

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary returned home and a few days later was solicited to take charge of a small select school. But Mrs. Mason thought it best for her to return to Mount Holyoke and accordingly she declined Mr. Knight's offer, greatly to his disappointment, and that of many others.

One morning about a week after her return she announced her intention of visiting her mother's grave. "I am accustomed to so much exercise," said she, "that I can easily walk three miles, and perhaps on my way home I shall get a ride."

Mrs. Mason made no objection, and Mary was soon on her way. She was a rapid walker, and almost before she was aware of it reached the village. As she came near Mrs. Campbell's the wish naturally arose that Ella should accompany her. Looking up, she saw her sister in the garden and called to her.

"What-a-t?" was the very loud and uncivil answer which came back to her, and in a moment Ella appeared round the corner of the house, carelessly swinging her straw hat and humming a fashionable song. On seeing her sister she drew back the corners of her mouth into something which she intended for a smile, and said, "Why, I thought it was Bridget calling me, you looked so much like her in that gingham sunbonnet. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," returned Mary. "I was going to mother's grave, and thought perhaps you would like to accompany me."

"Oh, no," said Ella, in her usual drawing tone, "I don't know as I want to go. I was there last week, and saw the monument."

"What monument?" asked Mary, and Ella replied:

"Why, didn't you know that Mrs. Mason, or the town, or somebody, had bought a monument, with mother's and father's and Frank's and Allie's names on it?"

Mary, hurrying on, soon reached the graveyard, where, as Ella had said, there stood by her parents' graves a large, handsome monument. William Bender was the first person who came into her mind, and as she thought of all that had passed between them, and of this last proof of his affection, she seated herself among the tall grass and flowers which grew upon her mother's grave and burst into tears. She had not sat there long ere she was roused by the sound of a footstep. Looking up, she saw before her the young gentleman who the year previous had visited her school in Rice Corner. Seating himself respectfully by her side, he spoke of the three graves, and asked if they were her friends who slept there. "There was something so kind and affectionate in his voice and manner that Mary could not repress her tears, and, snatching up her bonnet, which she had thrown aside, she hid her face in it and again wept.

For a time Mr. Stuart suffered her to weep, and then gently removed the gingham bonnet, and, holding her hand between his, he tried to divert her mind by talking upon other topics, asking her how she had been employed during the year, and appearing greatly pleased when told that she had been at Mount Holyoke. Observing at length that her eyes constantly rested upon the monument, he spoke of that, praising its beauty, and asking if it were her taste.

"No," said she. "I never saw it until to-day, and did not even know it was here."

"Someone wished to surprise you, I dare say," returned Mr. Stuart. "It was manufactured in Boston, I see. Have you friends there?"

Mary replied that she had one, a Mr. Bender, to which Mr. Stuart quickly rejoined. "Is it William Bender? I have heard of him through our mutual friend, George Moreland, whom you perhaps have seen."

Mary felt the earnest gaze of the large, dark eyes which were fixed upon her face, and coloring deeply, she replied that they came from England in the same vessel.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stuart. "When I return to the city shall I refresh his memory a little with regard to you?"

"I'd rather you would not," answered Mary. "Our paths in life are very different; and he, of course, would feel no interest in me."

senior class stood higher, or was graduated with more honor than herself. Mrs. Mason, who was there, listened with all a parent's pride and fondness to her adopted child, as she promptly responded to every question. But it was not Mrs. Mason's presence alone which incited Mary to do so well. Among the crowd of spectators she caught a glimpse of a face which twice before she had seen—once in the school room at Rice Corner and once in the graveyard at Chicopee. Turn which way she would, she felt rather than saw how intently Mr. Stuart watched her, and when at last the exercises were over, and she with others arose to receive her diploma, she involuntarily glanced in the direction whence she knew he sat. For an instant their eyes met, and in the expression of his she read an approval warmer than words could have expressed.

That night Mary sat alone in her room, listening almost nervously to the sound of every footstep, and half-starting up if it came near her door. But for certain reasons Mr. Stuart did not think proper to call, and while Mary was confidently expecting him he was several miles on his way home.

In a day or two Mary returned to Chicopee, but did not, like Ella, lay her books aside and consider her education finished. Two or three hours each morning were devoted to study, or reading of some kind. For several weeks nothing was allowed to interfere with this arrangement, but at the end of that time the quiet of Mrs. Mason's house was disturbed by the unexpected arrival of Aunt Martha and Ida, who came up to Chicopee for the purpose of inducing Mrs. Mason and Mary to spend the coming winter in Boston. At first Mrs. Mason hesitated, but every objection which either she or Mary raised was so easily put aside that she finally consented, saying she would be ready to go about the middle of November.

CHAPTER XV.

"Come this way, Mary. I'll show you your chamber. It's right here next to mine," said Ida Selden, as on the evening of her friend's arrival she led her up to a handsomely furnished apartment, which for many weeks had borne the title of "Mary's room."

"Oh, how pleasant!" was Mary's exclamation, as she surveyed the room in which everything was arranged with such perfect taste.

Mary was too happy to speak, and, dropping into the easy-chair, she burst into tears. In a moment Ida, too, was seated in the same chair, with her arm around Mary's neck. Then, as her own eyes chanced to fall upon some vases, she brought one of them to Mary, saying, "See, these are for you—a present from one who bade me present them with his compliments to the little girl who nursed him on board the Windermere, and who cried because he called her ugly!"

Mary's heart was almost audible in its beating, and her cheeks took on the hue of the cushions on which she reclined. Returning the vase to the mantelpiece, Ida came back to her side, and, bending close to her face, whispered: "Cousin George told me of you years ago, when he first came here, but I forgot all about it, and when we were at Mount Holyoke I never suspected that you were the little girl he used to talk so much about. But a few days before he went away he reminded me of it again, and then I understood why he was so much interested in you. I wonder you never told me you knew him, for, of course, you like him. You can't help it."

Mary only heard a part of what Ida said. "Just before he went away." Was he gone, and should she not see him after all? A cloud gathered upon her brow, and Ida, readily divining its cause, replied, "Yes, George is gone. Either he or father must go to New Orleans, and so George, of course, went. Isn't it too bad? I cried and fretted, but he only pulled my ears, and said he should think I'd be glad, for he knew we wouldn't want a six-footer domineering over us, and following us everywhere, as he would surely do were he at home."

Mary felt more disappointed than she was willing to acknowledge, and for a moment she half-wished herself back in Chicopee, but soon recovering her equanimity, she ventured to ask how long George was to be gone.

"Until April, I believe," said Ida; "but anyway you are to stay until he comes, for Aunt Martha promised to keep you. I don't know exactly what George said to her about you, but they talked together more than two hours, and she says you are to take music lessons and drawing lessons, and all that. George is very fond of music."

The next morning between 10 and 11 the doorbell rang, and in a moment Jenny Lincoln, whose father's house was just opposite, came tripping into the parlor. She had lost in a measure that untidiness of person so offensive to her mother, and it seemed to Mary that there was a thoughtful expression on her face never seen there before, but in all other respects she was the same affectionate, merry-hearted Jenny.

"I just this minute heard you were here, and came over just as I was," said she. After asking Mary if she wasn't sorry George had gone, and if she expected to find Mr. Stuart, she said, "I suppose you know Ella is here, and breaking everybody's heart, of course."

She went to a concert with us last evening, and looked perfectly beautiful. Henry says she is the handsomest girl he ever saw, and I do hope she'll make something of him, but I'm afraid he is only trifling with her."

If there was a person in the world whom Mary thoroughly detested it was Henry Lincoln, and her eyes sparkled and flashed so indignantly that Ida noticed it, and secretly thought that Henry Lincoln would for once find his match. After a time Mary turned to Jenny, saying, "You haven't told me a word about—about William Bender. Is he well?"

Jenny blushed deeply, and, hastily replying that he was the last time she saw him, started up, whispering in Mary's ear, "Oh, I've got so much to tell you—but I must go now."

Ida accompanied her to the door, and asked why Rose, too, did not call. In her usual frank, open way Jenny answered, "You know why. Rose is so queer."

Ida understood her, and replied, "Very well; but tell her that if she doesn't see fit to notice my visitors I certainly shall not be polite to hers."

This message had the desired effect, for Rose, who was daily expecting a Miss King from Philadelphia, felt that nothing would mortify her more than to be neglected by Ida, who was rather a leader among the young fashionables. Accordingly, after a long consultation with her mother, she concluded it best to call upon Mary. In the course of the afternoon, chancing to be near the front window, she saw Mr. Selden's carriage drive away from his door with Ida and her visitor.

"Now is my time," thought she; and without a word to her mother or Jenny she threw on her bonnet and shawl, and in her thin French slippers stepped across the street and rang Mr. Selden's doorbell. Of course she was "so disappointed not to find the young ladies at home," and, leaving her card for them, tripped back highly pleased with her own cleverness.

Meantime Ida and Mary were enjoying their ride about the city, until, coming suddenly upon an organ grinder and monkey, the spirited horses became frightened and ran, upsetting the carriage and dragging it some distance. Fortunately Ida was only bruised, but Mary received a severe cut upon her head, which, with the fright, caused her to faint. A young man who was passing down the street, and saw the accident, immediately came to the rescue; and when Mary awoke to consciousness Billy Bender was supporting her and gently pushing back from her face the thick braids of her long hair.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the eager voices of the group around; but no one answered until a young gentleman, issuing from one of the fashionable saloons, came blustering up, demanding "what the row was."

Upon seeing Ida, his manner changed instantly, and he ordered the crowd to "stand back," at the same time forcing his way forward until he caught a sight of Mary's face.

"Whew! Bill," said he, "your old flame, the pauper, isn't it?"

It was fortunate for Henry Lincoln that Billy Bender's arms were both in use, otherwise he might have measured his length upon the sidewalk. As it was, Billy frowned angrily upon him, and in a fierce whisper bade him beware how he used Miss Howard's name. By this time the horses were caught, another carriage procured, and Mary, still supported by Billy Bender, was carefully lifted into it and borne back to Mr. Selden's house.

Many of Ida's friends, hearing of the accident, flocked in to see and to inquire after the young lady who was injured. Among the first who called was Lizzie Upton from Chicopee. On her way home she stopped at Mrs. Campbell's, where she was immediately beset by Ella, to know "who the beautiful young lady was that Henry Lincoln had so heroically saved from a violent death—dragging her out from under the horses' heels!"

Lizzie looked at her a moment in surprise, and then replied, "Why, Miss Campbell, is it possible you don't know it was your own sister?"

It was Henry Lincoln himself who had given Ella her information, without, however, telling the lady's name; and now, when she learned that 'twas Mary, she was too much surprised to answer, and Lizzie continued: "I think you are laboring under a mistake. It was not Mr. Lincoln who saved your sister's life, but a young law student, whom you perhaps have seen walking with George Moreland."

Ella replied that she never saw George Moreland, as he left Boston before she came; and then as she did not seem at all anxious to know whether Mary was much injured or not, Lizzie soon took her leave. Long after she was gone Ella sat alone in the parlor, wondering why Henry should tell her such a falsehood, and if he really thought Mary beautiful. Poor, simple Ella! She was fast learning to live on Henry Lincoln's smile, to believe each word that he said; to watch nervously for his coming, and to weep if he stayed away.

(To be continued.)

Photographing Jewelry.

Photographing jewelry is an excellent way of protecting it, though comparatively few American women take that precaution. In England the custom of wearing jewelry in photographs is much more prevalent than it is in New York. Pictures of English women of wealth and position usually display the entire contents of their jewelry boxes, and their diaries, stomachers and necklaces are frequently conspicuous enough to be serviceable as a means of identification were they stolen, although thieves rarely dare to keep such things intact for even the briefest time. American women owning valuable jewelry are not likely to possess any photographs of it, unless they were especially taken. And that precaution has so far been observed in few cases.

FLAG CAME DOWN

UNION JACK WAS REMOVED AT SKAGWAY CUSTOM HOUSE.

Flag Had Been Hoisted by Canadian Customs Officer, Under Instructions From His Government—An Oregon Man Cut It Down, and Calmly Handed His Card to the Official Who Protested.

Vancouver, B. C., July 1.—The steamer Islander, from Skagway today, brings news of an exciting flag episode at Skagway. E. S. Busby, Canadian customs agent there, acting on instructions from Ottawa, hoisted the British flag on a pole above his office. Several incendiary remarks followed the hoisting of the ensign, and on the following morning a tall, athletic-looking man glanced up at the flag, and stopping at the foot of the staff, took out his pocket knife, and cutting the halyards, pulled down the flag and run the halyards through the block, rolled up the colors and tossed them into a recess of the building. It did not take Customs Agent Busby long to come to the defense of the flag of his country. When he reached the flag-furler the latter calmly pulled a card from his pocket, and, after handing it to the astonished Canadian official, turned on his heel and walked away. On the card was: "George Miller, attorney-at-law, Eugene, Oregon." Miller is a brother of Joaquin Miller, the California poet, and is visiting friends in Skagway.

GUAM TERRORIZED.

United States Forces Brought into Disrepute Commander Schroeder's Orders.

Washington, July 1.—The attention of the navy department has been formally called to what appears to be an unsatisfactory condition of affairs in Guam. The incoming mails brought a copy of an order issued by the naval commander of the island, Commander Seaftn Schroeder, denouncing "hoodlumism and lawlessness," which he says are rampant at the station. The order refers to terrorism at the fort, gambling and drunkenness, which have brought the United States' force into disrepute.

The order closes with the imposition of restrictions on the liberty of the marines. It is believed the navy department will be obliged to look into the denunciation of the marines. General Heywood, commandant of marines, already has been called upon to furnish such information as he has, and it may be that a court of inquiry will be appointed.

STORM IN THE NORTHWEST.

Damage Done in the Twin Cities—Several Persons Killed.

Minneapolis, Minn., July 1.—A terrible storm swept over Minneapolis, St. Paul and vicinity this afternoon. The storm broke out about 4 o'clock, being preceded by almost total darkness. Many people went into the street, and, when the storm of wind and rain broke, there were many injured. Several persons were killed. The wind also blew down several buildings.

Heavy storms are reported all over this section, and the property loss will run into the thousands, and many head of livestock killed. The worst storm was that which passed through the district south of New Richmond, Wis. It was a tornado and did much damage to farm property, although no lives were lost. A rainfall of nearly four inches is reported there.

Coronation of King Edward.

London, July 1.—The royal proclamation announcing that the coronation of King Edward is to take place in June next, the exact date date not yet being determined upon, was read this morning at St. James's palace, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange, with all the quaint, medieval scenes which marked the occasion of the proclamation of the accession of the king. Today's ceremonial was unheralded, but crowds quickly gathered.

\$15,000 Fire at Rosalia.

Rosalia, Wash., July 1. — Fire which started at 3 o'clock yesterday morning in a hardware store destroyed the building. Loss on the building, \$2,000; on the stock, \$13,000; insurance, \$8,500. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Oregonian's Mishap.

New York, July 1.—A dispatch to the Herald from Montevideo, says: The American steamer Oregonian, bound for San Francisco with coal for the Pacific squadron has arrived off Bucoo, a short distance from this port, and anchored there. The American authorities sent a tug to inquire why the steamer's captain has chosen such a peculiar anchorage. The captain of the Oregonian declared that the vessel was damaged. He said that he did not wish the steamer towed into the harbor.

RAN OUT OF HER COURSE.

Passengers Became Panic-Stricken, but Were Safely Landed.

St. John's, N. F., June 28.—The Orient Steam Navigation Company's steamship Lusitania, from Liverpool, June 18, for Montreal, having 300 passengers on board, was wrecked last night off Cape Ballard.

The Lusitania was bound round Cape Race for Montreal with a large cargo and a shipload of passengers. She mistook her course in a dense fog, and went ashore near Renew's, 20 miles north of Cape Race, before daybreak. The ship ran over a reef, and hangs against a cliff. The passengers, who are mostly emigrants, were panic stricken. They stampeded and fought for the boats, but were overcome by the officers and crew. The rougher elements among the passengers used knives. The women and children were first landed, and the men followed. The crew stood by the ship. A heavy sea was running, but at latest advices the Lusitania was holding her own. It is thought that she will prove a total wreck.

The passengers of the Lusitania had a terrible experience. The first knowledge they had of the disaster was when, owing to the ship scraping over the rocks, they were hurled from their berths by the shock. A scene of great excitement prevailed. Three hundred people were clamoring to escape, while the crew tried to pacify them and launch the boats. The male passengers in their attempt to seize the boats, trampled the women under foot and fought the crew with knives. Some of the more cool headed of the passengers assisted the crew in the efforts to get out the boats. The women and children, almost nude, were pulled up the cliffs by the coast people.

The unhappy passengers, after shivering for hours on the hilltop, tramped weary miles to reach the houses of the fishermen, where they are now sheltered. Previous to reaching the cliffs, the passengers passed two hours of terrible anxiety on the wreck. As a furious rain storm and heavy sea raged all night, it is feared the Lusitania will be a total wreck. The last reports received here said the steamer was breaking up, that her foreholds were full of water and that her cargo was being salvaged. There is hope of saving the effects of the passengers, as, where possible, they were stored above decks.

RIOT AT ROCHESTER.

Policemen and Strikers Fought and Many Were Injured.

Rochester, N. Y., June 28.—One thousand striking laborers had a brisk encounter with the police today, in which 11 policemen and 20 rioters were injured. The rioters set out, as several times before, to drive off the laborers working on street improvements. At Mill and Commercial streets they encountered 50 laborers employed by the Rochester Gas & Electric company in digging a trench, and drove them from the trench. The workers sought refuge in the power house of the company, and the police undertook to disperse the mob. The police reserves were drawn up in a platoon of 50 across the street, and upon orders advanced with drawn clubs upon the mob. Immediately the air was filled with bricks, stones and wood, and shovels and picks in the hands of the strikers were used freely. Amid the melee a shot rang out and the sergeant commanding the platoon ordered the police to fire over the heads of the strikers. This had the desired effect. The strikers scattered and the police chased them through the streets to the City Hall Park, where they were held awaiting action by the mayor.

Police reinforcements were hurried to the scene of the riot, but their services were not required. The injuries sustained by several of the policemen are of a serious nature. The hurts of the rioters were mostly scalp wounds inflicted by the officers' clubs.

A Second Cloudburst.

Bluefields, W. Va., June 28.—Another destructive storm swept the flood-swept district tonight, and while no loss of life is yet reported from this second visitation, the damage to property has been great. The work done by the large force of men repairing the damage of the last storm has been destroyed in many places.

Refunding Proprietary Stamps.

Washington, June 28.—The commissioner of internal revenue, Yerkes, has decided that the value of proprietary stamps properly affixed and canceled on proprietary articles not removed from the factory for sale or use before July 1, 1901, may be refunded on proper application to the collector from whom the stamps were purchased.