

FROM
POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.

For more than an hour there had been unbroken silence in the dingy old law office of Mr. Worthington, where Henry Lincoln and William Bender still remained, the one as a practicing lawyer and the other as a student still, for he had not yet dared to offer himself for examination. Study was something which Henry particularly disliked, and as his mother had trained him with the idea that labor for him was wholly unnecessary, he had never bestowed a thought on the future, or made an exertion of any kind. Now, however, a different phase of affairs was appearing. His father's fortune was threatened with ruin; and he sat in the office with his head upon the window sill, debating the all-important question whether it were better to marry Ella Campbell for the money which would save him from poverty, or to rouse himself to action for the sake of Mary Howard, whom he really fancied he loved.

Frequently since the party had he met her, each time becoming more and more convinced of her superiority over the other young ladies of her acquaintance. He was undoubtedly greatly assisted in this decision by the manner with which she received him, the fashionableness of her dress, but, aside from that, far more than was capable of doing so, he liked her, and was now making up his mind whether to tell her so or not.

At last breaking the silence, he exclaimed: "Hang me, if I don't believe she's bewitched me, or else I'm in love. Bender, how does a chap feel when he's in love?" "Very foolish, judging from yourself," returned William, and Henry replied: "I hope you mean nothing personal, for I'm bound to avenge my honor, and I would be a devoted scrap for you. You must fight about your sister, as you call her, for 'tis she who has inspired me, or made a fool of me, or the other."

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?" asked William, a little sarcastically.

"Hanged if I have!" said Henry. "I was interested in her years ago, when she was the ugliest little vixen a man ever looked upon, and that's why I teased her so—I don't believe she's handsome now, but she's something, and that something has raised the mischief with me. Come, Bender, you are better acquainted with her than I am, so tell me honestly if you think I'd better marry her."

With a haughty frown William replied: "You have my permission, sir, to propose as soon as you please. I rather wish you would," then taking his hat he left the office, while Henry continued his soliloquy as follows:

"I wonder what the old folks would say to a penniless bride. Wouldn't mother and Rose raise a row? I'd soon quiet the old woman, though, by threatening to tell that she was once a factory girl. But if dad smashes up I'll have to work, for I haven't brains enough to earn my living by wit. I guess the whole I'll go and call on Ella; she's handsome, and besides that has the rhino, too; but how shallow!" and the young man broke the blade of his knife as he stuck it into the hardwood table by way of emphasizing his last words.

Ella chanced to be out, and as Henry was returning he overtook Ida Selden and Mary Howard, who were taking their accustomed walk. Since her conversation with William a weight seemed lifted from Mary's spirits, and she now was happier far than she ever remembered of having been before. Mary could not find it in her heart to be unkind to Henry, and her manner toward him that morning was so kind and affable that it completely upset him; and when he parted with her at Mr. Selden's house his mind was quite made up to offer her his heart and hand.

"I shall have to work," thought he, "but for her sake I'll do anything."

An hour later he sat down and wrote to Mary on paper which he had just torn from her face to face. He had been a lingering doubt of her acceptance, he would undoubtedly have been at least a dozen sheets of the tiny gilt-edged paper, but as it was one would suffice, for she would not scold him for writing—she would not count the blot, or mark the omission of punctuating pauses. An ardent declaration of love was written, sealed and directed.

Restless and uneasy, he sat down to wait his answer. He was at last—his rejection, yet couched in language so kind and conciliatory that he could not feel angry. Twice—three times—he read it over, hoping to find some intimation that possibly she might relent; but no, it was firm and decided, and while she thanked him for the honor he conferred upon her, she respectfully declined accepting it, assuring him that his secret should be kept inviolate.

"There's some comfort in that," thought he, "for I wouldn't like to tell it known that I have been refused by a poor, unknown girl," and then, as the conviction came over him that she would never be his, he laid his head upon the table and wept such tears as a spoiled child might weep when refused a toy too costly and delicate to be trusted in its rude grasp.

All this time Henry had not spoken, but thought was busily at work. He could not bestir himself; he had no energy for that now; he could marry Ella Campbell, whose wealth would keep him in the position he now occupied, besides supplying many of Rose's wants.

Cursing the fate which had reduced him to such an extremity, toward the end of the evening Henry started for Mrs. Campbell's. Lights were burning in the parlor, and as the curtains were drawn back he could see through the partially opened shutter that Ella was alone. Reclining in a large sofa chair, she sat, leaning upon her elbow, the side of her brown hair falling over her white arm, which the full blue cashmere sleeve exposed to view. She seemed deeply engaged in thought, and never before had he looked so reverently to Henry, who he gazed upon her with a glow of pride in thinking that fair young girl could be his for the asking.

"And so my little pet is alone," said he, coming forward, and raising to his lips the dainty fingers which Ella extended toward him. "I hope the old aunt is out," he continued, "for I want to see you on special business."

Ella noticed how excited he appeared, and always on the alert for something when he was with her, she began to tremble, and without knowing what she said and did him "what he wanted of her." "Zounds!" thought Henry, "she meets me more than half way," and then, less his resolution should fail, he resented her in the chair she had left, and drawing an ottoman to her side, he told her of his love, ending his declaration by saying that from the first time he saw her he had determined that she should be his wife! And Ella, wholly deceived, allowed her head to drop upon his shoulder, while she whispered to him her answer. Thus they were betrothed—Henry Lincoln and Ella Campbell.

"Glad am I to be out of that atmosphere," thought the newly engaged young man, as he reached the open air, and began to breathe more freely. "Goodness! wouldn't I lead a glorious life? Now, if she'd only hung back a little—but no, she said yes, before I fairly got the words out; but money covereth a multitude of sins—I beg your pardon, man'am," said he quickly, as he became conscious of having rudely jostled her pathway. "Thus they were betrothed—Henry Lincoln and Ella Campbell."

Looking up, he met Mary Howard's large dark eyes fixed rather inquiringly upon him. She was accompanied by one of Mr. Selden's servants, and he felt sure she was going to visit her sister. Of course Ella would tell her all, and what must Mary think of one who could so soon repeat his vows of love to another? In all the world there was not an individual for whose good opinion Henry Lincoln cared one-half so much as for Mary Howard's; and the thought that he should now surely lose it maddened him. The resolution of the morning was forgotten, and that night a fond father watched and wept over his inebriate son.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From one of the luxuriously furnished chambers of her father's elegant mansion Jenny Lincoln looked mournfully out upon the thick, angry clouds which, the livelong day, had obscured the winter sky. Down she sat, while she listened to the patter of the rain as it fell upon the deserted pavement below, and then, with a long, deep sigh, she turned away and wept. Poor Jenny! the day was rainy and dark and dreary, but darker far was the shadow stealing over her pathway. Turn which way she would there was not one ray of sunshine which even her buoyant spirits could gather from the surrounding gloom. Her only sister was slowly but surely dying, and when Jenny was alone she felt that if Rose could only live she'd try and bear the rest; try to forget how much she loved William Bender, who that morning had honorably and manfully asked her of her parents, and been spurned with contempt—not by her father, for he could have followed the dictates of his better judgment; he would willingly have given his daughter to the care of one who he knew would carefully shield her from the storms of life. It was not he, but the cold, proud brother who so haughtily refused William's request, accusing him of taking underhand means to win her daughter's affections.

"I had rather see you dead!" said the stony-hearted woman, when Jenny knelt at her feet and pleaded for her to take back the words she had spoken. "I had rather see you dead than married to such a man. I mean what I have said, and you will never be his."

Jenny knew William too well to think he would ever sanction an act of disobedience to her mother, and her heart grew faint and her eyes grew dim with tears, as she thought of conquering the love which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. There was another reason, too, why Jenny should weep as she sat alone in her room. From her father she had heard of all that was to happen. The luxuries to which all her life she had been accustomed were to be hers no longer. The pleasant country house in Chicopee, dearer far than her city home, must be sold, and she was to be sent to the west to rest.

place? I thought we were not going there this summer?"

"No, not to Chicopee, but to your grand-ma Howland's in Glenwood. The physician thinks you will be more quiet there, and the pure air will do you good."

Rose looked earnestly in her father's face to see if he meant what he said, and then replied: "I'd rather go anywhere in the world than to Glenwood. You've no idea how I hate to stay there. Grandma is so queer and the things in the house so funny and country-fied—and cooks by a fireplace, and washes in a tin basin, and wipes on a crash towel that hangs on a roller!"

Mr. Lincoln could hardly repress a smile at Rose's reasoning, but perceiving that he must be decided, he said: "We think it best for you to go, and shall accordingly make arrangements to take you in the course of a week or two. Your mother will stay with you, and Jenny, too, will be there a part of the time; then, not wishing to witness the effect of his words, he hastily left the room, pausing in the hall to wipe away the tears which involuntarily came to his eyes as he overheard Rose angrily wonder "why she should be turned out of doors when she wasn't able to sit up!"

"I never can bear the scent of those great tallow candles, never," said she; "and then to think of the coarse sheets and patchwork bedquilt—oh, it's dreadful!"

Jenny's heart, too, was well-nigh bursting, but she strove to comfort her sister, telling her how strong and well the bracing air of the country would make her, and how refreshing, when her fever was on, would be the clear, cold water which gushed from the spring near the thornapple tree, where in childhood they so oft had played. Then she spoke of the miniature waterfall, which not far from her grandmother's door made "fairly-like music" all the long day, and at last, as if comforted by the sound of that far-off water, Rose forgot her trouble, and sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

In a few days preparations were commenced for moving Rose to Glenwood, and in the excitement of getting ready she in a measure forgot the tallow candles and patchwork bedquilt, the thoughts of which had so much shocked her at first.

"That in my embroidered morning gown," said she to Jenny, who was packing her trunk, "and the blue cashmere one faced with white satin; and don't forget my best cambric skirt, the one with so much work on it, for when George Howland comes to Glenwood I shall want to look as well as possible; and then, too, I like to see the country folks open their mouths and stare at city fashions."

"What makes you think George will come to Glenwood?" asked Jenny.

"I know, and that's enough," answered Rose; "and now, before you forget it, put in my leghorn hat, for if I stay long I shall want it; and see how nicely you can fold the dress I wore at Mrs. Russell's party!"

"Why, Rose, what can you possibly want of that?" asked Jenny, and Rose replied: "Oh, I want to show it to grandma, just to hear her groan over our extravagance, and predict that we'll yet come to ruin!"

Jenny thought that if Rose could have seen her father that morning when he was in the dress and his costly trimmings were presented she would have wished it removed forever from her sight. Early in the winter Mr. Lincoln had seen that all such matters were settled, and of this bill, more recently made, he knew nothing.

"Can't pay it now," said he promptly to the boy who brought it. "Tell Mr. Holton I will see him in a day or two."

The boy took the paper with an insolent grin, for he had heard the first circulating rumor "that one of the big bucks was about to smash up," and now, eager to confirm the report, he ran swiftly back to his employer, who muttered, "Just as I expected. I'll draw on him for what I lent him, and that'll tell the story. My daughters can't afford to wear such things, and I'm not going to furnish money for his."

Of all this Rose did not dream, for in her estimation there was no end to her father's wealth, and the possibility of his failing had never entered her mind.

(To be continued.)

Punishment Postponed.
Father (sternly)—Now, sir, come with me. I'll teach you to tell the truth, and—

Willie—Pa, do you always tell the truth?

Father—I do.

Willie—Well, pa, the other day you said "the child is father to the man." Suppose, you hand that strap over to your father, now—Philadelphia North American.

A Sense of Security.
"Doesn't it worry you to have your husband spend so much time in the corner store talking politics?"

"No," said the woman with the weary look in her eyes. "I know that when he is talking politics, he isn't letting anybody sell him bad mining stocks or gold bricks, or green goods. It keeps his mind occupied, and perhaps it is better so."—Washington Star.

Words of Awful Import.
"What would you do if you was to get convicted of a penitentiary offense?" asked Plodding Pete.

"I'd never serve me term," answered Meandering Mike.

"No, do law would lose its grip on me right there. As soon as I heard de judge say 'imprisonment' 'til hard labor' I'd drop dead."—Washington Star.

No Lack of Mascots.
"No," admitted Noah, "the ark is not exactly a Herreshoff knock-off. I didn't know anything about slumming when I planned her top sides, and her canvas is not cross-cut, nor does she carry a spinaker."

"But," he added, complacently, "we are right in it when it comes to mascots."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Otherwise with the Poor.
"I feel sorry for the rich."

"Why?"

"When a rich man gets a counterfeit quarter he can't remember where he got his dollar bill broken."—Chicago Record.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which Is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The steel workers' strike is now on. Two attempts were made to burn Santos-Dumont's airship trial at Paris was not successful.

The Perry monument was unveiled at Kuribama, Japan.

The fall of the Bastille was celebrated throughout France.

Lamont is slated to succeed Mellen as president of the Northern Pacific.

The excess of exports over imports last year was the greatest in our history.

A general strike has been ordered in sheet steel, steel hoop and tin plate mills.

There is no prospect of immediate relief from the drought in the middle west.

Kitchener may be succeeded in South Africa by General Sir Bindon Blood.

Attempt to shoot a judge is the climax of fishermen's strike on Fraser river, B. C.

Washington bicycle tax law declared illegal by Superior Judge Miller, at Vancouver.

Stein, ex-president of the Free State, narrowly escaped capture by Broadwood's brigade.

Thirteen Polish students are on trial at Posen, charged with belonging to revolutionary societies.

The Congregational church at Forest Grove, Ore., which was built in 1858, was burned. Incendiarism is suspected.

A proclamation withdrawing about 500,000 acres from Olympic reserve, Washington, has been sent to President McKinley.

Turkey pays the American claims of \$95,000.

Registering for Oklahoma lands has begun.

Ohio Democrats have nominated James K. Kilbourne for governor.

The Kilkenny combine will be incorporated in New Jersey with \$32,000,000 capital.

Fraser river, B. C., fishermen say they will fight before they will give in to the Japanese.

The government has chartered the steamship Palatinia to load at Port and for the Philippines.

Sixteen persons are dead and 30 injured as a result of a collision on the Chicago & Alton near Kansas City.

Treasurer Hollander, of Porto Rico, has resigned.

There is an increased demand for Oregon cherries.

Cubans are ready for the adoption of a constitution.

Chinese court still shows great honor for dead Boxers.

Prince Christian, of Denmark, is coming to the United States.

A crazy man in Denver killed a woman and fatally stabbed a little girl.

A Chinaman was lynched in a California lumber camp for assaulting a woman.

There is a shortage of \$255,267 in the funds of the endowment fund, K. of P.

American astronomers secured the best photographs of the eclipse in May last at Sumatra.

Conferences are being held by the officers of the steel workers' union and the employers to settle the big strike.

A pleasure launch containing nine persons was swamped near Santa Barbara, Cal., and all on board lost.

Frederick White, son of United States ambassador to Germany, committed suicide on account of ill health.

Two lady tourists in the Yellowstone National Park fell into the boiling mud "paint pots" and are badly scalded.

A passenger train ran into a freight on the Lake Shore road and killed the postal clerk and engineer and injured many passengers.

The condition of the national banks is declared to be exceptionally good. Their resources are said to be greater than ever before.

Japanese fishermen on the Fraser river have the best of the struggle between themselves and the striking union fishermen.

It is reported in England that the Boer forces are in a very bad plight, and would lay down their arms if the men were allowed to know the real truth of the situation.

The Minnesota state building at the Pan-American grounds has been dedicated.

Annie Dobbie, a young singer of great promise in New York, is being trained at the expense of Andrew Carnegie.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad officials approve the pension and sick benefit system for their employees, to become effective in September.

UNION WON BATTLE.

Sixteen Japanese Taken Prisoners on Fraser—Fight Between Fish Boats.

Vancouver, B. C., July 13.—The developments in the Fraser river strike situation during the past 24 hours show the union fishermen have the upper hand, having accomplished a coup d'etat which is without a parallel in the history of the many labor disturbances in British Columbia. As a result of a battle of small boats out in the gulf a battle in which shots were exchanged but in which no combatant was killed, 16 Japanese were taken prisoners by the strikers. The Japanese boats were overturned, the rifles and fishing gear of the Orientals thrown into the water, and the Japanese themselves taken to one of the small islands away out in the gulf. Exactly where this island is located is a secret of the white fishermen, for they chose it several weeks ago for occasions such as this. They say they will continue to place non-union Japanese there for the remainder of the season, or until the place is discovered by the authorities. All that is known is that the island is between here and Nanaimo, 50 miles away, and that it is hard to find. The Japanese will be given food every few days and maintained comfortably, although closely guarded until a settlement is reached or until their island prison is located by the authorities.

Two provincial constables were out in Japanese boats today and effected the arrest of six white fishermen.

The Japanese held a big meeting at Stevenson and raised by voluntary subscriptions \$4,000 for a Japanese hospital, which they think may be needed, and then discussed the salmon catching situation. Some were in favor of joining the union men in the strike especially as the run of salmon had been small this season up to date. The meeting broke up without definite action.

That evening a big run of salmon is reported as coming in from the south. The canners think the union men will not stand firm, in view of the temptation to participate in their catching. There is renewed talk this evening of turning out the militia.

Such a severe storm raged at the mouth of the Fraser river last night that the union patrol boats, which were to have attacked the Japanese fishermen, were forced to leave Stevenson. The Japanese kept coming during the night without fish. Five Japanese are reported to have been drowned.

OFF FOR BERLIN.

Prince Chun Goes to Germany to Apologize for Murder of Baron von Ketteler.

Pekin, July 15.—The departure from Peking of Prince Chun, younger brother of Emperor Kwang Hsu, who has been selected formally to apologize at Berlin for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, was a spectacular event. A train took Prince Chun and his suite from here to Taku, from which port he will proceed by steamer to Shanghai. He will sail from Shanghai July 20 for Genoa, and will proceed directly from there to Berlin by rail. Prince Chun came to the station in Peking on horseback. He was gorgeously attired in royal yellow, and followed by a long procession composed of members of his staff, their servants and the luggage on cars. Here he was met by the present German minister to China, Dr. Mumm von Schwarzenstein, a German military band and guard of honor and two of his brothers.

A committee of the ministers of the powers in Shanghai have agreed on a scheme for improving navigation in such a way as to allow Pacific liners having a draught of 28 feet to anchor at Shanghai, instead of 20 miles below. This improvement will cost \$750,000. It is probable that an improvement of the navigation of the Pei Ho as far up as Tien Tsin will be incorporated as a condition of the terms of peace.

M. W. Rockhill expects to sail from Yokohama August 20, accompanied by Hubbard T. Smith, United States consul at Canton, and F. D. Cheshire, who is retiring from his connection with the United States legation, widely as interpreter, after a quarter of a century of service.

General Wood's Condition.

Washington, July 15.—Acting Adjutant General Ward has received a cable message from Major Scott, adjutant general of the department of Cuba, saying that General Wood's condition is steadily improving. In the naval register. A board of condemnation has just appraised her at \$15,000, and she will be sold at public auction in Boston, where she now lies. The Minnesota is one of the most noted vessels of the old navy. She was built in Washington in 1855, and was the flagship of Admiral Goldsborough in the famous battle between the Merrimack and the Union fleet in Hampton Roads.

Carnegie Library for Leadville.

Leadville, Colo., July 15.—At a meeting of the City Library association a letter was read from the private secretary of Andrew Carnegie, dated from Skibo Castle, Scotland, stating that he would donate \$100,000 for a public library for this city, providing that the city would furnish \$2,000 a year to maintain it. The offer of Mr. Carnegie was in response to an appeal for aid from the association.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

Mount Angel college is developing a model dairy.

A 15 pound nugget was picked up last week in Spanish gulch, Malheur county.

The Climax mine in Grant county is showing a large body of ore running \$11 to \$28 to the ton.

C. J. Plummer, of Ashland, sold \$160 worth of strawberries this season from a patch 100x100.

W. N. White, an English apple dealer has been looking over the Southern Oregon orchards.

Twelve thousand crates of strawberries were shipped from Milton this season mostly to the mining districts.

The government rages in the Greenhorn mountains are reported badly overstocked with outside sheep from Morrow and adjoining counties.

Many farmers in Nebraska, Kansas, etc., are writing for locations in the Willamette valley and Eastern Oregon. They want to get away from the bugs, grasshoppers and hot winds.

The \$10,000 appropriated by the last state legislature for the improvement of the mineral springs at Sodaville is now being expended in numerous much needed improvements.

The First Southern Oregon District Agricultural Society will hold a fair at Ashland, September 13-22. There will be no racing, but prizes will be given for baseball and band contests.

Game is said to be disappearing rapidly in Malheur county, on account of increased numbers of stock which take all the grazing. The mountain sheep has been extinct there since 1884.

Brome grass is being extensively used on the Eastern Oregon ranges to replace the rapidly disappearing bunch grass. It seems to flourish on hard dry soils with a minimum of moisture.

Through the efforts of Mr. Edwin Stone, manager of the C. & E. railroad company, 10,000 young eastern brook trout will be shipped to Albany within a few days, to be planted in the tributaries of the Santiam.

Salmon are scarce this year in the rivers of Walaw county.

Indications are good for a record breaking prune crop in Benton county.

A sheep herder of Clark's creek killed an eight foot cougar with a 22 caliber rifle.

The Roaring Gimlet placer mine, near Gold Hill, frequently takes out \$50 to the pan.

Many good prospects are being developed in the Calapooia side of the Blue river district.

Ten car loads of horses were recently shipped from Elgin, Union county, to the Kansas City market.

Some fine asphalt croppings have been found on Lost Creek in Crook county. Hopes of oil are also entertained.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 57c per bushel; bluestem, 58½c; valley, nominal.

Flour—best grades, \$2.90@3.40 per barrel; graham, \$2.60.

Oats—White, \$1.32½@1.35; gray, \$1.30@1.32½ per cental.

Barley—Feed, \$1.17@1.50; brewing, \$1.17@1.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$21.50; shorts, \$20; chop, \$16.

Hay—Timothy, \$12.50@14; clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 15¢@17½¢; dairy, 13¢@14¢; store, 10¢@12¢ per pound.

Eggs—17¢@17½¢ per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12¢@12½¢; Young America, 13¢@13½¢ per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.75@3.00; hens, \$2.50@4.00; dressed, 9¢ per pound; turkeys, \$3 for old, \$2.50 for young; geese, \$4 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8¢@10¢; dressed, 10¢@12½¢ per pound.

Mutton—Lambs, 3½¢, gross; dressed, 6¢@7¢ per pound; sheep, \$3.25, gross; dressed, 6¢@6½¢ per lb.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$5.75@6¢; light, \$4.75@5¢; dressed, 6½¢@7¢ per pound.

Veal—Small, 7½¢@8¢; large, 6½¢@7¢ per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, \$4.00@4.25; cows and heifers, \$3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6½¢@7½¢ per pound.

Hops—12¢@14¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11¢@13¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@12¢; mohair, 20¢@21¢ per pound.

Potatoes—\$1.25 per sack; new potatoes, 1½¢@1¾¢ per pound.

The town of Natick, Mass., on July 4th celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that place.

Oklahoma fruit growers have begun the annual shipment of peaches to the northern markets. The crop is estimated at 750,000,000 bushels.

The circulation per capita in the United States is now the largest in the country's history, amounting to \$28.13, one year ago it was \$26.71.

BUTTE HOTEL FIRE.

Landing Hostelry Burned—Firemen Were Unable to Locate Fire.

Butte, Mont., July 16.—At 2:40 this morning a still alarm was turned in from the But