

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

## CHAPTER XI.

In the old brown school house, overshadowed by apple trees and sheltered, on the west by a long, steep hill, where the acorns and wild grapes grew, Mary Howard taught a little flock of twenty-five, coaxing some, urging others and teaching them all by her kind words and winsome ways to love her as they had never before loved an instructor.

When first she was proposed as a teacher in Rice Corner, Widow Perkins, and a few others who had no children to send, held up their hands in amazement, wondering "what the world was comin' to, and if the committeeman, Mr. Knight, s'posed they was goin' to be rid over roughshod by a town pauper; but she couldn't get a stiffcut, for the orthodox minister wouldn't give her one; and if he did, the Unitarian minister wouldn't!"

Accordingly, when it was known that the ordeal had been passed and that Mary had in her possession a piece of paper about three inches square, authorizing her to teach a common district school, this worthy conclave concluded that "either everybody had lost their senses or else Miss Mason, who was present at the examination, had sat by and whispered in her ear the answers to all hard questions."

"In all my born days I never seen anything like it," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar, to a party of ladies, which she was entertaining. "But you'll see, she won't keep her time nor'n half out—Sally Ann, pass them nutmacks. Nobody's goin' to send their children to a pauper. There's Miss Bradley says she'll take her'n out the first time they get licked. Have some more sass, Miss Dodge. I want it eat up, for I believe it's a workin'—but I telled her that war'n't the trouble, Mary's too softly to hurt a miskeeter. And so young, too. It's government she'll lack in. If anybody'll have a piece of this dried apple pie, I'll cut it."

Fortunately, Mary knew nothing of Mrs. Perkins' displeasure, and never dreamed that any feeling existed toward her save that of perfect friendship. Since she last saw her, she had grown into a fine, healthy looking girl. Her face and figure were round and full, and her complexion, though still rather pale, was clear as marble, contrasting well with her dark-brown hair and eyes, which no longer seemed unnaturally large. Still, she was not beautiful, it is true, and yet Billy was not far from right when he called her the finest looking girl in Chicopee; and it was for this reason, perhaps, that Mrs. Campbell watched with jealousy.

Every possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and she was now at a fashionable seminary, but still she did not possess one-half the ease and gracefulness of manner which seemed natural to her sister. The two girls had seen but little of each other; and oftentimes when Ella met her sister she merely acknowledged her presence by a nod or a simple "how d'ye do?"

When she heard that Mary was to be a teacher she said "she was glad, for it was more respectable than going into a factory or working out." Mrs. Campbell, too, felt in duty bound to express her pleasure, adding that "she hoped Mary would give satisfaction, but 'twas extremely doubtful, she was so young, and possessed of so little dignity!"

Unfortunately Widow Perkins' red cottage stood directly opposite the school house; and as the widow belonged to that stirring few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds before anyone is up in the house," she had ample leisure to watch and report on the proceedings of the new teacher. Now, Mrs. Perkins' clock was like its mistress, always half an hour in advance of the true time, and Mary had scarcely taught a week ere Mr. Knight, "the committeeman," was duly hailed in the street and told that the "schoolmarm wanted lookin' to, for she didn't begin no mornin' till half-past nine, nor no afternoon till half-past one! Besides that," she added, "I think she gives 'em too long a play spell. Anyways, seems of some on 'em was out o' doors the hull time."

Mr. Knight had too much good sense to heed the widow's complaints, and he merely replied: "I'm glad on't. Five hours is enough to keep little shavers cramped up in the house—glad on't."

The widow, thus foiled in her attempts at making disturbance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with quizzing the older girls, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sums in arithmetic, or whether she took them home for Mrs. Mason to solve!

In spite, however, of these little annoyances, Mary was contented and happy. She knew that her pupils loved her, and that the greater part of the district were satisfied, so she greeted the widow with her pleasant smile, and by always being particularly polite, finally overcame her prejudice to a considerable extent.

One afternoon about the middle of July, as Mrs. Perkins was seated by her front window engaged in "stitching shoes," a very common employment in some parts of New England, her attention was suddenly diverted by a tall, stylish-looking young man, who, driving his handsome horse and buggy under the shadow of the apple trees, alighted and entered into conversation with a group of little girls who were taking their

usual recess. Mrs. Perkins' curiosity was aroused, and Sally Ann was called to see who the stranger was. But for a wonder Sally Ann didn't know, though she "guessed the hoss was one of the East Chicopee livery."

"He's talkin' to Liddy Knight," said she, at the same time holding back the curtain and stepping aside so as not to be visible herself.

"Try if you can hear what he's sayin'," whispered Mrs. Perkins; but a class of boys in the school house just then struck into the multiplication table, thus effectually drowning anything which Sally Ann might otherwise have heard.

"I know them children will split their throats. Can't they hold up a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, greatly annoyed at being thus prevented from overhearing a conversation the nature of which she could not even guess.

The stranger was at that moment smilingly saying: "Tell me more about her. Does she ever scold, or has she too pretty a mouth for that?"

"No, she never scolds," said Della Frost, "and she's got the nicest white teeth, and I guess she knows it, too, for she shows them a great deal."

"She's real white, too," rejoined Lydia Knight, "though pa says she used to be yellor as saffron."

Here there was a gentle rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."

"May I go, too?" asked the stranger, following them to the door. "Introduce me as Mr. Stuart."

Lydia had never introduced anybody in her life, and, following her companions to her seat, she left Mr. Stuart standing in the doorway. With her usual politeness, Mary came forward and received the stranger, who gave his name as Mr. Stuart, saying "he felt much interested in common schools, and therefore had ventured to call."

Offering the seat of honor, Mary resumed her usual duties, occasionally casting a look of curiosity at the stranger, whose eyes seemed constantly upon her. It was rather warm that day, and when Mary returned from her dinner Widow Perkins was greatly shocked at seeing her attired in a light pink muslin dress, the short sleeves of which showed to good advantage her round, white arms. A narrow velvet ribbon confined by a small brooch and a black silk apron, completed her toilet, with the exception of a tiny locket, which was suspended from her neck by a slender gold chain. This last ornament immediately riveted Mr. Stuart's attention, and from some strange cause sent the color quickly to his face. After a time, as if to ascertain whether it were really a locket or a watch, he asked "if Miss Howard could tell him the hour?"

"Certainly, sir," said she, and stepping to the desk and consulting a silver time-piece about the size of a dining plate, she told him that it was half-past three.

When school was out Mr. Stuart, who seemed in no haste whatever, entered into a lively discussion with Mary concerning schools and books, adroitly managing to draw her out upon all the leading topics of the day. At last the conversation turned upon flowers; and when Mary chanced to mention Mrs. Mason's beautiful garden he instantly expressed a great desire to see it, and finally offered to accompany Mary home, provided she had no objections. She could not, of course, say no, and the Widow Perkins came very near letting her buttermilk biscuit burn to a cinder when she saw the young man walking down the road with Mary. Arrived at Mrs. Mason's, the stranger managed to make himself so agreeable that Mrs. Mason invited him to stay to tea. Whoever he was, he seemed to understand exactly how to find out whatever he wished to know; and before tea was over he had learned of Mary's intention to attend the academy in Wilbraham the next autumn.

Finally he said good-night, leaving Mary and Mrs. Mason to wonder—the one what he came there for, and the other whether he would ever come again. The widow, too, wondered and fidgeted as the sun went down behind the long hill.

"It beats all nater what's kept him so long," said she, when he at last appeared, and unfastening his horse, drove off at a furious rate; "but if I live I'll give all about it to-morrow," and with this consolatory remark she returned to the best room and for the remainder of the evening devoted herself to the entertainment of Uncle Jim and his wife, Aunt Dolly.

That evening Mr. Knight, who had been to the postoffice, called at Mrs. Mason's, bringing with him a letter which bore the Boston postmark. Passing it to Mary, he winked at Mrs. Mason, saying, "I kinder guess how all this writin' works will end; but hain't there been a young chap to see the school?"

"Yes; how did you know it?" returned Mrs. Mason, while Mary flushed more deeply than she did when Billy's letter was handed her.

"Why, you see," answered Mr. Knight, "I was about at the foot of the Blanchard hill, when I see a buggy coming like Jehu. Just as it got agin me it kinder slackened and the fore wheel ran off smack and scissors."

"Was he hurt?" quickly asked Mary.

"Not a bit on't," said Mr. Knight, "but he was scared some, I guess. I got out and helped him, and when he heard I was from Rice Corner he said he'd been into

school. Then he asked forty-seven questions about you, and jest as I was settin' you up high, who should come a-canterin' up, with their long-tailed gowns, and hats like men, but Ella Campbell and a great white-eyed pucker, that came home with her from school? Either, Ella's horse was scary or she did it a purpose, for the minute she got near it began to rear, and she would have fell off if that man hadn't caught it by the bit and held her on with t'other hand. I allus was the most sanguinary of men, and I was building castles about him and our little schoolmarm, when Ella came along, and I gin it up, for I see that he was took, and she did look handsome, with her curls a flyin' Wall, as I wasn't of no more use, I whipped up old Charlotte and come on."

"When did Ella return?" asked Mary, who had not before heard of her sister's arrival.

"I don't know," said Mr. Knight. "The first I see of her was cuttin' through the streets on the dead run; but I mustn't stay here gabbin', so good-night, Miss Mason—good-night, Mary—hope, you've got good news in that ar letter."

The moment he was gone Mary ran up to her room to read her letter, from which we give the following extract: "You must have forgotten George Moreland, or you would have mentioned him to me. I like him very much, indeed, and yet I could not help feeling a little jealous when he manifested so much interest in you. Sometimes, Mary, I think that for a brother, I am getting too selfish, and I do not wish anyone to like you except myself, but I surely need not feel so toward George, the best friend I have in Boston. He is very kind, lending me books, and has even offered to use his influence in getting me a situation in one of the best law offices in the city."

After reading this letter Mary sat for a long time thinking of George Moreland—of the time when she first knew him—of all that William Bolder had been to her since—and wondering, as girls sometimes will, which she liked the best. Billy unquestionably had the strongest claim to her love, but could he have known how much satisfaction she felt in thinking that George still remembered and felt interested in her he would have had some reason for fearing, as he occasionally did, that she would never be to him aught save a sister.

## CHAPTER XII.

The summer was drawing to a close, and with it Mary's school. She had succeeded in giving satisfaction to the entire district. Mr. Knight, with whom Mary was a great favorite, offered her the school for the coming winter, but she had decided upon attending school herself, and after modestly declining his offer, told him of her intention.

"But where's the money coming from?" said he.

Mary laughingly asked him how many bags of shoes he supposed she had stitched during the last two years.

"More'n two hundred, I'll bet," said he.

"Not quite as many as that," answered Mary; "but still I have managed to earn my clothes and thirty dollars besides; and this, together with my school wages, will pay for one term and part of another."

"Well, go ahead," returned Mr. Knight. "I'd help you if I could. Go ahead; and who knows but you'll one day be the president's wife?"

When Widow Perkins heard that Mary was going away to school she forgot to put any yeast in the bread which she was making, and bidding Sally Ann "watch it until it riz," she posted off to Mrs. Mason's to inquire the particulars, reckoning up as she went along how much fourteen weeks' wages would come to at nine shillings per week.

But with all her quizzing and "pumping," as Judith called it, she was unable to ascertain anything of importance, and, mentally styling Mrs. Mason, Mary, Judith and all "great gumpheads," she returned home and relieved Sally Ann from her watch over unlearned bread. Both Mrs. Mason and Mary laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though, as Mary said, "it was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and clothing."

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in one Saturday morning a half-worn merino, which she thought "mebby could be turned and sponged, and made into somethin' decent," adding, in an undertone, that "she'd had it out airin' on the clothes hoss for more'n two hours!"

A few days afterward Jenny Lincoln came galloping up to the school house door, declaring her intention of staying until school was out, and having a good time.

"I hear you are going to Wilbraham," said she, "but I want you to go to Mount Holyoke. We are going, a whole lot of us—that is, if we can pass examination. Rose isn't pleased with the idea, but I am. I think 'twill be fun to wash potatoes and scour knives. I don't believe that mother would ever have sent us there if it were not that Ida Selden is going. Her father and her Aunt Martha used to be schoolmates with Miss Lyon, and they have always intended that Ida should graduate at Mount Holyoke. Now, why can't you go, too?"

"I wish I could," said Mary, "but I can't. I haven't money enough, and there is no one to give it to me."

"It wouldn't hurt Mrs. Campbell to help you a little," returned Jenny. "Why, last term Ella spent almost enough for candies and gutta percha toys to pay the expense of half a year's schooling at Mount Holyoke. It's too bad that she should have everything and you nothin'." (To be continued.)

## Could Not Be Repeated.

"I met Higginbee and he stopped me to tell me what his little boy said, but I'll bet one thing."

"Huh! What's that?"

"I'll bet he didn't tell his boy what I said."—Indianapolis Press.

If Satan ever gets short of fuel he ought to be able to use excuses.

## DRY-DOCK CAPSIZED

WITH TRANSPORT INGALLS AND HUNDREDS OF WORKMEN.

Vessel Had Just Been Docked for Repairs.

Floating Dry-Dock was Old and Rotten, and Timbers were Forced Through the Walls—Thirty Italian Laborers in the Hold Are Unaccounted For.

New York, June 17.—While the United States transport Ingalls was in the balance dry dock at the Eric Basin, Brooklyn, Saturday afternoon, where she was about to undergo extensive repairs, she suddenly slipped from the blocks and capsized. One man is known to have been killed and many injured.

There were about 240 carpenters, machinists and others at work on the vessel and dock at the time. It is supposed that the vessel was thrown from an even keel by ballast improperly placed or by the shifting of the blocks on which she rested, causing her to list to starboard, driving the sheering beams through the rotten walls of the old floating drydock in which she was cradled. Besides the mechanics and other workmen who crowded the vessel and dock, preparing her for a voyage to Manila, about 30 Italian laborers are supposed to have been in the hold of the ship employed in shifting pig iron ballast. While the workmen were trying to escape the dock itself, overbalanced by the weight of the ship, turned on its side and sank in 50 feet of water. A number of the men were borne down into the water and jammed under and beneath the wreckage. How many were caught could not be learned to-night. Martin Anderson, a painter, was caught under the descending side of the ship and killed outright. Others were dragged out of the water badly injured or half drowned, and hurried to the hospitals.

Added to the horror of tonight was the uncertainty of the fate of the men in the vessel's hold. Some managed to get to the dock and leaped into the water as the vessel was sinking, but it is feared that the majority were less fortunate.

The Ingalls went into the drydock at 11:30 o'clock this morning, and about \$80,000 was to have been expended on her repairs. The dock in which she was placed was a very old one, having been constructed over 50 years ago. No one could be found tonight who could give an estimate of the damage caused by the disaster.

## FERRY BOATS COLLIDED.

Probable Loss of Life in New York Harbor—Boats Badly Damaged.

New York, June 17.—The wooden side-wheeler Northfield, which has been in the service of the Staten Island Ferry Company for the past 35 years, was rammed tonight by the steel-hulled propeller Mauch Chunk, used as a ferry-boat by the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The collision occurred just off the Staten Island ferry slip, at the foot of Whitehall street, and in less than 20 minutes afterwards the Northfield, which was crowded with passengers, sank at the outer end of the Spanish Line pier in the East River. The Mauch Chunk, which was badly damaged, landed two dozen passengers who were aboard of her. Over 100 passengers of the sunken Northfield were dragged out of the water by people along shore, and the crews of the fleet of river tugs which promptly responded to the ferry-boats' call for help. A few of the Northfield's passengers were hurt in the accident, and the police believe that some lives were lost.

Captain Daniel Gully, of the tugboat Mutual, who saw the ferry-boats crash together, says that immediately after the collision between 25 and 30 passengers leaped into the water, and that many of these perished. Captain Gully also declared that he is sure that over 100 of the Northfield's passengers were drowned.

## Anarchists Will Shoot at Dummies.

New York, June 17.—The World says:

"Wooden dummies, wearing metal chest-protectors, and representing the crowned despots of Europe, are to be set up in Liberty Park, Ridgewood, L. I., for anarchists to shoot at. This occasion will be the grand annual love feast of the anarchists of Greater New York. Johann Most will be marshal, chief patron and honored guest. The anarchists, a year ago, passed resolutions declaring that the war which they had made upon capital and power had not met with success. So they organized themselves into a rifle club and bought the wooden dummies."

## Deaths From Heat.

Chicago, June 17.—Although the temperature was milder today, there were three deaths attributable to the heat of the last three days.

## Work of Army in Philippines.

Washington, June 17.—The War Department gave out statistics today showing: That up to January 1, 1901, the number of insurgents captured or surrendered was 21,497, together with 5048 rifles, 56 field pieces, over 3,000 shells and balls, 576,600 rounds of ammunition, and 19 tons of powder. From January 1 to April 17, the number of captured included 247 officers, 2459 men; the number surrendered was 820 officers, 6492 men; or a grand total to that date of 31,315 insurgents. To this is added 1558 rifles; 45,000 pounds of ammunition, 408 bolos and 24 pieces of cannon.

## A WONDERFUL MATHMEATICAN.

Death of Prof. Tauman H. Safford, of Williams College.

New York, June 17.—President Truman Henry Safford, the mathematician and astronomer, whose death has just been announced, will be buried in the college burying ground at Williamstown, Mass.

He was born at Royalton, Vt., 65 years ago. At an early age he attracted attention by his powers of calculation. He could mentally extract the square and cube root of numbers of nine and ten places of figures, and could multiply four figures as rapidly as it could be done upon paper. In 1845, when he was 9 years old, and nine years before he was graduated from Harvard college, he prepared an almanac, and at the age of 14 he calculated the elliptic elements of the first comet of 1849. By a method of his own he abridged by one-fourth the labor of calculating the rising and setting of the moon. After long and difficult problems had been read to him once, he could give their result without effort.

## THREE MEN IN A BOAT.

British Seamen Make Long but Useless Voyage to Secure Help.

Halifax, N. S., June 15.—After sailing nearly 700 miles in an open boat to take relief to their ship, the Border Knight, Mr. Mathie, chief officer, and two of the crew, arrived at Sheet Harbor, the end of their 15 days' journey, to find that their steamer had just been towed in, a distance of 450 miles, by the Spanish steamship Duranco, from Philadelphia for Bilbao. Captain W. F. Splatt, of the Border Knight, and his crew were landed here, while the brave little rescue party found a haven 40 miles to the eastward.

When the Border Knight's tall shaft broke, in latitude 34:10 north and longitude 59:44 west, 300 miles northeast of Bermuda, sails were rigged and she began to make her way slowly northward. Provisions were scarce, for she had made an unusually slow voyage from Africa and the situation seemed to be desperate, as she was far out of the track of commerce.

Mr. Mathie and the two men volunteered to set out in the lifeboat with a flimsy bit of sail to bring assistance to the British steamer. This was May 29, and June 7 the Duranco, outward bound, responded to the signals of distress on the Border Knight. They were sighted by the Trave on Saturday. The Border Knight was bound from Cape Verde Islands to New York.

## FIRE AT A HEALTH RESORT.

Hotel at West Baden, Ind., Burned—Several Reported Lost.

Indianapolis, June 15.—Telephone messages from Salem and Bedford, to the Journal received this morning say:

The West Baden Springs Hotel, at West Baden, one of Indiana's most famous health and pleasure resorts, burned early this morning. It could not be learned how the fire started.

Everything in connection with the hotel building was destroyed, and it was rumored that several lives were lost, but this could not be confirmed. Telephone and telegraph communication with Indianapolis was destroyed while the story of the fire was being told.

The hotel is said to have had several hundred guests, and all of their belongings were destroyed, there having been no time to save anything.

Assistance was asked of the fire departments of near-by towns, but on account of the lack of transportation facilities no aid could be rendered.

One of the proprietors said that part of the building was erected 12 years ago, and they had been adding to it ever since, until the value of the property was about \$1,000,000, this including the grounds and buildings. There is only insurance of \$100,000.

## FOUR LIVES LOST.

Schooner Wrecked in a Fog on Newfoundland Coast.

St. Johns, N. F., June 15.—The schooner Cear, bound to Labrador with fishermen and their families, 70 persons altogether, was driven ashore on Cabot Island on the north coast of Newfoundland in a dense fog and gale. Four men were drowned and six others were injured, but the women and children all landed safely.

The survivors were on the island two days without food or shelter. Then another vessel, passing toward Labrador, sighted their distress signals, rescued them and landed them on the mainland, whence they will return home on board a mail steamer. The Cear became a total wreck, and those on board of her lost their belongings. The women and children were in a pitiable plight when they reached the island, being aroused at midnight, and being able to secure only a little of their clothing.

## For a Chinese Republic.

Honolulu, June 9, via San Francisco, June 15.—San Yet Sen, the Chinese reformer, left on the America Maru June 5 for China, for the purpose of starting a revolution. His intention is to overthrow the Empress Dowager and the mandarins. His idea is to have China ruled by a president on the lines of the Government of America. He says that there will be a strong force at his back, and he has the support of many prominent white men in China, as well as thousands of natives. This is the third revolution which he has attempted in China.