

SEALSKIN AND SHODDY

Mamie Symington's Triple Life as a Society Belle, Nurse and Factory Girl.

Lizzie Knowlton no longer felt that she was without a single friend. Her courage was at once strengthened and her hope increased.

My dear child, said the doctor, you are not to walk. Miss Stillson has a carriage here.

They helped the poor girl into the warm, softly-upholstered carriage, drew the heavy fur robes snugly around her, and Miss Stillson supporting her, they drove to Lizzie's room.

As they entered it Lizzie looked around her in amazement. There had been no radical change from poverty to splendor in its equipments, for such would have wounded Lizzie's sense of honor and justice, not pride.

The bright gaslight, the glowing fire in the grate, the sizzling of cooking chickens, the pleasant aroma of the bright-baked flowers, the turned-down bed and the cheery face of the nurse were the only changes, but they turned an abode of the deepest gloom to a habitation of cheer and comfort.

As the doctor and Miss Stillson assisted Lizzie to a seat in the old rocking chair she took another survey of the room, drew Miss Stillson down to her and kissed her, while she pressed the doctor's hand with all her remaining strength.

This was her acknowledgment of their kindness and her demonstration of gratification, for she dare not trust herself to speak. Dr. Hinton stepped down into the store while the nurse and Miss Stillson undressed Lizzie, and, enveloping her in a span clean night-dress, got her into her warm bed.

He then returned and took from his overcoat pocket two large bottles of medicine which he placed on the mantel. The nurse hurried up the cooking, and soon the table was set on a bright white spread, and the savory odors arising from the steaming victuals on it gave Miss Knowlton a better appetite than she had had in a week.

The table was rolled over beside the bed in which she was bolstered up so as to eat from the former in comfort. The nurse joined Lizzie in the meal, while the doctor and Miss Stillson chatted merrily, both being on excellent terms with themselves over the pleasant duty they were performing.

The meal was scarcely finished before some men came carrying a cot and bedding for the nurse, ordered by the thoughtful doctor. When these had been fixed in place he gave Lizzie a dose of medicine from one of the bottles, left a powder for her to take later, bade all good-night and departed, promising to call again the next morning.

Miss Stillson remained some time afterward, sitting beside the bed talking confidentially with Lizzie Knowlton. She encouraged Lizzie to look forward to recovery, and cautioned her repeatedly against fretting over the loss of her situation or worrying about where the money was to come from to provide for her during her convalescence.

I'll try not to, said the conscientious Lizzie, but I know it is not right for me to accept all these favors from you and Dr. Hinton when I can never pay you for them.

If you never pay for them 'tis no matter. Others will compensate us for all our trouble and outlay. I have my own peculiar ideas about such things, and to-morrow and at other times we will talk about them. When I have told you of them you will feel more at ease, but it will not do to discuss as you now with a discussion of such themes. Be contented and I try and be happy.

In that way you will more than repay Dr. Hinton and me, for by so doing you will get well, and that is what we are working for. Once well, I have my plans whereby you will secure easier and more remunerative employment, when you can repay Dr. Hinton and me and do some good work in the world yourself.

Miss Stillson, said the sick girl, you seem more like an angel than a woman. I have sometimes read about people who were as good as you are, but I have always doubted their existence. This morning I read my Testament, feeling that my death was near, and I prayed God to take me quickly. I died and lingered as did darling mother, specially as I feared I should suffer alone and die without anyone to say good-bye, Lizzie, to me, as I had said good-bye, mother. Now I hope I may get well again, and if I do, Miss Stillson, I shall strive hard to repay you and do whatever good in the world God directs.

You will get well, Lizzie, and will be very happy yet. God has tested you and found you true. You have borne His cross faithfully, even when unto death, and your reward shall be in keeping with your work. Nor shall you have to wait for a future life for it. A portion of it, at least, shall be given to you in this.

girl. By Him were you sent to me? She turned over on her side, and Miss Stillson stroked her hair and assed her hands softly over her forehead until she fell asleep. Giving the nurse a small sum of money with which to buy any little necessity she might want, Miss Stillson put on her outer wraps and left.

Miss Mamie Symington reached home about 10 o'clock to find a warm meal and her aunt awaiting her. As they sat down to the table Mrs. Bradbury said:

Mr. Standish called.

Did you tell him where I was?

No, I said you were out on an errand of mercy.

Did he ask where?

No. He asked if you had been home since you were at the office, and I told him you came home about 5 o'clock, but went away almost immediately in the carriage.

I invited him to dinner before the affair between him and Lizzie Knowlton, poor girl, but canceled it when I started out after her, as I felt that possibly I should not be at home. I wonder he came under the circumstances, and—

He seemed very much disappointed on learning you were not at home, and remained some little time hoping you would return, I suppose.

I am sorry I had to be away. Did he say when he would call again?

No. But I invited him to come again, when he would undoubtedly meet you, as you were seldom away in the evenings, and he answered, With pleasure.

Mamie ate in silence for some time. Her mind was very busy, thinking first of Lizzie Knowlton and then of Herbert Standish. Laying down her fork and leaning back in her chair she asked: Auntie, do you think it right for people to live in profligate luxury while their fellow beings are starving or dying for the need of a doctor and medicine?

No, Mamie, of course it is not, but the affairs of this world are not managed on exact distinctions between right and wrong.

But they should be.

True. But they are not, and they can't be changed in a day, or by any one person.

Of course not, but they never will be changed unless some one makes a beginning.

Mamie, darling, the beginning was made so far back that no one knows when or by whom it was made. It has received strong aid from powerful men and courageous women from time to time, but the progress to the millennium is very slow.

You talk discouragingly, auntie. Our Saviour did a great work for the poor, and His church has continued His work with more or less success.

Mamie, the church of to-day is far from the church that Christ established in the treatment of the poor. If one of our ministers went about among the poor as did Jesus, he would be considered eccentric, perhaps be called a demagogue, and would be the subject of ridicule.

My auntie, you do not think the ministers of to-day are not good Christians, do you?

I wouldn't say that they are bad. They are good according to their time. This is the era of grand church edifices, richly-furnished pulpits, highly-paid and finely-trained choirs, palatial parsonages, high-salaried and scholarly educated clergymen, but the poor people are not in the purple-cushioned pews. The churches are no longer built among the poor but out here on the avenues. Charity is performed by organizations which hire agents to visit the poor. The Christians of the church of our day do not go down among the sufferers in person as they did in Christ's time. The poor cannot know those whose generosity reaches them by proxy. They do not know whom to thank and love, as love they surely would if the alms were given direct.

Then, auntie, you think the Christians of to-day are not doing right?

I do not say they are not doing right, but they might do better. They are not following the example of Christ. He was not too good or too busy to go about among the poor. Are they better than He was? This Christians of to-day have gathered their churches away from the pathways of the poor and the poor have deserted the churches. Charity, personal charity, is the basis of Christianity, and corporation relief cannot be made a substitute for it. Christianity based on the rules and laws of trade is as objectionable to the Saviour as were the money changers in the temple. One visit among the poor, in which kind words are spoken and Christianity exemplified in person, is more acceptable in the eyes of its founder than \$100,000 given either to build a grand church or to be doled out in the name of charity by some organization according to the rules of arithmetic. You cannot be a Christian by proxy. Those who try it will find their proxy holds their seat in heaven when old Father Time cuts their career short here.

I understand you, auntie, and I am glad to have you talk so. I know now that you entirely approve my course toward Lizzie Knowlton, and that you will let me do something I have been thinking about all the afternoon.

What is that, Mamie?

It is something quite extraordinary

for a girl in my situation to do, and as I have not decided just how I shall do it, I would rather wait until I get your approval and assistance.

Well, I will wait patiently, Mamie, but don't undertake too much or too difficult a task.

I fear it is going to be a big job and a difficult one, but if you will assist me I am sure I will succeed.

A nobler object was never conceived than Mamie Symington's, but the pathway to it was a dangerous one for a young and beautiful girl unaccustomed to the traps and hardships of the world. However, she was made of the best fiber that is put in human shape.

CHAPTER III.

A TRIPLE CHARACTER.

Mamie Symington drove down to her father's office next morning, and was pleasantly greeted by Herbert Standish, to whom she excused herself for not being at home the evening before. After the usual exchange of greetings and some desultory conversation, Miss Symington said:

Mr. Standish, do you know I have an idea that I should like to do business like a man—buy material, manufacture it and sell the goods.

Indeed, Miss Symington? Few ladies have any taste in that direction, and of those who try it but a small percentage succeed.

I suppose so. They are not trained to it, and being suddenly forced into it by the death of the male member of their families they necessarily go about it blindly.

There is something in that, but I don't think they were intended for that kind of a life.

Perhaps not, but who is to decide what any particular person was intended for, or who intended them for it? We are largely the creatures of circumstances, and our vocations and ambitions come from our teachings and surroundings.

Why, Miss Symington, you quite surprise me. I never heard you talk like this before.

Well, Mr. Standish, I have thought much about these things, and, from the books sent me by auntie, have read some. I would like to study business here in the office just a little. May I ask a book-keeper to show me how he keeps his books?

Certainly, but it is an odd notion, of which you will tire directly.

Possibly, but I shall be relieved from idleness, and amused in the meantime.

She was introduced to the book-keeper and at once set about studying the business, not the technique of book-keeping by any means, although she gave that some attention, but rather the system or science of doing the business. She made complete memorandum of the information she acquired, and in a few days she knew what the plant cost, what the raw material cost, what was paid for labor, and what the different grades of goods sold for. She got a statement from the book-keeper of the business of the company from year to year, the average price of labor and the profits of each year. She asked him every conceivable question and made the best use of his answers. Her auntie was taken entirely into her confidence, and together they discussed the different problems that came up, Mrs. Bradbury making many valuable suggestions and giving very clear explanations of some features which were quite perplexing to Mamie. Having gotten all the points she could from the book-keeper, she queried the heads of various departments, including Secretary Standish, about the purchase of raw material, insurance on plant and goods, taxes, and the general modus operandi of the concern. When it came to the methods of employing, governing and paying the help, she was especially minute and persistent in her inquiries.

Mamie spent her forenoons in the office and her afternoons in Lizzie Knowlton's room, where she was known as Mary Stillson. As soon as Lizzie got able to wait upon herself the nurse was sent back to the hospital and the girls had their visits entirely to themselves. One forenoon Lizzie was much surprised to have a sewing machine and a large bundle of unmade pantaloon, another of vests, and a third of coats brought to her room by as many different persons. The men knew nothing more than that they were told to bring them there and get her to sign receipts for them. The machine was a new one from the sales-room. The different bundles were from as many different factories.

When Mary Stillson came in the afternoon she looked over the bundles and the machine with a mischievous twinkle in her eye and said:

Lizzie, dear, we are going to have a little clothing factory here all our own. You are to be foreman, or forewoman rather, and I'll be the hands, all by myself. I know how to run a machine and make a woman's garments, but I know nothing about tailoring. I expect you to show me, but remember until you are entirely well you are not to sew a stitch, and even then I expect to find something easier for you to do.

Miss Stillson, you were never trained to such hard work, said Lizzie, and I fear you will be sick long before you get all those garments made up. Of course I am perfectly willing to show you all I know about it and to do anything else I can that you

wish, but what it all means I can't understand.

Well, Lizzie, I will tell you this much, but you must first promise not to question me too much or reveal to any one what I am doing. This may be a mere freak of a silly girl, but part of a comprehensive general plan I am developing.

Miss Stillson, I see no one but Dr. Hinton and yourself, and certainly shall not disclose anything.

Of course you won't, my dear girl. I knew that. This factory that I am establishing here is not for the purpose of making money, but that I may learn the trade of a tailoring seamstress. I want you to show me how to do the work well and quickly.

Miss Stillson rolled the sewing machine over near where Lizzie sat in her rocking chair and said:

Now I am ready to begin. Which bundle shall we start with?

The pantaloon is the easiest made. Immediately Miss Stillson opened it and took out the pieces for a pair. Lizzie showed her how to baste them together. Miss Stillson threaded and oiled the machine perfectly well, and had, since a little girl, made all her own dresses and other garments, even to the cutting out, only accepting assistance in the fitting of some of them. It was an easy task, therefore, for her to learn tailoring. When she had the first pair finished, Lizzie looked them all over carefully and said:

Miss Stillson, there is better work on these than I ever saw done in a factory, and I have worked in five.

This highly pleased the apprentice, and she continued her hard task with a will, convinced that a good advance had been made in her cherished scheme. Soon she, as Miss Symington, had acquired all the information she desired about the mode of conducting the Symington Clothing Company's business, and now she, as Mary Stillson, devoted nearly the entire day in Lizzie Knowlton's room working hard at the sewing machine. She went home tired every night, but with an excellent appetite. She carried her midday lunch with her, and Lizzie made them some warm tea and they lunched together.

Lizzie in the meantime was growing stronger, her lungs ceased to bleed, and her cough was slowly disappearing. She felt her returning health with joy, but became nervous over her enforced idleness and was constantly urging Miss Stillson to let her assist on the pantaloon. This was denied her, but to keep her employed and contented, besides fitting her for the outdoor exercise she needed, Miss Stillson purchased the material for a quantity of warm clothing for her and allowed her to work a little while each day making it up.

The morning after the bundle of pantaloon was completed Lizzie was astonished to see a girl dressed in the plainest plain kind of a calico dress, an old, worn, rough jersey cloak, old darned yarn mittens and a queer, old-fashioned hood come into her room without so much as knocking. She stood staring at Lizzie without speaking.

Well, who are you, and what do you want here? asked Lizzie.

Pardon me, I come to take the pantaloon to the factory for Miss Stillson. She sent this note, said the unceremonious intruder, handing over a little piece of paper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Congressman Fitch's Fate.

Congressman Ashbel P. Fitch, having resigned from the Republican club of Harlem some time ago on account of his support of President Cleveland in the work of tariff reform, has now resigned from the enrolled Republicans of the Twenty-third assembly district. In the following letter he tersely and clearly expresses his views upon the great question of the campaign.

FIRE ISLAND BEACH, Aug. 13, 1888.

The Hon. Donald McLean, President Twenty-third Assembly District Enrolled Republicans—MY DEAR SIR: I herewith resign my membership in the Republican association of the district. This resignation, under the rules carries with it, without further action on my part, that of my place in the district committee and on the delegation to the county committee and the chairmanship of the committee on resolutions and membership of the executive committee of the county organization. My reasons for this resignation is that I am not willing to advocate or support the new doctrines upon which the party managers have decided to make this campaign. I am in favor, as were Garfield, Arthur and Folger, of a reasonable revision of the present tariff in the direction of decreasing the cost on the necessities of life and supplying American workmen with cheaper raw materials for manufacture. I believe that such a revision will increase wages and production in this country and will lighten somewhat the heavy load of poverty and hardship which so many people in our city carry hopelessly from year to year. I am absolutely opposed to any reduction of the tax on whiskey. In a few months after the repeal of the internal revenue tax there would be more distilleries than there are school houses in Harlem, and on every business block in our district a bucket shop would, with

profit sell whiskey, at wholesale for 25 cents a gallon, for 3 cents a glass. The Republican party leaders have determined to make a campaign in which the expression of views such as those above indicated shall be described as "free trade attacks upon American industry," and those who hold them shall be credited with a burning desire to aid the British workman, whom they have never seen, and against their own friends and countrymen. Mr. Blaine's keynote of the campaign, applied to our district, is that we are from now till November to accuse the Democratic and revenue reform business men in Harlem, who in private life are in partnership with us in all commercial, charitable, social and religious affairs, of being engaged in a conspiracy, inspired by England, to ruin their own country and degrade their fellow citizens. I have no desire to take part in such a campaign. I fancy that England has in this district about as many adherents as China has, and that the voters who will vote this fall in Harlem and Yorkville for a revision of the tariff are as sincere friends of American industry as any of us are. And I very much prefer, if necessary, to be in a minority for the rest of my life rather than to make a successful campaign on what seems to be a ridiculous and unfounded misrepresentation of the efforts and motive of my neighbors. I am with sincere regard and respect, your friend.

ASHBEL P. FITCH.

Aid For The Sufferers.

The report of yellow fever in Florida both such as have been made public and those which reach this city from private sources, show that the condition of the cities attacked by the disease is perilous. Whether quarantine will arrest the further spread of the epidemic or not, it is evident that the need of the town that are attacked is urgent and is likely to become more so.

In the North where we have had little experience with this sort of a generation past it is difficult to realize the full extent of such a calamity. The isolation and desolation of a town that is visited by a yellow fever epidemic is so extreme that without aid from other sections the sufferings of destitution are likely to be added to those of the plague. There is no doubt that the towns of Florida where the yellow fever has made its appearance are in pressing need of aid. The charitable spirit of the country should be prompt in taking steps to alleviate the suffering as much as possible.

In order that Pittsburg may have a channel through which its aid to those sufferers may be prompt, THE DISPATCH will, in accordance with a suggestion from one of our leading citizens, receive subscriptions for the yellow fever sufferers. All money received will be promptly forwarded to the National Bank of the State of Florida at Jacksonville, from which it will be expended as it will afford the most needed relief. By this means any funds which the charitable spirit of Pittsburg may devote to alleviating the suffering from the fever will reach their destination and perform their beneficial work most promptly.

It is well to remember that a dollar given now may be worth more than \$5 that is tardily applied. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

Recasting Farties.

One of the healthiest signs of the times is the shaking-up of the foundation of partnership that is going on over the country. At last, thanks to the courage of President Cleveland and his Democratic advisers, there is a quarrel between the two great parties worthy the weighty consideration of the people. It is a serious question whether we shall push further a policy of restriction which narrows our relations with the rest of the world by advancing the interest of favored industries at the expense of the masses of the people, or whether we shall stop where we are and gradually return to a fiscal system that would permit and promote a symmetrical and uncrippled growth of all the industries which our unrivaled natural resources invite us to establish.

There are thousands of persons in the Republican party who do not believe in "Protection for the sake of Protection," and who are of such independence of thought and action that during the present contest they will stand on the platform they do not believe in and vote for Cleveland and Thurman. The Democratic newspapers are full of announcements of Republican conversation of the policy of Tax Reduction and Revenue Reform approved by the present Administration.

There are, on the contrary, thousands of persons in the Democratic party who are participants in the legal pillage derived from the protective policy who this year will let their pockets vote. There are still others who are honest converts to the captivating dogm of the protectionists that the laborer is the chief gainer by tariff taxation. The Republican journals publish exultant announcements of the number of such converts to Harrison and Morton.

There is nothing strange in these changes. When the war began in

1861, thousands of Democrats went into the Republican party, and have steadily supported it since, who are not believers in the revenue policy which it now supports. Thousands of Whigs who was at the same time went over to the Democrats as sturdy Protectionists, and they should now act with the party of Protection. It is but natural that, as the old ante-war issue has been fairly revived, there should be a grand shifting of position in the ranks of both parties. The fact and the cause of it, are both matter of congratulation. The bulk of advantage, however, must rest with the Democrats. The Southern Protectionists who under the leadership of Clay, to used carry North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and other Southern States, are held from their natural alliance with the Republican at this time by the dark shadow of the bloody shirt. There is no such grieve about the legs of the Northern Republican Revenue Reformers, who are invited back into the party to which they properly belong.

The situation is full of promise for the future prosperity of the country. Let the grand change go on.—Philadelphia Record.

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