

FROM
POORHOUSE TO PALACE
BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER X.

It was beginning to be daylight in the city of Boston, and as the gray east gradually brightened and grew red in the coming day, a young man looked out upon the busy world around him with that feeling of utter loneliness which one so often feels in a great city where all is new and strange to him. Scarcely four weeks had passed since the notes of a tolling bell had fallen sadly upon his ear, and he had looked into a grave where they laid his mother to her last dreamless rest. A prevailing fever had effected what the fancied ailments of years had failed to do, and Billy Bender was now an orphan and alone in the wide world. He knew that he had his own fortune to make, and after settling his mother's affairs and finding there was nothing left for him, he had come to the city, and on this morning went forth alone to look for employment, with no other recommendation than the frank, honest expression of his handsome face.

"It was foolish in me to attempt it," thought he, as he stood in front of a large wholesale establishment. His eye caught the sign on which was lettered "R. J. Selden & Co." The name sounded familiar, and something whispered to him to enter. He did so, and meeting in the doorway a tall, elegant looking young man, he asked for Mr. Selden.

"My uncle," returned the gentleman, who was none other than George Moreland, "has not yet come down, but perhaps I can answer your purpose just as well. Do you wish to purchase goods?"

Billy, thinking that everyone must know his poverty, fancied there was something satirical in the question, but he was mistaken; the manner was natural to the speaker, who, as Billy made no direct reply, again asked: "What would you like, sir?"

"Something to do; for I have neither money nor home," was Billy's prompt answer.

"Will you give me your name?" asked George.

Billy complied, and when he spoke of his native town George repeated it after him, saying: "I have some acquaintances who spend the summer in Chicopee; but you probably have never known them."

Immediately Billy thought of the Lincolns, and now knew why the name of Selden seemed so familiar. He had heard Jenny speak of Ida, and felt certain that R. J. Selden was her father.

For a moment George regarded him intently, and then said: "We seldom employ strangers without a recommendation; still, I do not believe you need any. My uncle is wanting a young man, but the work may hardly suit you," he added, naming the duties he would be expected to perform, which certainly were rather menial. Still, as the wages were liberal, Billy for want of a better, accepted the situation, and was immediately introduced to his business. For some time he only saw George at a distance, but was told by one of the clerks that he was just graduated at Yale, and was now a junior partner in his uncle's establishment.

"We all like him very much," said the clerk, "he is so pleasant and kind, though a little proud, I guess."

This was all that Billy knew of him until he had been in Mr. Selden's employ nearly three weeks; then, as he was one day poring over a volume of Horace which he had brought with him, George, who chanced to pass by, looked over his shoulder, exclaiming, "Why, Bender, can you read Latin? Really, this is a novelty. Are you fond of books?"

"Yes, very," said Billy, "though I have but a few of my own."

"Fortunately, then, I can accommodate you," returned George, "for I have a tolerably good library, to which you can at any time have access. Suppose you come round to my uncle's to-night. Never mind about thanking me," he added, as he saw Billy about to speak; "I hate to be thanked, so to-night, at eight o'clock, I shall expect you."

Accordingly, that evening Billy started for Mr. Selden's. George, who wished to save him from any embarrassment, answered his ring himself, and immediately conducted him to his room, where for an hour or so they discussed their favorite books and authors. At last, George, astonished at Billy's general knowledge of men and things, exclaimed, "Why, Bender, I do believe you are almost as good a scholar as I, who have been through college. Pray, how does it happen?"

In a few words Billy explained that he had been in the habit of working summers and going to school at Wilbraham winters; and then, as it was nearly ten, he hastily gathered up the books which George had kindly loaned him and took his leave. As he was descending the broad stairway he met a young girl fashionably dressed, who stared at him in some surprise. In the upper hall she encountered George, and asked him who the stranger was.

"His name is Bender and he came from Chicopee," answered George.

"Bender from Chicopee?" repeated Ida. "Why, I wonder if it isn't the Billy Bender about whom Jenny Lincoln has gone almost mad?"

"I think not," returned her cousin, "for Mrs. Lincoln would hardly suffer her daughter to mention a poor boy's name, much less to go mad about him."

"But," answered Ida, "he worked on Mr. Lincoln's farm when Jenny was a little girl; and now that she is older she talks of him nearly all the time, and

Rose says it would not surprise her if she should some day run off with him."

"Possibly it is the same," returned George. "Anyway, he is very fine looking, and a fine fellow, too, besides being an excellent scholar."

The next day, when Billy chanced to be alone, George approached him, and after making some casual remarks about the books he had borrowed, etc., he said, "Did you ever see Jenny Lincoln in Chicopee?"

"Oh, yes," answered Billy, brightening up, for Jenny had always been, and still was, a great favorite with him; "Oh, yes, I know Jenny very well. I worked for her father some years ago, and became greatly interested in her."

"Indeed? Then you must know Henry Lincoln?"

"Yes, I know him," said Billy; while George continued:

"And think but little of him, of course?"

On this subject Billy was non-committal. He had no cause for liking Henry, but would not say so to a comparative stranger. George was about moving away when, observing a little, old-fashioned book lying upon one of the boxes, he took it up and, turning to the fly-leaf, read the name of "Frank Howard."

"Frank Howard! Frank Howard!" he repeated; "where have I heard that name? Who is he, Bender?"

"He was a little English boy I once loved very much; but he is dead now," answered Billy; and George, with a suddenly awakened curiosity, said:

"Tell me about him and his family, will you?"

Without dreaming that George had ever seen them, Billy told the story of Frank's sickness and death—the noble conduct of his little sister, who, when there was no other alternative, went cheerfully to the poorhouse, winning by her gentle ways the love of those unused to love, and taming the wild mood of a maniac until she was harmless as a child. As he proceeded with his story George became each moment more and more interested, and when at last there was a pause, he asked, "And is Mary in the poorhouse now?"

"I have not mentioned her name, and pray how came you to know it?" said Billy in some surprise.

In a few words George related the particulars of his acquaintance with the Howards and then again asked where both Mary and Ella were.

Billy replied that for a few years back Mary had lived with a Mrs. Mason, while Ella, at the time of her mother's death, had been adopted by Mrs. Campbell. "But," said he, "I never think of Ella in connection with Mary, they are so unlike; Ella is proud and vain and silly, and treats her sister with the utmost rudeness, though Mary is far more agreeable and intelligent, and as I think the best looking."

"She must have changed very much," answered George, "for if I remember rightly she was not remarkable for personal beauty."

He was going to say more, when someone slipped him rudely on the shoulder, calling out, "How are you, old feller, and what is there in Boston to interest such a scapegrace as I am?"

Looking up, Billy saw before him Henry Lincoln, exquisitely dressed, but bearing in his appearance evident marks of dissipation.

"Why, Henry," exclaimed George, "how came you here? I supposed you were drawing lampblack caricatures of some one of the tutors in old Yale. What's the matter? What have you been doing?"

"Why, you see," answered Henry, drawing his cigar from his mouth, "one of the sophs got his arm broken in a row, and as I am so tender-hearted, and couldn't bear to hear him groan, the faculty kindly advised me to leave, and sent on before me a recommendation to the old man. But I fixed 'em. I told 'em he was in Boston, whereas he's in Chicopee, so I just took the letter from the office myself. It reads beautifully. Do you understand?"

All this time Henry had apparently taken no notice of Billy, whom George now introduced, saying he believed they were old acquaintances. With the coolest effrontery Henry took from his pocket a quizzing glass, and, applying it to his eye, said, "I've absolutely studied until I'm near-sighted. How long have the old folks been in Chicopee?"

"Several weeks, I think," answered George; and then, either because he wanted to hear what Henry would say, or because of a reawakened interest in Mary Howard, he continued, "By the way, Henry, when you came so unceremoniously upon us, we were speaking of a young girl in Chicopee whom you have perhaps ferreted out ere this, as Bender says she is fine looking."

Henry stroked his whiskers, which had received far more cultivation than his brains, stuck his hat on one side and answered, "Why, yes, I suppose that in my way I was something of a b'oy with the fair sex, but really I do not now think of more than one handsome girl in Chicopee, and that is Ella Campbell, but she is young yet, not as old as Jenny—altogether too small fry for Henry Lincoln, Esq. But who is the girl?"

Billy frowned, for he held Mary's name as too sacred to be breathed by a young man of Henry Lincoln's character, while George replied:

"Her name is Mary Howard."

"What, the pauper?" asked Henry, looking significantly at Billy, who replied: "The same, sir."

"Whew-w!" whistled Henry, prolonging the diphthong to an unusual length. "Why, she's got two teeth at least a foot long, and her face looks as though she had just been in the vinegar barrel and didn't like the taste of it."

"But, without joking, though, how does she look?" asked George; while Billy made a movement as if he would help the insolent puppy to find his level.

"Well, now, old boy," returned Henry, "I'll tell you honestly that the last time I saw her I was surprised to find how much she was improved. She has swallowed those abominable teeth, or done something with them, and is really quite decent looking."

So saying he took his leave. Just then there was a call for Mr. Moreland, who also departed, leaving Billy alone. "It is very strange that she never told me she knew him," thought he; and then taking from his pocket a neatly folded letter, he again read it through. But there was nothing in it about George, except the simple words, "I am glad you have found a friend in Mr. Moreland. I am sure I should like him, just because he is kind to you."

"Yes, she's forgotten him," said Billy, and that belief gave him secret satisfaction. He had known Mary long, and the interest he had felt in her when a homely, neglected child, had not in the least decreased as the lapse of time gradually ripened her into a fine, intelligent looking girl. He was to her a brother still, but she to him was dearer far than a sister; and though in his letters he always addressed her as such, in his heart he claimed her as something nearer, and yet he had never breathed in her ear a word of love or hinted that it was for her sake he toiled both early and late, hoarding up his earnings with almost a miser's care that she might be educated.

Regularly each week she wrote to him, and it was the receipt of these letters and the thoughts of her that kept his heart so brave and cheerful, as, alone and unappreciated, except by George, he worked on, dreaming of a bright future when the one great object of his life should be realized.

(To be continued.)

CARE OF THE EYES.

Much Trouble and Suffering May Easily Be Avoided.

Nowhere is the comparison between an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure more applicable than in the care of the eyes; for the neglect of seemingly trivial affections, perfectly curable in their beginnings, may lead in an incredibly short time to permanent impairment of vision, or even to total blindness. The care of the eyes should begin with the moment of birth. The new baby's eyes should be the first part to receive attention. They should be wiped carefully with a piece of absorbent cotton wet with a warm solution of boric acid, of a strength of about sixty grains in four ounces of distilled water. After the lids have been thus carefully washed on the outside they should be gently separated and some of the solution dropped into the eyes.

In washing the eyes one should be careful never to dip again in the solution a piece of cotton which has once been used; a fresh piece must be taken each time the eyes are wiped.

The baby's eyes must be protected from the light; its crib should be placed where the eyes are not exposed to the full light from a window, and the carriage should have a shade raised only about a foot above the baby's head.

Children often suffer from inflammation of the edges of the lids, which are red and scaly, and the lashes fall out and break off. This may betoken a general scrofulous condition, or it may depend upon some defect in the sight which causes eye-strain, or it may be only a local trouble. If it is only a local trouble, a few applications of boric acid ointment at bedtime will generally effect a cure.

Conjunctivitis, or inflammation of the membrane covering the globe of the eye, may be due to a cold, to the action of bright sunlight or reflection from water or from snow, or to eye-strain from some visual imperfection. Usually the boric acid solution will give relief here, even when the trouble cannot be permanently cured until proper glasses are worn.

Another painful consequence of eye-strain is a succession of sties. When a child suffers frequently from sties, from sore lids, or from conjunctivitis, the sight should be tested.

Much harm is often done to the eyes, as well as to the general health, by too long application to books, either school or story-books. Three hours of looking at print by daylight and one hour in the evening, should not be exceeded by any child under 14, for that is as much as his eyes, even if their vision is perfectly normal, will stand without injury.—Youth's Companion.

Decidedly the Reverse.

Uncle Wellington de Bergh, a retired English merchant, who occasionally came to visit his relatives in this country, was an enthusiastic bicyclist, notwithstanding his age, which was over seventy.

His other passions was a fondness for Walker's Dictionary, which he maintained, was superior to all others, of whatever date, and he seemed to know it by heart.

"Your uncle," said a caller one day, "appears to be a walking cyclopedia."

"On the contrary," responded one of Uncle Wellington's American nieces, "he's a cycling Walkerpedia."

ADVERSE DECISION

BOARD REPORTS ON LAKE WASHINGTON CANAL.

Majority Does Not Favor the Proposition, as They Believe that Either It or the Puget Sound Naval Station Would Have to be Abandoned in the End—Minority Made a Favorable Report.

Washington, June 10.—The naval board appointed under the terms of an act of congress, to examine into the advantages of Lakes Union and Washington, in the state of Washington, near Seattle, as fresh water basins for laying up naval vessels, has made an adverse report upon the proposition. The majority find in substance, after careful examinations, that, having in view the best interest and welfare of the navy, a fresh water basin in this location separated by some distance from the naval station on Puget sound, would be expensive to maintain, and in the end, one or the other would have to be abandoned.

The minority of the board made a strong plea in favor of the proposed naval basin, and discuss at some length the engineering work which would be required to carry out the project.

RELATIONS ARE DISTURBED.

High Explosives Cause Trouble Between the Army Bureaus.

New York, June 10.—A special from Washington says: High explosives have disturbed relations between the bureau of ordnance and board of ordnance and fortifications. A bitter controversy has been raging between these two branches of the army for more than a year and has been brought to the attention of Secretary Root for final action.

The fortifications law authorizes the secretary in his discretion to purchase for \$100,000 the right to manufacture thorite, an explosive for filling shells, and the Isham shell, a projectile in which the explosive gelatine can be fired. The board of ordnance and fortifications, has recommended that the secretary of war acquire the patents upon the explosive shells named.

The board of which Major Rogers Birneys is president, has been conducting tests at Sandy Hook. These explosives included thorite, maxinite, rendrock and others. Its report has just been received but General Buffington declines to make it public. It is known, however, that the board reports that "after exhaustive trials of thorite as a shell filler, including field, siege and seacoast shell, it is found that a reasonable degree of efficiency cannot be obtained, and the board therefore recommends that the tests be discontinued."

Maxinite seems to have pleased the board more than thorite. The board of ordnance and fortifications thinks animus influenced the ordnance board in its decision.

UNDER ARMY POWER.

Secretary Root the Real Head of Philippine Government.

Washington, June 8.—The new civil government to be established in the Philippines is receiving the consideration of the president and the secretary of war. It will differ but little from what was first outlined, as there will be a governor for the archipelago and legislative council and other officers. This government will have control of all civil affairs, but it will be under the war power to the extent of being directed by the secretary of war. There will be a nice distinction as to the authority of the general commanding the troops in the Philippines and the governor to be appointed under the civil government. No official declaration has been made as to which will be the supreme authority, but it is known that the secretary of war will be supreme. While it is not the intention to conduct the government of the Philippines under the Foraker law, that law will be taken as sanctioning what is to be done. The new government will be similar to that which existed for a short time in the early days of New Mexico. There was a civil governor, appointed by the president, and a commanding general of the army. Both had their functions in preserving the peace and controlling the affairs of the territory.

Major George Arthur Dead.

Cleveland, June 8.—Major George Arthur, assistant paymaster of the United States Army, who recently returned from the Philippines, died suddenly at the Weddell house, this city, early yesterday. He was about 43 years of age and unmarried. Major Arthur arrived at the hotel at a very early hour, and sat down in a chair in the lobby. Shortly afterward an attache of the hotel found him gasping for breath and unconscious. He was removed at once to a room, but soon expired.

CLEAN-UP IN FULL SWING.

Klondike Gold Pouring into Dawson at the Rate of \$40,000 Per Day.

Dawson, May 21, via Seattle, June 8.—The spring clean up is in full swing in all parts of the Klondike camp. Millions of dollars' worth of the precious dust has been washed from the mountain-like dumps of pay dirt that were taken out by the army of toiling miners through the long, weary winter months. Within a month \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 more will have been taken out and the washing of the winter dumps will be finished. The spring clean-up of the camp is estimated at \$15,000,000, and the summer output at \$10,000,000.

The dust is coming into Dawson at the rate of \$30,000 to \$40,000 a day. After two or three weeks the roads will be drier and it will flow in at a heavier rate. The two banks at Dawson are busier than they have been for months buying or receiving the dust for storage. The big trading companies are receiving a great deal of dust in payment for goods advanced to miners during the winter. The camp is in a flourishing condition, and everywhere good feeling prevails. The first shipments of dust of any consequence to the outside will perhaps not start for a week or two, or until the river is at a more steady stage and the boats run more regularly. However, there will be a rush of people out by the first boats, and all will carry more or less of the precious product.

The work of washing up is in progress on all the creeks, and all are sending in dust. Some of the more remote creeks are not sending much yet, because of the muddy condition of the roads or trails. Some of the trails are almost impassable for even the pack animals. What gold is sent from Gold Run, Hunker, Dominion, Sulphur, Eureka, Quartz, Last Chance, Gold Bottom and others of the outside creeks comes by horseback. The stages from Grand Forks frequently bring in as much as \$20,000 at a time, and it is no uncommon sight to see prosperous mine owners carrying into banks grips of the yellow metal that draw them heavily earthward.

CUBANS MAY REPENT.

Administration Hopeful That It Will Accept Amendment.

Washington, June 10.—The cabinet was in session over two hours today discussing the Cuban and Philippine situations. A communication has been received from Governor General Wood in regard to the prospect for the unconditional acceptance of the Platt amendment, but its contents are not made public. It can be stated, however, that there is a hopeful feeling in administrative circles that after the first soreness wears off the convention will see the wisdom of accepting the terms of the amendment. The answer to General Wood to be sent and the language of the communication was under consideration today. Meanwhile the status in Cuba is to be maintained. No action looking to the calling of another convention is contemplated if the present convention should decline to accede to our terms.

The program looking to the establishment of civil government in the Philippines is being formulated in the shape of an order which is to be promulgated shortly. It is said that there is no definite conclusion as to whether the powers of the civil administration will be exercised under the general war powers of the president or the power vested in him by the Spooner amendment. That, however, is considered a matter of detail. The main point is that the civil administration, which will be confined largely to the municipalities, will be vested in the head of the Taft commission and such other officials as may be designated, and that they will exercise their functions subject to the direct authority of the secretary of war, to whom all reports will be made. Civil administration under military supervision, such as is contemplated, is said not to be anomalous, and the civil government in New Mexico and the Southern states during the early stages of the reconstruction period are pointed to as being substantially analogous to what is proposed in the Philippines.

Sentence Commuted.

Denver, June 10.—The state board of pardons has commuted to 18 years the life sentence of E. O'Kelley, the man who killed Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James. The killing occurred at Crede, Col., July 12, 1892.

Telescope Mirror Broken.

Pittsburg, June 8.—A great 36-inch mirror belonging to a Newtonian reflecting telescope at Lick observatory was shattered into many fragments while it was being drilled to convert it into a cassegrain glass. As a result it is probable that the long projected exposition of the Lick observatory into the southern hemisphere will have to be postponed. Professor Brashear will make a new glass for the Lick scientists, but the glass cannot be obtained in less than six months. It was valued at \$3,000.