

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pillow from my head and put another blanket on my feet, and fix the fire, and give me some water, or something? Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Rose Lincoln, as with aching head and lungs she did penance for her imprudence in crossing the wet, slippery street in thin slippers and silken hose.

Mrs. Lincoln, who knew nothing of this exposure, loudly lamented the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, imputing it wholly to Mount Holyoke discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she'd been wise and kept her at home." Jenny would have wished so, too, if by this means Rose's illness could have been avoided, for it was not a very agreeable task to stay in that close sick-room, listening to the complaints of her fault-finding sister, who tossed and turned and fretted, from morning until night, sometimes wishing herself dead, and then crying because she "wanted something, and did not know what."

"Oh! dear," said she, one evening several days after the commencement of her illness, "how provoking to be obliged to lie here moping with the dulllest of all dull company when there's Mrs. Russell's party next week, and I've such a lovely dress to wear. Why ain't I as strong and healthy as you?—though I wouldn't be so fat for anything. I'll go to that party sick or well. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Jenny looked up in surprise, asking why her sister was so particularly anxious to attend the party.

"Because," returned Rose, "Mary Howard will be there, and you know as well as I how awkward she'll appear—never was in any kind of society in her life."

"I don't see what inducement that can be for you to expose your health," said Jenny, and Rose continued:

"I want to see Ida mortified once, for she might know better than to bring a green country girl here, setting her up as something wonderful, and expecting everybody to believe it just because Miss Selden said so. Come, bring me my dress, Jenny; I want to see if the Honiton lace on the caps is as wide as Ida Selden's."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny, turning quickly toward her sister, whose white, wasted face looked fitter for a shroud than a gay party dress.

"I mean what I say," returned Rose; "I'm not going to be cooped up here any longer. I'm going to the party to-morrow night, if I never go again."

"Why, Rose Lincoln, are you crazy?" asked Jenny. "You haven't been in the street yet, and how do you expect to go to-morrow night? Mother wouldn't let you, if she were here."

"Well, thank fortune! she and father both are in Southbridge; and besides that I'm a great deal better; so hand me my dress."

Jenny complied, and reclining on pillows scarcely whiter than herself, Rose Lincoln examined and found fault with a thin gossamer fabric, little suited for anyone to wear on a cold, wintry night, and much less for her.

"There, I knew it wasn't as wide as Ida's into an eighth of an inch," said she, measuring with her finger the expensive lace. "I'll have some new. Come, Jenny, suppose you go down street and get it, for I'm bent upon going;" and the thoughtless girl sprang lightly upon the floor, and chased halfway across the room to show how well and strong she was.

Jenny knew that further expostulation from her was useless, but she refused to go for the lace, and Sarah, the servant girl, was sent with a note from Rose saying she wanted a nice article, eight or ten dollars per yard.

"I don't believe father would like to have you make such a bill," said Jenny, when Sarah was gone. "Mother didn't dare to tell him about your new dress, for he told her she mustn't get anything charged, and he said, too, something about hard times. Perhaps he's going to fail. Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

If Rose heard the last part of this sentence she did not heed it, for to her the idea of her father's failing was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl and descending to the dining-parlor, remained below stairs all the afternoon, forcing back her cough, and chatting merrily with a group of young girls who had called to see her, and congratulated her upon her improved health, for excitement lent a deep glow to her cheek, which would easily deceive the inexperienced. The next day, owing to overexertion, Rose's temples were throbbing with pain, and more than once she half-determined not to go; but her passion for society was strong, and Mrs. Russell's party had so long been anticipated and talked about that she felt she would not miss it for the world, and, as she had confessed to Jenny, there was also a mean curiosity to see how Mary Howard would appear at a fashionable party.

"Saturate my handkerchief with cologne, and put the vinaigrette where I can reach it while you arrange my hair," she said to Sarah, who at the usual hour came up to dress her young mistress for the evening. "There, be careful and not brush so hard, for that ugly pain isn't quite gone—now bring me the glass and let me see if I do look like a ghost."

"Pale, delicate folks is always more

interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flattering servant.

"Mercy, how white I am!" exclaimed Rose, glancing at the ashen face reflected by the mirror. "Rub my cheeks with cologne, Sarah, and see if that won't bring some color into them. There, that'll do. Now hand me my dress. On, isn't it beautiful?" she continued, as she threw aside the thickly wadded double gown and assumed a light, thin dress, which fell in fleecy folds around her slight figure.

When her toilet was completed Rose stood up before the long mirror, and a glow of pride came to her cheeks as she saw how lovely she really was.

"You're enough sight handsomer than Miss Jenny," whispered Sarah as the door opened and Jenny appeared more simply arrayed than her sister, but looking as fresh and blooming as a rosebud.

"How beautiful you are, Rose," she said, "only it makes me shiver to look at your neck and arms. You'll wear your woolen sack, besides your shawl and cloak, won't you?"

"Nonsense, I'm not going to be bundled up this way, for don't you see it muzzles the lace," said Rose, refusing the warm sack which Jenny brought her.

A rap at the door and a call from Henry that the carriage was waiting ended the conversation, and, throwing on their cloaks and hoods, the girls descended to the hall, where, with unusual tenderness, Henry caught up his invalid sister, and, drawing the veil closely over her face, carried her to the covered sleigh, so that her feet might not touch the icy walk.

"What? Rose Lincoln here?" exclaimed half a dozen voices as Rose bounded into the dressing-room.

"Yes, Rose Lincoln is here," she replied, gayly, divesting herself of her wrappings. "I'm not going to die just yet, I guess, neither am I going to be housed up all winter. The fresh air has done me good already—see," and she pointed to a bright, round spot which burned her cheek.

A young girl, whose family had one by one fallen victims to the great New England plague, consumption, shuddered and turned away, for to her eye the glow which Rose called health was but the hectic bloom of death.

"How beautiful she is!" said more than one, as with her accustomed grace Rose entered the brilliant drawing-room. And truly Rose was beautiful that night, but like the gorgeous foliage of the fading autumn, 'twas the beauty of decay, for death was written on her blue-veined brow, and lurked amid the roses on her cheek. But little thought she of that, as with smiling lip and beaming eye she received the homage of the admiring throng.

Just then Ida and Mary were announced. Both Aunt Martha and Ida had taken great pains to have their young friend becomingly dressed, and she looked unusually well in the embroidered muslin skirt, satin waist and blonde bertha which Aunt Martha had insisted upon her accepting as a present. The rich silken braids of her luxuriant hair were confined at the back of her finely formed head with a golden arrow, which, with the exception of a plain band of gold on each wrist, was the only ornament she wore. This was her first introduction to the gay world, but so keen was her perception of what was polite and proper that none would ever have suspected it; and yet there was about her something so fresh and unstudied, that she had hardly entered the room ere many were struck with her easy, unaffected manners, so different from the practiced airs of the city belles.

Ella watched her narrowly, whispering aside to Henry how sorry she felt for poor Mary, she was so verdant, and really hoped she wouldn't do anything very awkward, for 'twould mortify her to death! "But look," she added, "and see how many people Ida is introducing her to."

"Of course, why shouldn't she?" asked Henry; and Ella replied:

"I don't know—it seems so funny to see Mary here, doesn't it?"

Before Henry could answer, a young man of his acquaintance touched his shoulder, saying: "Lincoln, who is that splendid-looking girl with Miss Selden? I haven't seen a finer face in Boston for many a day."

"That? Oh, that's Miss Howard, from Chicopee. An intimate friend of our family. Allow me the pleasure of introducing you," and Henry walked away, leaving Ella to the tender mercies of Rose, who, as one after another quitted her side and went over to the "enemy," grew very angry, wondering if folks were bewitched, and hoping Ida Selden "felt better, now that she'd made so many notice her protegee."

Later in the evening, William Bender came, and immediately Jenny began to talk to him of Mary, and the impression she was making. Placing her hand familiarly upon his arm, as though that were its natural resting place, she led him toward a group, of which Mary seemed the center of attraction. Near her stood Henry Lincoln, redoubling his flattering compliments in proportion as Mary grew colder and more reserved in her manner toward him. Silly and conceited as he was, he could not help noticing how differently she received William Bender from what she had himself.

"But all in good time," thought he, glancing at Ella, to see how she was af-

fecting by his desertion of her and his flirtation with her sister. She was standing a little apart from any one, and with her elbow resting upon a marble stand, her cheeks flushed, and her eyelashes moist with the tears she dare not shed, she was watching with feelings in which more of real pain than jealousy was mingled, for Ella was weak and simple-hearted, and loved Henry Lincoln far better than such as he deserved to be loved.

"Of what are you thinking, Ella?" asked Rose, who finding herself nearly alone, felt willing to converse with almost anyone.

At the sound of her voice Ella looked up, and coming quickly to her side, said: "It's so dull and lonesome here, I wish I'd stayed at home."

In her heart Rose wished so, too, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and feeling unusually kind toward Ella, whose uneasiness she readily understood, she replied: "Oh, I see you are jealous of Henry, but he's only trying to tease you, for he can't be interested in that awkward thing."

"But he is, I almost know he is," returned Ella, with a trembling of the voice she tried in vain to subdue; and then, fearing she could not longer restrain her emotion, she suddenly broke away from Rose, and ran hastily up to the dressing-room.

Nothing of all this escaped Henry's quick eye, and as sundry unpaid bills came looming up before his mind, he thought proper to make some amends for his neglect. Accordingly, when Ella returned to the drawing room he offered her his arm, asking: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying:

"Nothing, they weren't red."

Meantime, William Bender, having managed to drop Jenny from his arm, had asked Mary to accompany him to the conservatory. As they stood together, admiring a rare exotic, William's manner suddenly changed, and drawing Mary closer to his side, he said distinctly, though hurriedly: "I notice, Mary, that you seem embarrassed in my presence, and I have, therefore, sought this opportunity to assure you that I shall not again distress you by a declaration of love, which, if returned, would now give me more pain than pleasure, for as I told you at Mr. Selden's, I am changed in more respects than one. It cost me a bitter struggle to give you up, but reason and judgment finally conquered, and now I can calmly think of you as some time belonging to another, and with all a brother's confidence can tell you that I, too, love another—not as once I loved you, for that would be impossible, but with a calmer, more rational love."

All this time Mary had not spoken, though the hand which William had taken in his trembled like an imprisoned bird; but when he came to speak of loving another, she involuntarily raised his hand to her lips, exclaiming, "It's Jenny, it's Jenny!"

"You have guessed rightly," returned William, smiling at the earnestness of her manner. "It is Jenny, though how such a state of things ever came about is more than I can tell you."

Fearing that they might be missed, they at last returned to the parlor, where they found Ella seated at the piano, playing a very sprightly polka. Henry, who boasted he "could wind her around his little finger," had succeeded in coaxing her into good humor, but not at all desiring her company for the rest of the evening, he asked her to play as the easiest way to be rid of her. When she looked around for commendation from the one for whose ear alone she had played she saw him across the room wholly engrossed with her sister.

Poor Ella! it was with the saddest heartache she had ever known that she returned from a party which had promised her so much pleasure, and which had given her so much pain. Rose, too, was utterly disappointed. One by one her old admirers had left her for the society of the "pauper," as she secretly styled Mary, and more than once during the evening had she heard the "beauty" and "grace" of her rival extolled by those for whose opinion she cared the most; and when at 1 o'clock in the morning she threw herself exhausted upon the sofa, she declared, "'twas the last party she'd ever attend."

Alas, for thee, Rose! that declaration proved too true!

(To be continued.)

What a Boy Should Know.

Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to—

Write a good hand.

Spell all the words in ordinary use.

Know how to use these words.

Speak and write good English.

Write a good social letter.

Add a column of figures rapidly.

Make out an ordinary account.

Receipt it when paid.

Write an advertisement for a local paper.

Write a notice or report of a public meeting.

Write an ordinary promissory note.

Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years.

Draw an ordinary bank check.

Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in day-book and ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.

Tell the largest number of bushels of wheat in the largest bin, and the value at current rates.

Tell something about the laws of health and what to do in case of emergency.

Know how to behave in public and society.

Be able to give the great general principles of religion.

Have sufficient common sense to get along in the world.—National Educator.

WOMEN CARRY U. S. MAIL.

Men Couldn't Do It, So They Have the Contracts.

The determination and nerve of a woman have come to the rescue of the postal authorities in supplying a carrier for the United States mail on the star route between Sterling and Milledgeville, Ill. Mrs. Frank Giffrow, of Sterling, has taken the position as driver of the mail wagon and stage which makes the trip daily, a drive of thirty miles. The contract for carrying the mail over the route was let some time ago to Chester A. Call, of Algona, Ia., and it has been an elephant on his hands. A Sterling liveryman was engaged as driver, but gave it up, and then a firm of blacksmiths undertook to deliver the mail for Mr. Call. They lost over a hundred dollars in three months, owing to accidents and lack of business on the stage which carries the mail. Several drivers were hired for short terms, each finally becoming disgusted and quitting.

Then Mrs. Giffrow came to the rescue and made a contract to deliver the mail for a year for \$420, Contractor Call paying her that price at a loss of \$80 to himself on the contract. On her first trip Mrs. Giffrow carried a large quantity of ice cream to supply a lodge banquet at Milledgeville. She has secured a spirited team and new wagon and will make an effort to build up the passenger business, which was once considerable. She has the privilege of carrying all sorts of merchandise, and has already arranged to deliver milk for a dairyman, but she refused to carry a jug of whisky to Milledgeville. The people of Sterling, Jordan, Coleta, and Milledgeville, the line of her route, are confident of her success where so many others have failed. Mrs. Giffrow's husband is a carpenter and she has several children, all old enough to attend school while she is making her trips. The Milledgeville star route is one of

don't want this horse you sold me! He shies, I can't get him to cross the bridge."

"That's the reason I sold him," said the dealer, calmly. "Why did you come to me for the horse?"

"I saw your advertisement in the paper."

"I thought so. I gave my reason for selling him."

"Yes; to be sold, you stated, for no other reason than that the owner wanted to go out of town."

"Well, if you can get out of town with him," said the dealer, "it will be more than I can do."—London Answers.

A DEMOCRATIC EMPEROR.

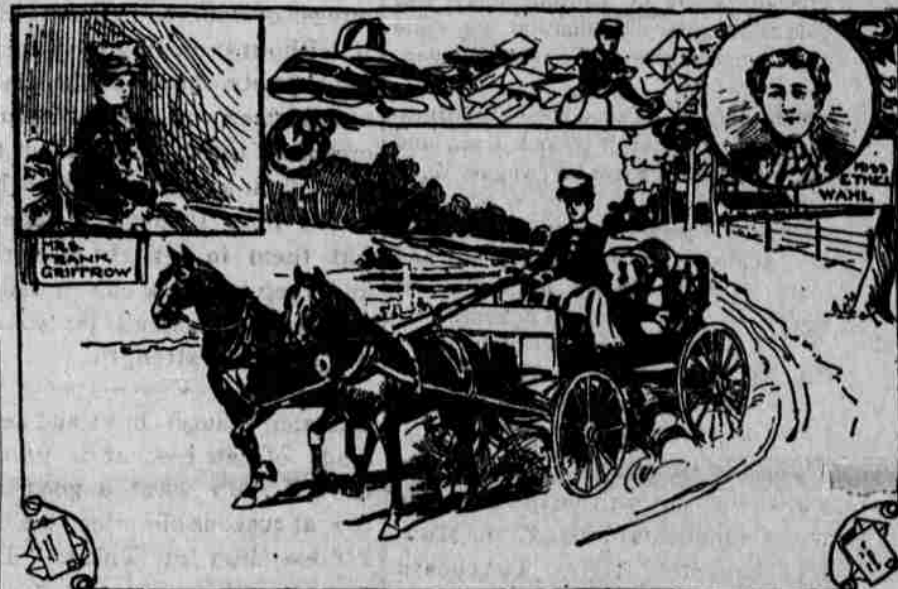
Many Little Acts of Kindness of Francis Joseph of Austria.

Like many who live in the rarified atmosphere of courts, Emperor Francis Joseph enjoys nothing better than



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

a glimpse into the lives of his humblest subjects. So, in order to come closer in touch with the peasants, he has fallen into the habit of walking out alone every Sunday afternoon. Us-



WOMEN MAIL CARRIERS.

the few remaining stage routes in this section of the country and has a history of fascinating interest. In early days the old stage route from Freeport to Rock Island was infested by the "prairie bandits," the band of murderers and robbers that was broken up by Detective Bonney and the "Regulators" of the early '30s. It was along this route that Bonney took the murderers of Colonel Davenport to Rock Island, holding pistols to their heads as the bandits rode up to the stage and preventing the rescue of the prisoners. It was along this route that the "underground railroad" of ante-bellum days ran, and the old stage brought disguised slaves to the homes of Ivory Colcord and other Abolitionists in the region of Coleta. After the war there were several murders along the line between Milledgeville and Sterling, the last one being the killing of George Kauffman four years ago, of whose murderers the officers and detectives have never been able to find the slightest clew.

The country now is thickly settled, substantial farm houses and occasional churches and schools line the route, but the road is beset with many difficulties. The spring freshets swell the Elkhorn Creek into a raging torrent, sometimes sweeping men and horses from the road to meet death in the stream. Through Jordan Township a graveled road goes over the hills, and the descent to the plains of Genesee is made on the perilous slope of the "Big Mound," where, in the winter, treacherous snow banks hide the gullies and where accidents are common the year around.

Another Sterling woman, Miss Ethel Wahl, sister of Deputy Sheriff Frank Wahl, has been engaged as substitute carrier for the three rural free delivery mail routes out of Sterling, and has covered one of the routes successfully. Special Agent Charles Lynn, who has charge of the rural free delivery routes in the Central States, awarded the position to Miss Wahl personally, expressing the utmost confidence in woman mail carriers, who, he said, had been tried in other places and had tended to the business better, had covered the routes more speedily and with fewer mistakes and complaints than the men.

Exactly as Advertised.

An Indignant Working farmer returned to a horse dealer's about an hour after purchasing a horse.

"Look here, sir!" he exclaimed, "I

ually he turns his back upon the city and strolls out upon one of the country roads, where he almost invariably finds a companion going the same way, a simple tiller of the soil. When the Emperor's questions regarding the details of life in the work-a-day world bring down no suspicion of his identity; when he is regarded merely as a kind, chatty stranger than he is pleased. On one occasion an old man having listened to the sovereign's talk with a group of laborers, without knowing who he was, followed Francis Joseph as he retraced his steps to the city. Gradually the old man edged up alongside. "Hello, stranger, you going up to town, too, looking for work?" he inquired, confidentially. His answer was a bright gold piece slipped into his hand by the "stranger," accompanied by a few words of cheer. This unexpected liberality on the part of his affable companion so fascinated the peasant that they walked on together until they reached the palace gate. Some time later a foot passenger found the bewildered old man stumbling along the road, looking first at the gold piece in his palm and then back over his shoulder toward the Emperor's palace.

American Roads Superior.

England, until recently, has boasted of its steam railroads with scarcely a dissenting voice. But Englishmen who have traveled in the United States tell a different story on their return. Although English railroads have the advantage of elevated or depressed tracks, so that they are not troubled with grade crossings, they do not make the speed or run punctually as do American roads. The United States can set an example to the world in the successful operation of railways. The American railroad gives the traveler more comfort, more speed, better connections, and in nearly every particular more value for his money, than he can get at the same rate on any railroad in Europe.—Syracuse Post.

Shrewd.

"I insist that my daughter shall play nothing but classical music," said Mr. Sirius Barker.

"For what reason?"

"None of the neighbors know a thing about it, and she can murder a piece all she wants to without their daring to say a word."—Washington Star.

How people love a little excitement!