

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

## CHAPTER VI.

Mary had been at the poorhouse about three weeks when Miss Grundy one day ordered her to tie on her sun-bonnet and run across the meadow and through the woods until she came to a rye stubble, then follow the footpath along the fence until she came to another strip of woods, with a brook running through it. "And just on the fur edge of them woods," said she, "you'll see the men folks to work;" and do tell 'em to come to their dinner quick."

It was a mild September day, and Mary determined not to hurry. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a boy and two little girls, who seemed to be playing near the brook. In the features of the boy she recognized Henry Lincoln, and remembering what Billy Bender had said of him, she was about turning away when the smallest of the girls espied her, and called out: "Look here, Rose, I reckon that's Mary Howard. I'm going to speak to her."

"Jenny Lincoln, you mustn't do any such thing. Mother won't like it," answered the girl called Rose.

But whether "mother would like it" or not, Jenny did not stop to think, and going toward Mary she said: "Have you come to play in the woods?"

"No," was Mary's reply. "I came to call the folks to dinner."

"Oh, it was you that screamed so loud. I couldn't think who it was, but it can't be dinner-time?"

"Yes, 'tis; it's noon."

"Well, we don't have dinner until 2, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you play with us?"

"No, I can't; I must go back and work," said Mary.

"Work!" repeated Jenny. "I think it's bad enough to have to live in that old house without working; but come and see our fish pond;" and taking Mary's hand, she led her to a wide part of the stream where the water had been dammed up until it was nearly two feet deep and clear as crystal. Looking in, Mary could see the pebbles on the bottom, while a fish occasionally darted out and then disappeared.

"I made this almost all myself," said Jenny. "Henry wouldn't help me because he's so ugly, and Rose was afraid of blacking her fingers. But I don't care. Mother says I'm a great—great—I've forgotten the word, but it means dirty and careless, and I guess I do look like a fright, don't I?"

Mary now for the first time noticed the appearance of her companion, and readily guessed that the word which she could not remember was "slattern." She was a fat, chubby little girl, with a round, sunny face and laughing blue eyes, while her brown hair hung around her forehead in short, tangled curls. Altogether she was just the kind of little girl which one often finds in the country swinging on gates and making mud pies.

Mary was naturally very neat; and in reply to Jenny's question as to whether she looked like a fright, she answered, "I like your face better than I do your dress," because it is clean."

"Why, so was my dress this morning," said Jenny, "but there can't anybody play in the mud and not get dirty."

Jenny drew nearer to Mary and said: "If you'll never tell anybody as long as you live and breathe, I'll tell you something."

Mary gave the required promise, and Jenny continued: "I shouldn't like to have my mother know it, for she scolds all the time now about my 'vulgar tastes,' though I'm sure Rose likes the same things that I do, except Billy Bender, and it's about him I was going to tell you. He was so pleasant I couldn't help loving him, if mother did say I mustn't. He used to talk to me about keeping clean, and once I tried a whole week, and I only dirtied four dresses in all that time. Oh! how handsome and funny his eyes looked when I told him about it. He took me in his lap, and said that was more than he thought a little girl ought to dirty. Did you ever see any boy you loved as well as you do Billy Bender?"

Mary hesitated a moment, for, much as she liked Billy, there was another whom she loved better, though he had never been one-half as kind to her as Billy had. After a time she answered: "Yes, I like, or I did like, George Moreland, but I shall never see him again;" and then she told Jenny of her home in England, of the long, dreary voyage to America, and of her father's death; but when she came to the sad night when her mother and Franky died, she could not go on, and laying her face in Jenny's lap she cried for a long time. Jenny's tears flowed, too, and she, softly caressing Mary, said: "Don't cry so, for I'll love you, and we'll have good times together, too. We live in Boston every winter, but it will be 'most six weeks before we go, and I mean to see you every day."

"In Boston?" said Mary, inquiringly. "George lives in Boston."

Jenny was silent a moment, and then suddenly clapping her hands together, she exclaimed: "I know George Moreland. He lives just opposite our house, and is Ida Seldon's cousin. Why, he's 'most as handsome as Billy Bender, only he teases you more. I'll tell him about you, for mother says he's got lots of money, and perhaps he'll give you some."

Mary felt that she wouldn't for the world have George know she was in the

poorhouse, and she quickly answered, "No, no, you mustn't tell him a word about me. I don't want you to. Promise that you won't."

## CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon about the middle of October Mary sat under an apple tree in the orchard, weeping bitterly. It was in vain that Alice, who was with her, and who by this time was able to stand alone, climbed up to her side, patting her cheeks and trying in various ways to win her attention. She still wept on, unmindful of the sound of rapid footsteps upon the grass, nor until twice repeated did she hear the words, "Why, Mary, what is the matter? What's happened?" Then looking up she saw Billy Bender, who raised her in his arms.

Laying her head on his shoulder, she sobbed out: "She's gone—she's gone, and there's nobody left but Sally. "Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Gone! Whose gone?" asked Billy.

"Jenny," was Mary's reply. "She's gone to Boston, and won't come back till next May; and I loved her so much."

"Oh, yes, I know," returned Billy. "I met them all on their way to the depot; but I wouldn't feel so badly. Jenny will come again, and besides that, I've got some real good news to tell you."

"About Ella?" said Mary.

"No, not about Ella, but about myself; I'm coming here to live with you."

"Coming here to live!" repeated Mary with astonishment. "What for? Are your folks all dead?"

Billy smiled and answered, "Not quite so bad as that. I went to school here two years ago, and I know I learned more than I ever did at home in two seasons. The boys, when Henry Lincoln is away, don't act half as badly as they do in the village; and then they usually have a lady teacher, because it's cheaper, I suppose, for they don't pay them half as much as they do gentlemen, and I think they are a great deal the best. Anyway, I can learn the most when I go to a woman."

"But what makes you come here, and what will your mother do?" asked Mary.

"She's got a sister come from the West to stay with her, and as I shall go home every Saturday night, she'll get along well enough. I heard Mr. Parker in the store one day inquiring for a boy to do chores. So after consulting mother I offered my services and was accepted. Won't we have real nice times going to school together?"

Three weeks from that time the winter school commenced, and Billy took up his abode at the poorhouse, greatly to the satisfaction of Sally and Mary and greatly to the annoyance of Miss Grundy.

"Smart idea!" said she, "to have that great lummock around to be waited on!" and when she saw how happy his presence seemed to make Mary, she vented her displeasure upon her in various ways, conjuring up all sorts of reasons why she should stay out of school as often as possible, and wondering "what the world was coming to, when young ones hardly out of the cradle begun to court! It wasn't so in her younger days, goodness know!"

Much as Mary had learned to prize Sally's friendship, before winter was over she had cause to value it still more highly. Wretched and destitute as the poor crazed creature now was, she showed plainly that at some period or other of her life she had had rare advantages for education, which she now brought into use for Mary's benefit.

Each night Mary brought home her books, and the rapid improvement which she made in her studies was as much owing to Sally's useful hints and assistance as to her own untiring perseverance. One day when she returned from school Sally saw there was something the matter, for her eyes were red, and her cheeks were flushed as if with weeping. On inquiring of Billy, she learned that some of the girls had been teasing Mary about her teeth, calling them "tushes."

As it happened, one of the paupers was sick, and Dr. Gilbert was at that time in the house; to him Sal immediately went, and after laying the case before him asked him to extract the offending teeth. Sally was quite a favorite with the doctor, who readily consented, on condition that Mary was willing, which he much doubted, as such teeth came hard.

"Willing or not, she shall have them out. It's all that makes her so homely," said Sal, and, going in quest of Mary, she led her to the doctor, who asked to look in her mouth.

There was a fierce struggle, a scream, and then one of the teeth was lying upon the floor.

"Stand still," said Sal, more sternly than she had ever before spoken to Mary, who, half frightened out of her wits, stood still while the other one was extracted.

"There," said Sal, when the operation was finished, "you look a hundred per cent better."

For a time Mary cried, hardly knowing whether she relished the joke or not; but when Billy praised her improved looks, telling her that "her mouth was real pretty," and when she herself dried her eyes enough to see that it was a great improvement, she felt better, and wondered why she had never thought to have them out before.

Rapidly and pleasantly to Mary that

winter passed away, for the presence of Billy was in itself a sufficient reason why she should be happy. He was so affectionate and brother-like in his deportment toward her that she began questioning whether she did not love him as well, if not better, than she did her sister Ella, whom she seldom saw, though she heard that she had a governess from Worcester, and was taking music lessons on a grand piano, which had been bought a year before. Occasionally Billy called at Mrs. Campbell's, but Ella seemed shy and unwilling to speak of her sister.

"Why is there this difference?" he thought more than once, as he contrasted the situation of the two girls—the one petted, caressed and surrounded by every luxury, and the other forlorn, desolate, and the inmate of a poorhouse; and then he built castles of a future when, by the labor of his own head or hands, Mary, too, should be rich and happy.

## CHAPTER VIII.

As spring advanced Alice began to droop. Sally's quick eye detected in her infallible signs of decay. But she would not tell it to Mary, whose life now seemed a comparatively happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were kind to her. Uncle Peter petted her, and even Miss Grundy had more than once admitted that "she was about as good as young ones would average." Billy, too, had promised to remain and work for Mr. Parker during the summer, intending with the money thus earned to go the next fall and winter to the academy in Willbraham. Jenny was coming back ere long, and Mary's step was light and buoyant as she tripped, singing, about the house, unmindful of Mrs. Grundy's oft-expressed wish that "she would stop that clack," or of the anxious, pitying eyes Sal Furbush bent upon her, as day after day the faithful old creature rocked and tended little Alice.

At last Mary could no longer be deceived, and one day when Alice lay gasping in Sally's lap she said, "Aunt Sally, isn't Alice growing worse? She doesn't play now, nor try to walk."

Sally laid her hand on Mary's face and replied: "Poor child, you'll soon be all alone."

There was no outcry—no sudden gush of tears, but nervously clasping her hands upon her heart, as if the shock had entered there, Mary sat down upon her bed, and burying her face in the pillow, sat there for a long time. But she said nothing, and a careless observer might have thought that she cared nothing, as it became each day more and more evident that Alice was dying. But these knew not of the long nights when with untiring love she sat by her sister's cradle, listening to her irregular breathing, pressing her clammy hands and praying to be forgiven if ever, in thought or deed, she had wronged the little one now leaving her.

And all this time there came no kind word or message of love from Ella, who knew that Alice was dying, for Billy had told her so.

The end came peacefully. There was some talk of burying the child in the poorhouse inclosure, but Mary pleaded so earnestly to have her laid by her mother that her request was granted, and that night when the young spring moon came out it looked quietly down upon the grave of little Alice, who by her mother's side was sweetly sleeping.

Three weeks had passed away since Alice's death, and affairs at the poorhouse were beginning to glide on as usual. Mary, who had resumed her post as dishwasher in the kitchen, was almost daily expecting Jenny; and one day when Billy came in to dinner he gave her the joyful intelligence that Jenny had returned and had been in the field to see him, bidding him tell Mary to meet her that afternoon in the woods by the brook.

Mary bounded joyfully away to the woods, where she found Jenny, who embraced her in a manner which showed that she had not been forgotten.

"Oh," said she, "I've got so much to tell you, and so much to hear, though I know all about dear little Alice's death—didn't you feel dreadfully?"

Mary's tears were a sufficient answer, and Jenny, as if suddenly discovering something new, exclaimed, "Why, what have you been doing? Who pulled your teeth?"

Mary explained the circumstances of the tooth-pulling and Jenny continued: "You look a great deal better, and if your cheeks were only a little fatter and your skin not quite so yellow, you'd be real handsome; but no matter about that. I saw George Moreland in Boston, and I wanted to tell him about you, but I'd promised not to; and then at first I felt afraid of him, for you can't think what a great big fellow he's got to be. Why, he's awful tall—and handsome, too. Rose likes him, and so do lots of the girls, but I don't believe he cares a bit for any of them except his cousin Ida, and I guess he does like her."

Here the chatterer was interrupted by Henry Lincoln, who directly in front of her leaped across the brook. He was evidently not much improved in his manners, for the moment he was safely landed on terra firma he approached Mary, and, seizing her round the waist, exclaimed, "Halloo, little pauper! You're glad to see me back, I dare say."

Then drawing her head over so that he could look into her face, he continued, "Had your tushes out, haven't you? Well, it's quite an improvement, so much so that I'll venture to kiss you."

Mary struggled, and Jenny scolded, while Henry said, "Don't kick and bounce so, my little beauty. If there's anything I hate it's seeing girls make believe they're modest. That clohopper Bill kisses you every day, I'll warrant."

(To be continued.)

An Effect Spoiled.

"After the ceremony the bride wept."

"Grief at leaving her home?"

"No; she forgot herself, and held up her beautiful long satin train going down the aisle."

## TWELVE WERE LOST

### STEAMER FOUNDERED ON LAKE HURON IN A STORM.

"Every Man for Himself" was the Captain's Last Order—Second Engineer and One Deckhand Saved—Latter was Crazy from His Terrible Experience—Engineer's Story of the Wreck.

East Tawas, Mich., May 27.—The wooden steamer Baltimore foundered this morning in Lake Huron near Au Sable, and 12 of her crew of 14 were drowned. Two men were washed about in the lake for several hours, lashed to pieces of wreckage, and were finally picked up by the tug Columbia and brought in here. George McGinnis, a deck hand, one of the rescued, went crazy from his experience. The other survivor, Thomas Murphy, of Milwaukee, second engineer, was able to tell the story of the disaster.

It was sometime after the Columbia had brought the shipwrecked men into port before Murphy was revived sufficiently to tell his story. The Baltimore foundered about 6 o'clock in the morning and he was in the water until late in the afternoon.

"We were bound from Lorain to Sault Ste. Marie," he said, "and had in tow a large steam drill and scow. When off Thunder Bay Captain Place decided to turn about and run for Tawas for shelter. When we arrived off Au Sable the steamer struck heavily on her bottom. The seas broke over her at the same time and carried away the deckhouse and the after cabin, and finally the smokestack fell. Both rails forward broke in two just aft of the forward deckhouse, and we knew it was only a few minutes before the steamer would go to pieces.

"It's every man for himself now," shouted Captain Place. We took Captain Place's advice and every man started to save himself as best he could. Some of the boys took to the rigging, but McGinnis and myself lashed ourselves to a ring bolt in a piece of the after cabin, and we were washed overboard shortly afterward. The strain was too much for McGinnis and he went crazy before we had been in the water very long. He tried to throw me off the wreckage, but I talked to him and encouraged him to hold on. Twice he got loose and tried to drown us both, but each time I succeeded in quieting him. I told him a boat was coming to take us off, and then I would get him tied fast again.

The tug Columbia lost a drill scow with six men on board just before she picked up the men from the Baltimore. The Columbia went out again this afternoon and found the drill. The men were taken off it badly frightened, as they had neither boat nor life preservers.

The lost steamer was rated at \$40,000 by the underwriters, and was insured for nearly that amount.

## NATIVE JUDGES INCOMPETENT.

### Discontent Caused by Appointment of American Judges.

Manila, May 27.—The discontent among the natives at the appointment of American judges and alleged discrimination in the civil service in favor of Americans is finding expression, encouraged by some of the native judges, who are aware that the reorganization of the judiciary will result in the loss of their positions. Judge Neer, of the court of the first instance of Tondo, one of the leaders of what is beginning to be called the radical wing of the Federalists, declared today that if such things continue there will be a second revolution. Some of the prominent Federalists ridicule the prediction. The Philippine commission's selections of Judges were thoroughly considered. It is undeniable that most of the native judges lack the competence required. One of them has been removed for malfeasance, and others are suspected of irregularities. The classifications of the civil service avoid discrimination, but the native and Spanish qualifications are not equal to those of capable Americans. Some departments are employing natives at the risk of temporary inconvenience.

After a conference with General MacArthur, General Trias has undertaken negotiations at Luchan for the surrender of General Cailles which is daily expected.

## Yukon is Not Open.

White Horse, Y. T., May 14.—Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the Yukon river is not open below Lebarge, but the daily clearance of the ice is expected. Many scows and a great quantity of freight have been passed as far as Lebarge, the latter awaiting the arrival of the first Dawson bound steamer. Lake Bennett is not yet open, but that is of but little concern to the 1901 Klondiker, since the White Pass & Yukon route has solved the problem of lake and rapid navigation, as far as White Horse.

## HIS STAY AT AN END.

### Presidential Party Complete Their Programme and Start for Home.

San Francisco, May 25.—President McKinley has completed his program in this city, having met every organization included in the original schedule, and Mrs. McKinley's health has so far improved that the president and his party began their return journey to the national capital at 10 A. M. today.

The president's public functions yesterday included a reception at the Scott mansion to the members of the foreign consular corps of this city, a reception at the Palace Hotel by the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution and the Loyal Legion in honor of the president, and a review of the school children of Oakland by the president.

Last night President McKinley attended an impromptu reception at the California street M. E. church, given by the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor societies. Special precautions were taken to prevent any annoyance while the president and his wife were being driven to the ferry. A route was chosen that secured perfect comfort for Mrs. McKinley. The party was taken to Oakland on a special boat. The two trained nurses who have attended the patient in this city will also go to Washington with her. No fast time will be made and the train will run slowly to Stockton.

## ECLIPSE PHOTOGRAPHS.

### Satisfactory Results Obtained by the Lick Party in Sumatra.

San Jose, Cal., May 27.—The following has been received from the director of the Lick observatory:

"Lick Observatory, May 27.—Astronomer Perrine, in charge of the Crocker eclipse expedition from the Lick observatory to Sumatra, has cabled the gratifying information that some results were secured with all the instruments taken with him. This, taken in connection with his cable of last week, is taken to mean that his successful photographs were secured between clouds drifting across the vicinity of the sun. As this was an unusually long eclipse, it is quite probable that his results will compare favorably in quality and quantity with those secured at the short eclipses of the past three years. The hoods of the coronal streamers, first observed at the Indian eclipse of 1898, are recorded on the plates of the present eclipse. Further details of the results secured are not expected until the arrival of Mr. Perrine's letters."

## TO DEFINE BOUDARY.

### Internal Survey Party Will Locate United States-Canada Line.

Vancouver, B. C., May 27.—An international survey party, consisting of United States and Canadian engineers, is about to begin the task of defining the international boundary between the United States and Canada from the Pacific coast to the Rocky mountains. It is contended that this work was inaccurately performed in the surveys of 1859 and 1961. One of the most important matters to be determined is the question of the national location of Mount Baker mining district. Valuable mines are embraced in this section, and the territory is claimed by both the American and Canadian governments.

Lieutenant Sinclair, of the coast and geodetic survey, will be at the head of the United States party, and J. H. McArthur will lead the Canadian surveyors. The work will begin this week.

## MULTIPLEX TELEGRAPHY.

### The Rowland System is Being Introduced into Germany.

Baltimore, May 27.—The multiplex system of telegraphy, invented by the late Henry A. Rowland, of Baltimore, which is being introduced into Germany, permits of the transmission of eight messages simultaneously over a single wire, four in each direction at the rate of 40 words a minute. The messages are sent by means of a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter, which can be operated by an ordinary typewriter operator, and are recorded at the other end of the wire by a small machine. It is possible to either print the message upon a sheet of paper or upon a long tape like that which is used in the ordinary ticker service.

## Slide More Serious Than Reported

Baker City, Or., May 27.—The landslide at the Climax mine, which occurred about two weeks ago, in consequence of a water ditch overflowing, has proven far more serious than at first reported. The mouth of the main tunnel was closed with timbers, boulders, gravel and debris of all kinds, so that it required heavy blasting and 10 days to open it up. It will require several weeks more to put up the buildings destroyed and restore the other property lost in the flood.