

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary returned home and a few days later was solicited to take charge of a small select school. But Mrs. Mason thought it best for her to return to Mount Holyoke and accordingly she declined Mr. Knight's offer, greatly to his disappointment, and that of many others.

One morning about a week after her return she announced her intention of visiting her mother's grave. "I am accustomed to so much exercise," said she, "that I can easily walk three miles, and perhaps on my way home I shall get a ride."

Mrs. Mason made no objection, and Mary was soon on her way. She was a rapid walker, and almost before she was aware of it reached the village. As she came near Mrs. Campbell's the wish naturally arose that Ella should accompany her. Looking up, she saw her sister in the garden and called to her.

"What a—?" was the very loud and uncivil answer which came back to her, and in a moment Ella appeared round the corner of the house, carelessly swinging her straw hat and humming a fashionable song. On seeing her sister she drew back the corners of her mouth into something which she intended for a smile, and said, "Why, I thought it was Bridget calling me, you looked so much like her in that gingham sunbonnet. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," returned Mary. "I was going to mother's grave, and thought perhaps you would like to accompany me."

"Oh, no," said Ella, in her usual drawing tone. "I don't know as I want to go. I was there last week, and saw the monument."

"What monument?" asked Mary, and Ella replied:

"Why, didn't you know that Mrs. Mason, of the town, or somebody, had bought a monument, with mother's and father's and Frank's and Allie's names on it?"

Mary, hurrying on, soon reached the graveyard, where, as Ella had said, there stood by her parents' graves a large, handsome monument. William Bender was the first person who came into her mind, and as she thought of all that had passed between them, and of this last proof of his affection, she seated herself among the tall grass and flowers which grew upon her mother's grave and burst into tears. She had not sat there long ere she was roused by the sound of a footstep. Looking up, she saw before her the young gentleman who the year previous had visited her school in Riverside. Seating himself respectfully by her side, he spoke of the three graves, and asked if they were her friends who slept there. There was something so kind and affectionate in his voice and manner that Mary could not repress her tears, and, snatching up her bonnet, which she had thrown aside, she hid her face in it and again wept.

For a time Mr. Stuart suffered her to weep, and then gently removed the gingham bonnet, and, holding her hand between his, he tried to divert her mind by talking upon other topics, asking her how she had been employed during the year, and appearing greatly pleased when told that she had been at Mount Holyoke. Observing at length that her eyes constantly rested upon the monument, he spoke of that, praising its beauty, and asking if it were her taste.

"No," said she. "I never saw it until to-day, and did not even know it was here."

"Someone wished to surprise you, I dare say," returned Mr. Stuart. "It was manufactured in Boston, I see. Have you friends there?"

Mary replied that she had one, a Mr. Bender, to which Mr. Stuart quickly rejoined, "Is it William Bender? I have heard of him through our mutual friend, George Moreland, whom you perhaps have seen?"

Mary felt the earnest gaze of the large, dark eyes which were fixed upon her face, and coloring deeply, she replied that they came from England in the same vessel.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stuart. "When I return to the city shall I refresh his memory a little with regard to you?"

"I'd rather you would not," answered Mary. "Our paths in life are very different; and he, of course, would feel no interest in me."

"Am I to conclude that you, too, feel no interest in him?" returned Mr. Stuart, and again his large eyes rested on Mary's face with a curious expression.

But she made no reply, and, soon rising up said it was time for her to go home.

rose to receive her diploma, she involuntarily glanced in the direction whence she knew he sat. For an instant their eyes met, and in the expression of his she read an approval warmer than words could have expressed.

That night Mary sat alone in her room, listening almost nervously to the sound of every footstep, and half-starting up if it came near her door. But for certain reasons Mr. Stuart did not think proper to call, and while Mary was confidently expecting him he was several miles on his way home.

In a day or two Mary returned to Chicopee, but did not, like Ella, lay her books aside and consider her education finished. Two or three hours each morning were devoted to study, or reading of some kind. For several weeks nothing was allowed to interfere with this arrangement, but at the end of that time the quiet of Mrs. Mason's house was disturbed by the unexpected arrival of Aunt Martha and Ida, who came up to Chicopee for the purpose of inducing Mrs. Mason and Mary to spend the coming winter in Boston. At first Mrs. Mason hesitated, but every objection which either she or Mary raised was so easily put aside that she finally consented, saying she would be ready to go about the middle of November.

CHAPTER XV.

"Come this way, Mary. I'll show you your chamber. It's right here next to mine," said Ida Selden, as on the evening of her friends' arrival she led her up to a handsomely furnished apartment, which for many weeks had borne the title of "Mary's room."

"Oh, how pleasant!" was Mary's exclamation, as she surveyed the room in which everything was arranged with such perfect taste.

Mary was too happy to speak, and, dropping into the easy-chair, she burst into tears. In a moment Ida, too, was seated in the same chair, with her arm around Mary's neck. Then, as her own eyes chanced to fall upon some vases, she brought one of them to Mary, saying, "See, these are for you—a present from one who had me present them with his compliments to the little girl who nursed him an hour in the Windermere, and who cried because he called her ugly?"

Mary's heart was almost audible in its beating, and her cheeks took on the hue of the cushions on which she reclined. Returning the vase to the mantelpiece, Ida came back to her side, and, bending close to her face, whispered: "Consign George to me for your years ago, when he first came here, but I forgot all about it, and when we were at Mount Holyoke I never suspected that you were the little girl he used to talk so much about. But a few days before he went away he reminded me of it again, and then I understood why he was so much interested in you. I wonder you never told me you knew him, for, of course, you like him. You can't help it."

Mary only heard a part of what Ida said. "Just before he went away," was he gone, and should she not see him after all? A cloud gathered upon her brow, and Ida, readily divining its cause, replied, "Yes, George is gone. Either he or father must go to New Orleans, and so George, of course, went. Isn't it too bad? I cried and fretted, but he only pulled my ears, and said he should think I'd be glad, for he knew we wouldn't want a six-footer domineering over us, and following us everywhere, as he would surely do were he at home."

Mary felt more disappointed than she was willing to acknowledge, and for a moment she half-wished herself back in Chicopee, but soon recovering her equanimity, she ventured to ask how long George was to be gone.

"Until April, I believe," said Ida; "but anyway you are to stay until he comes, for Aunt Martha promised to keep you. I don't know exactly what George said to her about you, but they talked together more than two hours, and she says you are to take music lessons and drawing lessons, and all that. George is very fond of music."

The next morning between 10 and 11 the doorbell rang, and in a moment Jenny Lincoln, whose father's house was just opposite, came tripping into the parlor. She had lost in a measure that rotundity of person so offensive to her mother, and it seemed to Mary that there was a thoughtful expression on her face never seen there before, but in all other respects she was the same affectionate, merry-hearted Jenny.

"I just this minute heard you were here, and came over just as I was," said she. After asking Mary if she was yet sorry George had gone, and if she expected to find Mr. Stuart, she said, "I suppose you know Ella is here, and breaking everybody's heart, of course. She went to a concert with us last evening, and looked perfectly beautiful. Henry says she is the handsomest girl he ever saw, and I do hope she'll make something of him, but I'm afraid he is only trifling with her."

If there was a person in the world whom Mary thoroughly detested it was Henry Lincoln, and her eyes sparkled and flashed so indignantly that Ida noticed it, and secretly thought that Henry Lincoln would for once find his match. After a time Mary turned to Jenny, saying, "You haven't told me a word about—about William Bender. Is he well?" Jenny blushed deeply, and, hastily replying that he was the last time she saw him, started up, whispering in Mary's ear, "Oh, I've got so much to tell you—but I must go now."

Ida accompanied her to the door, and asked why Rose, too, did not call. In her usual frank, open way Jenny answered, "You know why. Rose is so queer."

Ida understood her, and replied, "Very well; but tell her that if she doesn't see fit to notice my visitors I certainly shall not be polite to hers."

This message had the desired effect, for Rose, who was daily expecting a Miss King from Philadelphia, felt that nothing would mortify her more than to be neglected by Ida, who was rather a leader

among the young fashionables. Accordingly, after a long consultation with her mother, she concluded it best to call upon Mary. In the course of the afternoon, changing to be near the front window, she saw Mr. Selden's carriage drive away from his door with Ida and her visitor.

"Now is my time," thought she; and without a word to her mother or Jenny she threw on her bonnet and shawl, and in her thin French slippers stepped across the street and rang Mr. Selden's doorbell. Of course she was "so disappointed not to find the young ladies at home," and, leaving her card for them, tripped back highly pleased with her own cleverness.

Meantime Ida and Mary were enjoying their ride about the city, until, coming suddenly upon an organ grinder and monkey, the spirited horses became frightened and ran upsetting the carriage and dragging it some distance. Fortunately Ida was only bruised, but Mary received a severe cut upon her head, which, with the fright, caused her to faint. A young man who was passing down the street, and saw the accident, immediately came to the rescue; and when Mary awoke to consciousness Billy Bender was supporting her and gently pushing back from her face the thick braids of her long hair.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the eager voices of the group around; but no one answered until a young gentleman, issuing from one of the fashionable saloons, came blustering up, demanding "what the row was."

Upon seeing Ida, his manner changed instantly, and he ordered the crowd to "stand back," at the same time forcing his way forward until he caught a sight of Mary's face.

"Who's Bill?" said he, "your old flame, the pauper, isn't it?" It was fortunate for Henry Lincoln that Billy Bender's arms were both in use, otherwise he might have measured his length upon the sidewalk. As it was, Billy frowned angrily upon him, and in a fierce whisper bade him beware how he used Miss Howard's name. By this time the horses were caught, another carriage procured, and Mary, still supported by Billy Bender, was carefully lifted into it and borne back to Mr. Selden's house.

Mary of Ida's friends, hearing of the accident, flocked in to see and to inquire after the young lady who was injured. Among the first who called was Lizzie Upton from Chicopee. On her way home she stopped at Mrs. Campbell's, where she was immediately beset by Ella, to know "who the beautiful young lady was that Henry Lincoln had so heroically saved from a violent death—dragging her out from under the horses' heels?"

Lizzie looked at her a moment in surprise, and then replied, "Why, Miss Campbell, is it possible you don't know it was your own sister?"

It was Henry Lincoln himself who had given Ella her information, without, however, telling the lady's name; and now, when she learned that 'twas Mary, she was too much surprised to answer, and Lizzie continued: "I think you are laboring under a mistake. It was not Mr. Lincoln who saved your sister's life, but a young law student, whom you perhaps have seen walking with George Moreland."

Ella replied that she never saw George Moreland, as he left Boston before she came; and then she did not seem at all anxious to know whether Mary was much injured or not. Lizzie soon took her leave. Long after she was gone Ella sat alone in the parlor, wondering why Henry should tell her such a falsehood, and if he really thought Mary beautiful. Poor, simple Ella! She was fast learning to live on Henry Lincoln's smile, to believe each word that he said; to watch nervously for his coming, and to weep if he stayed away.

(To be continued.)

MAKING GIRLS HAPPY ON FARMS

Mrs. Meredith Tells About the School for Farmgirls' Lives in Minnesota.

What the West is doing in the way of training girls to live happy lives on farms was very ably shown at Huntington hall, Boston, recently by Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, preceptress of the school of agriculture of Minnesota university.

Mrs. Meredith has herself conducted a successful stock farm for many years, and she believes thoroughly in the farm life for young people.

"The farm home," she said, "is to my mind the ideal home, and I am glad to say the thought in our school is always to educate the girl for the life she will have to live."

THE YELLOW MAN'S BURDEN.



The white man's burden has been described in prose and poetry. The yellow man's burden, greater than his white brother's, remains to be pictured by historians and commentators. China's payment of \$300,000,000 indemnity, enormous as this sum is, cannot be the heaviest weight on the shoulders of the already overtaxed Celestials, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. China's credit remains good so long as she has concessions to offer as security. If she display good financing, China can easily pay this amount or even a larger one, to satisfy the pecuniary demands of the powers, the while investing large sums in needed internal improvements. The yellow man's burden is not a financial one.

China is to-day practically without government for her 400,000,000 of people. The royal family is divided, the Empress working against reforms necessary for the perpetuity of the empire, and the Emperor being powerless to carry out such improvements as he considers advantageous for the nation. Imperial authority lacks power to execute its ordinary orders even, neither Empress nor Emperor having civil officers of sufficient loyalty or armies of sufficient strength to oppose the powerful viceroys and crafty mandarins. Such obedience as is secured, springs from policy more than from anything else. Dishonesty, corruption, treachery, and worse crime exist in the highest as well as the lowest official and social circles. Civilization in its true sense is not appreciated by the average Celestial who is an example of a decaying race. China's real burden is to arrest decay, reinvigorate and elevate its 400,000,000 people, a burden which no other nation has to bear.

It is true that the payment of \$300,000,000 indemnity will not make China's burden any lighter, no matter how favorable the conditions of payment. It is also true that maided she cannot begin the process of regeneration necessary for her further existence as an entirely independent nation. But the indemnity may bring this necessary assistance, since financial obligations will continue intercourse with some nation or nations able to give direction. Still, the conditions are not such that foreign assistance can easily be accepted, a fact that discloses the worst phase of the yellow man's burden.

A NOTABLE AUTHOR DEAD.

Sir Walter Besant, the English novelist and Historiographer.

A notable English novelist and historiographer, Sir Walter Besant, who was a warm friend of America and an admirer of Americans, has been laid to rest at Hampstead, in the north of London, where he had long made his home. Sir Walter's death followed an illness of short duration.

Walter Besant, in the minds of Englishmen, was the nearest approach to Dickens the country ever produced. He was born in 1838 and was the son of a well-to-do merchant. Entering Cambridge, he took up the study of mathematics but, becoming interested in Dickens's works, determined to emulate the great writer's example and enter the field of literature. All his time could not then be devoted to writing, however, so he secured a colonial appointment and, when opportunity offered, wrote a novel. Two years passed before his work was finished



SIR WALTER BESANT.

and then it was rejected by a publisher with the result that it was placed in the fire. Then Sir Walter set to work publishing studies in French literature and also engaged in journalism. Becoming acquainted with a magazine editor named James Rice, he joined with him and together they produced in ten years twelve successful books.

While celebrated as an historical writer, a greater reputation was gained by Mr. Besant in a class of novels which added something of a purpose to the narrative. He was one of the first to discover for the present generation the East End of London, an industrial city whose millions pass an apparently dull, uneventful existence.

The People's Palace, which it was his idea should be the center of wholesome pleasure amid sordid surroundings, took concrete shape, and has been the parent of many similar institutions. It was in recognition of his work in this connection that knighthood was conferred upon him in 1895. So comprehensive and thorough was his knowledge of the topography and history of London that he was chosen to direct the preparation of a new survey which should picture the history, traditions and institutions of the vast metropolis.

Sir Walter twice visited America, the second occasion being in 1893, when he read a paper at the World's Congress of Authors at the Chicago Exposition.

Surprising Shrinkage. A writer on old Texas says, in "The Evolution of a State," that in 1837 the

winter was cold and wet, and the settlers suffered for clothing. Buckskin was sufficient while the weather kept dry, but there was one great objection to it as a rainy-day garment.

One afternoon a certain Jimmie, who had not been long in the country, was out with a surveying party, when there came up a drenching rain. Before they could reach shelter the buckskin breeches of the men were thoroughly saturated. A hospitable house, rendered delightful by daughters and young lady guests, opened its doors, and the surveyors took shelter.

Jimmie was not acquainted with the vagaries of buckskin, and on alighting from his horse he was distressed to find his feet enveloped in the slimy folds of trouser legs which had mysteriously lengthened, and become as unmanageable as a jellyfish. So he took out his knife and cut off the extra length.

A rousing fire had been built in the great open fireplace, and the boys drew up in front of it to dry their clothing. As the buckskin dried it began to shrink, and the breeches it made a perceptibly retrograde movement.

Jim perceived it, and, bending down, stretched them, to the ill-concealed amusement of those who had witnessed the amputation. But the buckskins were on the retreat, and presently had put an alarming distance between their lower edge and the top of Jim's shoes.

He did not wait for the rain to stop. He got out his horse and rode away.

Electric Eel's Victim.

At the Zoological Gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big cockroach fell into the water, and in its efforts to get out made a disturbance of the surface, which attracted the attention of the eel. The eel turned round, swam past it, discharged its battery at about eight inches off, and the cockroach instantly stopped stone dead. It did not even move its antennae after. The eel then proceeded to swallow its victim, and the narrator goes on to point out the curious circumstance that the fish, which weighed about twelve pounds, should find it worth while to fire its heavy artillery at a creature an inch and a half long, when it could easily have swallowed it sans facon.—Chambers' Journal.

Feudal Warfare in Kentucky.

Almost every mountain county in Kentucky has, or has had, its feud. On one side is a leader whose authority is rarely questioned. Each leader has his band of retainers. Always he arms them; usually he feeds them; sometimes he houses and clothes them, and sometimes, even, he hires them. In one local war \$4 per day were the wages of the fighting man, and the leader on one occasion, while besieging his enemies in the county courthouse—tried to purchase a cannon, and from no other personage than the governor himself.—Scribner's Magazine.

An Abateiner.

Briggs—Well, I have had to give up flirting.

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