different. However, Mr. James was with his beloved Cannibals, and did not return home that evening, so the boy and girl, after the fashion of youngsters, had considerably advanced in intimacy before they retired to rest.

On the next morning, the whole occurrence seemed to have passed out of Ruthven's mind, for he ate his breakfast and rang for his boots before a single word had been spoken between Mrs. Garrett and himself respecting his importation of the day before. But as she saw he was about to leave the house without attending to it, she made bold to broach the subject.

"About that young girl you brought home yesterday, Mr. James?"

"Oh, yes! By the way," he said carelessly, as if he had just recalled the transaction, "how is she going on?"

"Pretty well, sir, considering all things. She seems anxious to please and willing to learn; but—"

"But what, Mrs. Garrett? I'm in a hurry, as usual."

"Do you wish Master Hamilton to occupy my room of an evening, as he has been used to do, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't care. I leave all these things to you, you know."

"Yes, sir; but with a young girl in the house—"

"Does she look dangerous, then? Will she bite him?"

"Lor, Mr. James, you will have your joke. But don't you think it would be more like a gentleman if Master Hamilton were to begin to occupy the upper rooms, now that he is nearly as tall as yourself, sir?"

"Put him just where you like, Mrs. Garrett—on the tiles, if it suits your convenience. I leave everything to you," reiterated Ruthven, as he left the house.

The upshot of which was that the housekeeper, having communicated the gist of the conversation to Master Hamilton, got laughed at in answer, and saw him sitting closer to Peg O'Reilly than before through the remainder of the evening.

A separation between them, however, was speedily to ensue, and it came about through the instrumentality of Lake Addison, R. A.

This man was Ruthven's most intimate friend; the one who oftentimes invaded the little house at Kensington, and lured the dramatist from the attractions of the club; and Peg O'Reilly had not been one of the family many days before the artist noticed her appearance.

"Who's that girl that brought in the glasses just now, Ruthven?"

"Only a kind of sub to Mrs. Garrett, who's getting too old to do all my work."

"Where did you pick her up?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because it's in my mind to borrow her. Will you lend her to me?"

"As a model, of course?"

"Yes. For my new picture. She has just the face I want."

"Is there anything in it, then?"

"There is everything in it. It is wonderfully expressive."

"I must look at it next time she comes in—"

"And her eyes are beautiful. Large, limpid, and almond-shaped. She would be useful to me in a dozen ways."

"I had no idea she was a wonder. Make what arrangements you like with Mrs. Garrett, Addison. Whenever she can spare her, the child is entirely at your service."

Mr. Addison secured the housekeeper's good will on behalf of his project, and for some days Miss Peg O'Reilly visited his studio, and sat, mute with astonishment, whilst he made various studies of her face and figure. At the end of that time, he repeated the question he had first put to his friend:

"Where on earth did you pick up that child, Ruthven?" And Ruthven also repeated:

"Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because I am sure she is not of common birth. The contour of her features and the formation of her limbs, tell me so. She has the most delicately formed little feet, and her nails are filbert-shaped. You will never make me believe that girl was born of roughs."

"Did I ever try to make you believe it?"

"No; but you're so close upon the matter altogether, I half suspect, you old dog, you know more about it than you choose to say."

"If it's come to this," said Ruthven, laughing, "I must make a clean breast of it. I have only kept silence for the child's sake, so you must respect my confidence. The fact is, I picked her up in a police court, where she was charged with stealing onions."

"Was she innocent?"

"I never inquired. I saw she was starving, and she told me she was friendless. So I paid the fines, and brought her home to Mrs. Garrett's care. If she turns out well, she will want to forget the police court, so I thought it best to keep her counsel. There is the long and the short of it."

"Ruthven, I have always said you were the best fellow in the world; but, mark my words, that child is better born than she appears. Can't you find out anything about her antecedents?"

"Well, to tell the truth," replied Ruthven, shamefacedly, "I have tried, without success. Mrs. Garrett told me the girl's mother had died in a certain work-house, so I went there to gain all the information concerning her I could. But they had none to give me. It was the old story. A woman who called herself Nan O'Reilly, had come into the house some ten years ago, in a dying condition, with this child in her arms, and the authorities, knowing nothing further, were compelled, on the mother's death, to bring her up. Three years ago they drafted her out into domestic service, from which she ran away, and they had never heard of her again till I came across her in court. Depend upon it, the child is nothing more than she seems."

"I don't believe it. Besides she doesn't seem so. She is starved and pinched at present, but she will be a beautiful and graceful woman some day."

"Poor Peg! I really must have a look at her by and by," replied Ruthven, quietly amused.

But the lock resulted in a wonderful change for our little heroine. Ruthven observing that his friend Addison's opinion was correct with respect to her personal qualities, had a talk with Hamilton Shore on the subject, when the lad assured his uncle that Peg showed such aptitude for learning that he began to think he should be doing her an injustice by bringing her up in a menial capacity.

"There is no doubt she will have beauty, and Hamilton says she is very sharp. If I give the child a little education, therefore, I shall be able, by and by, perhaps, to introduce her to the stage, and put her in the way of earning her own living, and any one will do to help Mrs. Garrett with her pails and brushes."

So the old housekeeper's mental equilibrium was sorely upset one fine morning by the curt observation of her master that she must look sharp about getting Margaret O'Reilly a suitable outfit, as he had made arrangements for sending her to a boarding-school.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Florence Nightingale's Message.

Florence Nightingale recently sent the following message to the girls of Great Britain. It will apply to American girls as well:

"My message to girls would be: 1. Train yourselves to your work, to your life. The last twenty-five or thirty years has recognized beyond everything this necessity of training. 2. Have a higher object than the mere undertaking in all you undertake. When we fail or are disappointed, we lose heart and perhaps 'strike work.' But if we have recognized ourselves as (I will not say only) a wheel or a tool in the hands of that Almighty highest and truest and best, we have that blessing of being a part of the whole, and, whatever our own failure, are never cast down. 3. As one of the best women workers of our days says, 'The talk now is of rights, not right.' Let that not be our case. I am myself always a prisoner from illness and overwork, but all the more I wish you God speed."

THEY KEEP THE POOR.

UNIQUE CHARITABLE ORGANIZATION OF LITTLE GIRLS.

The East Side of New York Has a Club Worthy of Imitation—All Its Members Are Less Than Sixteen—How They Work.

New York Letter.

IVE bright little girls who live on the far east side decided one day that instead of dancing to the tune of a street organ on their way home from school or turning the skipping rope after their studies were over they ought to help their less fortunate friends.

They formed themselves into a society and began their work along the same lines as their brothers' clubs by electing themselves as officers. Their object was to help any one who was suffering from cold or hunger, and they met at the house of their president, Annie Levy, a mere slip of a child with long, curling hair.

In six months this society of five invited fifteen to join them, and called itself the Progressive Social club. During a period of more than two years strict discipline has been observed in the business meetings. If a difficulty arises the mothers are consulted; there has never been a quarrel, and all the members are in good standing. No member has been asked to resign, and none of the society has ever been known to wish for anything new in the constitution or to change one word of the by-laws.

The wise head of the little president understands the government of this club, and though neither she nor her aids are students in parliamentary law, they are proud of their standing in the schools in the neighborhood.

"When the name of a new member is proposed," said one of the officers,

time of light blue, the skirt reaching to the knees, with a blouse, finished with wide sailor collar and cuffs of white, a scarf of white cashmere tied around the waist and white shoes. The officers wear silver medals, which vary but little from those worn by the other members.

The regular meetings are held on Saturday evenings, and the business is transacted in a way that would do credit to other organizations. Sometimes stories are told or read and entertainment of some kind is contributed by a member. The financial secretary, Flora Minton, is considered by the club a pianist of rare ability, and if the president asks her to play she does so with apparent pleasure, while the others crowd around her to applaud and ask for "just one more, your last new one!" Sometimes these happy lit'le ones dance or play games, for on Saturday the lessons are put by for the day of rest.

The second entertainment which was given by the P. S. C. was on an elaborate scale for this youthful society, and every detail was attended to by them. They hired a hall and got it cheaper because the man who owned it "loved little children." They presented flowers to those who took part, arranged the dances and "bought" their music. One of the members took the admission, the reception committee seated the guests and the president made an address of welcome in a tremulous voice.

In short dresses, and all under sixteen years of age, the P. S. C. has twenty handsome children as its members, and it is the intention of the club not to admit more at present, although its waiting list has some good family names. Annie Levy is president, Dora Elinvsky vice president, Lizzie Kass treasurer, Nellie Rudawsky recording secretary, and Flora Minton financial secretary.

The Story That Amused Emerson.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was once greatly amused with the following anecdote: A lady, deeply veiled and dressed in mourning, was riding in a stage coach in Vermont, opposite to

Doctor Albright.

A BROAD MINDED PHYSICIAN WITH PROGRESSIVE IDEAS.

Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That He Knows Will Cure His Patients—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery—He Cites Some Marvellous Cures.

From the Examiner, Lancaster, Pa., APRIL 14th, '95.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Gentlemen—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well known that medical practitioners do not as a rule, recognize, much less use, preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, for, one, proposes to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather, he contracted what was thought to be sciatica. He first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into Hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit, and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to bear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly. "He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis. "Why," says he, "I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work." Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and general nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until today, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chlorosis, or as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, or hysterical results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in restoring the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth. Yours Respectfully, J. D. ALBRIGHT, M. D.



Alfred the Third. The London Chronicle thus serves over Dryden's lines on three eminent poets, to fit the present emergency: Three Alfreds, at three diverse epochs born, Did Berkshire, Lincolnshire, and Kent adorn; The first in making history surpass'd, The next in making poetry; the last—Well, just to keep the famous name in view, They chartered him to paint the other two.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedial means. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh Cure, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; The Hall's Family Pills, Inc.

Given Royal Honors. Miss Maria Brooks, the English painter, is entitled to place the royal arms upon all her portraits and pictures. After she won the gold medal at South Kensington the Queen sent her an order to paint something for her majesty's possession. The honor carried with it the privilege that all British artists have.

A Spring Trip South. On May 5th, tickets will be sold from principle cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of \$2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot see you excursion tickets write to J. E. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or to J. E. Atmore, P. O., Chicago, Ill.



"we form a committee and visit her, and if she is all right we vote on her at our next meeting. If she is elected she receives notification, and once accepted we could not turn her out, for we know all about her before she comes in. So we can't quarrel, and then our president is awful smart. She takes all the prizes at school, and she knows a good deal about clubs."

That this society of children has accomplished much has been seen from their work in its own quarters. Sixty persons were cared for during the severe cold of last winter, and money realized from an entertainment recently given was divided equally among the members, and devoted to the poor whom each member visits, and for whom provision is made. Babies have been clothed and milk has found its way to hungry little ones, while coal and wood have warmed many desolate homes.

The method employed by this club for the relief of the poor is most simple. The little president said:

"Every member knows of some person she can help. Often we have more applications for assistance than it is possible for us to attend to, and we give to those whom we know best. What is left is distributed to others."

"We try to divide our money equally among ourselves, though in cases of great distress we give more to any one who knows of a special case that needs more. Each member is required to render an exact account of her donations. A year ago, when we had sixteen members only, we made \$60 on our first entertainment. It happened that the division was equal, and each person relieved received \$10. At our last entertainment we cleared \$100, and we divided it as we thought best, after taking the vote of the club."

As soon as it can be arranged, the Progressive Social club will entertain themselves and a very few friends at a Kaffee-Klatsch as a sort of reward for their labors. At their last reception the club adopted a uniform, which was hailed with delight by each member individually, for, strange to say, it was becoming to all. It is a simple cos-

whom sat a small, sharp-featured, black-eyed woman, who began catechizing her thus: "Have you lost friends?"

"Yes, I have. "Was they near friends?" "Yes, they was." "How near?" "A husband and a brother."

"Where did they die?" "Down to Mobile."

"What did they die with?" "Yellow fever." "Was they long sick?" "Not very." "Was they sea-farin' men?" "Yes, they was." "Did you get their chists?" "Yes, I did." "Was they hopefullly pious?" "I hope and trust they was." "Well, if you got their chists, and they was hopefullly pious, you have great reason to be thankful."

The stress laid on the "chists," and the placing of their rescue before the plenty of the lost husband and brother as reasons for thankfulness struck Emerson as exceedingly characteristic of a certain class of Yankees, and infinitely mirth-provoking.—The Golden Rule.

Chinese Quail in Maryland. Frank T. Redwood is interested in the increase of wild fowl in this country and has an idea that Chinese quail may be successfully introduced. A friend brought him six of these birds a year ago. They were liberated in Talbot county and flew off in the woods as naturally as though in China. But that was the last ever seen of them. They have disappeared entirely, so far as Mr. Redwood or his friends have been able to discover. Mr. Redwood is still firm in his faith that this species of bird will flourish in America, and to this end has arranged to have twenty pairs brought over from China and let loose in the woods of Maryland.—Baltimore American.

The Corn-Fed Philosopher. "Why," asked the youngest of the neophytes, "why should truth always rise again when crushed to earth?" "Because of its elasticity, of course," answered the corn-fed philosopher. "Don't you know how easy it is to stretch the truth?"