

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 saw Mary coming down the road at a furious rate the old hay cart, laden with young people from Chicopee, 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 noisy group was Ella Campbell, Henry Lincoln's broad-brimmed hat was resting on her long curls, while her white sun-bonnet 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 his 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 she saw the tears in Mary's eyes and she said, "Oh, I wouldn't care if I 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 bidden her good-by and gone. 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 supposed. Oh, horror! I know I shouldn't stay here long."

taking Mary's hot hands between her own. In a few words Mary related her history, omitting her acquaintance with George Moreland, and commencing at the night when her mother died. Ida was warm-hearted and affectionate, and cared but little whether one were rich or poor if she liked them. From the first she had been interested in Mary, and now winding 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 Jenny. This promise, which was never broken, was of great benefit to Mary, drawing to her side many of the best girls in school, who soon learned to love her for herself, and not because the wealthy Miss Selden seemed so fond of her.

Soon after Mary went to Mount Holyoke she had received a letter from Billy, in which he expressed his pleasure that she was at school, but added that the fact of her being there interfered greatly with his plan of educating her himself. "Mother's ill health," said he, "prevented me from doing anything until now, and just as I am in a fair way to accomplish my object someone else has stepped in before me. But it is all right, and as you do not seem to need my services at present I shall next week leave Mr. Selden's employment, and go into Mr. Worthington's law office as clerk, hoping that when the proper time arrives I shall not be defeated in another plan, which was formed in boyhood, and which has become the great object of my life."

Mary felt perplexed and troubled. Billy's letters of late had been more like those of a lover than a brother, and she could not help guessing the nature of "the plan formed in boyhood." She knew she should never love him except with a sister's love, and though she could not tell him so her next letter lacked the tone of affection with which she was accustomed to write, and was on the whole a rather formal affair. Billy, who readily perceived the change, attributed it to the right cause, and from that time his letters became far less cheerful than usual. Mary usually cried over them, wishing more than once that Billy would transfer his affection from herself to Jenny, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that without stopping to consider the propriety of the matter, she first asked Jenny to write to him, and then encouraged her in answering his notes, which became gradually longer and longer, until at last his letters were addressed to Jenny, while the notes they contained were directed to Mary!

CHAPTER XIII.
Rapidly the days passed on at Mount Holyoke. Autumn faded into winter, whose icy breath floated for a time over the mountain tops, and then melted away at the approach of spring, which, with its swelling buds and early flowers, gave way in its turn to the long bright days of summer. And now only a few weeks remained ere the annual examination at which Ida was to be graduated.

Neither Rose nor Jenny were to return the next year, and nothing but Mr. Lincoln's firmness and good sense had prevented their being sent for when their mother first heard that they had failed to enter the middle class. Mrs. Lincoln's gratification was undoubtedly greatly increased from the fact that the disappointed Mary had entered in advance of her daughters. "Things are coming to a pretty pass," said she. "Yes, a pretty pass; but I might have known better than to send my children to such a school."

She insisted upon sending for Rose and Jenny, but Mr. Lincoln promptly replied that they should not come home. Still, as Rose seemed discontented, complaining that so much exercise made her side and shoulder ache, and as Jenny did not wish to remain another year unless Mary did, he consented that they should leave school at the close of the term, on condition that they went somewhere else.

"I shall never make anything of Henry," said he, "but my daughters shall receive every advantage, and perhaps one or the other of them will comfort my old age."

He had spoken truly with regard to Jenny, who was studying, or pretending to study, law in the same office with Billy Bender. But his father heard no favorable accounts of him, and from time to time large bills were presented. So it is no wonder the disappointed father sighed, and turned to his daughters for the comfort his only son refused to give.

For the examination at Mount Holyoke great preparations were being made. Rose, knowing she was not to return, seemed to think all further effort on her part unnecessary; and numerous were the reprimands, to say nothing of the black marks which she received. Jenny, on the contrary, said she wished to leave behind a good reputation. So, never before in her whole life had she behaved so well, or studied as hard as she did during the last few weeks of her stay at Mount Holyoke. Ida, who was expecting her father, aunt and cousin to be present at the anniversary, was so engrossed with her studies that she did not observe how sad and low-spirited Mary seemed. She had tasted of knowledge and now thirsted for more; but it could not be; the funds were exhausted, and she must leave the school, never perhaps to return again.

"How much I shall miss you," said one day to Ida, who was giving her a lesson. "It's too bad you haven't a piano," returned Ida, "you are so fond of it, and improve so fast!" Then after a moment she added, "I have a plan to propose, and may as well do it now as at any time. Next winter you must spend with me in Boston. Aunt Martha and I arranged it the last time I was at home, and we even selected your room, which is next to mine, and opposite to Aunt Martha's. Now, what does your ladyship say to it?" "She says she can't go," answered Mary.

will have a rare chance for taking music lessons of our best teachers; and then, too, you will be in the same house with George, and that alone is worth going to Boston for, I think."

Ida little suspected that her last argument was the strongest objection to Mary's going, for, much as she wished to meet George again, she felt that she would not on any account go to his home, but she should think she came on purpose to see him. There were other reasons, too, why she did not wish to go. Henry and Rose Lincoln would both be in the city, and she knew that neither of them would scruple to do or say anything which they thought would annoy her. Mrs. Mason, too, missed her, and longed to have her at home; so she resisted all Ida's entreaties, and the next letter which went to Aunt Martha carried her refusal.

In a day or two Mary received two letters, one from Billy and one from Mrs. Mason, the latter of which contained money for the payment of her bills; but, on offering it to the principal, how was she surprised to learn that her bills had not only been regularly paid and receipted, but that ample funds were provided for the defraying of her expenses during the coming year. A faint sickness stole over Mary, for she instantly thought of Billy Bender, and the obligation she would now be under to him forever. Then it occurred to her how impossible it was 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 who it was that had thus befriended her.

The preceptor 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. "Ours, 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! I guess Aunt Martha was shocked, for she looked so queer. George laughed, and Mr. Selden 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-by, 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.)

Zulus of the Railroads.
"Do you know what a Zulu is?" said an old railroad man. The traveling man who was waiting for his train smiled in a way that was meant to indicate he knew all the species of Zulus that ever existed, and told the railroad man about the Africans, called Zulus, who maintained that continent's reputation for fighting before the Boers stepped in.

Little was doing in the railroad man's line just then, so he listened.

"Well, they may be Zulus all right enough," he remarked, "but they are not the sort of Zulus that travel on railroads. There is the kind that runs into these yards," and he pointed down the track, where a box car stood.

A stone pipe protruded through a hole in the door. The pipe was at an angle of about 35 degrees. A cloud of smoke was coming from it. Four blooded horses and a man were the occupants of that. The man was the Zulu. Taking care of valuable stock en route from one market to another was his business. He was a type of a class that railroad men on every line have named the Zulus. They fit up the center of the cars for a sort of living room, and there in the midst of their animals live as happily as the road's president who passes them in his private car.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Caution is often tossed to the winds, but never brought back by them.

WRITING BY MACHINE

EMPLOYMENT OF TYPEWRITER YET IN ITS INFANCY.

Use Will Increase Until Every Hotel Will Provide Them for Guests, and All Business Men Will Use Them Themselves, Not Depending Upon Others.

Bicycling was a fad, but typewriting is a fact. The typewriter—it, he, or she—is in the same class as the telephone, telegraph, and linotype. As to usefulness and universality, typewriting is in its infancy. Thus far it is used only by those who cannot get along without it. The business man puts in a writing machine as a luxury, and regards it as an expense. A young woman who learns to use a typewriter feels called upon to explain that she may have to earn her living, and she can equip herself more quickly in this way than in any other. A superintendent or principal who advocates the introduction of typewriting into the schools feels obliged to prove that it is due those who may have to earn a living.

The attitude of business men and school people toward typewriting must change entirely, and the time for such change is already here. Where one writing machine is used now there will be ten in use in the near future. The only trouble up to this time has been that business men, superintendents, and principals rarely use the machine personally and advantageously. The typewriter is a servant, a helper, doing what the proprietor would have it understood that he is above doing, whereas the difficulty is that he cannot do it.

As a Yankee, I venture the guess that in the not-distant future the ablest men and women in home and office, in hotel and train will use the machine. To-day, away from home, if one wishes typewriting, he pays a dollar an hour or more for the service, but soon every first-class hotel will have all the writing machines which their patronage requires in the writing room and free to all guests. Already every first-class new hotel has a long-distance telephone in each room and a man has its use at any hour of day or night at the same rate that he would pay if he went out and sought a "pay station." In the same way one will be able to say when he registers at any first-class hotel, "I would like a room with a writing machine." At first he might have to pay fifty cents a day extra, as he does for a room with bath and lavatory appointments, but that will soon pass away, as the extra charge for the bath is going. Already it is appreciated that a bath is as important as a washbowl, and so the necessity of the writing machine will be early acknowledged.

In a word, the future of typewriting is with the schools. Teach it as universally as you teach penmanship, not for the sake of the girls who are to be typewriters, but for the greater advantage of the boys and girls who are to be the leaders in social, business, and professional life; not for the purpose of helping a poor girl to be independent, but for making rich and poor alike independent. The time has come for a universal and emphatic demand for the writing machine in every upper grade of the grammar school, and in every high school, academy, seminary, college, and university.—A. E. Winslip, in Normal Instructor.

ORCHID TAKES A DRINK.

Remarkable Plant Found by an American Collector in South America.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has now been found by E. A. Suverokrop of Philadelphia, who, during trips to South America, has for some years been contributing to the collection of his friend, Prof. N. E. Brown of the Herbarium, Kew Gardens, London. The amazing plant which Mr. Suverokrop has now found is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water, the tube when not in use being coiled up on top of the plant.

"One hot afternoon," says Mr. Suverokrop, "I sat down under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand was a forest of dead shorn trees, which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, and stretching over the water of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common 'planta del ayre' grew on it and a network of green cacti twined round it.

"Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp, lance-shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the center or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick by one-fourth inch wide, the lower end of which was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

"I at once went over to examine my discovery. Imagine my surprise, when I touched the plant, to see this center stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral-like roll of tape.

"But more surprising yet was the object and construction of this stem. I found on close examination and dissection that it was a long, slender, flat tube, the walls about one-thirty-second of an inch thick, cellular in construction, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner end to the roots of a series of hair-like tubes.

"By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in want of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the amount of

water that that part of the tube which had been immersed contained, until when the final coil was taken the water was dumped, as it were, direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water, should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended, the orchid acts like the sensitive plant (mimosa) and the coiling action is more rapid.

"I found many of these plants, all directly over the water or over where the water had been. In the latter case it was almost pitiful to see how this tube would work its way over the ground in search of the water that was not."

TAUGHT PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Mrs. Morgan Teaches Her Little Pupils Back in 1853.

When Mrs. William McKinley was a very little girl, she was round-faced, rosy-cheeked, with very loving ways, and she used to work diligently in the first public schoolhouse of Canton, learning to print and read and spell. Little Ida Saxton, 5 years old, and daughter of the President of the first school board of Canton, learned the alphabet and how to print in neat little characters the words "cat" and "dog" and perhaps some two-syllable words from Mrs. J. W. Morgan, of Denver. That all happened away back in the year 1853, but Mrs. Morgan remembers the little girl very well indeed, "because," she says, "Ida was very quiet and diligent and lovable."

Mrs. Morgan was then Miss Spiker, and was the first teacher employed in what were then called the union schools. In Canton there had been great opposition to the introduction of the graded schools, but Mr. Saxton, whose daughter was to be a President's wife, was a staunch supporter of them, and so firmly did he believe in the public school that just as soon as his little daughter was old enough she was sent to the primary school of which Miss Spiker had charge.

"Ida's father was a wealthy citizen of Canton and she was a very bright and attractive child," said Mrs. Morgan. "We never thought of her, though, as a President's wife. I used to go to their home; in fact, I have an invitation somewhere to the Saxton house."

Mrs. Morgan is 70 years old, and has lived in Denver for the last six years. She is a fine-looking old woman, with something of the primness that is supposed to characterize the old-time school teacher. She married Mr. Morgan in New Lisbon, Ohio, in 1856, and soon afterward moved to Iowa. When they came to Colorado it was for Mrs. Morgan's health. They reside at 615 East Thirty-first avenue and have three grown sons.—Denver Post.

That Peck of Turnips.

She was a thin old lady, and climbed into the car at Kingston with many hesitating turns of the head, and when her big black valise and other bundles had been piled upon the seat in front of her, she pushed back her red-striped shawl and looked out of the window with an air of contentment. The train had not proceeded many miles, however, before she began to fumble among her bundles in a nervous sort of way, and suddenly she broke out in a most pitiful wail.

"I knowed it! Laws a massas, what will I do?"

The passengers all looked sympathizingly toward her. The kindly old man across the aisle went over to her and said:

"My good woman, what is the trouble? Can we do anything for you?"

"Oh, man, I can't bear it! Let me off. Stop the train. Stop it quick."

The old man gave the bell cord a vigorous pull and the train came to an abrupt halt.

"What's the matter here?" asked the conductor sharply, as he came in from the forward car.

"Why," sobbed the old lady, "I plum forgot the peck o' turnips I had sacked up to take to my son John Henry in Atlanta."—Atlanta Journal.

Discordant Customs in Berlin.

Berlin is probably the only city of any size in which there is absolutely no attempt at anything like a general dinner hour, or even at uniform business hours. Each circle of professions has its own hours of business, which naturally regulate the household meal arrangements. Army and official circles have certain hours of duty; banking and commercial houses have their own hours; writers, actors and artists theirs, and the university and the schools form another set with other hours. If you have a wide visiting list in Berlin you may be asked out to dinner at any time from 2 to 7. Hopeless dyspepsia is the penalty if you do not keep in one set.

The Cable Tussle.

We all know that England has the monopoly of oceanic cables, and that Germany is making giant strides in an effort to overtake her rival. If France does not hurry she will remain eternally the tributary of the two.—Paris Liberte.

Elephants.

In India elephants over 12 and up to 45 years of age are deemed the best to purchase, and will generally work well until they are 80 years old.

United States Exporting Hardware.

The United States is now a liberal exporter of hardware, and buys little in that line from the rest of the world.

There is one good thing about fried chicken; it is always carved ready to be served.

The Duty of Mothers.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter! Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and secure from a woman the most efficient advice without charge.



Mrs. August Pilsgraff, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swelled, and was generally miserable. She received an answer promptly with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

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Determination.

"It's the only toime on earth," said Mr. Dolan, who was struggling with a balky horse, "that I wish for an oty-moble."

"Would yee sell the horse?"

"No, sir. I'd never give up like that. I'd hitch the animal up in front of the machine, and then I'd see whether he'd go or not."

Thoroughly a Duke.

The Duke of Richmond has the distinction of being "three times a duke." He is Duke of Richmond in England, Duke of Lennox in Scotland, and Duc de Aubigny in France, a title conferred upon an ancestor by Louis XIV in 1683.

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For Cause.

Yeast—Do the robins come to pick the bread crumbs from your lawn? Crimzonback—they used to, but they don't any more.

"How do you account for that?"

"My wife makes her own bread."

Probably.

Nell—I saw Maude buying a lot of silk stockings the other day.

Belle—Putting something by for a rainy day, I suppose.

E. H. Grove

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