

# 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, 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 be intimate with me, until three or four years ago when Mr. Mason died. We didn't go there any more then, and I asked Rose what the reason was, and she said Mrs. Mason was poor now, and she 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 mustn'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 they die call and speak about them, you must draw a long, 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 and she tried 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 she read about an' 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 was Mrs. Mason, and carefully brushing her hair and trying 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 managing 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 Rully 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 here sooner, said he, 'but the roads in awful rough, and old Charlotte has got a stub or something in her foot. But where's the girl? 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 kissed the child's hair, and then darting off into the pantry, went to skimming some of milk already skimmed. Uncle Eben between times kept ejaculating: "Oh, Lord; oh, my sakes!—oh, for head!" Billy knew it would be lonely without Mary, but he was glad to have

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 feecy 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 indignation 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 training 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 'tuuf.'"  
"Eh, bien, 'tuuf,' tuuf," then, is split t-o-u-g-h, is it not?"  
"Oh, no, 'tuuf' is split t-u-u-f. As a matter of fact, words ending in t-o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."  
"I see, a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuuf' and t-o-u-g-h is 'cuuf.' I have a very bad cuuf."  
"No; it is 'cuuf,' tuuf, tuuf."  
"Very well; cuuf, tuuf and cuuf. And t-o-u-g-h is 'duuf,' eh?"  
"No, no, tuuf."  
"Duuf," then?"  
"No; 'duuf.'"  
"Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?"  
"That is pronounced 'hook.'"  
"Hook? Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'phlock,' or 'plo?' Fine language—'plo.'"  
"No, no; it is pronounced 'plow.'"  
"I shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'Flow,' 'cuuf,' 'tuuf,' 'hook,' and now here is another t-o-u-g-h; that is 'row,' I suppose?"  
"Oh, no, my friend; that's 'ruff' again."  
"And h-o-u-g-h is 'buuf'?"  
"No; that happens to be 'bow.'"  
"Yes, wonderful language. And I have just t-o-u-g-h of it; that's 'enou,' is it not?"  
"No; 'enuf.'—Sheffield Weekly News.

## FREDERICK LUST IS DEAD.

Composer of "My Rosary" Passes Away in Poverty.  
Of thousands who have thrilled to the tender melody of "My Rosary," the composer, Frederick Lust, has just passed away in poverty. It was the last effort of a dying musician, dedicated to a beautiful girl who had brightened his life by her sympathy.  
Frederick Lust, the composer, came from Germany about thirty-five years ago, pursued then and to his death by the sorrow of a lovers' quarrel and separation. In his art he made a splendid success. He became organist of a



LUST AND HIS INSPIRATION.

Vermont church at \$3,000 a year, an opera of his was produced, and his other compositions won wide popularity, the famous "Trilly Wally" alone bringing him a small fortune. He traveled widely, and spent his money with a free hand.  
But as he grew older his health failed and his fortune shrunk until he had nothing left. He lived for a time in San Francisco, then in Colorado Springs in Chicago and Boston. In this last named city he was instructor for a large choral society. Finally, he became conductor for the Marie Bell Opera Co. But the season was not a success, and the company disbanded in Clarksville, Tenn. Lust was left without money, broken in health and spirit. Attracted by his gentle patience, strangers who met him became his friends. They obtained pupils for him, and also contributed personally to his support.

Among those he taught was the beautiful Rosa Walker, whose picture appears here. Often she used to send him flowers to brighten his lonely studio, or delicacies to tempt him when he was ill. One day last fall, while playing an accompaniment to her singing, he fell in a swoon. When he revived the girl was bending over him. "Your name is Rosa," he said. "I shall write a song to you. It will be my last. When it is finished I shall go."  
When he reached his studio he began work on the composition and toiled all night, despite his weakness. At dawn he had completed "My Rosary," and carried the manuscript to the girl's home, where she sang it for him. Then he went back to his room to die.

While he lay ill the song traveled far, and was sung from one end of the country to the other. The young girl sent him flowers every day, and was with him when he died. She sang "My Rosary" at his funeral, and on the grave of her dead friend placed a mound of the roses that he had loved in his last days.

## OUTDOOR PANTRY.

Fresh Air Food Fads Conducted in Peculiar Southern Style.  
Pantry requirements are a trifle paradoxical, in that they are air and light and darkness. A pantry window is essential, even if it be no more than a tiny two-light sliding sash, set anyhow in the outer wall. A regular window is much better. It need not waste wall-space-shelves, but can be so placed

across it as to admit its working. But if a pantry can be allotted as much as six feet of house wall it is better to have the window set crosswise, with the lower edge a little more than breast high. Then, by making one sash of glass, and filling the other with wire-glass, the pantry can have a handy outdoor closet. Have a tight deal partition running out from the sash division, as far as the space permits. Put shelves around three sides of the two compartments thus formed, and close them with tight light deal doors. Thus the indoor pantry can subserve its proper purposes, and the outside closet banish the locman for six months in the year.  
People with plenty of ground space, yet congested houses, may profitably take a hint from the book of south country household economy. It is customary for country folk to have a sort of outdoor fresh-air closet, a small detached structure set in the shade of a place possible, standing upon four tall



legs, with a flat shingle roof of barely enough pitch to shed rain. The ground is at least four feet from the foundation and the whole structure hardly big enough to reach well across. There are shelves all around, and the walls, embodying up next to the roof is full of tiny finger holes. The door fits tight, and fastens with a lock. Around each of the four legs is commonly a tar bandage, applied six inches above the ground. This traps verminous ants, spiders and their kindred, thus keeping the inside clear. The structure is whitewashed inside and out twice a year. In hot weather floor and shelves are washed every morning, and scoured twice a week. Such a fixture should not cost over three or four dollars, even if one hires it built, and it is certainly among the handiest things on can have about the house or yard.

## HALLO! THE SALE ABROAD.

A railroad contractor who has just returned from abroad tells of an experience that befell him in Munich illustrative of the difference in prevailing customs. Armed with a number of letters of introduction to European railroad officials, he made it a point to inquire into the workings of the various systems, and was treated with uniform courtesy.  
At Munich he thought he had acquired all the information he was after, and as he passed out of the office of the man with whom he had been talking he put on his hat. He had scarcely been ushered out when it occurred to him that there was one matter about which he had forgotten to inquire. "I immediately retraced my steps," said the Philadelphian, "and again entered the office, neglecting to remove my hat. I saw the same official with whom I had been talking, and, apologizing for taking up so much of his time, I put the question to him."  
"Without a word he reached up, took off my hat and placed it in my hand. Then he answered my query and bowed me out. It made me feel rather cheap."

## BOOKS OF GREAT PRICE.

A rare collection of old books and autographs was offered for sale recently by a London auction house. One of the most remarkable of the collection was an argument in favor of Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, a pupil of Caxton. Only three other copies of this book are known to be in existence. The first Greek grammar printed in Latin, in 1497, was another of the curiosities of the collection. Tyndale's New Testament, dated 1534, with a picture of Satan with a wooden leg. Cranmer's Bible, printed four years later at Louen, and Cromwell's act of 1652, putting down bear-baiting and wrestling on Sundays are equally of interest. Autographs of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Warren Hastings, Voltaire, and King Edward VII. were included.—London Daily Mail.

## A CAUTIONARY MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Midas (about to make a will) in disposing of his estate, while I am anxious that my son shall have the benefit of a goodly share of it, I do not wish him to become possessed of it in bulk.  
Lawyer—Excuse me for saying it, but the inference of that instruction seems to do your son injustice. He has always aspired to me to be a young man absolutely free from any tendency to dissipation.  
Mr. Midas—Very true, but you cannot tell to what channel ambition for notoriety may lead him; he may take into his head to become a United States Senator.—Richmond Dispatch.

## AMERICAN FOOTWEAR.

American-made boots and shoes are driving British-made goods out of Australia and the British colonies in the East and West Indies and Africa, where they have always had a monopoly.  
Improving Grant's Tomb.  
The grounds around Grant's tomb at Riverside are to be beautified. The trees will be planted, the steep embankment terraced and asphalt walks laid.  
Texas Oil-Pipe Line.  
A pipe line will be built in the oil belt of Beaumont, Texas, with a company backing it for \$10,000,000.  
The average girl is engaged so many times that the engagement ring simply serves instead of a thread to "wind her."

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

**Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.**

A farmer has an ambitious son, 12 years old, who, being left alone for a few hours the other day, tried to clean the clock. He easily got the clock to pieces, but his difficulty lay in putting it together again after cleaning.  
At this task he was only partly successful, and upon his father's return home he eagerly exclaimed: "Father, I've cleaned the clock and got enough works left over to make another one!"—Exchange.

**A Careless Remark.**  
"I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne.  
"In what way?"  
"You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show."—Washington Star.

**"In Bed with the Grip."**  
The Epitaph's Calmer Retreat.  
"Jones, next door, is getting old."  
"What do you go by?"  
"He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden."



**A Philosopher.**  
There's a burglar down cellar, Henry.  
Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are upstairs.  
Wife—But he'll come up here.  
Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely, a 19-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.

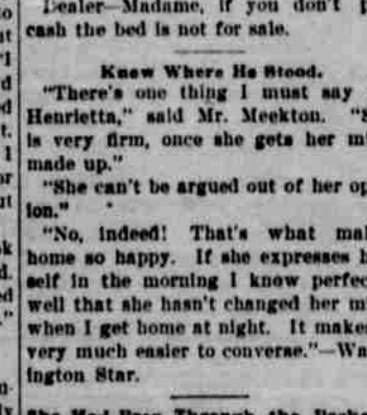
**Clubberly.**—Just because I haven't paid my bill for a year, my tailor won't make me another suit of clothes.  
Castleton—What will you do?  
"I shall threaten to take my trade elsewhere."  
**A Miss.**  
That engagement of young Mr. Dolley and Miss Kittish is broken off.  
"What was the cause?"  
"O, Dolley put his foot in it as usual."  
"How?"  
"He was trying to pay her a compliment and said she'd been looking real pretty the last few days."

**Too Late.**  
He—Your father ought to know what I have to say to him. I have been coming here so long.  
She—I am afraid he has given up all hope.

**Business Reports.**  
Strange Lady—What's the price of this iron bedstead?  
Dealer—Twelve dollars, madame.  
Strange Lady—How much if I pay cash?  
Dealer—Madame, if you don't pay cash the bed is not for sale.

**Know Where He Stood.**  
"There's one thing I must say for Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton. "She is very firm, once she gets her mind made up."  
"She can't be argued out of her opinion."  
"No, indeed! That's what makes home so happy. If she expresses herself in the morning I know perfectly well that she hasn't changed her mind when I get home at night. It makes it very much easier to converse."—Washington Star.

## HE HAD BEEN THROUGH THE POCKETS.



Mrs.—I see by this morning's paper that there is very little change in men's trousers this spring.  
Mr.—Yes, I notice that.  
**Appreciation Appreciated.**  
"Doesn't cook complain of my healthy appetite?"  
"Oh, no; she says she would rather cook for six men with big appetites than for one woman without any."  
**Quite Likely.**  
The Chronic Discussionist (recently)—If Andrew Jackson were alive to-day what would be his sentiments in this matter?  
The Sober-Minded Citizen (wearily)—He would be glad he was dead, I presume.—Puck.

## IN HIS LINE.

Howland Hantt—You are a new member of our company. May I ask, sir, your role?  
The Other—I am the advance agent.  
Howland Hantt—Indeed! Well, could you—er—advance me a fiver?—Philadelphia Record.  
**Close Quarters.**  
She—Am I really the first girl you ever hugged?  
He—Yes; but I've made calls on girls who lived in flats.—New York Weekly.  
**The Care of Riches.**  
"Do you find the possession of a large sum of money occasions worry?" said the inquisitive man.  
"I do," answered the millionaire.  
"What sort of worry?"  
"Worry for fear somebody is going to get it away from me."—Washington Star.

**Home Thrust.**  
Doctor—Do you know that at times my patriotism almost prompts me to give up my practice and enlist in our country's cause in the Philippines?  
Experienced Patient (on the spur of the moment)—You will surely sow the seeds of consternation in the ranks of the enemy, doctor, if you charge them as you have charged me.—Richmond Dispatch.

**Suspected Heavens.**  
"What makes you so unfriendly to that newcomer?"  
"Well," said Bronco Hob, "the first thing he said when he struck the town was that he thought of editin' a paper in Crimmon Gulch. I hate to see a man come around like that advertisin' himself as bloodthirsty an' troublesome."—Washington Star.

**A Disagreeable Characteristic.**  
Katharine—I detest that Mr. Kingston.  
Margaret—Why, Katharine?  
"Oh, he's the kind of man who always calls when you are expecting somebody else who doesn't come."—Life.

**To Be Sure.**  
Mistress—And you say your brother choked to death? What?  
Maid—On a chair, ma'am. He was eating dinner.—Indianapolis Sun.

**The Parktown Minstrel.**  
"Mr. Johnston, can you tell me what's the difference between a Spanish amusement an' what a savage dog gets out of a tramp?"  
"Dat's too rich for me. What's de answer?"  
"It's dead easy. One am a bull fight, de other a full life."

**Bount to Kitch.**  
Sharpson—You made \$13,000 clear last year, and yet you're complaining of your hard luck!  
Phlatz—Well, blame it, look at that \$13."

**On the Part of the Customers.**  
Proprietor (of restaurant)—I believe our new cashier will bear watching.  
Assistant—Bear it? Why, she positively enjoys it!

**A Man of Courage.**  
She—I didn't suppose you had the nerve to kiss me.  
He—Oh, yes. I have got nerve enough to do anything.

**The Honors of Travel.**  
"Did Clara bring home an interesting lot of photographs of her foreign tour?"  
"Yes—dreadfully funny; she didn't write names on them and can't tell what more than half of them are."

## WAS HUNGRY.



Passenger (5 a. m.)—I say, old sport, what o'clock is it?  
Second Officer—We have no such thing as o'clock on board ship, sir. It is bells here.  
Passenger—Then please have me called in time for the first breakfast bell.  
**A Depraved Variety.**  
"What kind of a town is that place you've been visiting, Laura?"  
"Oh, it's the kind that always has a rain going on when you get there."

**As to the New Pastor.**  
Maud—How do you like our new clergyman?  
Mabel—He's splendid. I haven't heard him preach yet, but he gulfs beautifully!

**A Versed Setback.**  
"Well, Jimmie, do you want gran'pa, and pa and ma and Aunt Carrie to take you to the circus?"  
"No, pa; I'd rather go 'th Tommy Dobb's."

**Abile to Comp.**  
Teacher—Thomas, give me your idea of the differences between a curve and an angle.  
Tommy Tucker—My Aunt Ann is all curves, and my Aunt Heppy is all angles.

**The Overcast Vacation.**  
"Yes, when I put away my overcoat for the summer I drop a canphor ball in each pocket."  
"Do you? Three gilt balls are enough for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Urbane Minister Wn.**  
Sarcastic Editor—Your interview with the Chinese minister doesn't seem to have been much of a success.  
Indignant Reporter—It doesn't? I got more questions out of him than all the other fellows put together.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Worst.**  
Mrs. Gush—I heard all about your poor husband having his arm broken in that dreadful street car accident yesterday; let me sympathize with you.  
Mrs. Swagger—Oh, thank you, but that isn't the worst; my new hat was simply ruined in the wreck.—Ohio State Journal.

**American Wives in Jamaica.**  
When you arrive at your hotel in Kingston, Jamaica—and here it may be remarked that the town contains but one hotel worthy of the name—you are at once made aware that the establishment is conducted "on the American plan," says a correspondent in the London Daily Mail. The guide book says so, and the inevitable lead water confirms the statement. Outside, on Harbor street, the fine system of electric trams makes you as an Englishman blush to the hat brim. Call a "bus"—it is a buggy of the American pattern—and drive to the railway station, and once more the handiwork and enterprise of the Americans are in evidence, for the engine is of United States design and the cars are of the same make. One is therefore not surprised to learn that an American started the railway business in Jamaica and eventually sold out at a handsome figure to the government of the colony.

"Believe only half you hear," says the proverb; but when a woman tells you her age the chances are you will hear only half what you believe.