

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pillow from my head and put another blanket on my feet, and fix the fire, and give me some water, or something? Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Rose Lincoln, as with aching head and lungs she did penance for her imprudence in crossing the wet, slippery street in thin slippers and silken hose.

Mrs. Lincoln, who knew nothing of this exposure, loudly lamented the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, imputing it wholly to Mount Holyoke discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she'd been wise and kept her at home." Jenny would have wished so, too, if by this means Rose's illness could have been avoided, for it was not a very agreeable task to stay in that close sick-room, listening to the complaints of her fault-finding sister, who tossed and turned and fretted, from morning until night, sometimes wishing herself dead, and then crying because she "wanted something, and did not know what."

"Oh! dear," said she, one evening several days after the commencement of her illness, "how provoking to be obliged to lie here moping with the dulllest of all dull company when there's Mrs. Russell's party next week, and I've such a lovely dress to wear. Why ain't I as strong and healthy as you?—though I wouldn't be so fat for anything. I'll go to that party sick or well. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Jenny looked up in surprise, asking why her sister was so particularly anxious to attend the party.

"Because," returned Rose, "Mary Howard will be there, and you know as well as I how awkward she'll appear—never was in any kind of society in her life."

"I don't see what inducement that can be for you to expose your health," said Jenny, and Rose continued:

"I want to see Ida mortified once, for she might know better than to bring a green country girl here, setting her up as something wonderful, and expecting everybody to believe it just because Miss Selden said so. Come, bring me my dress, Jenny; I want to see if the Honiton lace on the caps is as wide as Ida Selden's."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny, turning quickly toward her sister, whose white, wasted face looked sifter for a shroud than a gay party dress.

"I mean what I say," returned Rose; "I'm not going to be cooped up here any longer. I'm going to the party to-morrow night, if I never go again."

"Why, Rose Lincoln, are you crazy?" asked Jenny. "You haven't been in the street yet, and how do you expect to go to-morrow night? Mother wouldn't let you, if she were here."

"Well, thank fortune! she and father both are in Southbridge; and besides that I'm a great deal better; so hand me my dress."

Jenny complied, and reclining on pillows scarcely whiter than herself, Rose Lincoln examined and found fault with a thin gossamer fabric, little suited for anyone to wear on a cold, wintry night, and much less for her.

"There, I knew it wasn't as wide as Ida's into an eighth of an inch," said she, measuring with her finger the expensive lace. "I'll have some new. Come, Jenny, suppose you go down street and get it, for I'm bent upon going;" and the thoughtless girl sprang lightly upon the floor, and chased halfway across the room to show how well and strong she was.

Jenny knew that further expostulation from her was useless, but she refused to go for the lace, and Sarah, the servant girl, was sent with a note from Rose saying she wanted a nice article, eight or ten dollars per yard.

"I don't believe father would like to have you make such a bill," said Jenny, when Sarah was gone. "Mother didn't dare to tell him about your new dress, for he told her she mustn't get anything charged, and he said, too, something about hard times. Perhaps he's going to fail. Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

If Rose heard the last part of this sentence she did not heed it, for to her the idea of her father's failing was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl and descending to the dining-parlor, remained below stairs all the afternoon, forcing back her cough, and chatting merrily with a group of young girls who had called to see her, and congratulated her upon her improved health, for excitement lent a deep glow to her cheek, which would easily deceive the inexperienced. The next day, owing to overexertion, Rose's temples were throbbing with pain, and more than once she half-determined not to go; but her passion for society was strong, and Mrs. Russell's party had so long been anticipated and talked about that she felt she would not miss it for the world, and, as she had confessed to Jenny, there was also a mean curiosity to see how Mary Howard would appear at a fashionable party.

"Saturate my handkerchief with cologne, and put the vinaigrette where I can reach it while you arrange my hair," she said to Sarah, who at the usual hour came up to dress her young mistress for the evening. "There, be careful and not brush so hard, for that ugly pain isn't quite gone—now bring me the glass and let me see if I do look like a ghost."

"Pale, delicate folks is always more

interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flatterer servant.

"Mercy, how white I am!" exclaimed Rose, glancing at the ashen face reflected by the mirror. "Rub my cheeks with cologne, Sarah, and see if that won't bring some color into them. There, that'll do. Now hand me my dress. Oh, isn't it beautiful?" she continued, as she threw aside the thickly wadded double gown and assumed a light, thin dress, which fell in fleecy folds around her slight figure.

When her toilet was completed Rose stood up before the long mirror, and a glow of pride came to her cheeks as she saw how lovely she really was.

"You're enough sight handsomer than Miss Jenny," whispered Sarah as the door opened and Jenny appeared more simply arrayed than her sister, but looking as fresh and blooming as a rosebud.

"How beautiful you are, Rose," she said, "only it makes me shiver to look at your neck and arms. You'll wear your woolen sack, besides your shawl and cloak, won't you?"

"Nonsense, I'm not going to be bundled up this way, for don't you see it muzzles the lace," said Rose, refusing the warm sack which Jenny brought her.

A rap at the door and a call from Henry that the carriage was waiting ended the conversation, and, throwing on their cloaks and hoods, the girls descended to the hall, where, with unusual tenderness, Henry caught up his invalid sister, and, drawing the veil closely over her face, carried her to the covered sleigh, so that her feet might not touch the icy walk.

"What? Rose Lincoln here?" exclaimed half a dozen voices as Rose bounded into the dressing-room.

"Yes, Rose Lincoln is here," she replied, gayly, divesting herself of her wrapping. "I'm not going to die just yet, I guess, neither am I going to be housed up all winter. The fresh air has done me good already—see," and she pointed to a bright, round spot which burned her cheek.

A young girl, whose family had one by one fallen victims to the great New England plague, consumption, shuddered and turned away, for to her eye the glow which Rose called health was but the hectic bloom of death.

"How beautiful she is!" said more than one, as with her accustomed grace Rose entered the brilliant drawing-room. And truly Rose was beautiful that night, but like the gorgeous foliage of the fading autumn, 'twas the beauty of decay, for death was written on her blue-veined brow, and lurked amid the roses on her cheek. But little thought she of that, as with smiling lip and beaming eye she received the homage of the admiring throng.

Just then Ida and Mary were announced. Both Aunt Martha and Ida had taken great pains to have their young friend becomingly dressed, and she looked unusually well in the embroidered muslin skirt, satin waist and blonde bertha which Aunt Martha had insisted upon her accepting as a present. The rich silken braids of her luxuriant hair were confined at the back of her finely formed head with a golden arrow, which, with the exception of a plain band of gold on each wrist, was the only ornament she wore. This was her first introduction to the gay world, but so keen was her perception of what was polite and proper that none would ever have suspected it; and yet there was about her something so fresh and unstudied, that she had hardly entered the room ere many were struck with her easy, unaffected manners, so different from the practiced airs of the city belles.

Ella watched her narrowly, whispering aside to Henry how sorry she felt for poor Mary, she was so verdant, and really hoped she wouldn't do anything very awkward, for 'twould mortify her to death! "But look," she added, "and see how many people Ida is introducing her to."

"Of course, why shouldn't she?" asked Henry; and Ella replied:

"I don't know—it seems so funny to see Mary here, doesn't it?"

Before Henry could answer, a young man of his acquaintance touched his shoulder, saying: "Lincoln, who is that splendid-looking girl with Miss Selden? I haven't seen a finer face in Boston for many a day."

"That? Oh, that's Miss Howard, from Chicopee. An intimate friend of our family. Allow me the pleasure of introducing you," and Henry walked away, leaving Ella to the tender mercies of Rose, who, as one after another quitted her side and went over to the "enemy," grew very angry, wondering if folks were bewitched, and hoping Ida Selden "felt better, now that she'd made so many notice her protegee."

Later in the evening, William Bender came, and immediately Jenny began to talk to him of Mary, and the impression she was making. Placing her hand familiarly upon his arm, as though that were its natural resting place, she led him toward a group, of which Mary seemed the center of attraction. Near her stood Henry Lincoln, redoubling his flattering compliments in proportion as Mary grew colder and more reserved in her manner toward him. Silly and conceited as he was, he could not help noticing how differently she received William Bender from what she had himself.

"But all in good time," thought he, glancing at Ella, to see how she was af-

fecting by his desertion of her and his flirtation with her sister. She was standing a little apart from any one, and with her elbow resting upon a marble stand, her cheeks flushed, and her eyelashes moist with the tears she dare not shed, she was watching with feelings in which more of real pain than jealousy was mingled, for Ella was weak and simple-hearted, and loved Henry Lincoln far better than such as he deserved to be loved.

"Of what are you thinking, Ella?" asked Rose, who finding herself nearly alone, felt willing to converse with almost anyone.

At the sound of her voice Ella looked up, and coming quickly to her side, said: "It's so dull and lonesome here, I wish I'd stayed at home."

In her heart Rose wished so, too, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and feeling unusually kind toward Ella, whose uneasiness she readily understood, she replied: "Oh, I see you are jealous of Henry, but he's only trying to tease you, for he can't be interested in that awkward thing."

"But he is, I almost know he is," returned Ella, with a trembling of the voice she tried in vain to subdue; and then, fearing she could no longer restrain her emotion, she suddenly broke away from Rose, and ran hastily up to the dressing-room.

Nothing of all this escaped Henry's quick eye, and as sundry unpaid bills came looming up before his mind, he thought proper to make some amends for his neglect. Accordingly, when Ella returned to the drawing room he offered her his arm, asking: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying:

"Nothing—they weren't red."

Meantime, William Bender, having managed to drop Jenny from his arm, had asked Mary to accompany him to the conservatory. As they stood together, admiring a rare exotic, William's manner suddenly changed, and drawing Mary closer to his side, he said distinctly, though hurriedly: "I notice, Mary, that you seem embarrassed in my presence, and I have, therefore, sought this opportunity to assure you that I shall not again distress you by a declaration of love, which, if returned, would now give me more pain than pleasure, for as I told you at Mr. Selden's, I am changed in more respects than one. It cost me a bitter struggle to give you up, but reason and judgment finally conquered, and now I can calmly think of you as some time belonging to another, and with all a brother's confidence can tell you that I, too, love another—not as once I loved you, for that would be impossible, but with a calmer, more rational love."

All this time Mary had not spoken, though the hand which William had taken in his trembled like an imprisoned bird; but when he came to speak of loving another, she involuntarily raised his hand to her lips, exclaiming, "It's Jenny, it's Jenny!"

"You have guessed rightly," returned William, smiling at the earnestness of her manner. "It is Jenny, though how such a state of things ever came about is more than I can tell you."

Fearing that they might be missed, they at last returned to the parlor, where they found Ella seated at the piano, playing a very spirited polka. Henry, who boasted he "could wind her around his little finger," had succeeded in coaxing her into good humor, but not at all desiring her company for the rest of the evening, he asked her to play as the easiest way to be rid of her. When she looked around for commendation from the one for whose ear alone she had played, she saw him across the room wholly engrossed with his sister.

Poor Ella! it was with the saddest heartache she had ever known that she returned from a party which had promised her so much pleasure, and which had given her so much pain. Rose, too, was utterly disappointed. One by one her old admirers had left her for the society of the "pauper," as she secretly styled Mary, and more than once during the evening had she heard the "beauty" and "grace" of her rival extolled by those for whose opinion she cared the most; and when at 1 o'clock in the morning she threw herself exhausted upon the sofa, she declared, "'twas the last party she'd ever attend."

Alas, for thee, Rose! that declaration proved too true!

(To be continued.)

What a Boy Should Know.

Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to—

Write a good hand.

Spell all the words in ordinary use.

Know how to use these words.

Speak and write good English.

Write a good social letter.

Add a column of figures rapidly.

Make out an ordinary account.

Receipt it when paid.

Write an advertisement for a local paper.

Write a notice or report of a public meeting.

Write an ordinary promissory note.

Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years.

Draw an ordinary bank check.

Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in day-book and ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.

Tell the largest number of bushels of wheat in the largest bin, and the value at current rates.

Tell something about the laws of health and what to do in case of emergency.

Know how to behave in public and society.

Be able to give the great general principles of religion.

Have sufficient common sense to get along in the world.—National Educa-

tor.

TENTH DAY OF HEAT

STORMS BROUGHT RELIEF AT A FEW POINTS.

No Considerable Fall in Temperature Is Expected—Heavy Rain at New York Gave That City Temporary Relief—Washington the Warmest Place East of the Alleghany Mountains.

Washington, July 8.—The 10th day of the present heated term was again a scorcher, except where severe thunder storms, local rains or violent atmospheric changes brought cool weather. In Arkansas, the eastern Gulf states, Northern Ohio and New York, thunder storms brought relief. In Southeastern New England, also cooler weather prevailed, the temperature falling from 6 to 10 degrees. Tonight the weather bureau officials say the only prospects for relief from the heat lie in the occurrence of storms. There is no promise, they say, of general thunder storms sufficient to make a general fall in the temperature. Local thunder storms will give temporary relief, but weather bureau officials say that permanent relief will not come until heavy storms or local rains prevail.

In Chicago a promise of a short respite from the heat is given. New York today had a two-inch downpour of rain, which sent the thermometer down to 76. East of the Alleghany mountains the temperature rose generally a few degrees over the highest of yesterday, and in portions of the Southwest it warmed up, also in Arkansas and Oklahoma, maximum temperatures of over 100 being recorded. Washington was the warmest place east of the Alleghany today, the maximum temperature recorded being 95. There was not much humidity, but the day was very trying. General John W. Darr, formerly of Fort Scott, Kan., who served on the staff of General Garfield during the civil war, is critically ill from heat prostration.

STORM AT BUFFALO.

Exposition Grounds and Basements Flooded and Electric Wires Burned Out.

Buffalo, July 8.—A severe electrical storm passed over this city tonight. The lightning struck in a dozen places. It hit the supply wires that bring the electrical power from Niagara Falls to Buffalo, burning out transformers and other electrical machinery in the Buffalo receiving house. For over an hour the streets were without electric light, and the street cars were at a standstill. The rain fell in torrents, the water flooding many cellars. The flash of lightning that put out the downtown electric lights and stopped the street cars also burned out all the circuits leading to the exposition. The conduits were utterly inadequate to carry off the water and the grounds were flooded to a depth of three feet. The engine room under the Machinery and Transportation building was also filled with water and the machinery stopped.

Martial Law Proclaimed.

Buenos Ayres, July 8.—A state of siege has been proclaimed here. This is due to the participation of anarchists in local disturbances. Quiet now prevails here. The minister of finance, Dr. Enrique Berdugo, has resigned. The government will send a message to congress withdrawing the bill for the unification of the foreign debt.

Will Test Japanese Coal.

Washington, July 8.—The quartermasters' department has contracted for large quantities of miike coal at Nagasaki, Japan, for use on the United States army transports. The contract extends for six months, running up to the end of the calendar year. It is desired to test this bunker coal thoroughly before an agreement for a further supply is effected.

Serious Cloudburst in Michigan.

Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 8.—Western Michigan was visited by a destructive cloudburst early yesterday, and the resultant damage will amount to thousands of dollars. Both the Pere Marquette & Grand Rapids and Indiana railroads are crippled north of here. Dams in the Flat and Rouge rivers have been washed out, and many mills along the streams will be idle for days. The Grand river rose three feet and six inches in four hours this morning. Great damage was done to fruit trees and crops.

THE BALAENA WRECKED.

Ancient Pacific Whaler Goes on the Rocks in Behring Sea.

Seattle, July 5.—The whaler Balaena, of San Francisco, belonging to the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, lies on St. Lawrence Island, 20 miles west of Southeast cape, in Behring sea, a total wreck. Captain P. F. Cotte and the 60 men in the crew had an almost miraculous escape from death. Through the bravery of the officers all escaped to shore.

The Balaena was on a voyage to the Arctic. She was provisioned for 30 months. The whaler left San Francisco April 4, and, after battling with the ice for weeks, had succeeded in working through the worst of the floes. She was headed to pass St. Lawrence island when the wreck occurred. Shortly after midnight, May 1, the wind rose until it assumed the strength of a gale, and the whaler was driven to a point 20 miles west of Southeast cape, St. Lawrence island, where she struck a rock. The captain immediately ordered the boats out. The whaler seemed to have been hung on the rock, and, although the waves were pounding her terribly, she did not founder. In a very short time the boats were manned and the crew started for the shore. The sea was so high that it was impossible for the boats to keep together, but they all made the island eventually. The hands and feet of several are badly frozen.

The Balaena is a total wreck. She is hanging to the rock where she struck, but is liable to slip off into the water and sink at any time. She struck on the port side and crashed a hole fully 12 feet in the length of her hull.

RESERVOIRS WERE DRY.

Fire Raged in Heart of Huntington, W. Va.—Loss is \$200,000.

Huntington, W. Va., July 5.—A fire raged in the heart of the city from 11 o'clock this morning until 5 o'clock this evening, resulting in the loss of \$200,000. The flames started in a hotel which was crowded with guests, many of whom were women. Of these a number fainted when the alarm of fire rang out through the halls, and it was with great difficulty that they were removed from the building. There was not a gallon of water in the city reservoirs when the fire broke out and all the fire engines in the city were out of repair. Rapidly the flames spread and soon half a dozen residences were ablaze. A livery stable and a number of private houses, fruit stores, barber shops and dozens of smaller structures were burned.

DISORDERS IN MEXICO CITY.

Anti-Clerical Demonstration by a Band of Students.

Mexico City, July 5.—The public mind is much excited and the clergy filled with indignation over the results of the students' anti-clerical demonstration. The students to the number of 300 held a public meeting. Stirring speeches were made, showing the intense feeling of the young men and denouncing the recent immoralities of the few priests, who, it was claimed, had been shielded and not punished.

A company of gendarmes preserved order and the demonstration was witnessed by Governor Corral, of the federal district.

Precautions have been taken to prevent further trouble, but it is believed that if the several priests who are publicly denounced in the the press are not punished the young men may make an attempt to invade the temples.

Recruiting New Regiments.

Washington, July 5.—Acting Adjutant General Ward has received the reports of the officers engaged in recruiting the five new infantry regiments and the five new cavalry regiments authorized by the army reorganization act, showing that the regiments are all practically recruited except the Thirteenth cavalry, which is reported to be 389 men short. It is expected that all these troops will be sent to the Philippines for the relief of an equal number of regular troops, who have been there two years or more and who are to be brought home.

Fighting in Manchuria.

Tien Tsin, July 5.—Fresh reports of fighting in Manchuria and on the frontier of Chi Li province have been received here. A pitched battle has been fought at Shen Yang, in which the natives defeated the Mohammedans. General Tung Funh Siang, it is reported, is attacking the Chinese converts in Shan Si province.

Tug Foundered.

Eagle River, Mich., July 3.—The tug Fern, of Algonac, Mich., foundered off here Saturday morning. She carried a crew of five men, all of whom were lost. The wreck of the yacht Marguerite, of Hancock, was discovered between here and Eagle Harbor. Two men are supposed to have been lost on her.