

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.) One morning about two weeks afterward Mary was in the meadow gathering cowslips for dinner when she heard some one calling her name; and looking up, she saw Jenny hurrying toward her, her sunbonnet hanging down her back, as usual, and her cheeks flushed with violent exercise. As soon as she came up she began with, "Oh, my, ain't I hot and tired, and I can't stay a minute, either, for I ran away. But I had such good news to tell you, that I would come. You are going to have a great deal better home than this. You know where Rice Corner is, the district over east?"

here sooner, said he, "but the roads is awful rough, and old Charlotte has got a stub or somethin' in her foot. But where's the gal? Ain't she ready?" He was answered by Mary herself, who made her appearance, followed by Billy hearing the box. And now commenced the leave takings, Miss Grundy's turn coming first. "May I kiss you, Miss Grundy?" said Mary. Miss Grundy bent down and received the child's kiss, and then darting off into the pantry, went to skimming pans of milk already skimmed. Uncle Peter between times kept ejaculating: "Oh, Lord; oh, massy sakes—oh, for land!" Billy knew it would be lonely without Mary, but he was glad to have her go to a better home, so he tried to be cheerful. Aside from him, Sally was the only composed one. It is true her eyes were very bright, and there was a compression about her mouth seldom seen, except just before one of her frenzied attacks. Occasionally, too, she pressed her hands upon her head, and walking to the sink, bathed it in water, as if to cool its inward heat.

pane, muslin curtains, clean matting, convenient toilet table, and what to her was fairer than all the rest, upon the mantel piece there stood two small vases, filled with sweet flowers, whose fragrance filled the apartment with delicious perfume. This was so different from the bare walls of the poorhouse that Mary trembled lest it should prove a dream from which ere long she would awake. When Mary was finally sent for by Mrs. Mason she had been so much accustomed to sick persons that she knew intuitively just what to do and when to do it, and her step was so light, her voice so low, and the hand which bathed the aching head so soft and gentle in its touch that Mrs. Mason involuntarily drew her to her bosom, and kissing her lips, called her her child, and said she should never leave her; then, laying back in her easy chair, she remained perfectly still, while Mary alternately fixed her hair and smoothed her forehead, until she fell into a quiet slumber, from which she did not awake until Judith rang the bell for supper, which was neatly laid out in a little dining parlor, opening into the flower garden. There was something so very social and cheering in the appearance of the room, and the arrangement of the table, with its glossy white cloth, and dishes of the same hue, that Mary felt almost as much like weeping as she did on the night of her arrival at the poorhouse. But Mrs. Mason seemed to know exactly how to entertain her; and by the time that first tea was over there was hardly a happier child in the world than was Mary. Mrs. Mason soon dismissed her to her own room, where she for some time amused herself with watching the daylight as it gradually disappeared from the hills which lay beyond the pond. Then when it all was gone, and the stars began to come out, she turned her eyes toward one which had always seemed to her to be her mother's soul looking down upon her from the windows of heaven. Now to-night there shone beside it a smaller, feebler one, and in the fleecy clouds which floated around it she fancied she could define the face of her baby sister. Involuntarily stretching out her hands, she cried, "Oh, mother! Allie! I am so happy now; and to the child's imagination the stars smiled lovingly upon her, while the evening wind, as it gently moved the boughs of the tall elm trees, seemed like the rustle of angels' wings. Who shall say the mother's spirit was not there to rejoice with her daughter over the glad future opening so brightly before her? (To be continued.)

NO WONDER HE WAS BALKED. Difficulties the Frenchman Experienced in Learning English. A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority recently began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard: "I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?" "It is pronounced 'tuff.'" "Eh, bien, tuff; snuff; then, is spelt s-n-o-u-g-h, is it not?" "Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelt s-n-u-f. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular." "I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff' and e-o-u-g-h is 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff." "No; it is 'coff,' not 'cuff.'" "Very well; cuff, tuff and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?" "No, not 'duff.'" "Doff, then?" "No; 'doh.'" "Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?" "That is pronounced 'hook.'" "Hook! Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'plook,' or 'plo?' Fine language—plo!" "No; no; it is pronounced 'plow.'" "I shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'Flow,' 'coff,' 'tuff,' 'hook,' and now here is another—r-o-u-g-h; that is 'row,' I suppose?" "Oh, no, my friend; that's 'ruff' again." "And b-o-u-g-h is 'buff'?" "No; that happens to be 'bow.'" "Yes, wonderful language. And I have just e-n-o-u-g-h of it; that's 'enou,' is it not?" "No; 'enuff.'" — Sheffield Weekly News.



CITY NEWS

The Star Social Club, of this city gave a pleasant party at the residence of Mr. W. H. Bolds Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Hazel Watson, who left on Thursday evening for a visit to California. The evening passed swiftly away, the throng of merry makers being enlivened with music, song and dancing. Light refreshments were served and the hour was late ere the festivities were closed and, with many wishes of a safe voyage and early return, the assembled guests bid adieu to their departing friend. An enjoyable outing was had last Sunday afternoon in honor of Mr. Rex Causter, of Knoxville, Tenn., and some of his friends, who are visiting the coast. The party drove out to the reservoir at Mt. Taber, enjoying on the way the grand panoramic scenes that are so beautifully provided at this time of the year. Arriving at their destination a dainty luncheon was served which was heartily appreciated by all after the long drive in the bracing air. Among those present were Misses Annie Brooks, Jennie Russell, Abbie Miller, Luella Cash and Frances Crawford, Messrs. Chas. Watkins, Jas. Robinson, Rex Causter, Ira Cash and Wm. Long. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks. Machine, gun and general repair shop, Forester & Co., proprietors. Steam engines, pumps, bicycles, lawn mowers of all kinds repaired. Manufacturers of the Forstner patent safety gopher gun. Key fitting and saw gumming. 65 First street, between Oak and Pine, Portland Oregon.

HOW HE HIRED A DOMESTIC. The Job Was Small One, but It Knocked Him Out. Any man who has ever done business at an intelligence office will feel a thrill of sympathy for me, as a recent victim of that institution. My wife was mildly lamenting yesterday that fate had driven away the maid servant, and that she would have to get another. I rashly said that I would do it for her. "There is an intelligence office near my office," I said. "I'll run in there at noon and send a girl out early in the afternoon."

WESTERN ELECTRICAL WORKS. A Local Institution Whose Extensive Operations Are a Guarantee of Its Excellent Work. The Western Electric Works, at 305 1/2 Washington street, is one of the leading enterprises of its class in the Northwest. The character of its work and reasonableness of its charges have established it firmly as one of Portland's permanent enterprises. It installs light and power plants, repairs motors and dynamos, and deals in general electric supplies and gas and electric fixtures. House wiring for lights, bells and telephones is done in a scientific manner at very reasonable rates. If you have work to be done in any of these lines, call or telephone for estimates. It will save you both time and money, for the work is done promptly as well as perfectly.

Reduced Rates. Are now in effect to Buffalo, New York. Do you expect to attend the Pan-American exposition? If so, do not buy your tickets until you have investigated the service of the Illinois Central Railroad. Our accommodations are the best that can be had, our trains are always on time, and employ courteous and accommodating. Through tourist cars from Pacific coast to Boston via Buffalo. If you will send 15 cents in stamps, to address given below, we will forward you, by return mail, one of our large 34x40 inch wall maps of the United States, Cuba and Porto Rico. Any information regarding rates, accommodations, service, time, connections, stop overs, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by B. H. TRUMBULL, Com'l Agt. 142 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

On Thursday evening, May 30, Mrs. C. Houser invited a few friends to her house to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. E. Ritter. Music and cards caused a pleasant evening to pass swiftly by and after a dainty repast prepared by the hostess, the company separated, wishing many happy returns of the occasion. The officers and members of Mt. Olivet Baptist church want the public to understand that the Rev. T. S. Smith is no longer the pastor of the aforesaid church and desire that no money intended for the church be given to him, as he has severed his connection with the church, they having accepted his resignation.

On the 31st inst a number of the friends of Mrs. K. Gray happened to meet at her house and learning that it was the anniversary of her natal day they proceeded to celebrate it. As all present were intimate friends of the family, all formality was thrown to the winds and an old-fashioned good time was enjoyed by all present and if the lady lives as long as the sentiments called for, she will rival Methuselah of old.

But it will be a blessed relief to parents with slender purses whose boys are entering the army, for the new uniform will be much less expensive than the old. "Ring off," said the telephone girl when she canceled her engagement. Fulton Market. CHOICE MEATS... 172 Third cor. Yamhill. Portland, Ore. Phone, Oregon Main 6. B. F. JONES, Proprietor. TRY HAZELWOOD FOR SOMETHING GOOD. BREAKFAST. On your hot cakes use Hazelwood Butter. LUNCH. On your Strawberries put Hazelwood Cream. DINNER. For the finest delicacy in Portland try a brick of Hazelwood Ice Cream. HAZELWOOD CREAM CO. Both Phones 154. 282 Washington St.

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