

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER X.

It was beginning to be daylight in the city of Boston, and as the gray east gradually brightened and grew red in the coming day, a young man looked out upon the busy world around him with that feeling of utter loneliness which one so often feels in a great city where all is new and strange to him. Scarcely four weeks had passed since the voice of a tolling bell had fallen sadly upon his ear, and he had looked into a grave where they laid his mother to her last dreamless rest. A prevailing fever had effected what the fancied ailments of years had failed to do, and Billy Bender was now an orphan and alone in the wide world. He knew that he had his own fortune to make, and after settling his mother's affairs and finding there was nothing left for him, he had come to the city, and on this morning went forth alone to look for employment, with no other recommendation than the frank, honest expression of his handsome face.

"It was foolish in me to attempt it," thought he, as he stopped in front of a large wholesale establishment. His eye caught the sign on which was lettered "R. J. Selden & Co." The name sounded familiar, and something whispered to him to enter. He did so, and meeting in the doorway a tall, elegant looking young man, he asked for Mr. Selden.

"My uncle," returned the gentleman, who was some other than George Morland, "has not yet come down, but perhaps I can assist you for the present just as well. Do you wish to purchase goods?"

Billy, thinking that everyone must know his poverty, fancied there was something artificial in the question, but he was mistaken; the manner was natural to the speaker, who, as Billy made no direct reply, again asked: "What would you like, sir?"

"Something to do; for I have neither money nor home," was Billy's prompt answer.

"Will you give me your name?" asked George.

Billy complied, and when he spoke of his native town George repeated it after him, saying: "I have some acquaintances who spend the summer in Chicago; but you probably have never known them."

Immediately Billy thought of the Lincoln, and now knew why the name of Boston seemed so familiar. He had heard Jenny speak of it, and felt certain that R. J. Selden was her father.

For a moment George regarded him intently, and then said: "We seldom employ strangers without a recommendation, and I do not believe you need any. I am wanting a young man, but you are hardly suit you," he added, "the duties he would be expected to perform, which certainly were rather menial. Still, as the wages were liberal, Billy for want of a better, accepted the situation, and was immediately introduced to his business. For some time he only saw George at a distance, but was told by one of the clerks that he was just graduated at Yale, and was now a junior partner in his uncle's establishment.

"We all like him very much," said the clerk, "he is so pleasant and kind, though a little proud. I guess you know him. This was all that Billy knew of him until he had been in Mr. Selden's employment nearly three weeks; then, as he was one day poring over a volume of Horace which he had brought with him, George, who chanced to pass by, looked over his shoulder, exclaiming: "Why, Bender, can you read Latin? Really, this is a novelty. Are you fond of books?"

"Yes, very," said Billy, "though I have but a few of my own."

"Fortunately, then, I can accommodate you," returned George, "for I have a tolerably good library, to which you can at any time have access. Suppose you come round to my uncle's to-night. Never mind about thanking me," he added, as he saw Billy about to speak: "I hate to be thanked, so to-night, at eight o'clock, I shall expect you."

Accordingly, that evening Billy started for Mr. Selden's. George, who wished to save him from any embarrassment, answered his ring himself, and immediately conducted him to his room, where for an hour or so they discussed their favorite books and authors. At last, George, astonished at Billy's general knowledge of men and things, exclaimed, "Why, Bender, I do believe you are almost as good a scholar as I, who have been through college. Pray, how does it happen?"

In a few words Billy explained that he had been in the habit of working summers and going to school at Wilbraham; and then, as it was nearly ten, hastily gathered up the books which he had kindly loaned him and took leave. As he was descending the grand stairway he met a young girl fashionably dressed, who stared at him in some surprise. In the upper hall she encountered George, and asked him who the stranger was.

"His name is Bender and he came from Chicago," answered George.

"Bender from Chicago?" repeated Ida. "Why, I wonder if it isn't the Billy Bender about whom Jenny Lincoln has gone almost mad."

"I think not," returned her cousin, "for Lincoln would hardly suffer her daughter to mention a poor boy's name; much less to go mad about him."

"But," answered Ida, "he worked on Mr. Lincoln's farm when Jenny was a little girl; and now that she is older she talks of him nearly all the time, and Rose says it would not surprise her if she should some day run off with him."

"Possibly it is the same," returned George. "Anyway, he is very fine looking, and a fine fellow, too, besides being an excellent scholar."

The next day, when Billy changed to be alone, George approached him, and after making some casual remarks about the books he had borrowed, etc., he said, "Did you ever see Jenny Lincoln in Chicago?"

"Oh, yes," answered Billy, brightening up, for Jenny had always been, and still was, a great favorite with him; "Oh, yes, I know Jenny very well. I worked for her father some years ago, and became greatly interested in her."

"Indeed? Then you must know Henry Lincoln?"

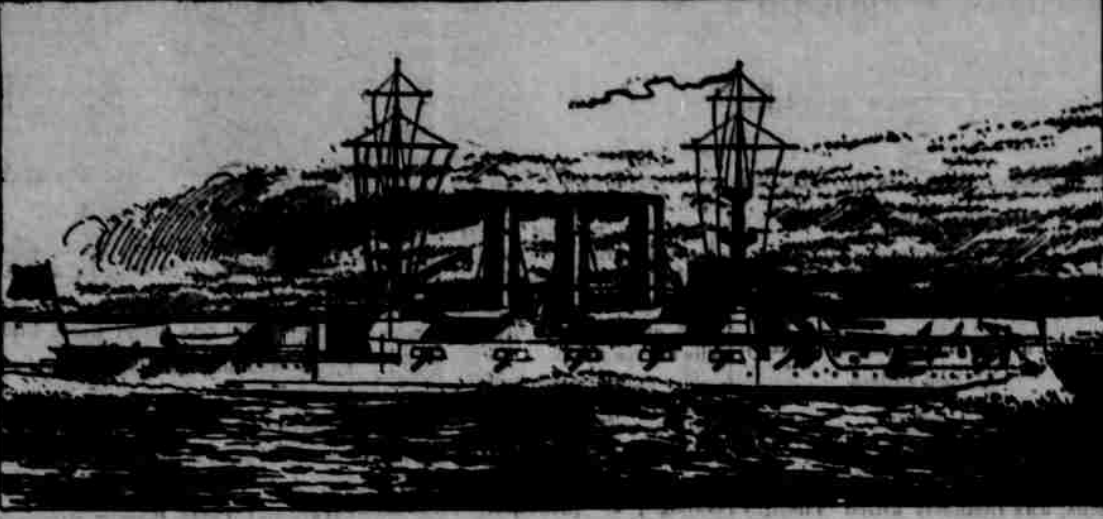
"Yes, I know him," said Billy; while George smiled.

"And think but little of him, of course?"

On this subject Billy was non-committal. He had no cause for liking Henry, but would not say so to a comparative stranger. George, who about moving away when, observing a little, old-fashioned book lying upon one of the benches, he took it up, turning to the title, read the name of "Frank Howard."

"Frank Howard?" said Billy, brightening up, for he had heard the name of that subject warranted.

POWERFUL UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP OHIO.



The battleship Ohio, recently launched at San Francisco, is the newest "pride of the American navy." She is forty feet longer than the Oregon and 2,000 tons greater in displacement. She is twenty feet longer than the Iowa and 1,000 tons greater in displacement than that ship. Her largest rifle will be twelve inches. Her secondary battery will contain sixteen 6-inch rifles. The Ohio's dimensions are: Length on the water line, 388 feet; width, 72 feet 3 inches; mean draught, 23 feet 6 inches; maximum draught, 25 feet 3 inches; displacement, 12,500 tons; speed, 18 knots; maximum horse power, 16,000; total coal supply, 2,000 tons. She will carry one flag officer, one commanding officer, sixteen wardroom officers, twelve junior officers and five warrant officers. In many respects the Ohio will be the greatest of all marine fighting machines. The works of the ship will be of the most approved kind. Her engine room will resemble a great workshop. The works of the ship will be of the most approved kind. The ship herself, with her windings and alleyways, her broad decks and hundreds of apartments, will be like a small city behind walls of steel. She will have her telephone system, her lighting plant and her water works. In this steel-girt city will be nearly 1,000 incandescent lamps and telephone communications between all parts. The filling of one water-tight compartment at any time need be no cause for alarm. The touch of a button in the central station will close every water-tight door in less time than would take to give the order. Her complement will be about 500 men.

SIXTY THOUSAND A YEAR.

Chicago System Has Largest Salaries Telephone Official in the Country.

John I. Sabin, president of the Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone Company, has entered upon his duties in a larger field of activity as the manager of the Chicago system of telephones. There have been promotions all along the Pacific coast line to fill the places made vacant by the transfer of experts from San Francisco and Spokane to Chicago. Mr. Sabin receives a salary of \$35,000 per annum from the Chicago company. He also retains the presidency of the Pacific States company, receiving from the latter corporation \$25,000 per annum. His compensation is, therefore, \$60,000 a year.

John I. Sabin was born in New York Oct. 3, 1847. When 15 years of age he left the public schools of Brooklyn to enter the messenger service of the In-

dependent Telegraph Company of New York. After an apprenticeship of five months he was sent to New Brunswick, N. J., to open an office as operator on the new line then building between New York and Philadelphia. He remained but three months in this position, being transferred to White Plains and from there to New York, where he became night operator on the Western press lines of the United States Telegraph Company.

In 1864 Sabin entered the army as military telegraph operator, and was stationed with the headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps at Fort Petersburg, Va. He served through the war, and when the struggle ended he settled at Raleigh, N. C.

The young operator was restless, and saw in the West the opportunity for advancement which the East seemed to deny him. He joined the Collins overland telegraph expedition, formed for the purpose of building a line overland from San Francisco to the mouth of the Amoor river in Siberia. He was stationed at Plover Bay in Siberia for over a year. In the fall of 1867 Mr.



JOHN I. SABIN.

Sabin returned to San Francisco, and for several years was an operator in the employ of the Western Union, being stationed at Salt Lake, Helena and other places. Since then he has gradually risen to his present position.

It has been his principle to make the telephone popular and profitable by making it so cheap as to be within the reach of all. He has achieved this result by establishing various classes of service, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$5 monthly. As a result of this policy there are about five times as many telephones on the sparsely settled Pacific coast as there are in the densely populated middle West.

Washing a Wild Tiger.

A story copied from "La France du Nord" illustrates the lengths to which perfect fearlessness may carry a man. The famous lion-tamer Pezon hired at Moscow a poor Cossack, who was as ignorant of the French language as of fear, to clean the cages of his wild beasts.

Instructions were given to the man by means of gestures and dumb show, and apparently he thoroughly understood what he was expected to do.

The next morning he began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame

LORD HUGH, THE HOPE OF THE CECILS.



Lord Hugh Cecil, who at a recent Irish demonstration in the House of Commons, advocated the imprisonment of rebellious members of Parliament, is the "rising hope" of Lord Salisbury's "festive circle," as Lord Rosebery recently called the Prime Minister's family. Lord Salisbury's eldest son is not looked upon as a likely successor to the political position of his father, and it is Lord Hugh, the youngest, who is viewed as the coming man of the Cecil. He is the only unmarried son, and has lived all his life with his father, whose disciple he is. He is the only Cecil who raises any enthusiasm, or who wants to be enthusiastic. To him, as to his father, politics is an essential part of religion, and he speaks to the House of Commons as if he were preaching from his brother's pulpit at Hatfield. He is earnest enough to revolt from party ties when they interfere with freedom of thought and conviction, and intense enough to propose a revolution in parliamentary procedure which no other member of the House dare support. He is 31 years old.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntassel, as he dropped a valise full of sawdust on the kitchen floor and placed a gold brick on the shelf. "I have jes' made a discovery. 'Tain' very important, but it's interestin'."

"You don't say?"

"Yes. Ye know it's been said you kin fool some of the public all the time."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm that part of the public."—Washington Star.

Easy Effort.

"I hear that you've been hunting?"

"Yes."

"Bag anything?"

"Nothing but my trousers."

Man and Milliner.

"How do you like my new hat, Harry?"

"Well, it isn't quite as crazy-looking as that last one you bought."

Incompatible.

He—Can't you love me and be my friend at the same time?

She—Hardly. There is honor among friends, but I can do as I please when I love you.

R'g'ed Up in Lino.

"Same old presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I suppose?"

"Not much; we've worked in an automobile collision and plantation rummage sale."

Good Bargainers.

Bliss—I got some eggs of Mrs. Fowler for 15 cents a dozen. I praised her baby, you know.

Fogg—That's nothing. I bought some of Fowler for 12 cents. I spoke in admiration of his dog.—What To Eat.

Not That Kind.

Observer—You don't sweat much at your work?

Laborer—I guess not; a dollar a day ain't sweatin' wages.

Applied Science.

"This article says a man shows character by the way he carries his umbrella."

"Yes, and he shows character by the way he carries off other people's umbrellas, too."

April Admiration.

"Say, that girl in a pink hat is as pretty as a peach."

"Oh, prettier than that; she's as pretty as a peach-tree in full bloom."

First Thing Visitors Notice.

Clark—I knew Miss Kenoba was a stranger to Chicago before you told me. Dearborn—So? How?

Clark—She noticed that all the men in the car had rolled collars on.—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

He (penitently)—You protested as much, dear, that I had to kiss you. She—But I don't see why.

"Because I love you too much ever to disappoint you."

No Romance Left.

Penelope—Why, how could you break off your engagement with him?

Lerida—We were sensick together.

Tact.

Cobbie—There goes Glover, one of my best friends. Never knew him to say one word against me.

Stone—Yes. He's a fellow of rare restraint.

His Failure to Remit.

Lendaman—See here! How about that \$40 you owe me? You promised to get it and send it to me at Atlantic City by last Friday.

Spandanam—Well, I'll tell you. I did start to raise it, but then I remember that even if I did scrape it together I couldn't send it because I didn't have a stamp.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Peril of the Hour.

Jenkins—Great Scott! there comes Jones. Let's turn down this corner.

Jorkyns—Why, do you owe him so much as that?

Jenkins—No, but he's just bought a house in Brooklyn, and I'm afraid he'll ask me over there to dinner.—Leslie's Weekly.



Editor—Did you write this joke yourself?

Joe Kryter—Yes, sir.

Editor—Pshaw! Then you must be about 400 years of age, but I swear you don't look it.

Better than a Tip.

Guest (in restaurant)—You may bring me some roast beef.

Walter—How will you have it, sir?

Guest—Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Plausible Theory.

Biggs—They say the worst tyrant possible is the liberated slave.

Diggs—I suppose that is why the ex-tyrant writes to dictate to her husband.

May Milliner.

Harold, how do you like my new calico hat?

Harriet, you must hear the truth; you look like a plant-stand."

Expert Arrangement.

"Mayne, here's a college professor who says he has never kissed a girl."

"Oh, well; lots of profoundly scientific men haven't really got common sense."

And Also Lawyers.

Bobble—Pa, what happens when cars are telescoped?

Father—The passengers see stars, my son.—Smart Set.

Domestic Opinion.

Husband—I think only sensible women ought to marry.

Wife—Well, you'd be a bachelor if that were the rule.

A Psychic Affair.

"I don't see how you can be so desperately in love with a girl whom you have known such a short time."

"Of course you don't. But I've been loving that girl all my life before I met her."

Most Important Thing.

Professor—Can you tell me anything of national importance about the Hawaiian group of islands?"

Bright Boy—Yes, sir. The Pacific Ocean.

A Vernal Live Wire.

The man in winter flannels oft must croon a dismal tune.

When sweet May weather slips a cog and gets as hot as June.

Gain.

First Financier—I gave my boy \$10,000 to operate with in the street the other day, and he made \$2,000.

Second Financier—Clear?

"Yes. That's what he had left."

Only Half a Success.

"Your club meeting was a feast of reason."

"Yes, altogether; that committee didn't give a bite of anything to eat."

Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Yes, my daughter is very persevering in her piano-playing. Do you notice that she's improving?"

Mrs. Sharp—No, and I notice that my husband's temper isn't.—Catholic Standard.

A Distinction.

Mr. Dukane—What makes Mr. Northside so proud?

Mr. Gaswell—Oh, he is one of the few people that don't claim to have made a barrel of money by the recent rise in stocks.—Pittsbu.; Chronicle.

His Idea.

"I should think," said Mr. Homewood, "that self-respect would deter the street car companies from running summer cars in cold weather."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Beachwood.

"Well, dead citizens pay no fares."

A Bonanza.

"Here's a distinguished scientist who says that after all there is nothing in germs."

"Nothing in germs? Nonsense! Why look how much the doctors have made out of them."

A Neighboring Disturbance.

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Second Ditto—Perhaps not, but it can be heard so much farther.

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Proud Father (to bachelor friend, a veterinary surgeon)—Well, aren't they grand?

The Yet—Yes. I should keep the middle one, if I were you.

So Really Answered.

"How are you going to get along with your examination, Jerry?"

"O, these questions are easy. Here's one: 'What is the national hymn?' Anybody knows what that is. It's 'A-which one is the national hymn, Mr. Brown?'"

"Why, it's—well, you know there are half a dozen of them. Still, I suppose the one we really call the national hymn is—is—what's the next question, Jerry?"

His Claim to Distinction.

"So, that is Professor Dash of the Blank University, is it? Well, what has he been doing to set the people to talking about him?"

"Nothing at all—nothing but teach his classes. That's why I'm pointing him out to you."

Case of Genuine Humanity.

Young Husband—Those are the biscuits you baked this morning, aren't they, Jennie? What are you going to do with them?

Young Wife (tearful and indignant)—I'm going to feed them to the pigeons.

Young Husband—Don't do that, dear, for heaven's sake! I'll try to eat them.

Respectfully Declined.

"My boy, no cigarettes! If you must smoke, smoke cigars."

"But, father, I can't afford it."

"You can use mine."

"I value my friends too highly for that."

Spoolman of Negro Logic.

That famous southern clergyman, Rev. Dr. Porter, recently told a good story illustrating the whimsical ingenuity of the Ethiopian mind. A southern planter who was puzzled by the disappearance of a great deal of rice found out that it had been purchased by a favorite slave. He sent for the latter and said: "Sam, I am very sorry to discover that you are a thief and have been taking my rice." The slave smiled and answered: "I took your rice, massa; but I didn't eat it." "How do you make that came the query. "Well, massa, I belong to you, or does I not?" "You belong to me." "An' do rice belong to you?" "Certainly, then, if I take the rice and eat it, rice it belongs to you still. It goes away from you and no other n-got it, and so I couldn't have stole 'could I?"—Evening Wisconsin.

The Weather Man's Complaint.

I try to please my patrons, but the contract is no fun.

For farmers now want lots of rain; carmen want none.