

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?"
 Mary replied that she did, and Jenny continued: "We all went over there yesterday to see Mrs. Mason. She's a real nice lady, who used to live in Boston, and is intimate with ma, until three or four years ago when Mr. Mason died. We didn't go there any more then, and I asked her about the reason why, and she said Mrs. Mason was poor now, and ma had cut her; and when I asked her what she cut her with, she only laughed, and said she believed I didn't know anything. But since then I've learned what it means."
 "What does it?" asked Mary and Jenny replied:
 "If a person dies and leaves no money, no matter how good his folks are, or how much you like them, you musn't know them when you meet them in the street, or you must cross over the other side if you see them coming; and then when ladies call and speak about them, you must draw a great, long breath, and wonder how the poor thing will get along, she was so dreadfully extravagant." I positively heard mother say those very words about Mrs. Mason; and what is so funny, the washwoman the same day spoke of her, and cried when she told how kind she was, and how she would go without things herself for the sake of giving to the poor."
 After a moment's pause Jenny proceeded: "This Mrs. Mason came into the country and bought the prettiest little cottage you ever saw. She has lots of nice fruit, and for all mother pretends in Boston that she does not visit her, just as soon as the fruit is ripe she always goes there. Pa says it's real mean, and he should think Mrs. Mason would see through it."
 "Did you go there for fruit yesterday?" asked Mary.
 "Oh, no," returned Jenny. "Mother said she was tired to death with staying at home. Besides that, she heard something in Boston about a large estate in England, which possibly would fall to Mrs. Mason, and she thought it would be real kind to go and tell her. Mrs. Mason has poor health, and while we were there she asked mother if she knew of any good little girl she could get to come and live with her; one, she said, who could be quiet when her head ached, and who would read to her and wait on her at other times." Mother said she did not know of any, but when Mrs. Mason went out to get tea, I followed and told her of you, and the tears came into her eyes when I said your folks were all dead, and you were alone and sorry. She said right off that she would come round and see you soon, and if she liked you you should live with her."
 So saying, she ran off; Mary, having gathered her cowslips, sat down to think of Mrs. Mason, and wonder if she should ever see her. That afternoon, when the dishes were all washed, she, as usual, stole away to her books. She had not been long occupied ere some one called her, saying Mr. Knight was downstairs and wanted to see her, and that there was a lady with him.
 Mary readily guessed that the lady must be Mrs. Mason, and carefully brushing her hair and tying on a clean apron, she descended to the kitchen, where she was met by Mr. Knight, who called out, "Hallo! my child, how do you do? Pears to me you've grown handsome. It agrees with you to live here, I reckon, but I'll venture you'll be glad enough to leave and go and live with her, won't you?" pointing toward a lady who was just coming from Mrs. Parker's room and toward whom Mary's heart instantly warmed.
 "You see," continued Mr. Knight, "one of the Lincoln girls has taken a mighty shine to you, and it's queer, too, for they're dreadful stuck-up folks."
 "If you please, sir," said Mary, interrupting him, "Jenny isn't a bit stuck-up."
 "Umph!" returned Mr. Knight. "She does not belong to the Lincoln race, then, I guess. I know them, root and branch. Lincoln's wife used to work in the factory at Southbridge, but she's forgot all about that, and holds her head dreadful high whenever she sees me. But that's neither here nor there. This woman wants you to live with her. Miss Mason, this is Mary, this is Miss Mason."
 The introduction being thus happily over, Mrs. Mason proceeded to ask Mary a variety of questions, and ended by saying she thought she would take her, although she would rather not have her come for a few days, as she was going to be absent. Miss Grundy was now interrogated concerning her knowledge of work, and with quite a consequential air she replied: "Perhaps, ma'am, it looks too much like praising myself, considering that I've had the managin' of her mostly, but I must confess that she's lived with me so long, and got my ways so well, that she's as pleasant a mannered, good-tempered child, and will scour as bright a knife as you could wish to see!"
 Saturday came at last, and long before the sun peeped over the eastern hills Mary was up and dressed. Just as she was ready to leave her room she heard Sally singing in a low tone, "Oh, there'll be mourning—mourning—mourning—mourning; Oh, there'll be mourning when Mary's gone away."
 About nine o'clock Mr. Knight drove up alone, Mrs. Mason being sick with nervous headache. "I should have been

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. As 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 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 c-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.

Lady "Bobs" and Her Trunks.
 There is a story going around about Lady Roberts and her trunks, for the truth of which, says the Westminster Gazette, a man returning from South Africa vouches.
 At the height of the transport difficulties, Lady Roberts carried eight large trunks from Cape Town to Bloemfontein in the very teeth of the officers.
 Everybody wondered, everybody grumbled. No one but Lady Roberts could have taken the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and only half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station, some rather uncomplimentary things were said about women travelers in general and this latest transgressor in particular.
 Next day seven of the eight trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed among the soldiers. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape, and had smuggled through comforts for the men. One small trunk contained her personal belongings.
 Sea Fish in Lake Ontario.
 The deepening of the St. Lawrence canal system has had other results than to allow the passage of ocean-going freightage. Following in the wake of the vessels sea herrings have made their appearance in Lake Ontario, and are being eagerly captured by the fishermen.

Preliminary Steps.
 "Are you educating your child with a view to his future college career?"
 "Oh, yes; he's got to begin next week and take a drop of tabasco sauce three times a day."



CITY NEWS

C. A. Ritter, Society Editor.
 We shall know no favorites, and shall be absolutely impartial. To insure publication, all local news must reach us not later than Thursday morning of each week.
 Mrs. A. Dundan is improving slowly.
 Mr. Haskins and family have removed to Tenth and Flanders.
 Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser have removed their residence to No. 351 Flanders street.
 Mr. Wm. Duncan is stopping at Mrs. Merideth's, No. 84 N. Sixth street.
 Miss Hamilton, of Texas, is visiting her cousin, Mr. Robt. Perry, of this city.
 Mr. J. Fitz Keeble will open a fine barber shop on Morrison street, near Fifth, in a few days.
 Mrs. J. E. Watson, accompanied by the Misses Hazel and Kittie Watson, left for an extended visit to California Thursday evening.
 Al Merideth has been incapacitated for a few days as the result of an injury to his thumb, from which blood poisoning set in. He is believed to be out of immediate danger, but still quite ill. He was removed to St. Vincent hospital last Wednesday evening.
 Rev. Pointer, of Oakland, Cal., preached last Sunday evening to a large congregation at the A. M. E. Bethel church. Monday evening he lectured to another large audience. After the lecture, which was very entertaining, the ladies of the church served refreshments in the vestry.

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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.

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