

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

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

Mrs. Lincoln, who knew nothing of this exposure, loudly lamented the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, imputing it wholly to Mount Holyoke discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she'd been wide and kept her at home." Jenny would have wished so, too, if by this means Rose's illness could have been avoided, for it was not a very agreeable task to stay in that close sick-room, listening to the complaints of her fault-finding sister, who tossed and 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 dullness of all dull company when there's Mrs. Russell's party next week, and I've such a lovely dress to wear. Why ain't I as strong and healthy as you?—though I wouldn't be so fat for anything. I'll go to that party sick or well. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If Rose heard the last part of this sentence she did not heed it, for to her the idea of her father's failing was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl and descending to the dining-parlor, remained behind 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 had so long been anticipated and talked about that she felt she would not miss it for the world, and, as she had confessed to Jenny, there was also a mean curiosity to see how Mary Howard would appear at a fashionable party.

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

"Pale, delicate folks is always more interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flustering servant.

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

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

saw how lovely she really was.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Later in the evening, William Bender came, and immediately Jenny began to talk to him of Mary, and the impression she was making. Placing her hand familiarly upon his arm, as though that were its natural resting place, she led him toward a group, of which Mary seemed the center of attraction. Near her stood Henry Lincoln, redoubling his flattering compliments in proportion as Mary grew colder and more reserved in her manner toward him. Silly and conceited as he was, he could not help noticing how differently she received William Bender from what she had himself. "But all in good time," thought he, glancing at Ella, to see how she was affected by his desertion of her and his flirtation with her sister. She was standing a little apart from any one, and with her elbow resting upon a marble stand, her cheeks flushed, and her eyelashes moist with the tears she dare not shed, she was watching with feelings in which more of real pain than jealousy was mingled, for Ella was weak and simple-hearted, and loved Henry Lincoln far better than such as he deserved to be loved.

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

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

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

"But he is, I almost know he is," returned Ella, with a trembling of the voice she tried in vain to subdue; and then, fearing she could not longer re-

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 unkind bills came looming up before his mind, he thought proper to make some amends for his neglect. Accordingly, when Ella returned to the drawing room he offered her his arm, asking: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying: "Nothing—they weren't red."

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

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

"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 the might be missed, they at last returned to the parlor, where they found Ella at the piano, playing a very spirited polka. Henry, who boasted he "could waltz 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 engaged 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 rose, too, was utterly disappointed. One by one her old admirers had left her for the society of the "paper," 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 these, Rose! that declaration proved too true!

(To be continued.)

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

A Delightful and Profitable Way of Studying Bird Life.

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 unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nest, and what a wonderful concealing 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 less than two hours they quieted down 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.

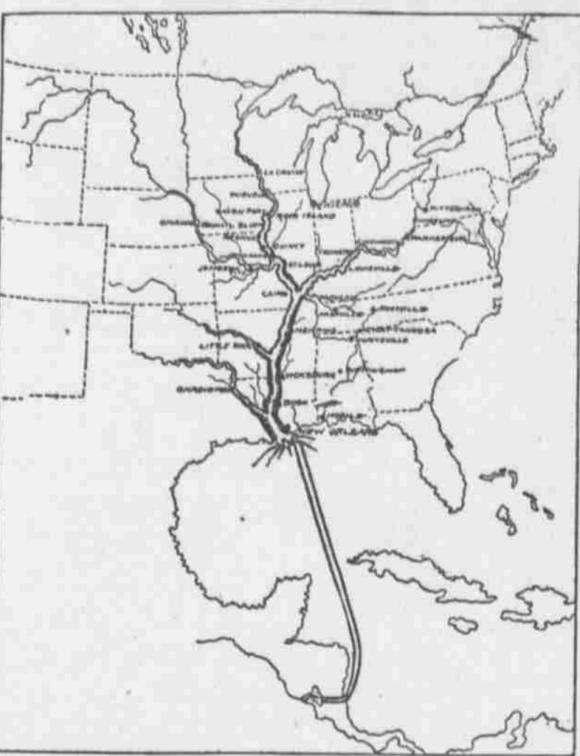
Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do. Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should not accident befall them, was to be their feeding ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest the family of fledglings scrambled out as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less time than 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.

Strads' Bring High Prices.

A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth whatever the person owning it may ask. At \$1,000 it would not be deemed extravagant.

ROOT OF OUR TREE OF COMMERCE.

How the Nicaragua Canal Would Nourish the Mississippi and Its Branches—Our Great System of Inland Waterways.



So much has been said and written of the advantage of the Nicaragua Canal to the country in general that its direct value to certain portions of the United States has not perhaps been fully appreciated. A section of the country which might be said to be vitally interested in this undertaking is that adjacent to the Mississippi River and its tributaries. One of the strongest arguments which prove this assertion is the map. A child could detect the important relation which the artificial waterway bears to this great natural thoroughfare.

An examination of the map shows the remarkable likeness of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio and their branches to a tree, the main river forming the trunk and the others ramifying to the right and left, the larger branches in turn sending out shoots. On the face of the map this system of water ways stands out like a great oak, placed by nature to foster the commerce of a territory populated by millions of people and the site of thousands of industries. Some of the greatest cities in the country owe much of their progress and prosperity to their location on the banks of the Mississippi and its branches. The natural resources of the States traversed by these waterways have been largely developed by the facilities afforded to connect them with the centers of consumption. The settlement of what we now call the Middle West, but which is in reality the heart of the United States, has been in a great measure due to the same system. The pioneers of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio, as well as the States west of the Mississippi, and even part of the Gulf group, came to this region in boats at a time when the railroad and the locomotive were curiosities.

A few months ago a United States gunboat explored the upper Amazon and reports were made by the officers of the thousands of miles of navigation which this river afforded. Yet the Amazon, the Ganges and the Nile combined do not equal the Mississippi and its tributaries in the mileage of navigable water. Towns and cities in no less than twenty-eight States of the Union can be reached by steamboats from New Orleans. Fully one-third of the population of the United States to-day reside in the country adjacent to the Mississippi and its tributaries—fully 25,000,000 persons. A boat drawing five feet of water and starting from New Orleans can reach 1,000 communities varying in population from 700,000 to 500. Among the great cities which enjoy the advantages of water transportation by this system, and which the canal would connect by water with the Pacific are St. Louis, with its 700,000 population; New Orleans, with its 300,000; Pittsburg, with its 250,000; Louisville, with its 225,000; and Wheeling, with its 50,000. On the trunk of the tree are Memphis, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Quincy, Burlington, Davenport, Dubuque and La Crosse, a chain of communities extending from the South to the timber lands of the far North.

In a study of this portion of the United States a surprising feature is the large number of streams which are navigable. It is doubtful if the Mississippi has a branch of fifty miles in length which is not deep enough for steamer traffic over at least a portion of its length. The same is true of the principal branches, with the exception of some of the tributaries of the upper Missouri in Dakota and Nebraska. The shoals formed by rock ledges are but few in number. This is owing to the fact that the majority of the streams flow through a region which offers few barriers to the natural deepening of the channel. Along the lower Mississippi in the vicinity of New Orleans a network of bayous and other waterways forms a series of channels which

extend far into both Louisiana and Mississippi. They reach the famous Yazoo Valley in the latter State, traverse the coast country and give most of the important towns in both States water communication with New Orleans. The same condition exists along the Red River, which is one of the most valuable branches of this trunk. Other streams connecting with the lower Mississippi and of great value to navigation are the Arkansas, the St. Francis, the White, the Yazoo, the Tallahatchee and the Ouachita. Steamers can ply on several of these streams a distance of over 200 miles from their mouths, yet all are located below the junction of the Ohio and the main river. The Ohio Valley is traversed also by a network of water courses, the largest of which is the Tennessee River, reaching portions of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, and of a depth to allow steamers to go as far as the city of Knoxville. In Kentucky, the Green, Kentucky and Big Sandy Rivers are all available feeders of the Ohio, while penetrating the coal and timber lands of West Virginia are the Kanawha and several smaller tributaries. Joining the east side of the trunk are a number of branches extending as far north as the State of Wisconsin. The most important is, perhaps, the Illinois River, which, with the connection with the Chicago Drainage Canal, may form a ship channel between the great lakes and the Mississippi.

The variety of traffic, both foreign and domestic, which originates in this great territory represents nearly every kind of manufactured and raw material which the United States produces. The agricultural staples of the South, such as cotton, tobacco, sugar cane and rice, are noted for their quality and quantity in the section reached by the Mississippi and its tributaries, while its water courses also penetrate the extensive pineries of northwest Louisiana. Much of the mineral wealth of Arkansas in marble, zinc and other resources lies along the navigable streams in this State. It is hardly necessary to refer to the products of Tennessee and Kentucky, which are shipped by water to St. Louis and other markets by way of the Tennessee, the Cumberland and other streams. The

shipments of coal from western Pennsylvania and West Virginia by way of the Ohio River to the lower Mississippi have reached as high as a million tons in a year, large fleets of steamers and barges being employed exclusively in this business. A large proportion of the cotton business of New Orleans is furnished by the water communication which this city enjoys with the Southwest. The industries in the group of cities along the Ohio River in Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, as well as in Chattanooga, Nashville and Memphis, have been fostered to a considerable extent by the location of their sites on navigable water, giving the manufacturers the benefit of rail and water facilities.

The effect of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal upon the cities and towns in this part of the country, even with the present area of river navigation, will be to increase their importance. It brings the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Missouri valleys, from 1,000 to 10,000 miles nearer the great market which will be opened to us in South America, as well as the northern Pacific coast. A vessel going from New Orleans to San Francisco, for example, must round Cape Horn and traverse over 13,000 miles of ocean. By the canal route the distance is but 4,150 miles, or less than one-third of the present length. A vessel taking a cargo from St. Louis to San Francisco by way of the canal would travel a distance of 14,000 miles, while by the canal route it would be reduced to less than 5,000. The city of Louisville would be 5,532 miles from San Francisco, while at present it is 11,882 by the water route. The manufacturers of Alabama could ship their products to a Gulf or a Mississippi River port and have them delivered at their destination in less than half the time now required. The effect which the canal would have in the expanding commerce of this part of the South is incalculable. No nation on the globe enjoys such a system of inland water communication as the American people possess in the Mississippi and its tributaries.—D. Allen Willey, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Gentleman.

She was never at a loss in the interests of the family for whom she had toiled in innumerable capacities for years. Over the soapbuds of a Monday morning, in the back kitchen, she heard and retailed the news. Hers were generally of funerals and weddings; theirs of the minor and major movements of home sisters, and brothers gone abroad. One of these last was expected back from the East after an absence of four years. Elbow deep in froth, she contrasted his qualities with those of his older brother in Africa, whom she (secretly) regarded more. "Yes, now," she said, referring to her unacknowledged favorite, "e was a gentleman, Mister John was. When 'e wanted 'e boots cleaned 'e'd come to the top of the stairs and call down, soft-like: 'Mrs. L., will you be so kind as to clean my boots?' Not but what Mr. 'Arry's a gentleman, too, but in a different style. When Mister 'Arry wanted 'is boots done, 'e'd drop 'em over the banisters and holler: 'Eads, I want my boots cleaned!'"—London Academy.

New Mouse in Dublin Bay.

On a sand island in Dublin bay a new kind of mouse has been found. It resembles the ordinary mouse in all except its color, which is that of the sand, and the naturalists attribute that to an interposition of nature for its protection from the owls and hawks on the island. It is supposed that they are the descendants of castaway mice and that the protective coloration is a gradually acquired result of their surroundings.

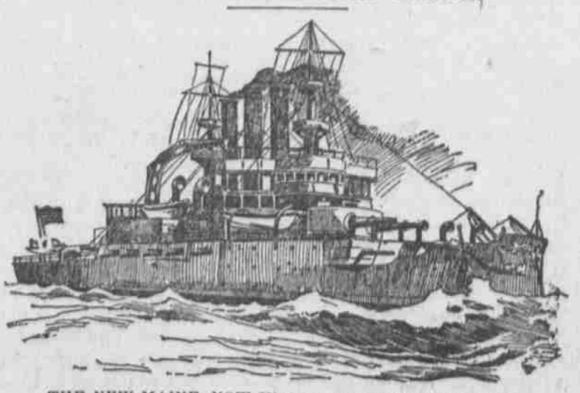
A Systematic Woman.

There is a woman in Kansas, 90 years of age, who spent exactly thirty years each as maid, wife, and widow.—Kansas City Journal.

A widow usually retains her husband's initials until a new city directory is issued, when she appears with her own.

It is one of the unsolved mysteries how two men can exchange umbrellas and each invariably get the worst of it.

THE NEW BATTLESHIP MAINE,



THE NEW MAINE, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The principal dimensions of the new battleship are: Length between perpendiculars, 398 feet; length over all, 393 feet 10 1/2 inches; extreme breadth, 72 feet; mean draught, 23 feet 6 inches; displacement at normal draught, 12,300 tons; vessel is to be an improved Alabama, two knots faster than that fine battleship, equipped with a more powerful armament and hedged about with a greater area of armor protection.

In the contract it is stipulated that she must on her official trial maintain a speed of 18 knots for four consecutive hours.

The armament designed for the vessel is a very powerful one. It will consist of four 12-inch breech loading rifles mounted in pairs in two elliptical balanced turrets, one forward and one aft. In addition there will be sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns mounted in broadside, six 14-pounders, eight 3-pounders, six 1-pounders, two Colt automatic and two 3-inch rapid-fire field guns. In the Maine the 14-pounder type of rapid-fire gun will be installed for the first time on an American battleship. There are two submerged torpedo tubes on the ship, the Maine class being also the first in which these tubes have been placed below the water line.