## FROM USE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XI. In the old brown school house, over-shadowed by apple trees and sheltered, on the west by a long, steep hill, where the acorns and wild grapes grew, Mary Howard taught a little flock of twentyfive, coaxing some, urging others and teaching them all hy her kind words and winsome ways to love her as they had never before loved an instructor.

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, wondering "what the world was comin' to, and if the committeeman, Mr. Knight, s'posed they was goin' to be rid over roughshod by a town pauper; but she couldn't get a stiffcut, for the orthodox minister wouldn't give her one; and if he did, the Unitarian minister wouldn't!"

Accordingly, when it was known that the ordeal had been passed and that Mary had in her possession a piece of pa-per about three inches square, authoriz-ing her to teach a common district school, this worthy conclave concluded that "either everybody had lost their senses or else Miss Mason, who was present at the examination, had sat by and whispered in her ear the answers to all hard questions.

"In all my born days I never seen any-thing like it," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar, to a party of ladies, which she was entertaining. "But you'll see, she won't keep her time mor'n half out—Sally Ann, pass them nutcakes. Nobody's goin' to send their children to a pauper. There's Miss Bradley says she'll take her'n out the first time they get Have some more sass, Miss Dodge. I want it eat up, for I believe it's a-workin'-but I telled her that warn't the trouble, Mary's too softly to pie, I'll cut it.'

Fortunately, Mary knew nothing of Mrs. Perkins' displeasure, and never dreamed that any feeling existed toward her save that of perfect friendship. Since we last saw her, she had grown into a fine, healthy looking girl. Her face and figure were round and full, and her complexion, though still rather pale, was clear as marble, contrasting well with her dark-brown hair and eyes, which no longer seemed unfaturally large. Still, she was not beautiful, it is true, and yet Billy was not far from right when he called her the finest looking girl in Chicopee; and it was for this reason, perhaps, that Mrs. Campbell watched with jeal-

Every possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and no objections. She could not, of course, where the company Mary home, provided she had no objections. She could not, of course, where the course is a contract to the course in the course in the course is a course in the course in the course in the course is a course in the course but still she did not possess one-half the ease and gracefulness of manner which seemed natural to her sister. The two girls had seen but little of each other; and oftentimes when Ella met her sister she merely acknowledged her presence

by a nod or a simple "how d'ye do?"

When she heard that Mary was to be a teacher she said "she was glad, for it was more respectable than going into a factory or working out." Mrs. Campbell, too, felt in duty bound to express her pleasure, adding that "she hoped Mary would give satisfaction, but 'twas extremely doubtful, she was so young, and possessed of so little dignity

tage stood directly opposite the school house; and as the widow belonged to that , hill. stirring few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds before anyone is up in the house," she had ample leisure to watch and report on at a furious rate; "but if I live I'll know the proceedings of the new teacher. Now, all about it to-morrow;" and with this Mrs. Perkins' clock was like its mistrees, always half an bour in advance of the true time, and Mary had scarcely taught a week ere Mr. Knight, "the committeeman," was duly hailed in the street and told that the "schoolmarm wanted lookin' to, for she didn't begin no mornin' till half-past nine, nor no afternoon till half-past one! Besides that," she added, "I think she gives 'em too long a play spell. Anyways, seems of some on

em was out o' doors the hull time."

Mr. Knight had too much good 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 folled in her attempts

at making disturbance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with quissing the older girls, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sums in arithmetic, or whether she took them home for Mrs. Mason to solve!

In spite, however, of these little annoyances, Mary was contented and hap-She knew that her pupils loved her, and that the greater part of the district were satisfied, so she greeted the widow with her pleasantest smile, and by always being particularly polite, finally overcame her prejudice to a considerable

One afternoon about the middle of July, as Mrs. Perkins was seated by her front window engaged in "stitching shoes," a very common employment in some parts of New England, her attensome parts of New England, her attention was suddenly diverted by a tall, stylish-looking young man, who, driving his handsome horse and buggy under the shadow of the apple trees, alighted and entered into conversation with a group of little girls who were taking their usual recess. Mrs. Perkins' curiosity was aroused, and Sally Ann was called to see who the stranger was. But for a wonder Sally Ann didn't know, though she "guessed the hoss was one of the East Chicones livery."

wonder Sally Ann didn't know, though she "guessed the hoas was one of the East Chicopee livery."

"He's talkin' to Liddy Knight," said she, at the same time holding back the curtain and stepping aside so as not to the streets on the dead run; but I mustn't the streets on the dead ru

be visible herself.

"Try if you can hear what he's sayin',"

whispered Mrs. Perkins; but a class of boys in the school house just then struck.

Stay here gabbin', so good-night, Miss Mason—good-night, Mary—hope you've got good news in that ar letter." boys in the school house just then struck into the multiplication table, thus effectually drowning anything which Safly which we give the following extract:

Ann might otherwise have heard.

The moment he was gone Mary ran up to her room to read her letter, from which we give the following extract:

"You must have forgotten George More-

"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 nature of which she could not even guess.

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 Delia 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 yaller as saffron."

Here there was a gentle rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."
"May I go, too?" asked the stranger, following them to the door, "Introduce

me as Mr. Stuart." Lydia had never introduced anybody in her life, and, following her companions to her sent, she left Mr. Stuart standing in the doorway. With her usual politeness, Mary came forward and received the stranger, who gave his name as Mr. Stuart, saying "he felt much interested in common schools, and therefore had ven-

Offering the seat of honor, Mary re-sumed her usual duties, occasionally casting a look of curiosity at the stranger, whose eyes seemed constantly upon her. It was rather warm that day, and when Mary returned from her dinner Widow Perkins was greatly shocked at seeing her attired in a light pink muslin dress, the short sleeves of which showed to good advantage her round, white arms. A narrow velvet ribbon confined by a small brooch and a black silk apron, completed her toilet, with the exception of a tiny locket, which was suspended from her neck by a slender gold chain. This last hurt a miskeeter. And so young, too. It's government she'll lack in. It any-body'll have a piece of this dried apple art's attention, and from some strange cause sent the color quickly to his face. After a time, as if to ascertain whether it were really a locket or a watch, he asked "if Miss Howard could tell him the hour?"

> "Certainly, sir," said she, and stepping to the desk and consulting a silver timepiece 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 top-ics of the day. At last the conversation turned upon flowers; and when Mary chanced to mention Mrs. Mason's beautiful garden he instantly expressed a great say no, and the Widow Perkins came very pear letting her buttermilk biscuit burn to a cinder when she saw the young man walking down the road with Mary. Arrived at Mrs. Mason's, the stranger managed to make himself so agreeable that Mrs. Mason invited him to stay to tea. Whoever he was, he seemed to understand exactly how to find out whatever he wished to know; and before tea was over he had learned of Mary's intention to attend the academy in Wil-

braham the next autumn. 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. Unfortunately Widow Perkins' red cot- The widow, too, wondered and fidgeted as the sun went down behind the long

"It beats all nater what's kept him so long," said she, when he at last appear ed and, unfastening his horse, drove off consolatory remark she returned to the best room and for the .emainder of the evening devoted herself to the entertainment of Uncle Jim and his wife, Aunt

That evening Mr. Knight, who had been to the postoffice, called at Mrs. Mason's, bringing with him a letter which bore the Boston postmark. Passing it to Mary, he winked at Mrs. Mason, saying, "I kinder guess how all this writin works will end; but hain't there been a young chap to see the school?"

"Yes; how did you know it?" returned Mrs. Mason, while Mary flushed more deeply than she did when Billy's letter was handed her.

'Why, you see," answered Mr. Knight. "I was about at the foot of the Blanch ard hill, when I see a buggy coming like Jehu. Just as it got agin me it kinder slackened and the fore wheel ran off smack and scissors."

"Was he burt?" 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-'leven question's tions about you, and fest as I was settin you up high, who should come a canterin 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 minit she got near it began to rare, and she would have fell off if that man hadn't

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 and feathers, in a dog's stomach makes Boston. He is very kind, lending me it certain that the animal was affected 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. On the contrary, it shows that the dog 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 aught save a sister.

CHAPTER XII.

The summer was drawing to a close, and with it Mary's school. She had suceeded in giving satisfaction to the entire district. Mr. Knight, with whom Mary was a great favorite, offered her he school for the coming winter, but she had decided upon attending school her-self, and after modestly declining his offer, told him of her intention. "But where's the money coming from?"

Mary laughingly asked him how many bags of shoes he supposed she had stitch-

ed during the last two years.
"More'n two hundred, I'll bet," said he. "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 riz," 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, mencally styling Mrs. Mason, Mary, Judith and all "great gumpheads," she returned home and relieved Sally Ann from her watch over unleavened bread. Both Mrs. Mason and Mary, laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though, as Mary said, "It was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and cloth-

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who that which has prickly edges and was never famous for generosity, brought tickles the little vessels containing the in one Saturday morning a half-worn acids. If grass is not at hand it will merino, which she thought "mebby could take half, which never kills. Lacking be turned and sponged, and made into somethin' decent," adding, in an undertone, that "she'd had it out airin' on the clothes hoss for more'n two hours!"

A few days afterward Jenny Lincoln came galloping up to the school house door, declaring her intention of staying until school was out, and having a good

Holyoke. We are going, a whole lot of the universe as laws, and obeyed with na-that is, if we can pass examination. an unwavering faith, a mute obedience Rose isn't pleased with the idea, but I that few religions have commanded. am. I think 'twill be fun to wash po-tatoes and scour 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

"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." (To be continued.)

Cures Victims of Drugs.

A church union now exists in New York for the most remarkable purpose son, F. G. S., of Uckfield. In a cavity on record. Its avowed object is to within the bowlder was found a fullcure the victims of the morphine and grown toad, which must, when young. other drug habits and a most impressive list of well-known clergymen have scheme, which is conducted by Dr. W.

The plans of Dr. Richle'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 placed, was exhibited at the last meetfrom 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 wave, it is claimed, by the use of this cure become perfectly regenerated. Physiclans of established reputation privately indorse the cure, and the testimonials the Horse, regarding painedly the 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 Detroit Journal. 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. Richle knew him, was enjoying an honored old age. achieve both. The artist is so largely A committee has been formed to re exposed to criticism from the friends ceive donations for the cure of such pa- and relatives of the sitter that his positients as are not able to pay.

Could Not He Repeated. "I met Higginbee and he stopped me to tell me what his little boy said, but

I'll bet one thing." "Huh! What's that?" "I'll bet he didn't tell his boy what said."-Indianapolis Press.

If Satan ever gets short of fuel be ought to be able to use excuses.

STOMACH OF A COG. Renson Why the Canine Sp-cles Swal-

lows Stone , St cks 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 with the rables. 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 rables. 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 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 reach us not later than Thursday mornyears he has been an acknowledged ing of each week. authority on matters canine, and has had much to do with rables, 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 stom ach is almost a positive proof that the dog did not have rables. If it indicates any brain trouble it indicates cerebro spinal meningitis, which in its outward forms is much like violent rables, and is apt to make the log behave more in accordance with popular conceptions of rables than the rables 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. Some times 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, bus take hair, which never kills. Lacking grass, or hair not being effective, it

Women and Paris. Paris is adored by all the fair votafashion, whatever their nation-"I hear you are going to Wilbraham." ality. Her caprices in fashion are rethe 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 can't. I haven't money enough, and there high priests whom they have long worshiped from a distance. It is useless to for they will not fix her attention. Her thoughts are with her heart and that is far away.

> A remarkable flint bowlder has been discovered at Lewes, England, and is now in the possession of Charles Dawhave entered the hole in the stone by a small aperture. There the unfortunate 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 re-

Toad Found in a Bowlder.

ing of the Linnaean Society, and is eventually to be placed in Henry Willett's collection at the Brighton Museum. Fable.

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 woman driving. "Well, money's supposed to make the

loud laugh. Saying which she belabored the beast vehemently. This fable teaches that the gift of

mare go!" retorted the woman, with a

speech is not of necessity fortunate .-

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 tion is a difficult one, for demands are made upon his brush which he may be personally unwilling to fulfil. 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



## CITY NEWS

C. A. Ritter, Society Editor.

We shall know no favorites, and

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Los Ange-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 On the sick list this week are still

Lousia Logan all of whom are improving. On Sunday evening June 23, Children's Day will be observed at the A.

Mr. Waterford, A. Merideth and Miss

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 takes other substances, of which wood on Thursday evening. On account of is the most dangerous."—Baltimore the pleasant weather the attendance was not as large as usual.

On Tuesday evening next Golden Link Society connected with the Mt. Olivet Baptist church will said she, "but I want you to go to Mount ceived by the wives and daughters of 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. Bolds last Wednesday even-The evening passed swiftly ing. 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, mention other subjects to the devotee, almost nightly during the past two special meeting having been held 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 registered themselves in support of the prisoner waxed to adolescence, and this joint is out of place. He should teous and accomodating. be transported to the Southern states where he would meet with more brutes like himself.

> English Soldiers' Rations. A St. Petersburg paper has the fol lowing interesting item concerning rations in the British army: "The Eng lish have plenty of food for their sol diers; but, like the Malays, they feet their men on tiger's flesh to make then more courageous and bloodthirsty."

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 peasshall be absolutely impartial. To in- ant. On one occasion the Queen called sure publication, all local news must 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 guldwife brought a glass of whisles, Cal., are stopping with Mrs. Anne ky to the Queen, which the royal lady graciously put to her lips. The guidwife of the house with Highland hospitality pressed the Queen to "tak' it aff, for the day is cauld and weet," to which her guidman 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!" M. E. Zion church with appropriate "I think there is good reason for it in some cases," said Reginald. "A locomotive, at any rate, is rightly calle

'she.' " "Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, putti. on a weather-office look which seeme 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 tens. Many of these ten raisers and ten merchants are members of the secret societies in the empire

"There was the biggest fool I ever met," the clerk said, after the man bad 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. Do you expect to attend the Pan-

American exposition? If so, do not buy your tickets until

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