

CORVALLIS



SEMI-WEEKLY.

GAZETTE.

UNION Estab. July, 1897.
GAZETTE Estab. Dec., 1862. [Consolidated Feb., 1899.]

CORVALIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1901.

VOL. II. NO. 9.

**FROM
POORHOUSE TO PALACE**

BY MARY J. HOLMES

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

When first she was proposed as a teacher in Rice Corner, Widow Perkins and a few others who had no children to send, held up their hands in amazement, wondering "what the world was comin' to, and if the committee-man, Mr. Knight, pos'ed the way was goin' to be rid over roughshod by a town pauper; but she couldn't get a stiffen for the orthodox minister wouldn't give her one; and if he did, the Unitarian minister wouldn't."

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

"In all my days I never seen anything like it," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar, to a party of ladies, which was entertaining. "But you'll see, she won't keep her time more half out—Sally Ann, pass them nutcakes. Nobody's goin' to send their children to a pauper. There's Miss Bradley says she'll take her out the first time they get licked. Have some more sass, Miss Dodge. I want it eat up, for I believe it's a-wokin'—but I tell her that warn't the trouble, Mary's too softy to burn a misketeer. And so young, too. It's government she'll lack in. If anybody have a piece of this dried apple pie, I'll eat it."

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

Every possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and she had learned to fishin' and swim, but still she did not possess one-half the ease and gracefulness of manner which seemed natural to her sister. The two girls had seen but little of each other; and oftentimes when Ella met her sister she merely acknowledged her presence by a nod or a simple "how d'y'e do?"

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

Unfortunate! Widow Perkins red cottage stood directly opposite the school house; and as the widow belonged to that stirring few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds before anyone is up in the house," she had ample leisure to watch and report on the proceedings of the new teacher. Now, Mrs. Perkins' clock was like its mistress, always half an hour in advance of the true time, and Mary had scarcely taught a week ere Mr. Knight, "the committee-man," was duly haled in the street and told that the "schoolmarm wanted lookin' for, for she didn't begin to now in till half-past nine, nor no afternoon till half-past one!" Besides that, she added, "I think she gives 'em too long a play speakin' days, seein' of some on 'em out o' doors the half time."

Mr. Knight had too much good sense to heed the widow's complaints, and he merely replied: "I'm glad out. Five hours is enough to keep little shavers cramped up in the house—glad out."

The widow, thus failed in her attempts at making disturbance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with quizzing the older girls, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sum in arithmetic, or whether she took them home for Mrs. Mason to solve!

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

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

"He's talkin' to Liddy Knight," said the widow, at the same time holding back the curtain and stepping aside so as not to be visible herself.

"Try if you can hear what he's sayin'," whispered Mrs. Perkins; but a class of boys in the school house just then struck into the multiplication table, thus effectively drowning anything which Sally Ann might otherwise have heard.

"I know them children will split their throats. Can't they hold up a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, greatly annoyed by being thus prevented from overhearing a conversation the nature of which she could not even guess.

The stranger was at that moment smiling, saying "I'll tell you more about her. Does she ever scold, or has she too pretty a mouth for that?"

"No, she never scolds," said Ella Frost, "and she's got the nicest white teeth, and I guess she knows it, too, for she shows them a great deal."

"She's real white, too," rejoined Lydia Knight, "though papa says she used to be yellow as saffron."

Here there was a brief rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."

"May I go, too?" asked the stranger, following them to the door. "Introduce me as Mr. Stuart."

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

Offering the seat of honor, Mary resumed her usual duties, occasionally casting a look of curiosity at the stranger, whose eyes seemed constantly upon her. It was rather warm that day, and when Mary returned from her dinner Widow Perkins was greatly shocked at seeing her attired in a light pink muslin dress, the short sleeves of which showed to good advantage, her round, white arms. A narrow vest, a bonnet confined by a small brooch and a blue silk apron, completed her toilet, with the exception of a tiny locket, which was suspended from her neck by a slender gold chain. This last ornament immediately drew Mrs. Stuart's attention, and she removed it from her wrist over unbuttoned bread. Both Mrs. Mason and Mary laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though as Mary said, "It was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and clothing."

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in a lively discussion with Mary concerning schools and books, adroitly managing to draw her out upon all the leading topics of the day. At last the conversation turned upon flowers; and when Mary chanced to mention Mrs. Mason's beautiful garden, he instantly expressed a great desire to see it, and finally offered to accompany Mary home, provided she had no objections. She could not, of course, say no, and the Widow Perkins came away with her, letting the milk begin to burn to a cinder when she saw the young woman walking down the road with Mary. Arrived at Mrs. Mason's, the stranger managed to make himself so agreeable that Mrs. Mason invited him to stay to tea. Whoever he was, he seemed to understand exactly how to find out whatever he wished to know; and before tea was over he had learned of Mary's intention to attend the academy in Wiliambram the next autumn.

Finally he said good-night, leaving Mary and Mrs. Mason to wonder—the one what he came there for, and the other whether he would ever come again. The widow, too, wondered and fidgeted as the sun went down behind the long hill.

"It beats all natter what's kept him so long," said she, when he at last appeared and, unfastening his horse, drove off at a furious rate; "but if I live I'll know all about it to-morrow;" and with this consolatory remark she returned to the best room and for the remainder of the evening devoted herself to the entertainment of Uncle Jim and his wife, Aunt Dolly.

That evening Mr. Knight, who had been to the postoffice, called at Mrs. Mason's, bringing with him a letter which bore the Boston postmark. Passing it to Mary, he winked at Mrs. Mason, saying, "I kinder guess how all this writin' works out, and don't haln't there been a very mess lettin' the school open."

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

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

"Was he hurt?" quickly asked Mary.

"Not a bit on't," said Mr. Knight, "but he was scared some, I guess. I got out and helped him, and when he heard I was from Rice Corner he said he'd been into school."

Then he asked forty-seven questions about you, and Jesus as I was settin' you know, when she said come—a-canterin' with their long-sleaved gown and hats like men, but Ella Frost well and a great white-eyed pucker, that came home with her from school? Either Ella's horse or scary or she did it for a purpose, because it began to rare, and she would have sell off if that man hadn't caught it by the bit and held her on with t'other hand. I allus was the most sanguinary of men, and I was building castles about him and our little schoolmarm, when Ella came along, and I gin up, for I see that he was took, and she did look handsome, with her curly hair. Well, as I wasn't of no more use, I whipped up old Charlotte and come on."

"When did Ella return?" asked Mary, "when not before heard of her sister's arrival."

"I don't know," said Mr. Knight. "The first I see of her was cuttin' through the streets on the dead run; but I musn't stay here gabbin', so good-night, Miss Mason—good-night, Mary—hope you've got good news in that ar letter."

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

"You must have forgotten George More-

land, or you would have mentioned him to me. I like him very much, indeed, and yet I could not help feeling a little jealous when he manifested so much interest in you. Sometimes, Mary, I think that for a brother, I am getting too selfish, and I do not wish anyone to like you except myself, but I surely need not feel so toward George, the best friend I have in Boston. He is very kind, lending me books, and has even offered to use his influence in getting me a situation in one of the best law offices in the city."

After reading this letter Mary sat for a long time thinking of George Moreland—of the time when she first knew him—all that William Bender had been to her since—and wondering, as girls sometimes will, which she liked best. Billie unquestionably had the strongest claim to her love, but could he have known the more satisfaction she felt in thinking that George still remembered and felt interested in her he would have had some reason for fearing, as he occasionally did, that she would never be to him quite pretty a mouth for that?"

"No, she never scolds," said Ella Frost, "and she's got the nicest white teeth, and I guess she knows it, too, for she shows them a great deal."

"She's real white, too," rejoined Lydia Knight, "though papa says she used to be yellow as saffron."

Here there was a brief rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."

"May I go, too?" asked the stranger, following them to the door. "Introduce me as Mr. Stuart."

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

Offering the seat of honor, Mary resumed her usual duties, occasionally casting a look of curiosity at the stranger, whose eyes seemed constantly upon her. It was rather warm that day, and when Mary returned from her dinner Widow Perkins was greatly shocked at seeing her attired in a light pink muslin dress, the short sleeves of which showed to good advantage, her round, white arms. A narrow vest, a bonnet confined by a small brooch and a blue silk apron, completed her toilet, with the exception of a tiny locket, which was suspended from her neck by a slender gold chain. This last ornament immediately drew Mrs. Stuart's attention, and she removed it from her wrist over unbuttoned bread. Both Mrs. Mason and Mary laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though as Mary said, "It was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and clothing."

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in a lively discussion with Mary concerning schools and books, adroitly managing to draw her out upon all the leading topics of the day. At last the conversation turned upon flowers; and when Mary chanced to mention Mrs. Mason's beautiful garden, he instantly expressed a great desire to see it, and finally offered to accompany Mary home, provided she had no objections. She could not, of course,

Children's Corner

A Surprise for Three.

"I'll do it," thought Teddy, "because it will please grandpa so much. And I am not afraid, not one—single—mite! Not—one—mite!" he added slowly, as he walked toward the barn. That morning at breakfast Grandpa French had told them about poor Dobbin. He was lame, and he had to stand in his stall all day long.

"I'd like to put him out, but he would get into the newly planted garden," said grandpa, "and I can't spare one of the men to tend to him, so the poor fellow must stay in the barn."

Teddy was only seven, and he felt just a wee bit frightened of horses, for you see he lived in the city and not on a farm. He screwed his fore head all up in knot he thought so hard, and then he said, "I'll do it."

"Come along, Dobbin!" he said bravely, as he untied the big halter and seized the end of it firmly by his hand.

Dobbin walked hurriedly out over the barn floor, clumsy clump, through the door and into the bright sunshine. Then he stopped.

"Get up!" said Teddy.

Dobbin tossed up his head and snorted, and then he did go along in good earnest. He hopped and he cantered and ran limping over the ground so fast that Teddy had to run to keep up with him.

"Whoa!" he shouted. "Whoa, Dobbin!"

But Dobbin didn't whoot till he stood under Teddy's oak-tree, and then he laid down on the soft green grass and rolled and rolled.

Poor little Teddy just glanced at those flying feet, and then he scampered into the tree. He was too frightened to say a word. Oh, if grandpa would only come! He screamed and screamed at the top of his voice, "Grandpa! grandpa!"

"It's Dobbin," he explained, when grandpa discovered him, "I was going to surprise you and take Dobbin out—an' then he rolled an' then—" his voice was very low, "an' then—I climbed up here—an' Dobbin's in the garden."

"Well, well, well!" laughed grandpa. "I guess we've had a surprise party all around! You surprised Dobbin, he surprised you, and you both surprised me, that's certain!"

"If I'd had a clothes-line," faltered Teddy, "I could have held on when I climbed up here. I'll get it next time, grandpa," he added, brightly.

But grandpa answered very decidedly. "There mustn't be any next time, Teddy, remember! One surprise party is plenty for one summer!"

And then he went to hunt for Dobbin.—Youth's Companion.

Mischiefous Maisie.

One morning when Mischiefous Maisie saw from her window the long gar-

den hose.

Which William had left when he went to pick peas.

So Maisie examined the hose at her ease,

MAISIE AND THE GARDEN HOSE.

And decided to water the flowers near by.

Which she did very well, till she happened to spy

The kitten, the Imp, and turning to look,

She pointed the hose at fat Susan, the cook,

Who was not at all pleased with the sudden cold bath.

And promptly complained to her mistress in wrath.

A Boy Fiddle Maker.

"The Fiddle Maker of Tamarack" is the title won by Harry Evans, a 14-year-old boy living at Syracuse, N. Y. Last March the boy started in to make a fiddle after the Stradivarius model. He got books from public libraries treating on the subject, and then supplied himself with fine seasoned woods from far away places. Then with the best tools he could get, he went to work, getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning, that he might have time for his violin making before school. When his first violin was completed he found that it weighed too much, according to the Stradivarius standard, so with infinite patience he took it all apart and smoothed and sandpapered the surfaces until it was reduced to the proper weight. Then he invited all the musicians of note in the city to come and hear it, for he is something of a violin player as well, as maker. Every one proclaimed the fiddle a marvel in workmanship and tone, and its maker a genius. He is a nephew of the actor Charles Kriegel, of New York.

Could Not Be Repeated.

"I met Higginbee and he stopped to tell me what his little boy said, but I'll bet one thing."

"Huh! What's that?"

"I'll bet he didn't tell his boy what he said."—Indianapolis Press.

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

Could Not Be Repeated.

"I met Higginbee and he stopped to tell me what his little boy said, but I'll bet one thing."

"Huh! What's that?"

"I'll bet he didn't tell his boy what he said."—Indianapolis Press.

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

ment, an ice cream parlor, and a candy kitchen.—The American Boy.

Sallie's Answer.

"Sallie, what is 8 minus 6?"

S