

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Here Jenny's remarks were interrupted by the loud rattling of wheels, and the halloo of many voices. Going to the door, she and Mary saw coming down the road at a furious rate the old hay cart, laden with young people from Chicago, who had been berrying in Sturbridge and were now returning home in high glee. The horses were fantastically trimmed with ferns and evergreens, while several of the girls were ornamented in the same way. Conspicuous among the many groups was Ella Campbell. Henry Lincoln's long-brimmed hat was resting on her broad curbs, while her white dress was tied under Henry's chin. The moment Jenny appeared the whole party set up a shout so deafening that the Widow Perkins came out in a trice to see "if the Old Harry was to pay, or what." No sooner did Henry Lincoln get sight of Mary than springing to his feet, and swinging his arm around her head, he screamed out: "Three cheers for the schoolmarm and her handsome lover, Billy! Hurrah!"

"Wasn't that smart?" said Jenny, when at last the hay cart disappeared from view, and the noise and dust had somewhat subsided. Then as she saw the tears in Mary's eyes she added, "Oh, I wouldn't care if he did tease me about Billy Bender. I'd as lief be teased about him as not."

"It isn't that," said Mary, smiling in spite of herself, at Jenny's frankness. "It isn't that. I didn't like to hear Ella sing with your brother, when she must have known he meant to annoy me."

"That certainly was wrong," returned Jenny, "but Ella isn't so much to blame as Henry, who seems to have acquired a great influence over her during the few weeks he has been at home. You know she is easily flattered, and I dare say Henry has fully gratified her vanity in that respect, for he says she is the only decent looking girl in Chicopee. But see, there comes Mrs. Mason. I guess she wonders what is keeping you so long."

The moment Mrs. Mason entered the school room, Jenny commenced talking about Mount Holyoke, her tongue running so fast that it entirely prevented anyone else from speaking until she stopped for a moment to take breath. Then Mrs. Mason very quietly remarked that if Mary wished to go to Mount Holyoke she could do so, Mary looked up inquiringly, wondering what mine had opened so suddenly at her feet; but she received no explanation until Jenny had blurted out: "You must go. Then she learned that Mrs. Mason had just received one hundred dollars from a man in Boston, who had years before owed it to her husband, and was unable to pay it sooner."

"And now," said Mrs. Mason, "there is no reason why you should not go to Mount Holyoke, if you wish to."

"Oh, what a fortune-looking place!" exclaimed Rose Lincoln, as from the windows of the crowded vehicle in which they had come from the cars she first obtained a view of the not very handsome village of South Hadley.

Rose was in the worst of humors, for by some mischance Mary was on the same seat with herself, and consequently she was very much distressed and crowded. She, however, felt a little afraid of Aunt Martha, who she saw was inclined to favor the object of her wrath, so she restrained her fault-finding spirit until she arrived at South Hadley, where everything came in for a share of her displeasure.

"That the seminary!" said she contemptuously, as they drew up before the building. "Why, it isn't half as large or handsome as I expected. Oh, horror! I can't stay here long."

The furniture of the parlor was also very offensive to the young lady, and when Miss Lyon came in to meet them she, too, was secretly styled "a prim, fancy, dilly-dilly-tongued old maid." Jenny, however, who always saw the bright side of everything, was completely charmed with the sweet smile and placid face. After some conversation between Miss Lyon and Aunt Martha it was decided that Rose and Jenny should room together, as a matter of course, and that Mary should room with Ida. Rose had fully intended to room with Ida herself, and this decision made her very angry; but there was no help for it, and she was obliged to submit.

And now in a few days life at Mount Holyoke commenced in earnest. Although perfectly healthy, Mary looked rather feeble, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that the sweeping and dusting of several rooms were assigned to her, as her portion of the labor. Ida and Rose fared much worse, and were greatly shocked when told that they both belonged to the wash circle!

"I declare," said Rose, "it's too bad. I'll walk home before I'll do it." And she glanced at her white hands, to make sure they were not already discolored by the tedious compendium.

Jenny was delighted with her allotment, which was dish-washing.

"I'm glad I took a lesson at the poorhouse years ago," said she one day to Rose, who snappily replied:

"I'd shut up about the poorhouse, or they'll think you the pauper instead of Madam Howard."

"Pauper? Who's a pauper?" asked Lucy Downs, eager to hear so desirable a piece of news.

Ida Seiden's large black eyes rested approvingly upon Rose, who nodded toward Mary, and forthwith Miss Downs departed with the information, which was not long in reaching Mary's ears.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" asked Ida, when, toward the close of the day, she found her companion weeping in her room. Without lifting her head, Mary replied, "It's foolish in me, I know, but why need I always be reproached with having been a pauper? I couldn't help it. I promised mother I would take care of little Alice as long as she lived, and if she went to the poorhouse I had to go too."

"And who was little Alice?" asked Ida, talking Mary's hot hands between her own.

In a few words Mary related her history, omitting her acquaintance with George Wendland, and commencing at the night when her mother died. Ida was warm-hearted and affectionate, and cared little whether one was rich or poor if she liked them. From the first she had been interested in Mary, and now knowing her arms about her neck, and kissing away her tears, she promised to love her, and to be to her as true and faithful a friend as she could be. This promise, which was made in the most earnest manner, was of great benefit to Mary, who soon learned to love her for herself, and not because

that he should have earned so much in so short a time; and as soon as she could trust her voice to speak, she asked her what it had thus befriended her.

The preceptress was not at liberty to tell, and with a secret suspicion of Aunt Martha, Mary returned to her room to read the other letter, which was still unopened. Her head grew dizzy, and her spirits faint, as she read the passionate outpouring of a heart which had cherished her image for years, and which, though fearful of rejection, would still tell her how much she was beloved. "It is no sudden fancy," said he. "Once, Mary, I believed my affection for you returned, but now you are changed. Your letters are brief and cold, and when I look around for the cause I am led to fear that I was deceived in thinking you ever loved me. If I am mistaken, tell me so; but if I am not, if you can never be my wife, I will school myself to think of you as a brother would think of an only and darling sister."

For several days Mary had not been well, and the excitement produced by Billy's letter tended to increase her illness. During the hours in which she was alone that day she had ample time for reflection, and before night she wrote a letter to Billy, in which she told him how impossible it was for her to be the wife of one whom she had always loved as an own and dear brother. This letter caused Mary so much effort, and so many bitter tears, that for several days she continued worse, and at last gave up all hope of being present at the examination.

"Oh, it's too bad!" said Ida, "for I do want you to see Cousin George. And I know he'll be disappointed, too, for I never saw anything like the interest he takes in you."

A few days afterward, as Mary was lying thinking of Billy, and wondering if she had done right in writing to him as she did, Jenny came rushing in, wild with delight.

Her father was downstairs, together with Ida's father, George and Aunt Martha. "Most the first thing I did," said she, "was to inquire after Billy Bender's guess Aunt Martha was shocked, for she looked so queer. George laughed, and Mr. Seiden said he was doing well, and was one of the finest young men in Boston."

During the whole of George's stay at Mount Holyoke Rose managed to keep him at her side, entertaining him occasionally with unkind remarks concerning Mary, who, she said, was undoubtedly feigning her sickness so as not to appear in her classes where she knew she could do herself no credit; "but," said she, "as soon as the examination is over she'll get well fast enough and bother us with her company at Chicopee."

In this Rose was mistaken, for when the exercises closed Mary was still too ill to ride, and it was decided that she should remain a few days until Mrs. Mason could come for her. With many tears Ida and Jenny bade their young friend good-bye, but Rose, when asked to go up and see her, turned away disdainfully, amusing herself during their absence by talking and laughing with George Moreland.

The room in which Mary lay commanded a view of the yard and gateway; and after Aunt Martha, Ida and Jenny had left, she arose, and stealing to the window, looked out upon the company as they departed. She could readily divine which was George Moreland, for Rose Lincoln's shawl and satchel were thrown over his arm, while Rose herself walked close to his elbow, apparently engrossing his whole attention. Once he turned around, but fearful of being observed, Mary drew back behind the window curtain, and thus lost a view of his face.

(To be continued.)

Two words that belong to America. Two words that mean as much to-day as they did in 1776, when the people threw off the bands that bound them and became free. There isn't a man or woman or a child in all this great country who should not be proud of America. We are a nation of all people of the earth, and for a wise purpose Providence has blessed America beyond our wildest dreams. On the Fourth of July, 1901, the flag that is a guarantee of Freedom and Liberty floats over countless school houses where education is free. It floats over countless churches where the rich and poor may worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, without let or hindrance. It floats over the homes of prosperous mechanics, farmers, laborers—homes that contain more comforts, more luxuries, more happy families than can be found in any other country on the globe.

Old Glory floats over a happy, patriotic, united, sympathetic people, whose ears are quick to detect the cry of the suffering, whose hearts beat warm for the afflicted. Its folds envelop noble women who are the equals of men, and men who honor all women as they honor their mothers. It flutters to the winds of heaven and gives notice to kings and queens and emperors that a mighty nation has been founded on truth and honor and the equality of all men, and that its course has been up and up and is still upward until no human brain can conceive a limit to the glorious destiny of this great republic.

It is good to be an American. It is a glorious privilege to live where the sun shines on a liberty-loving, contented people. We have taxes—and the ability to pay them. We have strikes, but wise men and wise counsels are every year bringing employer and employee nearer together. We have trusts and great brains that will suggest and carry out measures that will make of the corporations servants, not masters. We have poverty, but our poor are better situated than the poor of Europe. Pessimists have said that our form of government could not last. They said it a hundred years ago, and to-day it is greater and grander than ever.

Be thankful! Be glad that you have played a part in guiding this land to the glorious position it occupies; that you and your children are a part of a government of the people and for the people.

Praise God in His infinite kindness that the blessings are so many and that you have lived to enjoy them, and on this Fourth of July, 1901, the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the nation's birth, sing with a chorus of 75,000,000 people:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty."

THE CANNON-CRACKER.

I was a Chinese cracker,
All clad in glowing red,
Lay trembling in a wood-
box, beside my Tommy's
bed.

"To-morrow," sighed the
cracker,
"Unless I swiftly fly
Long ere the shining sun
is up, I shall most surely
die."

Out of the box he clam-
ored with a glance of dread
Where Tommy, drawing of the Four's,
Lay tossing on his bed.

The cracker, trembling greatly,
Then fled to a wood.
And sought a dark and lonely bed,
Where drops of moisture stood
On flowers and grass. He chuckled,
"This is the place for me."
And set down, as a cold damp stone,
Beside a mossy tree.

The woodland creatures gathered,
And gazed with startled eyes,
And listened to his tale of woe
With murmurs of surprise.

Said the selfish, boastful cracker:
"You see, I am a cracker,
My brothers in that fatal box
Will all be blown to bits."

"While I, because I reasoned,
And dared to act—'PER-BANG!'—
A terrible explosion, I was
Throughout the woodland rang."

It was a fiery frenzy
To-day with that dangling cue;
And into countless pieces
The cannon-cracker flew!
—Mary Marshall Parks, in St. Nicholas.

AUNT HULDAH'S 4TH.

AUNT HULDAH GREEN was in a great haste, and the humble household about her felt its influence in a way that was decidedly irritating and uncomfortable.

For about a week before the Fourth of July she had been making "great preparations." It was a rare occasion when Huldah "went gadding," a red-letter day when she neglected her home duties for a whole twenty-four hours at a time. Yet just that day she was planning to do now, and Uncle Remus shook his head dolefully as he bobbed over beyond the "tatter patch," and sat down opposite his scapegrace nephew, Sam, who was mending a whitewash brush.

"Pears to me dat ole woman gits perker and more foolish eb'ry day," remarked Remus. "Pears to me she must guess we's back in de fifties, plantation hands with jist nothin' on our minds but larks."

"It's allrong de Foth, uncle—de Foth of July," grinned Sam. "Tells yo now, dis chile air' gwine to go totin' down to no passon's jubilee, if he am a relative. Yo heah me?"

"Yass, yo'se goin', yo good for nothin', lazy, lubberin' nigger. Has yo lost all respect for yerself, and de proprietries and yo patriotism? Shame on yo, Mistah Remus Green! to allow dat boy to discuss de motives and intentions of yo helpmeet in dat cole-blooded way. It's scandalous! Yo won't go! Young man, yo be ready bright and airy to-morrow mornin' to drive dis heah ancient couple over to Pine Grove, and yo be prepared to act de gemman, or dar'll be some hot times hyarabouts for yo lazy self, yo heah me?"

Aunt Huldah had taken the enemy unawares. Sam made off, grumbling. Re-

culled quality, doan' forget dat, Mistah Remus Green, to-morrow, and keep yo dignity."

"Well, well, Aunt! What seems to be de trouble here?"

Fourth of July morning was at hand—bright, clear, bracing—yet to poor old Aunt Huldah the sun seemed blotted out, the skies weeping tears of ink.

A booted, spurred pedestrian, superbly mounted, turned into the yard of the little cabin about 8 o'clock, started for the pump.

With a pained smile he challenged the lay-out before him.

Grim as a statue, her faded silk dress smoothed out primly, her bejeweled and bedowered bonnet not a hair's breadth out of kilter, her lace-gloved hands folded in her lap, upon the high seat of the wagon, staring straight ahead, was Aunt Huldah.

"Mornin', sah," she returned tartly. "If yo'll excuse me, sah, I'se celebratin'."

A useful kind of a celebration it seemed, for, although all the glories of bunting surrounded her, although full baskets of generous provisions lay at her feet, Aunt Huldah's face was set in a stern mold that suggested a funeral rather than a lark.

Uncle Remus made frantic efforts to attract the visitor's attention. Finally he got him to one side.

"I knows yo, sah, Young Mistah Austin. I knows yo fine ole family. I knows yo's gemman enough to spar Huldah de humilation of any fuder remarks, sah. She's boilin' now—soon she'll be bustin'! It's shockin', sah, but dar's no muel!"

"No muel?"

"Dat's it, sah. Oh! dat rascal, Sam. He steals out of de house airy dilly mawnin' and makes off across country to see his young lady, and won't be home till no one knows when. De Browns went by and sneered, and de Hoopers went by and yah-yahed, and Huldah's cousin, de reverend Mistah Augustus Brownell, 'il delibe de Foth of July oration, and she won't be dar to heah, because dar's no muel!"

Young Austin smiled amusedly. Then he looked thoughtful, glanced at his watch, at his horse, at the heartbroken but Trojan-faced figure in the old cart, and then acted on a generous impulse.

"Remus," he spoke, "have yo got an- other harness?"

"Pah! of one, sah, but plenty of rope."

"Rope will do."

"To hitch up and drive yo over to Pine Grove—jist dat."

Huzza!

Down the plike rattled the old vehicle. Was there ever such a pace!

Past the gaping Browns; past the staring Hoopers—a whirling blur of color, a blooded steed to the fore, "a gemman of de quality" in the seat, and old Remus holding on for dear life behind!

It was the sunniest day in Aunt Huldah's life. A shaft broke as they turned the curve at the grove, a wheel went whirling off as they halted, but what did that matter? She sat among the ruins like a queen. Mule or no mule, she had arrived on time!

The honor of being driven in state to the celebration added to all the laurels of relationship, and when in his address the reverend Augustus innocently and incidentally alluded to "some coming in chariot," proud old Aunt Huldah darted a triumphant look at "those low-down Browns," and felt that life was worth living, and that its crowning glory had come to her on that great and glorious Fourth of July.

The Flag in Decoration.

Writing of "Civic Festivals and Processions," in the Century, Charles R. Lamb says on the subject of the flag in decoration:

"The Stars and Stripes, though not the most successful piece of decoration, can still be so treated as successfully to combine with any scheme; but to do this it should be massed over doorways or stands, or, if used separately, should be hung repetitively from the windows along the entire line of parade, preferably on one of the upper stories, so as to give a continuous line of red, white and blue from house to house."

"The American flag is not impossible of successful treatment; we have already begun to imitate the French manner of racing small flags in an upright position from a common base, and repeating these groups at intervals; but the tricolor bunting is one of the most difficult to use satisfactorily, because the equal proportion of red to blue is not a fortunate color combination. It would therefore be advisable that the committee in charge should select those symbolic colors which would be treated as such, and use them in such quantity as would give a definite color-scheme to the entire line. The suggestion made by the National Society of Mural Painters that the naval colors, blue and white, re-enforced with gold and natural green foliage, should be used in the Dewey reception parade was probably the first recognition given of the necessity of other colors than the patriotic red, white and blue."

An Early Start.

Hopkins—You country people start late to-morrow on the Fourth of July!

Perkins—Well, we have to—de head of our city relatives coming out to see us—Golden Days.

Truth needs no color, beauty, no pen-cil.—Shakespeare.

—Detroit Free Press.

FLASHY FUN.

"Do you use any fiction in your paper?" "Well, we publish the weather indications."—Town Topics.

Some publisher is missing a golden opportunity in neglecting to bring out "The Love Letters of Brigham Young."—Ex.

"Why are the feelers of a butterfly like the seeds in a California orange?" "Give it up." "Because they're antennae."—Ex.

Was One: Mrs. Empeck—You acted like a fool when you proposed to me. Empeck—That wasn't acting, my dear. —Town and Country.

Charles Loveday—Um, ah, Er, er, er! Er—! he! he—! Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement-rings here, Henry.—Tit-Bits.

Fred—I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours. Ed—You don't mean it? Where did you fall? Fred—I fell asleep.—Tit-Bits.

Molly—My little sister's got the measles. Jimmie—Oh! So has mine. Molly—Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than yours has. —Tit-Bits.

"What is the difference between the cannibals and Mark Twain?" "The cannibals enjoy cold missionary, while Mark Twain likes the missionaries hot."—Life.

On Board Ship: "Can I bring you up some luncheon, sir?" "What? Lunch already? Why, it doesn't seem more than fifteen minutes since breakfast came up!"—Life.

How She Proves It: "Maggie says she's a Daughter of the Revolution." "Can she prove it?" "Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Right Up in Line: "Same old presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I suppose?" "Not much; we've worked in an automobile collision and plantation rummage sale."—Detroit Free Press.

Not an Asylum: Visitor—It must be very convenient to have an asylum right in the heart of your city. New York Policeman—Asylum! That is the Stock Exchange.—Ohio State Journal.

Strong-willed: Kind Lady—It must be hard to get along without working? Tramp—Indeed it is, ma'am; yet have no idea how strong de temptation ter go to work is, sometimes.—Brooklyn Life.

Twofold: Sniffs—There is more sin in Chicago than any other city on the face of the earth. Snuffs—I beg leave to differ. Snuffs—I defy you to name another with more sin in it! Snuffs—Cincinnati.—Ex.

Distiguish: "She comes of a grand old family, I believe?" "Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the Tower during the reign of the fourth Edward!" "How perfectly lovely!"—Detroit Journal.

"How much does a member of the Legislature get in this State?" Inquired the tourist. "His salary," answered Farmer Cornsnoted, "is three dollars a day. Nobody knows how much he gets."—Washington Star.

Suited to a Tee: Fox (to bear)—Come over to-morrow, and we'll play a game of golf on the links. Bear—All right. I don't know what the game is, but if there's any job you can put up on the lynx I'm in with you.—Boston Herald.

His Training: "How did Spudkins get his appointment as Brigadier-General?" I never knew that he was connected with the army!" "Oh, yes, by marriage; his brother-in-law is a United States Senator."—Town and Country.

A Great Preface: Publisher—I fear your book is too short; it consists of only forty pages. Author—Oh, I explain all that in the preface. Publisher—What length is it? Author—Five hundred pages, sir.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples, and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, num. Teacher—Why? Tommy—"Cos t'wouldn't be necessary."—Tit-Bits.

Their Favorite Diet: "The bulls and bears in Wall street are all carnivorous animals," remarked the horse editor to the snake editor. "Indeed?" "Yes; they are fond of spring lamb with United States mint sauce."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Innocence (finding pocket-chips in her husband's pockets)—Dear me! isn't George too thoughtful for anything! I told him to buy something to amuse the baby, and here he has brought home these pretty colored disks.—Philadelphia Record.

A Philosopher: Wife—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 ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—Detroit Free Press.

The Bites of Ignorance: Nagger—Did you see the President about your appointment when you were in Washington? Noodleman—No, but I saw his Secretary. He told me that the President had remarked when the matter of my appointment came up that I was 'person non grata.' Nagger—And what does that mean? Noodleman—Why, it's Latin for 'no person greater.' Rather high praise, coming from a man of his distinction, eh?—Richmond Dispatch.

Body Shorter at Night.

The human body, it has been found, is shorter at night than in the morning, due to the weight of the body compressing the intervertebral cartilages. During sleep, or while in a recumbent position, the pressure being removed, their natural elasticity enables them to resume their normal size, consequently the height of an individual will vary from three-eighths to half an inch between morning and night.

A woman's sympathies are aroused when any one else on earth gets sick, except her dressmaker.

LIBERTY FREEDOM

1620

THE CANNON-CRACKER.

AUNT HULDAH'S 4TH.

FLASHY FUN.

THEIR FIRST PACKAGE OF FIRECRACKERS.