

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XI.

In the old brown school house, overshadowed by apple trees and sheltered on the west by a long steep hill...

When first she was proposed as a teacher in Rice Corner, Widow Perkins, and a few others who had no children to send, held up their hands in amazement...

Accordingly, when it was known that the ordeal had been passed and that Mary had in her possession a piece of paper about three inches square...

"In all my born days I never seen anything like it," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar...

Fortunately, Mary knew nothing of Mrs. Perkins' displeasure, and never dreamed that any feeling existed toward her save that of perfect friendship...

Every possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and she was now at a fashionable seminary...

Unfortunately Widow Perkins' red cottage stood directly opposite the school house; and as the widow belonged to that stirring few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds before anyone is up in the house..."

Mr. Knight had too good a sense to heed the widow's complaints, and he merely replied: "I'm glad on't. Five hours is enough to keep little shavers cramped up in the house—glad on't."

The widow, thus foiled in her attempts at making disturbance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with quizzing the older girl, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sums in arithmetic...

"He's talkin' to Liddy Knight," said she, at the same time holding back the curtain and stepping aside so as not to be visible herself.

"I know them children will split their throats. Can't they hold up a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, greatly annoyed at being thus prevented from overhearing a conversation...

The stranger was at that moment smilingly saying: "Tell me more about her. Does she ever scold, or has she too pretty a mouth for that?"

"No, she never scolds," said Della Frost, "and she's got the nicest white teeth, and I guess she knows it, too, for she shows them a great deal."

"She's real white, too," rejoined Lydia Knight, "though pa says she used to be yellier as saffron."

Here there was a gentle rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."

"Certainly, sir," said she, and stepping to the desk and consulting a silver time-piece about the size of a dining plate, she told him that it was half-past three.

When school was out Mr. Stuart, who seemed in no haste whatever, entered into a lively discussion with Mary concerning schools and books, adroitly managing to draw her out upon all the leading topics of the day.

Finally he said good-night, leaving Mary and Mrs. Mason to wonder—the one what he came there for, and the other whether he would ever come again.

"It beats all nater what's kept him so long," said she, when he at last appeared and, unfastening his horse, drove off at a furious rate; "but if I live I'll know all about it to-morrow."

"Was he hurt?" quickly asked Mary. "Not a bit on't," said Mr. Knight, "but he was scared some, I guess. I got out and helped him, and when he heard I's from Rice Corner he said he'd been into school. Then he asked forty-seven questions about you, and just as I was settin' you up high, who should come a-caterin' up, with their long-tailed gowns, and hats like men, but Ella Campbell and a great white-eyed pucker, that came home with her from school? Either, Ella's horse was scary or she did it a purpose, for the minute she got near it began to rear, and she would have fell off if that man hadn't caught it by the bit and held her on with 'other hand."

land, or you would have mentioned him to me. I like him very much, indeed, and yet I could not help feeling a little jealous when he manifested so much interest in you. Sometimes, Mary, I think that for a brother, I am getting too selfish, and I do not wish anyone to like you except myself, but I surely need not feel so toward George, the best friend I have in Boston. He is very kind, lending me books, and has even offered to use his influence in getting me a situation in one of the best law offices in the city."

After reading this letter Mary sat for a long time thinking of George Moreland—of the time when she first knew him—of all that William Bender had been to her since—and wondering, as girls sometimes will, which she liked the best. Bill, unquestionably had the strongest claim to her love, but could he have known how much satisfaction she felt in thinking that George still remembered and felt interested in her, he would have had some reason for fearing, as he occasionally did, that she would never be to him what she ought to be.

CHAPTER XII. The summer was drawing to a close, and with it Mary's school. She had succeeded in giving satisfaction to the entire district. Mr. Knight, with whom Mary was a great favorite, offered her the school for the coming winter, but she had decided upon attending school herself, and after modestly declining his offer, told him of her intention.

"But where's the money coming from?" said he. "More'n two hundred, I'll bet," said she. "Not quite as many as that," answered Mary; "but still I have managed to earn my clothes and thirty dollars besides; and this, together with my school wages, will pay for one term and part of another."

"Well, go ahead," returned Mr. Knight. "I'd help you if I could. Go ahead; and who knows but you'll one day be the president's wife."

When Widow Perkins heard that Mary was going away to school she forgot to put any yeast in the bread which she was making, and, bidding Sally Ann "watch it until it rises," she posted off to Mrs. Mason's to inquire the particulars, reckoning up as she went along how much fourteen weeks' wages would come to at nine shillings per week.

But with all her quizzing and "pumping," as Judith called it, she was unable to ascertain anything of importance, and, mentally styling Mrs. Mason, Mary, Judith and all "great gumpheads," she returned home and relieved Sally Ann from her watch over unlearned bread.

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in one Saturday morning a half-worn merino, which she thought "mobby" could be turned and sponged, and made into something decent, adding, in an undertone, that "she'd had it out airin' on the clothes boss for more'n two hours."

"I hear you are going to Wilbraham," said she, "but I want you to go to Mount Holyoke. We are going, a whole lot of us—that is, if we can pass examination. Now—not pleased with the idea, but I am. I think 'twill be fun to wash potatoes and scold knives. I don't believe that mother would ever have sent us there if it were not that Ida Selden is going. Her father and her Aunt Martha used to be schoolmates with Miss Lyon, and they have always intended that Ida should graduate at Mount Holyoke. Now, why can't you go, too?"

"I wish I could," said Mary, "but I can't. I haven't money enough, and there is no one to give it to me." "It wouldn't hurt Mrs. Campbell to help you a little," returned Jenny. "Why, last term Ella spent almost enough for candies and gutta percha toys to pay the expense of half a year's schooling at Mount Holyoke. It's too bad that she should have everything and you nothing."

Cures Victims of Drugs. A church union now exists in New York for the most remarkable purpose on record. Its avowed object is to cure the victims of the morphine and other drug habits and a most impressive list of well-known clergymen have registered themselves in support of the scheme, which is conducted by Dr. W. N. Richie.

The plans of Dr. Richie's work and the means by which he hopes to make it effectual are to be made public as soon as possible. All that is withheld from the public is the elements of the mysterious compound, which is Dr. Richie alleges, an absolutely infallible panacea.

Men and women who have sunk to the lowest levels of degradation have, it is claimed, by the use of this cure become perfectly regenerated. Physicians of established reputation privately endorse the cure, and the testimonials appear so convincing that the clergymen who have formed a union on the strength of it feel absolutely sure of its efficacy.

Dr. Richie says that he obtained the cure from a friend of his, who in turn obtained it from a German savant. The friend referred to, having once become the slave of morphine and having but 5 cents left in the world, converted it into a 5-cent stamp to address a letter to the German who had originated the cure. The recipe came, was made use of, and the man, when Dr. Richie knew him, was enjoying an honored old age. A committee has been formed to receive donations for the cure of such patients as are not able to pay.

STOMACH OF A DOG. Reason Why the Canine Species Swallows Stones, Sticks and Grass.

Dog fanciers in Baltimore do not agree with the able physician who is quoted as saying that the presence of foreign substances, like pebbles, glass and feathers, in a dog's stomach makes it certain that the animal was affected with the rabies. Mr. Thomas J. Sheu Brooks, who has made an international reputation as a raiser of St. Bernards, was asked for his opinion on the subject, and said: "The presence of the foreign matter is by no means an indication of rabies. On the contrary, it shows that the dog was suffering from some stomach trouble, which may have given it convulsions and caused it to act in a manner which gave rise to the belief that it was rabid. When a dog is suffering from one or a complication of the disorders of the stomach and intestines, it will swallow bits of most anything that come to hand, hoping to find a counter-irritant which will bring relief. It is really surprising to know what they will swallow under such circumstances and live. I have known several cases where large pieces of glass were swallowed without doing any damage."

One of the best and most successful dog experts and raisers in the country is Mr. Luke W. White. He was, as he says, "born in the kennels," his father having been a famous kennel-keeper in Ireland. For the last thirty-three years he has been an acknowledged authority on matters canine, and has had much to do with rabies, not only from the standpoint of a dog expert but as a graduate of medicine. He said: "My opinion is that the mere fact of finding foreign substances in the stomach is almost a positive proof that the dog did not have rabies. If it indicates any brain trouble it indicates cerebral meningitis, which in its outward forms is much like violent rabies, and is apt to make the dog behave more in accordance with popular conceptions of rabies than the rabies themselves. The fact that a dog swallows grass and occasionally a small stone does not indicate a radically disordered system. The acids in the stomach of dogs are very strong and very plentiful. Sometimes the lining of the stomach becomes so charged with these acids in excess of that required to digest the food upon which it has been living that the dog seeks an irritant which acts upon the walls of the stomach and causes an artificial flow of the acid. Grass is the counter-irritant provided by nature and the one the dog prefers. It does not select smooth grass, but that which has prickly edges and tickles the little vessels containing the acids. If grass is not at hand it will take hair, which never kills. Lacking grass, or hair not being effective, it takes other substances, of which wood is the most dangerous."

Women and Paris. Paris is adored by all the fair votaries of fashion, whatever their nationality. Her caprices in fashion are received by the wives and daughters of the universe as laws, and obeyed with an unwavering faith, a mute obedience that few religions have commanded. Women who yawn through Italy and Greece East have, when one meets them in the French capital, the intense manner, the air of separation from things mundane that is observable in pilgrims approaching the shrine of their deity. Mohammedans at Mecca must have some such look. In Paris women find themselves in the presence of those high priests whom they have long worshipped from a distance. It is useless to mention other subjects to the devotee, for they will not fix her attention. Her thoughts are with her heart and that is far away.

Toad Found in a Bowlder. A remarkable flint bowlder has been discovered at Lewes, England, and is now in the possession of Charles Dawson, F. G. S., of Uckfield. In a cavity within the bowlder was found a full-grown toad, which must, when young, have entered the hole in the stone by a small aperture. There the unfortunate prisoner waxed to adolescence, and probably he may have died of chagrin on finding that he had delayed his exit too long, for the hole afterward became silted up. The bowlder, which is shown in section and also with the pieces replaced, was exhibited at the last meeting of the Linnean Society, and is eventually to be placed in Henry Willett's collection at the Brighton Museum.

English Soldiers' Rations. A St. Petersburg paper has the following interesting item concerning rations in the British army: "The English have plenty of food for their soldiers; but, like the Malays, they feed their men on tiger's flesh to make them more courageous and bloodthirsty."

Now the Horse, being sensitive to ridicule, paused as they were about to enter the gates of the city. "You look so like 30 cents!" protested the Horse, regarding painedly the woman driving. "Well, money's supposed to make the mare go," retorted the woman, with a loud laugh. Saying which she belabored the beast vehemently.

This fable teaches that the gift of speech is not of necessity fortunate.—Detroit Journal.

Love, Not Flattery. Whether to paint to please posterity or the present generation is no doubt a vexed question, for it belongs to few to achieve both. The artist is so largely exposed to criticism from the friends and relatives of the sitter that his position is a difficult one, for demands are made upon his brush which he may be personally unwilling to fulfill. A subtle story is told of an artist, now dead, to whom it was remarked that he flattered his sitters. "No," said the master, smiling, "I only paint Truth lovingly."

If a man is making a living, and not interfering with your affairs, let him alone.



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.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Los Angeles, Cal., are stopping with Mrs. Anne Yates, on Couch street.

Mrs. D. M. Newman returned last Monday evening from a brief visit to Seattle and New Westminster.

Mrs. Mote Freeman, of the River view House, spent last Wednesday afternoon and evening in town.

Dr. Dove Robinson, lately of the Hotel Portland, has left to take charge of a summer resort at Lake Tahoe.

On the sick list this week are still Mr. Waterford, A. Merideth and Miss Louisa Logan all of whom are improving.

On Sunday evening June 23, Children's Day will be observed at the A. M. E. Zion church with appropriate exercises.

C. H. Gray is able to be around and superintend his work, although his wrist is still too weak to allow him to do much work.

The Paul Lawrence Dunbar Literary Society held an entertaining meeting on Thursday evening. On account of the pleasant weather the attendance was not as large as usual.

On Tuesday evening next the Golden Link Society connected with the Mt. Olivet Baptist church will present an excellent program and serve refreshments. All are invited. Admission free.

The Arlington Club, a newly organized society, gave its initial entertainment at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Holds last Wednesday evening. The evening passed swiftly away, being filled with music, song and dancing, during which time light refreshments were served.

In spite of the warm weather, there is great activity in fraternal circles, special meeting having been held almost nightly during the past two weeks. On Monday evening, St. John's day, Rev. Wright will deliver a sermon under the auspices of Enterprise lodge, No. 47, A. F. & A. M., at the A. M. E. Zion church.

We understand that one of our prominent colored citizens was refused the privilege of eating in a little sour smelling third-rate restaurant situated on Washington street last week. It seems to us that the proprietor of this joint is out of place. He should be transported to the Southern states where he would meet with more brutes like himself.

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Knew How It Was Himself.

Queen Victoria frequently visits her tenantry on the Balmoral estates, and a little book could be written about the romantic meetings of Queen and peasant. On one occasion the Queen called on a certain old crofter and his wife, and was as usual received with extreme consideration. The day happened to be misty and very disagreeable, and the oldwife brought a glass of whisky to the Queen, which the royal lady graciously put to her lips. The oldwife of the house with Highland hospitality pressed the Queen to "tak' it aff, for the day is cauld and weet," to which her oldman rejoined: "Toots, wumman—dinna press her Majesty; she mebbe had a drap before she cam' here."—Scottish-American.

He Never Returned. "If ever again you use that word 'she' instead of 'it,' I shall consider it to be a personal insult!" screamed Reginald's sweetheart. "It's very rude in my opinion, to use the same word for ships and such things as you do for ladies!"

"But, my dear," protested Reginald, "everyone does it, and I don't see why you should look at it in that light." "I don't care what you see or don't see!" cried the furious young lady. "I object to it!"

"I think there is good reason for it in some cases," said Reginald. "A locomotive, at any rate, is rightly called 'she.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, putting on a weather-office look which seemed to say—"expect squalls." "And why?" Reginald hastily prepared to depart before replying. Then he said: "Because it makes such a horrible noise when it tries to whistle."—London Answers.

Chinese Tea Raisers. There are over 100,000,000 people in China who are engaged in the tea industry, and some of them are very wealthy, though they know little beyond the cultivation, marketing and sale of teas. Many of these tea raisers and tea merchants are members of the secret societies in the empire.

"There was the biggest fool I ever met," the clerk said, after the man had gone out. "Well, the oldest clerk in the house remarked, 'he would have to be a mighty big one, to be the biggest fool I ever met.'"

We have talked often with undertakers, but never heard one of them recommend a medicine as a sure cure for a complaint.

Reduced Rates. Are now in effect to Buffalo, New York.

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