

# LIKE CINDERELLA CLARA MADE GOOD

Suppressed by Her Uncle and Cousins, She Had Hard Girlhood.

WORKED IN FLORIST'S SHOP

Being Compelled to Learn the Business, When the Time Came She Opened Her Own Establishment and Succeeded.

By OSBORN MARSHALL.  
(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The main difference between the story of Clara Carrick and the fairy story of "Cinderella" lies in the fact that while the old-time Ella of the juvenile was a neglected stepdaughter, the real flesh-and-blood Clara of the story was a much-abused niece. The story-book heroine sat in the cinders and scrubbed the pots and pans for her haughty stepisters, but Clara Carrick spent most of her youthful days behind the counter in her uncle's florist shop while her much-indulged cousins attended school, took music lessons, went to parties and otherwise passed their days as young girls are expected to do.

Old Mr. Carrick, the uncle of Clara Carrick, had a monopoly of the flower-selling business in a certain small college town in New England more than a decade ago. The name Carrick was synonymous in that town to all things floricultural. Whether you wanted to buy a wreath to lay on a soldier's grave on Memorial day or whether, as a student in the small college, you wanted to send an offering of American Beauties or Killarnies to one of the pretty town girls, you went to Carrick's, and usually you would have been waited on by Clara, who seemed to live behind the dingy old counter in an atmosphere of flower pots. Usually when you went into the store her nimble young fingers were working on some "set piece" for a funeral—a task at which she was particularly proficient.

All the students knew Clara Carrick, for at some time during their four years' course they had sought the flower market, and without an exception they all liked her bright eyes and happy smile. But though they sometimes asked the Carrick girls—the florist's two pretty daughters—to go to college dances, no one ever thought of asking Clara.

Clara had been left fatherless and motherless when she was about eight years old, and she had been taken into the household of her uncle on the understanding that she should not make a burden of herself and that she should help in the store. When the school inspector came around, as he occasionally did, the uncle evaded his questions as to whether Clara was being sent to school. And no one in the town felt sufficiently interested to report him for so doing.

But Clara used to get hold of her cousins' school books after they got through with them, and it was not a very difficult matter for her to teach herself many of the lessons that her cousins had trouble in mastering. And all the time she was learning more and more about the florist's business. First she simply waited on customers. Then she became so proficient at making bouquets and set pieces that Mr. Carrick trusted her with all of this work, and this sometimes kept her busy far into the night, wiring and arranging the many blossoms that were needed in the designs. Then when her uncle made the discovery that she had been studying arithmetic by herself, after allowing a suitable time for his assumed anger to wear off, he suggested to her that she take charge of the accounts and the sending out of the bills.

"If you haven't enough to do and can waste your time reading books that aren't meant for you, you might get busy and do something to pay us back a little for all the money we have had to spend on you," was his way of indicating that he would like her to undertake this new work.

The next task which was given to Clara was that of going to the flower market. This she was expected to do first when she had arrived at the age of seventeen. It involved going to the nearby city and choosing and purchasing the various cut flowers and plants that were needed in the business.

It was an opportunity to get away from the tedious bondage of the shop and to see a little of the world, but the girl was not eager to do it. In fact, for the first time in her rather trying experience with her uncle, she rebelled.

Was Ashamed of Her Clothes.

The reason for her rebellion her cousins were not long in discovering. Poor little Clara was ashamed of the clothes she wore—the heavy, stuffy serge dresses that were given to her by her inconsiderate relatives. She longed to wear trim shirtwaists, ribbon bows and leather belts, even if they were the old ones discarded by her cousins. As a mark of great indulgence, Clara was allowed to do this for a while and then the uncle decided that he could not afford the expense, for although the shirtwaists were old and although Clara sat up after her day's work was done to wash and iron them herself, her uncle

discovered that the amount of fuel consumed in heating the irons made a perceptible difference to him—that his niece would eventually drive him to the poorhouse with her extravagance.

While Clara was being curtailed in the matter of fresh shirtwaists her cousins were dreaming by night and talking by day of the dancing frocks they would wear at the approaching college junior ball.

"I wonder why I cannot go to the dance, too?" Clara asked her cousins. Clara had a way of saying what she thought, regardless of the probable outcome. Then she went on, before her cousins could explain:

"If you are going to say it is because I am not as pretty as you are, you needn't waste your breath. For I am pretty. An old lady who came into the store the other day told me I was, and some of the students have said nice things to me. So there!"

"Maybe you are pretty," admitted the cousins, "but you haven't anything to wear, have you? You don't think you could go in your serge everyday dress, do you?"

It was this speech that started Clara thinking and started the train of events which have brought her to her present position.

Bought a New Pink Gown.

She thought all day about it, and at night when she was trying to sleep she decided to take the money she had saved from Christmas presents and make a dress which would be appropriate for the ball. Accordingly, the next time she went to the city to buy flowers for her uncle she made a tour of the fashionable shops, and came to the conclusion that her gown should be made of pink with gold spangles.

She wasted no time, but bought the pink satin, a paper pattern and a thousand tin spangles. Then at night, instead of reading stolen text-books, Clara devoted her time to fashioning that pink party dress, and after that to sewing the spangles on till she could keep her eyes open no longer. The dress was finished in a couple of weeks, and for a few foolish moments she imagined that the question of going to the college dance was settled. She tried the dress on and paraded before her mirror and convinced herself that her resplendent gown would be an attraction to any student. She decided to take her cousins into her

that otherwise she would never have ventured to do.

With the little money that Clara had not expended on the pink satin and spangles she went to the next town—a new suburb which was bound to grow within the next few years. Clara remembered that her uncle had once said that there was good opportunity to make money as a florist in that community, and for that reason she went in that direction.

She first made a tour of the place and visited each florist's shop on the pretext of buying flowers. She then went to a real estate agent and, still dressed in her shabby black serge, told him she wanted to rent a store suitable for a florist's shop. Before the day was over she had chosen the most promising location in town for her venture. Then, having arranged for a week's sojourn with a poor woman near by, she wrote to her uncle, demanding that he send her by return post the small patrimony—a few hundred dollars—which was laid away for her.

The following day, while she was waiting for the money, she made out a list of what she would buy with her few hundred dollars. The list included a small new wardrobe first of all—she felt hopelessly handicapped in the old black serge—the payment of her first month's rent, the purchase of the simplest sort of fixtures for her store, a small outlay for announcements and the purchase of a stock of flowers and supplies.

All this happened some twelve years ago. Today anyone who lives in the suburban town where Clara Carrick still does business as a florist knows that she has achieved success. Other women have gone into the florist business and have failed, but they have not served an apprenticeship like that served by Miss Carrick.

Damage by Rogue Elephants.

Rogue elephants are very active again in Assam and Rs. 100 reward is offered for the destruction of a big tusker that has killed a boy and seriously injured a man in Handura village, Kampur, and also killed another man in the Gulmarr village. Rs. 50 is also offered for the destruction of a gunda elephant which has appeared in North Lakhimpur and has been damaging crops. He chases anyone who attempts to drive him away. Height about eight cubits,

## WITH THE SACRED FLAG SHE LOVES



Float ever, droop never, forever, old flag!  
Though the armed world assail you, what coward would lag  
To rise in defense of our beautiful flag?  
By a thousand campfires have the vows of our sires  
Ever been that the flag should still reign;  
And they battled and bled till the rivers ran red,  
But the flag floated free from all stain.  
Let us keep it unfurled to enlighten the world—  
Right's emblem as ages go by.  
Ever glad to the sight is that banner so bright  
As it ripples in glory on high.  
—Walter G. Doty, in National Magazine.

## FIRST TROOPS TO ENTER RICHMOND

Thirteenth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers Lays Claim to the Honor.

FOR many years there was discussion of the claims of several bodies of Union troops for the honor of having been first into Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, on April 3, 1865, a few hours, or possibly only an hour, after the last men of the gray had fled out of the city.

The chief claimants for the honor have been the Thirteenth regiment of New Hampshire volunteers, of which John M. Woods, former mayor of Somerville and now department commander of the Massachusetts G. A. R., was a member, and the body of colored cavalry, the Fifth Massachusetts, and that day led by Charles Francis Adams, son of the then minister to England.

There has been much said, and there was much to say, on both sides. The actual priority would seem to belong to the New Hampshire regiment, and some of the facts of the story of that great day are summarized here.

Informal Surrender.  
The mayor of Richmond with some of the citizens met General Weitzel a little before seven that morning a little outside the limits of the city. To that point there had advanced a detachment of Union pickets, perhaps 60 to 70 men. Here an informal surrender took place.

Then General Weitzel and his staff proceeded into the city, followed by Lieutenant Prescott and his force of pickets, and preceded by a squad of the general's orderlies from the Fourth Massachusetts cavalry, commanded by Major A. H. Stevens. The general established his headquarters, as is well known, in the house which Jefferson Davis had made the White House of the southern states. James Ford Rhodes says that the evacuation was completed by seven in the morning, and Nicolay and Hay say that Lieutenant Prescott reached capitol square soon after that hour.

General Weitzel soon sent back an aide with orders to get the first brigade he could find and bring it in to act as a provost guard. At the same time he sent word for all the rest of the troops to remain outside the city and take possession of the inner line of Confederate defenses.

Marched Into City.

The first brigade met by the aide proved to be Gen. E. H. Ripley's brigade of Gen. Charles Devens' division of the Twenty-fourth army corps. This brigade was headed by Devens with the New Hampshire regiment to which John M. Woods belonged. They marched into the city with colors flying and bands playing and reached the capitol some time between eight and

nine, on a glorious spring morning. Meantime the second order had been sent and carried about, but somehow it failed to reach the regiment of colored cavalry which had then for several weeks been in the command of Colonel Adams. They were posted on the extreme right of the Union line, and they obeyed an earlier request from General Devens and it was the only order of which they knew anything, that they advance into the city, and thus this colored regiment, headed by the grandson of one president and the great-grandson of another, earned for itself a share of the glory of that morning.

General Weitzel himself in his report says:

"At daybreak I started various divisions towards Richmond. General Devens' division came up the New Market road and the cavalry, under Charles Francis Adams, Jr., came up the Darbytown and Charles City roads. I directed them all to halt at the outskirts of the city until further orders. I then rode ahead of the troops, along the Osborne Pike, and entered the city hall, where I received the surrender of the city at 8:15 a. m.

Troops Placed in Position.

"Majors Stevens and Graves had entered a little after 7 a. m. . . . I ordered immediately after my arrival a brigade of Devens' division under General Ripley as provost guard, and ordered all the rest of the troops into position along the inner line of redoubts about the city.

"The first troops to reach the city were the companies E and H—of the Fourth Massachusetts cavalry, who were the escorts to Majors Stevens and Graves, and their guidons were the first national colors displayed over the city. Next came the pickets of the Twenty-fourth corps. After that, as I was in the city and not on the outskirts, I do not know what came, and it is a matter of dispute, both divisions claiming the credit."

Wherever the credit goes it will fall somewhere in New England, and probably upon New Hampshire for priority, and Massachusetts will have a full share.

Foiled Enlisting Officers.

They tell a tale of an amusing incident that occurred at a recruiting headquarters in Indiana, where an old man with flowing gray beard and white hair offered himself as a soldier. Of course, he was rejected. He said nothing, but hastening to a barber shop, had his hair dyed and a clean shave. Then he came back, and declaring his age as "rising thirty-five," was unrecognized and promptly enlisted.

Illinois Woman a Major.

Governor Yates of Illinois made the wife of Lieutenant Reynolds (Seventeenth Illinois volunteers) a major. She accompanied her husband through a long campaign, and was present at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. However, she did no fighting and her commission was a reward for the important service she did in taking care of the wounded.

## REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor



energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."—Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Warranted

ABSORBINE

will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Pock Evils, Quittor, Fistulas, or any unhealthy sore quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 7 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for marking, Reduces Painful, Swollen Venis, Gout, Wens, Strain, Bruises, sprain and inflammation. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write Manufacturer only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

One for the "Cops."

The Father One—Officer, did you see me fall?

Officer—Yes.

The F. O.—Had you ever seen me before.

Officer—No.

The F. O.—Then how did you know it was me?—Harvard Lampoon.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS

Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it relieves the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, itching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Barcelona, Spain, does a large business in the manufacture of paper drinking cups.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging, No Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

One-thirtieth of the entire Jewish race is embedded in the population of New York.

Backache Spells Danger

Census records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 20 years. People can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disorders is prompt treatment—the best medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Kansas Case

Mrs. J. W. Noiland, 909 Kickapoo St., Hiawatha, Kan., says: "I had kidney disease for years and finally got so bad I could hardly get around. My limbs, feet and shoulders pained terribly and I had awful dizzy spells. The kidney secretions caused me no end of trouble, too. When I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I picked up and continued use drove away the ailments."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



In Her Own Flower Shop.

confidence, show them the dress and ask them to see that some student in search of a girl for the dance be introduced to her.

But when Clara had decked herself out in the pink satin and spangles, and her cousins had heard her request, the heavens of their wrath descended upon her. They were horrified and shocked. They called for their father, who was dozing over his paper in the sitting room below, and for their mother, who was putting the last stitches on their own party dresses, and Clara was revealed in all her pink and spangled effrontery.

That was the beginning of the end. In a moment of wrath old Mr. Carrick declared that he would give his niece a home no longer. He neither wished nor expected her to take him seriously, for he knew well that she was most valuable in his business, and that she knew as much as he did.

Clara, however, took him at his word. She had just passed her eighteenth birthday. She was of age, she answered firmly, and she would go the next morning, never to return to be a burden to him. Still the old man did not believe she meant it, and it was only when she had actually packed up her little belongings and left the house that he realized how great was his loss.

Opened Shop of Her Own.

Clara Carrick now faced the world with the best possible equipment for a young woman of spirit—a thorough business training, a habit of long and hard work and the ability to live on a very little. Her Uncle Carrick, in spite of himself, had given her the best possible opportunities. Even the fact that she was very angry when she left the home of the Carricks contributed to her success, for in that spirit of anger she dared to do things

drooping ears, spotted trunk, straight backbone, tall about three and one-half cubits, circumference of the forelegs about three and one-half cubits, and of the hindlegs about three cubits. Rs. 50 is also offered for the destruction of a gunda elephant destroying crops in the Sibisagar subdivision. The elephant comes through the grants of Ghiladhari tea estate from the Doyang reserve. It is about nine and one-half feet in height and without tusks. The deputy commissioner of Nowgong also offers a reward of Rs. 100 for the destruction of a solitary big tusker that has killed a man in Sitapur village and injured two other men.—Calcutta Mail.

Like to See Homes in "Movies."

In different parts of the country some of the wealthy owners of stately homes and beautiful grounds have become so enthusiastic over motion pictures that they have, figuratively speaking, given the key of their places to certain film companies with permission to use them when needed. They take a pride in seeing their homes exhibited on the screen, and naturally, to the moving picture producer the estates of the wealthy are desirable for several reasons. They lend perfect atmosphere—no wooden steps, no tin fountains, no plaster cast statuary. The ornamental trees, lawns, and shrubs, the private lake with its water lilies and graceful swans, and the substantial, majestic, marble terrace, cannot fail to satisfy even the most exacting critic.

Sport of Queens.

Mrs. Styles—This paper speaks of "the sport of kings." Is there not a sport of queens?

Mrs. Styles—Sure thing—croquet.