

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

One morning about two weeks afterward Mary was in the meadow gathering cowslips for dinner when she heard some one calling her name; and looking up, she saw Jenny hurrying toward her, her sunbonnet hanging down her back, as usual, and her cheeks flushed with violent exercise. As soon as she came up she began with, "Oh, my, ain't I hot and tired, and I can't stay a minute, either, for I ran away. But I had such good news to tell you, that I would come. You are going to have a great deal better home than this. You know where Rice Corner is, the district over east?"

Mary replied that she did, and Jenny continued: "We all went over there yesterday to see Mrs. Mason. She's a real nice lady, who used to live in Boston, and be intimate with us, until three or four years ago when Mr. Mason died. We didn't go there any more then, and I asked Rose what the reason was, and she said Mrs. Mason was poor now, and na had 'cut her'; and when I asked her what she cut her with, she only laughed, and said she believed I didn't know anything. But since then I've learned what it means."

"What does it?" asked Mary and Jenny replied:

"If a person dies and leaves no money, no matter how good his folks are, or how much you like them, you mustn't know them when you meet them in the street, or you must cross over the other side if you see them coming; and then when ladies call and speak about them, you must draw a great, long breath, and wonder 'how the poor thing will get along, she was so dreadfully extravagant.' I positively heard mother say those very words about Mrs. Mason; and what is so funny, the washwoman the same day spoke of her, and cried when she told how kind she was, and how she would go without things herself for the sake of giving to the poor."

After a moment's pause Jenny proceeded: "This Mrs. Mason came into the country and bought the prettiest little cottage you ever saw. She has lots of nice fruit, and for all mother pretends in Boston that she does not visit her, just as soon as the fruit is ripe she always goes there. Pa says it's real mean, and he should think Mrs. Mason would see through it."

"Did you go there for fruit yesterday?" asked Mary.

"Oh, no," returned Jenny. "Mother said she was tired to death with staying at home. Besides that, she heard something in Boston about a large estate in England, which possibly would fall to Mrs. Mason, and she thought it would be real kind to go and tell her. Mrs. Mason has poor health, and while we were there she asked mother if she knew of any good little girl she could get to come and live with her; 'one,' she said, 'who could be quiet when her head ached, and who would read to her and wait on her at other times.' Mother said she did not know of any, but when Mrs. Mason went out to get tea, I followed and told her of you, and the tears came into her eyes when I said your folks were all dead, and you were alone and sorry. She said right off that she would come round and see you soon, and if she liked you you should live with her."

So saying, she ran off; Mary, having gathered her cowslips, sat down to think of Mrs. Mason, and wonder if she should ever see her. That afternoon, when the dishes were all washed, she, as usual, stole away to her books. She had not been long occupied ere some one called her, saying Mr. Knight was downstairs and wanted to see her, and that there was a lady with him.

Mary readily guessed that the lady must be Mrs. Mason, and carefully brushing her hair and tying on a clean apron, she descended to the kitchen, where she was met by Mr. Knight, who called out, "Hallo! my child, how do you do? 'Pears to me you've grown handsome. It agrees with you to live here, I reckon, but I'll venture you'll be glad enough to leave and go and live with her, won't you?" pointing toward a lady who was just coming from Mrs. Parker's room and toward whom Mary's heart instantly warred.

"You see," continued Mr. Knight, "one of the Lincoln girls has taken a mighty shine to you, and it's queer, too, for they're dreadful stuck-up folks."

"If you please, sir," said Mary, interrupting him, "Jenny isn't a bit stuck-up."

"Umph!" returned Mr. Knight. "She does not belong to the Lincoln race, then, I guess. I know them, root and branch. Lincoln's wife used to work in the factory at Southbridge, but she's forgot all about that, and holds her head dreadful high whenever she sees me. But that's neither here nor there. This woman wants you to live with her. Miss Mason, this is Mary, this is Miss Mason."

The introduction being thus happily over, Mrs. Mason proceeded to ask Mary a variety of questions, and ended by saying she thought she would take her, although she would rather not have her come for a few days, as she was now to be absent. Miss Grundy was now interrogated concerning her knowledge of work, and with quite a consequential air she replied: "Perhaps, ma'am, it looks too much like praising myself, considerin' that I've had the managin' of her mostly, but I must confess that she's lived with me so long, and got my ways so well,

that she's as pleasant a mannered, good-tempered child, and will scour as bright a knife as you could wish to see!"

Saturday came at last, and long before the sun peeped over the eastern hills Mary was up and dressed. Just as she was ready to leave her room she heard Sally singing in a low tone, "Oh, there'll be mourning—mourning—mourning—mourning; Oh, there'll be mourning when Mary's gone away."

About nine o'clock Mr. Knight drove up alone, Mrs. Mason being sick with nervous headache. "I should have been here sooner, said he, 'but the roads is awful rough, and old Charlotte has got a stub or somethin' in her foot. But where's the gal? Ain't she ready?"

He was answered by Mary herself, who made her appearance, followed by Billy bearing the box. And now commenced the leave takings, Miss Grundy's turn coming first.

"May I kiss you, Miss Grundy?" said Mary. Miss Grundy bent down and received the child's kiss, and then darting off into the pantry, went to skimming pans of milk already skimmed. Uncle Peter between times kept ejaculating: "Oh, Lord; oh, massy sake!—oh, for land!" Billy knew it would be lonely without Mary, but he was glad to have her go to a better home, so he tried to be cheerful.

Aside from him, Sally was the only composed one. It is true her eyes were very bright, and there was a compression about her mouth seldom seen, except just before one of her frenzied attacks. Occasionally, too, she pressed her hands upon her head, and walking to the sink, bathed it in water, as if to cool its inward heat.

## CHAPTER IX.

Very different this time was Mary's ride with Mr. Knight from what it had been some months before, and after brushing away a few natural tears, and sending back a few heart-sighs to the loved ones left behind, her spirits rallied, and by the time they reached the borders of Rice Corners there was such a look of quiet happiness on her face that even Mr. Knight noticed it. As they rode on Mary fancied that the country looked pleasanter and the houses better than in the region of the poorhouse; and when a sudden turn of the road brought into view a beautiful blue sheet of water, embosomed by bright green hills, her delight knew no bounds. Springing up and pointing toward it, she exclaimed: "Oh, please stop a moment and look. Isn't it lovely? What is it?"

"That? Oh, that's nothing but 'Por-dunk Pond,' as our folks most generally call 'em, seein' there's two, North and South Pond."

"How far is the pond from Mrs. Mason's?" asked Mary, casting longing glances toward the distant sandy beach and the graceful trees which drooped over the water's edge.

"It's farther back than 'tis there, 'cause it's uphill all the way," said Mr. Knight, "but here we be at Miss Mason's—this house right here," and he pointed to a neat, handsome cottage, almost hidden from view by the dense foliage which surrounded it.

There was a long lawn in front, and into the carriage road on the right of it Mr. Knight turned, and driving up to a side door, said to Mary, "Come, jump down, for my foot is so lame I don't believe I'll get out. But there's your chest. You can't lift that. Hallo! Judith, come 'ere."

In answer to this call a fat, pleasant-looking colored woman appeared in the doorway, and as if fresh from the regions of cookdom wiped the drops of perspiration from her round, jolly face.

"Here, Judith," said Mr. Knight, "help this gal lift her traps out."

Judith complied, and then bidding old Charlotte to "get up," Mr. Knight drove away, leaving Mary standing by the kitchen door.

"Come in and sit down," said Judith, pushing a chair toward Mary with her foot. "It's as hot here as an oven, but I had crumby sass and ginger snaps, and massy knows what, to make this morning and I got belated; but set down and make yourself to home."

Mary took the proffered seat, and then Judith left the room for a few moments, saying when she returned that, as Mrs. Mason was still suffering from a headache, she could not see Mary until after dinner. "And," continued Judith, "she told me to entertain you, but I don't know what to say nor do first. Harry died just a week to a day before he was to be married, and so I never had any little girls to talk to. Can't you think of something to talk about? What have you been used to doing?"

"Washing dishes," was Mary's reply.

"Wall," answered Judith, "I guess you won't have that to do here for one night; when some of the neighbors were in I heard Miss Mason tell 'em that she got you to read to her and wait on her. And then she said something about your not having an equal chance with your sister. You han't but one, now t'other's dead, have you?"

Mary replied in the negative, and Judith continued: "Wall, now you've got over the first on't, I reckon you's glad the baby's dead, for she must have been kind of a bother, wasn't she?"

Instantly Mary's thoughts flew back to an empty cradle, and again a little golden

head was pillowed upon her breast, as often in times past it had been, and as it would never be again. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed, "Oh, Allie, Allie! I wish she hadn't died!" Judith looked on in amazement, and for want of something better to do placed a fresh stick of wood in the stove, muttering to herself, "Now, I never! I might of knew I didn't know what to say. What a pity Harry died. I'll give her that big ginger snap the minute it's baked. See if I don't."

Accordingly, when the snap was done, Judith placed it in Mary's hands, bidding her eat it quick, and then go up and see the nice chamber Mrs. Mason had arranged for her.

"Come," said Judith; and leading the way, she conducted Mary up the staircase, and through a light, airy hall to the door of a small room, which she opened, saying, "Look, ain't it pretty?"

Mary's heart was too full to speak, and for several minutes she stood silent. With the exception of her mother's pleasant parlor in old England, she had never before seen anything which seemed to her so cosy and cheerful as did that little room, with its single bed, snowy counterpane, muslin curtains, clean matting, convenient toilet table, and what to her was fairer than all the rest, upon the mantelpiece there stood two small vases, filled with sweet flowers, whose fragrance filled the apartment with delicious perfume. All this was so different from the bare walls, uncovered floors and rickety furniture of the poorhouse that Mary trembled lest it should prove a dream from which ere long she would awake.

When Mary was finally sent for by Mrs. Mason she had been so much accustomed to sick persons that she knew intuitively just what to do and when to do it, and her step was so light, her voice so low, and the hand which bathed the aching head so soft and gentle in its touch that Mrs. Mason involuntarily drew her to her bosom, and kissing her lips, called her her child, and said she should never leave her; then, laying back in her easy chair, she remained perfectly still, while Mary alternately fixed her hair and smoothed her forehead, until she fell into a quiet slumber, from which she did not awake until Judith rang the bell for supper, which was neatly laid out in a little dining parlor, opening into the flower garden. There was something so very social and cheering in the appearance of the room, and the arrangement of the table, with its glossy white cloth, and dishes of the same hue, that Mary felt almost as much like weeping as she did on the night of her arrival at the poorhouse. But Mrs. Mason seemed to know exactly how to entertain her; and by the time that first tea was over there was hardly a happier child in the world than was Mary.

Mrs. Mason soon dismissed her to her own room, where she for some time amused herself with watching the daylight as it gradually disappeared from the hills which lay beyond the pond. Then when it all was gone, and the stars began to come out, she turned her eyes toward one which had always seemed to her to be her mother's soul looking down upon her from the windows of heaven. Now to-night there shone beside it a smaller, feebler one, and in the fleecy clouds which floated around it she fancied she could define the face of her baby sister. Involuntarily stretching out her hands, she cried, "Oh, mother! Allie! I am so happy now;" and to the child's imagination the stars smiled lovingly upon her, while the evening wind, as it gently moved the boughs of the tall elm trees, seemed like the rustle of angels' wings. Who shall say the mother's spirit was not there to rejoice with her daughter over the glad future opening so brightly before her?

(To be continued.)

## NO WONDER HE WAS BALKED.

Difficulties the Frenchman Experienced in Learning English.

A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority recently began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard:

"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"

"It is pronounced 'tuff.'"

"Eh, bien, 'tuff'; 'snuff,' then, is spelt s-n-o-u-g-h, is it not?"

"Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelt s-n-u-f. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."

"I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff' and c-o-u-g-h is 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff."

"No; it is 'coff,' not 'cuff.'"

"Very well; cuff, tuff and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?"

"No, not 'duff.'"

"Doff, then?"

"No; 'doh.'"

"Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?"

"That is pronounced 'hock.'"

"Hock! Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'phlock,' or 'plo?' Fine language—'plo.'"

"No, no; it is pronounced 'plow.'"

"I shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'Plow,' 'coff,' 'tuff,' 'hock,' and now here is another—r-o-u-g-h; that is 'row,' I suppose?"

"Oh, no, my friend; that's 'ruff' again."

"And b-o-u-g-h is 'buff'?"

"No; that happens to be 'bow.'"

"Yes, wonderful language. And I have just e-n-o-u-g-h of it; that's 'enou,' is it not?"

"No; 'enuff.'—Sheffield Weekly News.

Preliminary Steps.

"Are you educating your child with a view to his future college career?"

"Oh, yes; he's got to begin next week and take a drop of tobacco sauce three times a day."

## FIGHT WITH BOERS

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN FORCES OF DIXON AND DELAREY.

The British Lost 174 Killed and Wounded and the Boers Left 35 Dead on the Field—The South Africans Were Driven Back—Battle Was on Anniversary of Lord Roberts' Entry into Johannesburg.

London, June 3.—The war office today gave out the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener, from Pretoria: "General Dixon's force at Vladfontein was attacked yesterday by Delarey's forces and there was severe fighting. The enemy was eventually driven off with heavy loss, leaving 35 dead. I regret that our casualties also were severe. The killed and wounded numbered 174. Four officers were killed."

On the anniversary of Lord Roberts' entry into Johannesburg the country has been startled by the news of desperate fighting and heavy British losses within 40 miles of the gold reef city. The battle at Vladfontein, on the Durban-Johannesburg railroad, is the most serious engagement since General Clement's reverse at Nagaliesburg. It shows General Delarey is in no way daunted by the capture of 11 of his guns by General Babington six weeks ago. The garrison of Vladfontein was apparently largely composed of yeomanry. That their assailants came to close quarters and suffered heavy loss is shown by the number of dead left on the field.

## FEAR AN INVASION.

Nicaragua Preparing to Keep Out the Colombians.

San Francisco, June 3.—The steamer City of Sydney, which just arrived here from Panama and other Central American ports, brings the following budget of news:

When the City of Sydney was at Corinto the people were expecting an invasion from Colombia. The government of Nicaragua, in order to make sure that it would not be caught napping, has stationed 500 men at Corinto.

General Bruise, who fled from Nicaragua some years ago, returned to his home on one of the Central American steamships last month. As soon as he set foot on Nicaraguan soil he was arrested on a criminal charge.

President Zeleya, of Nicaragua, will probably visit the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's coal yards, situated on Noasis island, in Panama Bay, recently suffered severely from fire, which was said to be still burning, but under control, when the Sydney sailed, having then burned for 15 days.

San Salvador is to have a man of war. The government has purchased from her British owners the steamship Soy, and will transfer her into a cruiser, renaming her Salvador. The new cruiser is now at Acajutla, and will go into commission at once.

## MRS. MCKINLEY'S CONDITION.

Doctors Say She Is Not Out of Danger—Grave Features of the Case.

Washington, June 3.—Mrs. McKinley passed a very comfortable night, and sat up for a while this morning. The three physicians who are in attendance, after a consultation this forenoon, issued the following statement of her condition:

"Mrs. McKinley is recovering from the fatigue of the trip. The illness from which she was suffering in San Francisco still continues, though in less intense form. She is still feeble, and cannot be considered out of danger. Her progress will no doubt be slow, but improvement is looked for."

Mrs. McKinley failed to show any improvement during the day, and tonight her condition is reported as unchanged from the status given in the bulletin issued this morning. One of the grave features of the case is the fact that she continues extremely weak and fails to gain in strength. She is very seriously ill, but has had severe attacks of illness heretofore, and this gives rise for hope that she will yet show improvement.

## Rate War at an End.

Seattle, June 3.—The Alaska steamship rate war is at an end, temporarily at least. An agreement was entered into by managers of the recently warring companies restoring the former passenger rates of \$25 first class and \$16 second class. The agreement is to be in force for 60 days, and it is thought will then be extended. The rate war was forced by Canadian lines, which insisted on American steamers keeping away from Vancouver on north bound trips.

## SWEEPED OVER A DAM.

Seven Persons Drowned in the Schuylkill River.

Philadelphia, June 3.—A rowboat containing a party of eight young people was swept over the Flat Rock dam, in the Schuylkill river, and seven of them, five girls and two boys, were drowned. One young man was saved.

The party, with a large number of others, organized a picnic. They embarked in gaily decorated wagons early in the morning, and pitched their camp at Rose Glen, along the Schuylkill river, on the northern outskirts of the city. The party split up after dinner for a row on the river. Heavy rains during the past week had made the muddy stream quite high, and the current was much swifter than usual. However, the unfortunate party immediately struck out for midstream. All the girls were huddled in the stern, one of the boys was rowing and the others were sitting in the bow of the boat. After getting in the middle of the river, and finding the current too swift for comfort, the boat was rowed in toward the shore. During this time it was being carried slowly down stream.

The boy doing the rowing decided to go through the locks, and as he approached the dam he was warned by the lockkeeper not to approach any closer. The warning was not heeded, and the young oarsman kept on rowing until he found that the lock was closed. He attempted to turn the boat, which was then about 50 feet from the dam and 25 feet from the shore, but he turned the wrong way. A moment later and the boat was in the swiftly moving current. Swiftly it was carried toward the brink of the falling waters, and just as it reached the breast of the dam, over which 30 inches of water was pouring, the entire eight stood up and the boat went over stern first. The drop to the rocks below is approximately 12 feet. The boat struck the water bottom up, and as it disappeared the whole party was under it. Nothing more was seen by the few persons who saw the accident for almost a minute, when the boat reappeared with one boy clinging to its keel. Then another young man was seen to come to the surface and make a frantic effort to reach shore by swimming. The six girls never rose to the surface.

## HONOLULU'S SENSATION.

Investigation of Charges of Bribery in the Legislature.

Honolulu, May 26, via San Francisco, June 3.—The special grand jury called to investigate the charges of bribery in the legislature has raised the biggest sensation Honolulu has had since the days of revolution and agitation for annexation. It has had as witnesses Gov. Dole, Attorney General Dole, Secretary of the Territory Cooper and other high officials, and on the refusal of some of them to answer questions, the grand jury has had them brought into court to show cause why they should not testify.

In the absence of S. B. Dole, who is indisposed, Secretary Cooper is acting governor. The jury began its investigation on a letter from the governor to the legislature, refusing to extend the session because he had information that bribery was taking place. Governor Dole appeared before the jury and it is said told all that he knew. The other heads of departments were summoned to testify, and all refused to tell what they knew, on the ground that the information they had received was in the nature of a "privileged communication," having been given to them as government officials.

Acting Governor Cooper, Attorney General Dole and L. A. Thurston, president of the Gazette publishing company, were summoned to appear before Judge Humphreys and show cause why they should not tell the grand jury what they had learned regarding bribery in the legislature. Judge Humphreys sustained Dole as it was shown that he had told the grand jury the names of the men from whom he had received evidence. Thurston had told the jury that he had heard that legislators had approached a corporation with solicitations of bribes, but he declines to give the name of the corporation on the ground that as attorney he had a right to withhold it as given in confidence by a client to an attorney.

## Helen Gould's Health Failing.

Miss Helen Gould of New York, overcome by the strain of her charitable work, has been ordered to take a long rest and is believed to be suffering from nervous prostration.

## Treasury Auditor Resigns.

Washington, June 3.—Colonel Youngblood, of Alabama, auditor of the treasury department, has tendered his resignation, and it was accepted, to take effect June 15. The president today appointed B. A. Pierson, assistant auditor for the same department, to succeed him.