

FROM DOORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pill from my head and put another blank on my feet, the first the fire, and give me some water, or something? Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Rose Lincoln, as with aching head and lings she did pounce on her imprudence in crossing the wet, slippery street in thin slippers and a silk 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 faint-fading 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. 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 sifter 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, 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 gauze fabric, light 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 me. 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 fall. 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 falling 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 cheeks, 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 being 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.

strain 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 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 spirited 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.)

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

A Delightful and Profitable Way of Spending the Summer. Of the many delightful birds I had the good fortune to know, the worm-eating warbler family have afforded me the greatest pleasure; for they become absolutely fearless of the camera, and they place a degree of trust in one that was as unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nest, and what a wonderful concealed nest it was, tucked away in a small depression and hidden by the roots of an oak sapling. It would forever have remained undiscovered by me had I not, by lucky chance, observed one of the parent birds visiting it. Only at first did the owners object to my intruding, and by various methods did they try to coax me away from their home. First one and then the other would feign broken wings, and half-rolling, half-scrambling, they would make their way down the steep hillside in the hope of luring me away. Then, finding that I was not to be taken in even by such an artful device, they endeavored to accomplish their object by scolding at me in tones that were both quiet and stern, and simply looked on in silence. The next time I visited the nest they made no objections, and I imagined they recognized me, and realized that I meant no harm either to themselves or to their young, for these had hatched since my last visit.

Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do. Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should not accident befall them, was to be their feeding ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest of the family of fledglings scrambled out as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less than time it takes to tell it each little mite of down and rust-colored feathers was hidden among the dead, crackling leaves with which the ground was strewn. Though I had tried my best to watch where each bird concealed itself, it was some time before I collected them all preparatory to photographing them. Of course the parents were greatly excited—birds always are when their young first leave the nest—and when they saw the entire brood captured by one whom they had considered a friend they seemed to regret having placed so much confidence in me. But only for a very short time did their doubts continue. As soon as I placed the youngsters on a suitable perch they both ceased to utter that hissing note of anxious protestation, and to show that they no longer feared me they hopped about on the camera while I was arranging it.—World's Work.

China Boys Have Many Names.

Since the troubles between China and the other nations began the boys and girls of America have learned much about the children of the great empire of the yellow men in Asia. Few, however, it is probable, have solved the question of Chinese names—a puzzle that confronts every city boy or girl every time he or she goes by the Chinese laundry on the way to school. But to the Chinese boy or girl it is doubtless all simple enough. Take the name of Li Hung Chang, for instance—the best-known Chinaman living to-day. Any Chinese boy or girl would say it was easy enough. Li is his family name and means Plum. The only difference between Li Hung Chang's name and the name of Mr. Plum, who may live in your town, is that the great Chinese diplomat "puts his last name first" and Mr. Plum of America "puts it last," where you should say, any man's last name ought to be.

The American boy or girl does pretty well these days if he or she is given more than three names, as Mary Ellen Jones or Charles William Brown. Some of them are presented with only two, while one in a while some of us are given four. But the Chinaman has a number before he grows up. As a baby he receives his "milk" name. Then when he enters school his "school" name, and when he is grown his title or "life" name.

How a Boy Helped His Country.

We know very little what a small act of ours may amount to, but we may at least be sure that care and thoroughness always pays. Boys whose hearts



Child Life in Alaska.

In the northwestern part of North America is a country called Alaska. It is very cold up there; but children are warmly dressed and do not mind it very much. Their clothes are made of the skins of animals and have two thicknesses. One has the fur toward the body, while the other has the fur turned out. To protect the head, the suits have thick fur hoods attached.

Their summers are very short and they live in huts or tents at that time. In the winter, which is long and cold, they live in huts, which are called "Igloos."

Babies are carried about on their mothers' backs when out of doors. At home they creep around on the beds, which are made of ice and covered with skins.

The Esquimaux use dogs instead of horses and they draw very heavy burdens. They are fed every two or three days; but, if necessary, they can fast for seven or eight days at a time. As it is hard to learn how to be a good dog driver, the boys are taught to drive when quite young. When the lads are 21 they are generally good dog drivers.

Boys and girls work hard. They help to build igloos, fish, dig wells out of ice, and do many things that help their parents. The girls help most in the house with the housework and the sewing.

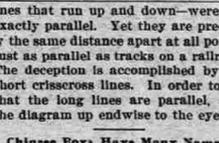
Children have not many games. One is to have a wooden cup with holes in the bottom of it. They have a wooden pin attached, which they try to get into the holes. The boy's sleds are made of ice and go very fast down the hills. They are used while playing "hunting the reindeer." The lads place five or six ankers in a hill, and coming down on their sleds, knock them down. The one knocking the most down wins.

Children living within two miles of a public school have to be sent there for at least two-thirds of the year. Most of them are very clever at lessons and wish to learn. They learn the same lessons as we do. The girls are taught cooking and sewing.

Not What They Seem.

You may say that you are sure of a thing because you "saw it," but here is a little diagram, worked out by a scientist at Washington, which will convince you that your eyes can be easily deceived.

You would at first glance suppose that the long lines in this picture—the



ones that run up and down—were not exactly parallel. Yet they are precisely the same distance apart at all points, just as parallel as tracks on a railroad. The deception is accomplished by the short cross lines. In order to see that the long lines are parallel, hold the diagram up edwise to the eye.

Philippine Ladies Smoke.

The ladies of the Philippines have progressed far beyond the dainty cigarettes; indeed, their cigars, which measure some sixteen inches, are not intended for an evening's pleasure or an after-dinner smoke. In the Philippines they prefer smoking on the installment plan, for these huge rolls of tobacco, which measure five inches in circumference, constitute one week's pleasure for the ladies of Luzon. To offset the difficulty presented by the weight, the mouth end is filled with a soft fiber of tobacco, so that when the cigar is grasped firmly between the teeth so great an indentation is made that for the remainder of the six days' smoke the heavy cigar fits naturally to the mouth, and can be held without any conscious effort.—London Science.

How He Got There.

"How'd I come here? Well," answered the sullen convict, "I sneaked in on back way, when nobody was looking and hid in dis yere cell."—Boston Advertiser.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who got mad when her partner trumped her ace?

Very few people know how to handle enthusiasm.

beat fast at times with a wish that they might show their patriotism as did the boys of '76, may learn a lesson from a story which Edward Everett Hale tells of a Revolutionary lad:

There was a little lame blacksmith boy who, because he was lame, was obliged to remain at home when all his companions went to join General Stark and fight the Hessians at Bennington. They had been gone but a little while when some soldiers galloped up, and asked if there was anybody at home.

"Yes," Luke said, "I am here."

"What I mean," said one, "is there anybody here who can shoot a horse?"

"I think I can; I will try."

So he put the shoe on the horse quite thoroughly and well. And when it was done one of the men said:

"Boy, no ten men who have left you to-day have served your country as you have." It was Colonel Warner.

His Geography. Said little Ned, "The man who wrote 'This big geography Has surely made a great mistake To leave out little me."

"Why, only think as now I stand Aft'ward and I left is stand In front of me is north, and back is south, as you have guessed."

"All on my right is east, and so 'Tis very plain to see That north and east and west and south Begin right here with me."

"So I must write and ask to have My picture pasted in. That other boys and girls may learn Where all these things begin."

MAKING USE OF BOTTLES.

Novel Plan to Determine Drift and Strength of Ocean Currents. The United States Hydrographic office is using at present a novel and unique method for determining the strength and drift of ocean currents, which is a most important, maritime topic. This is done by floating bottles thrown overboard, each having inside the date and place where it was cast into the sea. The "bottle paper" which is inclosed has a blank form at the bottom for the finder's name, date and locality, printed in six languages, with the request to the captains of passing ships or others who may recover the bottle to open the same and fill out the blank form within, giving the exact latitude and longitude where picked up, together with the number of the bottle.

Afterward the bottle can be again tossed overboard, or the original paper containing this record is kept until the first port is reached, when it is given to the American consul for transmission to the hydrographic office at Washington. Here a full history of each bottle from its number is kept, giving the time and place of its various findings, so that the hydrographic office may know the directions taken by the bottle since it was first put into the sea or last picked up by some passing vessel. In this way the direction it has drifted and the strength of the current can be accurately determined.

Taken collectively, the paths followed by those floating bottles give a correct idea of the drift currents of the North Atlantic. It is from the travel of these bottles, as well as the reports and observations of captains, that the Monthly Pilot Chart, which is the most valuable guide and authority to all seagoing crafts, is composed.

Some interesting returns have just been made by the hydrographic office, which show the good work done by these ever-drifting little mariners. Some have floated thousands of miles, and one has a record of covering 2,400 miles in ninety-two days. The longest distance reported to have been made by any bottle was one which covered 6,300 miles in a little over three years, or an average of nearly six miles a day.

In conducting its experiments the Navy Department has had the co-operation of the Russian Government, which on the cruises of two of its vessels, had thrown into the sea 703 bottles, of which nearly fifty have been recovered and reported. The motion of the waters seems to be westerly, as is evidenced by the destination of the numerous bottles cast drift between Madeira and Cape San Roque, all of which ultimately found their way to the Windward Islands, the Bahamas and the western shores of the Gulf of Mexico. In the matter of the speed of the currents the average record is about twenty miles a day, according to the New York Herald.

Cheap Cover for Haystack.

Where hay is stacked rather than stored in barns or mow there are tons wasted and spoiled every season. In feeding, though the greatest care be taken, it will be impossible not to open a stack in some weather that will ruin the exposed hay. A cheap and convenient cover can be made that in one season will more than pay for itself in the hay it will preserve.

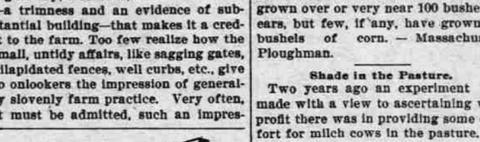
Cut two 16 foot 2 by 4's in two pieces each of equal length, which will be eight feet. With some rough lumber board up a side by laying the studding six feet apart and cutting the boards of that length. When you have the two sides boarded, place the two ends of the sections together. This will be the apex of the cover. The 2 by 4's should have been left projecting a few inches in order to bolt the two sides together at the apex. This cover will form a roof that will turn all storm and preserve the hay as well as though



Gate that Cannot Sag.

The cut shows a plan of construction for a gate that avoids the great inconvenience of sagging. The framework about the gate holds the posts rigidly in place, while the cross supports of the gate itself are arranged so, according to the laws of mechanics, that sagging is almost an impossibility. Such a gateway, moreover, has an "air" to it—a trimness and an evidence of substantial building—that makes it a credit to the farm. Too few realize how the small, untidy affairs, like sagging gates, dilapidated fences, well curbs, etc., give to onlookers the impression of general slovenly farm practice. Very often, it must be admitted, such an impres-

sion is just. Pride may, generally speaking, be the forerunner of a fall, but pride in the appearance of one's farm buildings, fences, stock, etc., is purely the sort of thing that indicates and goes with good farming in all its branches.—New York Tribune.



Shade in the Pasture.

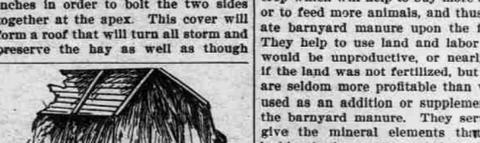
Two years ago an experiment was made with a view to ascertaining what profit there was in providing some comfort for milk cows in the pasture. The pasture was so located that it was impossible to give tree shade of any kind, so a rough structure was erected with boards, open on all sides, but hooded in such a manner that some portion of it was at all times shaded. By the use of some piping the current of stream of water was carried into troughs, so that the cows at all times had a supply of cool, fresh water. The pasture was situated on lowland, and as a consequence flies were very numerous and annoying. It was found profitable to use light blankets made of unbleached muslin, arranged so that they could be buttoned around the neck and come down over each leg to the ankle. Later in the season, as these summer blankets became soiled, the fly remedies, of which there are several good ones, were used with splendid success. The result of the experiment showed conclusively that it was profitable in dollars and cents to provide three summer comforts for the cows. The flow of milk was materially increased, and in quality much improved. This last statement may seem a little peculiar, as quality is supposed to be entirely the result of the food, but it is surprising how much the quality of milk is affected by the disposition of the cow.

Commercial Fertilizers. We remember hearing some one ask an old farmer and a very successful one why he did not keep more stock and not have to buy so much commercial fertilizer. His reply was, "If I kept twice as many animals I should probably buy twice as much fertilizer." We think he had the correct idea of the proper use of commercial fertilizers. They are a substitute for barnyard manure only when barnyard manure cannot be obtained in sufficient quantities to utilize the land and the labor that can be had to a profitable limit. They will serve to grow a good crop which will help to buy more stock or to feed more animals, and thus create barnyard manure upon the farm. They help to use land and labor that some of his neighbors have made even after a thorough trial he is convinced there is no money in apples. Another correspondent located less than twenty five miles from the first, and known to have made money in apple growing, was communicated with. The reply told the story. The man who gets but 75 cents a barrel for apples is in the habit of growing anything he can raise between the orchard rows. He neither trims, prunes, sprays nor thins, and his apples are of the poorest grade as a consequence. The second correspondent last year sold his apples and netted a trifling less than \$150 per acre from his twenty-three acres, and admits that some of his neighbors have made even a better showing. Apple growing does pay if growers will do what is necessary to raise fruit of the best possible quality, and it assuredly does not pay if the grower neglects his orchards.

Do Apples Pay? A correspondent in the fruit district of New York, who for twenty years has been growing apples, writes that "After a thorough trial he is convinced there is no money in apples. Another correspondent located less than twenty five miles from the first, and known to have made money in apple growing, was communicated with. The reply told the story. The man who gets but 75 cents a barrel for apples is in the habit of growing anything he can raise between the orchard rows. He neither trims, prunes, sprays nor thins, and his apples are of the poorest grade as a consequence. The second correspondent last year sold his apples and netted a trifling less than \$150 per acre from his twenty-three acres, and admits that some of his neighbors have made even a better showing. Apple growing does pay if growers will do what is necessary to raise fruit of the best possible quality, and it assuredly does not pay if the grower neglects his orchards."

Fatter or Oleo. The Rural New Yorker says that "oleo ships to the tropics much better than genuine butter, the beef tallow it contains keeping it firm, and it does not lose its flavor during a sea voyage. It can be made to stand any climate much better than the delicate butterfat. If it is admitted to the Philippines at almost the same rate as butter, dairymen will be able to do but little business with the islands." For this reason the dairymen on the Pacific coast want oleo subject to a tariff of ten cents a pound, in the Philippines and butter to be admitted free, even though it loses flavor on the sea voyage, and becomes rancid quickly in a hot climate.—American Cultivator.

Premium Corn Crops. The reports of certain corn crops which received premiums at the County or local Agricultural Societies, as exceeding 100 bushels of ears per acre, not of shelled corn, which we supposed to have been meant by the article to which we took exception, are



stored in a barn. As the covers are made in sections six feet each, only that much of a stack need be cut down at a time. In order to hold the covers firmly in place bore an inch hole in the lower ends of the 2 by 4's and with a piece of smooth wire or rope hang a heavy weight to it or stake it down to the ground.—Ohio Farmer.

Kerosene for San Jose Scale. There is no doubt that petroleum, both the refined and crude petroleum, is effectual in the battle against San Jose scale, but the trouble with it is that it produces different results at different times. An operator may apply it effectually on one lot of trees and without injury to the trees, while the same operator's applications on another lot will kill many of the trees. Naturally such results have brought petroleum into disfavor, and, as a matter of fact, it is a good thing to let alone until more is known concerning it. It is a somewhat general practice among nurserymen and fruit growers to use petroleum during the summer, and there can be no objection to this, provided a solution not stronger than 20 per cent of kerosene is used with water. This is a weak solution, and can not injure the trees and as a wash it does check the trouble by destroying the young scale and keeping the older scale in subjection until fall, when stronger remedies may be applied.

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