

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Days passed on, and at last rumors reached Ella that Henry was constant in his attendance upon the proud Southern beauty, whose fortune was valued by hundreds of thousands. At first she refused to believe it, but when Mary and Jenny both assured her it was true, and when she herself had ocular demonstration of the fact, she gave way to one long fit of weeping, and then, drying her eyes, declared that Henry Lincoln should see "that she would not die for him."

Still a minute observer could easily have seen that her gaiety was feigned, for she had loved Henry Lincoln as sincerely as she was capable of loving, and not even George Moreland, who treated her with his old boyish familiarity, could make her for a moment forget one who now passed her coldly by, or listened passively while the sarcastic Evron Herndon likened her to a waxen image, fit only for a glass case!

Toward the last of April Mrs. Mason and Mary returned to their old home in the country. On Ella's account Mrs. Campbell had decided to remain in the city during a part of the summer, and she labored hard to keep Mary also, Mary promised, however, to spend the next winter with her aunt, who wept at parting with her more than she would probably have done had it been Ella. Mary had partially engaged to teach the school in Rice Corner, but George, assuming a kind of authority over her, declared she should not.

"I don't want your eyes to grow dim and your cheeks pale in that little, pent-up room," said he. "You know I've been there and seen for myself."

Mary colored, for George's manner of late had puzzled her, and Jenny had more than once whispered in her ear, "I know George loves you, for he looks at you just as William does at me, only a little more so!"

Ida, too, had once mischievously addressed her as "Cousin," adding that there was no one among her acquaintances whom she would as willingly call by that name. "When I was a little girl," said she, "they used to tease me about George, but I'd as soon think of marrying my brother. You never saw Mr. Elwood, George's classmate, for he's in Europe now. Between you and me, I like him and—"

A loud call from Aunt Martha prevented Ida from finishing, and the conversation was not again resumed. The next morning Mary was to leave, and as she stood in the parlor talking with Ida, George came in with a traveling satchel in his hand, and a shawl thrown carelessly over his arm.

"Where are you going?" asked Ida. "To Springfield, I have business there," said George.

"And when will you return?" continued Ida, feeling that it would be doubly lonely at home.

"That depends on circumstances," said he. "I shall stop at Chicopee on my way back, provided Mary is willing."

Mary answered that she was always glad to see her friends, and as the carriage just then drove up, they started together for the depot. Mary never remembered of having had a more pleasant ride than that from Boston to Chicopee. George was a most agreeable companion, and with him at her side she seemed to discover new beauties in every object which they passed, and felt rather sorry when the winding river and the blue waters of Pondunk Pond warned her that Chicopee station was near at hand.

"Oh! how pleasant to be at home once more, and alone," said Mrs. Mason, but Mary did not reply. Her thoughts were elsewhere, and much as she liked being alone, the presence of a certain individual would not probably have marred her happiness to any great extent. But he was coming soon, and with that in anticipation she appeared cheerful and gay as usual.

Among the first to call upon them was Mrs. Perkins, who came early in the morning, bringing her knitting work and staying all day. She had taken to dress-making, she said, and thought maybe she could get some new ideas from Mary's dresses, which she very coolly asked to see. With the utmost good humor Mary opened her entire wardrobe to the inspection of the widow. At last the day was over, and with it the visit of the widow, who had gathered enough gossiping materials to last her until the Monday following, when the arrival in the neighborhood of George Moreland threw her upon a fresh theme, causing her to wonder "if 'twas Mar's beau, and if he hadn't been kinder courtin' her ever since the time he visited her school."

She felt sure of it when, toward evening, she saw them enter the school house, and nothing but the presence of a visitor prevented her from stealing across the road and listening under the window. She would undoubtedly have been highly edified could she have heard their conversation. The interest which George had felt in Mary when a little child was greatly increased when he visited her school in Rice Corner, and saw how much she was improved in her manners and appearance; and it was then that he conceived the idea of educating her, determining to marry her if she proved all he hoped she would.

He had asked her to accompany him to the school house, because it was there his resolution had been formed, and it was there he would make it known. Mary, too, had something which she wished to say to him. She would thank him for his kindness to her and her parents' memory; but the moment she commenced talking upon the subject George stopped her, and for the first time since they were children, placed his arm around her waist and, kissing her smooth, white brow, said, "Shall I tell you, Mary, how you can repay me?"

She did not reply, and he continued: "Give me a husband's right to care for you, and I shall be repaid a thousand-fold."

Until the shadows of evening fell around them they sat there, talking of

the future, which George said should be all one bright dream of happiness to the young girl at his side, who from the very fullness of her joy wept as she thought how strange it was that she should be the wife of George Moreland, whom many dashing belle had tried in vain to win. The next morning George went back to Boston, promising to return in a week or two, when he should expect Mary to accompany him to Glenwood, as he wished to see Rose once more before she died.

CHAPTER XXII.

The windows of Rose Lincoln's chamber were open, and the balmy air of May came in, kissing the white brow of the sick girl, and whispering to her of swelling buds and fair young blossoms, which his breath had awakened into life, and which she would never see.

"Has Henry come?" she asked of her father, and in the tones of her voice there was an unusual gentleness, for just as she was dying Rose was learning to live. For a time she had seemed so indifferent and obstinate that Mrs. Howland had almost despaired. But night after night, when her daughter thought she slept, she prayed for the young girl, that she might not die until she had first learned the way of eternal life. And, as if in answer to her prayers, Rose gradually began to listen, and as she listened, she wept, wondering, though, why her grandmother thought her so much more wicked than anyone else.

On her return from the city Jenny had told her as gently as possible of Henry's conduct toward Ella, and of her fears that he was becoming more dissipated than ever. For a time Rose lay perfectly still, and Jenny, thinking she was asleep, was about to leave the room, when her sister called her back, and bidding her sit down by her side, said, "Tell me, Jenny, do you think Henry has any love for me?"

"He would be an unnatural brother if he had not," answered Jenny, her own heart yearning more tenderly toward her sister, whose gentle manner she could not understand.

"Then," resumed Rose, "if he loves me, he will be sorry when I am dead, and perhaps it may save him from ruin." The tears dropped slowly from her long eyelashes, while Jenny, laying her round, rosy cheek against the thin, pale face near her, sobbed out, "You must not die—dear Rose. You must not die, and leave us."

From that time the failure was visible and rapid, and though letters went frequently to Henry, telling him of his sister's danger, he still lingered by the side of the brilliant beauty, while east morning Rose asked, "Will he come to-day?" and each night she wept that he was not there.

Calmly and without a murmur she had heard the story of their ruin from their father, who could not let her die without unceasing her. Before that time she had asked to be taken back to Mount Auburn, designating the spot where she would be buried, but now she insisted upon being laid by the running brook at the foot of her grandmother's garden, and near a green, mossy bank where the spring blossoms were earliest found, and where the flowers of autumn lingered longest. The music of the falling water, she said, would soothe her as she slept, and its cool moisture keep the grass green and fresh upon her early grave.

One day, when Mrs. Lincoln was sitting by her daughter and, as she frequently did, uttering invectives against Mount Holyoke, etc., Rose said, "Don't talk so, mother. Mount Holyoke Seminary had nothing to do with hastening my death. I have done it myself by my own carelessness," and then she confessed how many times she had deceived her mother, and thoughtlessly exposed her health, even when her lungs and side were throbbing with pain. "I know you will forgive me," said she, "for most severely have I been punished."

Then, as she heard Jenny's voice in the room below, she added, "There is one other thing which I would say to you, Ere I die, you must promise that Jenny shall marry William Bender. He is poor, I know, and so are we, but he has a noble heart, and now, for my sake, mother, take back the bitter words you once spoke to Jenny, and say that she may wed him. She will soon be your only daughter, and why should you destroy her happiness. Promise me, mother, promise that she shall marry him."

Mrs. Lincoln, though poor, was proud and haughty still, and the struggle in her bosom was long and severe, but love for her dying child conquered at last. "And, mother," continued Rose, "may he not be sent for now? I cannot be here long, and once more I would see him and tell him that I gladly claim him as a brother."

A brother! How heavily those words smote upon the heart of the sick girl! Henry was yet away, and though in Jenny's letter Rose herself had once feebly traced the words, "Come, brother—do come," he still lingered, as if bound by a spell he could not break. And so days went by, and night succeeded night, until the bright May morning dawned, the last Rose could ever see. Slowly up the eastern horizon came the warm spring sun, and as its red beams danced for a time upon the wall of Rose's chamber, she gazed wistfully upon it, murmuring, "It is the last—the last that will ever rise for me."

William Bender was there. He had come the night before, bringing word that Henry would follow the next day. There was a gay party to which he had promised to attend Miss Herndon, and he deemed that a sufficient reason why he should neglect his dying sister.

"If Henry does not come," said Rose, "tell him it was my last request that he turn away from the wine cup, and say that the bitterest pang I felt in dying was a fear that my only brother should fill a drunkard's grave. He cannot look upon me dead, and feel angry that I wished him to reform. And as he stands over

my coffin, tell him to promise never again to touch the deadly poison."

Here she became too much exhausted to say more, and soon after fell into a quiet sleep. When she awoke her father was sitting across the room, with his head resting upon the window sill, while her own was pillowed upon the strong arm of George Moreland, who bent tenderly over her, and soothed her as he would a child. Quickly her fading cheek glowed, and her eye sparkled with something of its olden light; but "George—George," was all she had strength to say, and when Mary, who had accompanied him, approached her she only knew that she was recognized by the pressure of the little blue-veined hand, which soon dropped heavily upon the counterpane, and with the eyelids closed languidly, and while the words, "He will not come," she again slept, but this time 'twas the long, deep sleep from which she would never awaken.

Slowly the shades of night fell around the cottage. Softly the kind-hearted neighbors passed up and down the narrow staircase, ministering first to the dead, and then turning aside to weep as they looked upon the bowed man, who with his head upon the window sill, still sat just as he did when they told him she was dead. At his feet on a little stool was Jenny, pressing his hands, and covering them with the tears she for his sake tried in vain to repress.

At last, when it was dark without, and lights were burning upon the table, there was a sound of some one at the gate, and in a moment Henry stepped across the threshold, but started and turned pale when he saw his mother in violent hysterics upon the lounge, and Mary Howard bathing her head and trying to soothe her. Before he had time to ask a question, Jenny's arms were wound around his neck, and she whispered, "Rose is dead. Why were you so late?"

He could not answer. He had nothing to say, and mechanically following his sister he entered the room where Rose had died. Very beautiful had she been in life, and now, far more beautiful in death, she looked like a piece of sculptured marble, as she lay there so cold and still, and all unconscious of the scalding tears which fell upon her face as Henry bent over her, kissing her lips and calling upon her to awake and speak to him once more.

When she thought he could bear it Jenny told him of all Rose had said, and by the side of her coffin, with his hand resting upon her white forehead, the conscience-stricken young man swore that never again should ardent spirits of any kind pass his lips, and the father, who stood by and heard that vow, felt that if it were kept, his daughter had not died in vain.

The day following the burial George and Mary returned to Chicopee, and as the next day was the one appointed for the sale of Mr. Lincoln's farm and country house, he also accompanied them.

"Suppose you buy it," said he to George as they rode over the premises, "I'd rather you'd own it than to see it in the hands of strangers."

"I intended doing so," answered George, and when at night he was the owner of the farm, house and furniture, he generously offered it to Mr. Lincoln rent free, with the privilege of redeeming it whenever he could.

This was so unexpected that Mr. Lincoln at first could hardly find words to express his thanks, but when he did he accepted the offer, saying, however, that he could pay the rent, and adding that he hoped two or three years of hard labor in California, whither he intended going, would enable him to purchase it back. On his return to Glenwood he asked William, who was still there, "how he would like to turn farmer for a while."

"Oh, that'll be nice," said Jenny, whose love for the country was as strong as ever. "And then, Willie, when pa comes back we'll go to Boston again and practice law, you and I!"

Jenny looked up in surprise while William asked what he meant. Briefly then Mr. Lincoln told of George's generosity and stating his own intentions of going to California, said that in his absence somebody must look after the farm, and he knew of no one whom he would as soon trust as William.

William pressed the little fat hand which had slid into his, and replied that, much as he would like to oblige Mr. Lincoln, he could not willingly abandon his profession in which he was succeeding even beyond his most sanguine hopes.

"But," said he, "I think I can find a good substitute in Mr. Parker, who is anxious to leave the poorhouse. He is an honest, thorough-going man, and his wife, who is an excellent housekeeper, will relieve Mrs. Lincoln entirely from care."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the last-mentioned lady, "I could never endure that vulgar creature round me. First I'd know she'd want to be eating at the same table, and I couldn't survive that."

Mr. Lincoln looked sad. Jenny smiled, and William replied that he presumed Mrs. Parker herself would greatly prefer taking her meals quietly with her husband in the kitchen.

"We can at least try it," said Mr. Lincoln in a manner so decided that his wife ventured no further remonstrance, though she cried and fretted all the time, seemingly lamenting their fallen fortune more than the vacancy which death had so recently made in their midst.

(To be continued.)

Proof Positive.

Briggs—Bertier is an ass, that's what he is. He is always on the wrong side of every question.

Harleigh—But he says the same thing of you.

Briggs—Well, and doesn't that prove what I say of him?—Boston Transcript.

An Ill-Exposed Idea.

"How much is that employe short?" inquired the commercial acquaintance.

"Short!" echoed the bank director.

"We're the ones who are short. He is away ahead of the game."—Washington Star.

Not Her Way.

"I suppose that woman orator spoke her mind freely on the subject?"

"Not much. She demanded half of her \$50 in advance before she went on the platform."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Good as He Feels.

Mr. Smart—Well, you know you fished for me.

Mrs. Smart—Yes; and what did I catch? A lobster!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

EARLY FORECAST OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE NEXT GREAT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



TOM L. JOHNSON.



CARTER H. HARRISON.



DAVID B. HILL.



MARCUS A. HANNA.



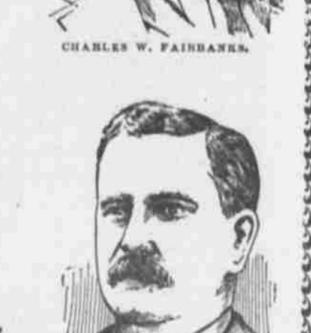
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.



JOHN C. SPOONER.



JOSEPH B. FORAKER.



BENJAMIN B. ODELL.

To some minds the discussion of the question of possible or probable candidates for the presidency at the present time, three years before such candidacy can take concrete shape, may seem entirely futile. But yet, to the practical politician, three years is not such a long lead. He is accustomed to the fixing of goals at even more extended distances and to silent, persistent efforts to reach them in advance of his rivals. The presidency of the United States is a goal it is worth any man's while to reach. Many are striving now, or their friends are striving for them, to obtain the coveted prize. In this gallery of men prominent in the two great parties of the country may be seen those who now stand foremost in the eyes of political forecasters as possible candidates for presidential honors.

On the Republican side, since President McKinley has seemingly eliminated himself from the contest, there holds place as favorite in the entries in the view of many shrewd politicians Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., now Governor of New York. He is a practical politician, they say, a man with an unassailable record, above all a man in whom his party associates can place firm reliance. Both the political and business interests of the country, they argue, would be safe in his hands.

On the other hand, there are many who believe that if a candidate for the presidential nomination is to be presented by New York the Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, would be the logical nominee. They urge that Col. Roosevelt's position places him, or should place him, in line of promotion; that he has a wider and more favorable national reputation and would run better throughout the country. The majority of the wheel horses of the party in New York State, however, look with more favor on Odell. They assert that Roosevelt has always been and always will be an unknown quantity. Many

of them, however, have a sort of superstitious belief in "Teddy's luck" and are willing to admit that circumstances may arise that would put him in the President's chair.

In the West, from which all Republican candidates have hitherto come, looms up prominently the name and figure of United States Senator Charles W. Fairbanks. He is prominently identified with the banking and railroad interests of the middle West and would find valuable support from them if his candidacy is urged, and it is believed that it will be urged. He is a rich man, having acquired a fortune before he entered politics. Both as a business man and a politician Senator Fairbanks commands the confidence of conservative Republicans in all sections of the country.

United States Senator Spooner of Wisconsin is another entity to be considered when presidential candidates are spoken of. A clever lawyer, a man of marked ability in the Senate and on the stump, brainy, aggressive, shrewd as a politician, eventualities may arise that will bring him to the front.

The senior Senator from Ohio, Joseph B. Foraker, is said to possess the opinion that in the course of his political life he has devoted sufficient energy to altruism—to the placing of other Ohio men in the presidential chair. Now, it is said, he would like to seat himself there, and is quietly pulling wires that may serve to secure him the nomination.

On the other hand, there are many astute politicians who say that Marcus A. Hanna, Senator Foraker's colleague in the Senate, looks upon himself as the logical candidate of the next Republican convention and will work with characteristic energy to secure the prize. He is perfectly aware that he would meet with strong opposition, even virulent abuse, but he reasons that he has been abundantly so freely already that his enemies have exhausted their ammunition and have

nothing new left to say. If Senator Hanna does receive the nomination the country will be assured of a strenuous, picturesque campaign.

Many of those who would avert a split in the Democratic party suggest that David B. Hill of New York would be the most available candidate to preserve at least the outer semblance of union between the two opposing elements. They argue that he could hold the conservative element in the ranks and would at the same time be sufficiently aggressive and advanced to secure the votes of all excepting the more violently radical of the Democrats.

Irrepressible Ohio, in addition to her superfluity of Republican candidates for the presidential nomination, has also a very vigorous, lively Democratic candidate in the person of Tom L. Johnson, the present Mayor of Cleveland. He has already made himself very prominent in the public eye and those who have closely watched his career predict that he will become much more prominent within the coming three years. He is a capitalist, but is known as the friend of labor; he is rich, but advocates the cause of the poor; he is radical in theory and action, but cannot be accused of meditating designs harmful to the general business interests of the country. Withal he has an interesting personality that might easily place him in the position Bryan has held for a time.

Carter H. Harrison, the re-elected Mayor of Chicago, is regarded by many politicians as a man who may be selected to lead the Democrats in the next campaign. He has the cachet of success to recommend him; he comes from a State it would be all important to the Democracy to carry; his name would appeal to the younger and more aggressive element in the party, and, they say, his career as a public man is sufficient to convince the conservative element of the party that he would be a safe man.

FIRST WOMAN BOAT CAPTAIN

She Is Master of the Steamer Natchez, on the Mississippi.

According to the census reports, Mrs. Blanche Douglas Leathers is the only licensed woman sea captain in the United States.

Mrs. Leathers is now in command of one of the largest steamboats on the Mississippi—the Natchez, which makes regular trips between New Orleans and Vicksburg. She is thoroughly acquainted with every detail of her profession, and can give any one of her crew points on the proper way to bow-lash a line or place a "stage."

In her seafaring experience of nearly ten years, Mrs. Leathers has had her share of wrecks and adventures. Several years ago, when the old Natchez sank near Vicksburg, Captain Leathers was on board as a passenger and saved her life by swimming to shore.

One dark night a few weeks ago the plucky little captain's nerve was severely tested. Her boat on its down trip suddenly ran against a sandbar and broke off both of the large smokestacks. The noise and excitement stampeded the passengers, and the sparks from the disabled stacks threatened the boat with destruction by fire.

Mrs. Leathers at once sent the passengers into the cabin, took her place at the wheel, and remained there for twenty-four hours until the Crescent City was reached. The brave woman was literally covered with soot and cinders, but refused to leave her post until all her passengers were safely landed.

Captain Leathers was also one of the Louisiana State Commissioners to the World's Fair at Chicago.

The Ease with Which Men Die.

I have found that persons of clean life, of honorable, upright, religious character, not only do not display an indifference to the approach of death as those of grosser life do, but welcome it as a relief from care and toll. There is something about the approach of death that reconciles men to it. The senses are dulled, the perceptive faculties are blunted, and the end comes quietly, painlessly, like a gentle sleep. In this condition—I mean on the approach of death—those who retain their faculties to any degree become more or less philosophers. They know that death is inevitable, that it is only a question of hours, and they accept the verdict without any demonstration and in a philosophical way. In all my ex-

perience I have never found a case in which a dying man or woman complained against the inevitable, attempted to fight its approach or even feared it. It is only in good health that we fear death. When we become ill, when we have sustained some injury of a very serious nature, the fear of death seems to disappear.—Dr. Andrews, of Philadelphia, who has seen 2,000 deaths.

It's Different, You Know.

"I don't see why you object to American capital assuming control in some of your affairs."

"Perhaps it's all right," answered the eminent European personage. "Heretofore, you see, we have been accustomed to selling you titles of nobility. When it comes to a transaction that involves actual value on our side of it, it somehow seems different."—Washington Star.

When people become angels, we hope there will be a complete change in their natures; nothing is quite so tiresome as ordinary humans trying to be angels.

A clerk in a railroad office resigns; a brakeman quits.