

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)  
One morning about two weeks afterward Mary was in the meadow gathering cowslips for dinner when she heard some one calling her name; and looking up, she saw Jenny hurrying toward her, her sunbonnet hanging down her back, as usual, and her cheeks flushed with violent exercise. As soon as she came up she began with, "Oh, my, ain't I hot and tired, and I can't stay a minute, either, for I ran away. But I had such good news to tell you, that I would come. You are going to have a great deal better home than this. You know where Rice Corner is, the district over east?"  
Mary replied that she did, and Jenny continued: "We all went over there yesterday to see Mrs. Mason. She's a real nice lady, who used to live in Boston, and be intimate with my mother, and four years ago when Mrs. Mason died, she didn't go there any more. Then I asked Rose what the reason was, and she said Mrs. Mason was poor now, and had had 'cut her' and when I asked her what she cut her with, she only laughed, and said she believed I'd never know anything. But since then I've learned what it means."  
"What does it?" asked Mary and Jenny replied:  
"If a person dies and leaves no money, no matter how good his folks are, or how much you like them, you mustn't know them when you meet them in the street, or you must cross over to the other side of the street, and then when ladies call and speak about them, you must draw a great, long breath, and wonder how the poor thing will get along, she was so dreadfully extravagant." I positively heard mother say those very words about Mrs. Mason; and what is so funny, the washwoman the same day spoke of her, and cried when she told how kind she was, and how she would go without things herself for the sake of giving to the poor."  
After a moment's pause Jenny proceeded: "This Mrs. Mason came into the country and bought the prettiest little cottage you ever saw. She has lots of nice fruit, and for all mother pretends in Boston that she does not visit her, just as soon as the fruit is ripe she always goes there. Pa says it's real mean, and he should think Mrs. Mason would see through it."  
"Did you go there for fruit yesterday?" asked Mary.  
"Oh, no," returned Jenny. "Mother said she was tired to death with staying at home. Besides that, she heard something in Boston about a large estate in England, which possibly would fall to Mrs. Mason, and she thought it would be real kind to go and tell her. Mrs. Mason has poor health, and while we were there she asked mother if she knew of any good little girl she could get to come and live with her; 'one,' she said, 'who could be quiet when her head ached, and who would read to her and wait on her at other times.' Mother said she did not know of any, but when Mrs. Mason went out to get tea, I followed and told her of you, and the tears came into her eyes when I said you were so kind. She said right off that she would come round and see you soon, and if she liked you you should live with her."  
So saying, she ran off; Mary, having gathered her cowslips, sat down to think of Mrs. Mason, and wonder if she should ever see her. That afternoon, when the dishes were all washed, she, as usual, stole away to her books. She had not been long occupied ere some one called her, saying Mr. Knight was downstairs and wanted to see her, and that there was a lady with him.  
Mary readily guessed that the lady must be Mrs. Mason, and carefully brushed her hair and trying on a clean apron, she descended to the kitchen, where she was met by Mr. Knight, who called out, "Hallo! my child, how do you do? 'Peas to me you've grown handsome. It agrees with you to live here, I reckon, but I'll venture you'll be glad enough to leave and go and live with her, won't you?" pointing toward a lady who was just coming from Mrs. Parker's room and toward whom Mary's heart instantly warmed.  
"You see," continued Mr. Knight, "one of the Lincoln girls has taken a mighty shine to you, and it's queer, too, for they're dreadful stuck-up folks."  
"If you please, sir," said Mary, interrupting him, "Jenny ain't a bit stuck-up."  
"Umph!" returned Mr. Knight. "She does not belong to the Lincoln race, then, I guess. I know them, root and branch. Lincoln's wife used to work in the factory at Southbridge, but she's forgot all about that, and holds her head dreadful high whenever she sees me. But that's neither here nor there. This woman wants you to live with her. Miss Mason, this is Mary, this is Miss Mason."  
The introduction being thus happily over, Mrs. Mason proceeded to ask Mary a variety of questions, and ended by saying she thought she would take her, although she would rather not have her come for a few days, as she was going to be absent. Miss Grundy was now interrogated concerning her knowledge of work, and with quite a consequential air she replied: "Perhaps, ma'am, it looks too much like prating myself, considering that I've had the magnet of her mostly, but I must confess that she's lived with me so long, and got my ways so well, that she's as pleasant a mannered, good-tempered child, and will occur as bright a knife as you could wish to see."  
Saturday came at last, and long before the sun peeped over the eastern hills Mary was up and dressed. Just as she was ready to leave her room she heard Sally singing in a low tone, "Oh, there'll be mourning—mourning—mourning—mourning, Oh, there'll be mourning when Mary's gone away."  
About nine o'clock Mr. Knight drove up alone, Mrs. Mason being sick with nervous headache. "I should have been here sooner, said he, 'but the roads are awful rough, and old Charlotte has got a stub or something in her foot.' But where's the gal? Ain't she ready?"  
He was answered by Mary herself, who made her appearance, followed by Billy hearing the box. After some commotion the leave takings, Miss Grundy's turn coming first.  
"May I kiss you, Miss Grundy?" said Mary. Miss Grundy bent down and received the child's kiss, and then darting off into the pantry, went to skimming pans of milk already skimmed. Uncle Peter between times kept exclaiming: "Oh, Lord, oh, mussy, skimed—oh, for land!" Billy knew it would be lonely without Mary, but he was glad to have

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

### NO WONDER HE WAS BALKED.

Difficulties the Frenchman Experienced in Learning English.  
A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority recently began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard:  
"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"  
"It is pronounced 'tuff,'" said the teacher.  
"Eh, bien, 'tuff,' 'tuff,' then, is spelled s-a-o-u-g-h, is it not?"  
"Oh, no; 'tuff' is spelled s-u-o-u-g-h. As a matter of fact, words ending in -o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."  
"I see; a super language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff' and s-u-o-u-g-h is 'tuff.' I have a very bad cough."  
"No; it is 'cuff,' not 'tuff.'"  
"Very well; cuff, cuff and cuff. And t-o-u-g-h is 'tuff,' eh?"  
"No, not 'tuff.'"  
"Doft, then?"  
"No; doh!"  
"Well, then, what about o-u-g-h?"  
"That is pronounced 'hook.'"  
"Hook! Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'phlock,' or 'plo?' Fine language—'plo.'"  
"No, no; it is pronounced 'plow.'"  
"I shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'Plow,' 'cuff,' 'tuff,' 'hook,' and now here is another—r-o-u-g-h; that is 'row,' I suppose?"  
"Oh, no, my friend; that's 'ruff' again."  
"And bo-u-g-h is 'buff'?"  
"No; that happens to be 'bow.'"  
"Yes, wonderful language. And I have just s-a-o-u-g-h of it; that's 'son,' is it not?"  
"No; 'son'." — Sheffield Weekly News.

### Peace with Humor.

An old Indian, says Joaquin Miller in his recent book, "True Bear Stories," was terribly frightened by an old monster grizzly and her half-grown cub one autumn, while out gathering manzanita berries; but badly as he was frightened he was not even scratched.  
It seems that while he had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over a bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and had fallen asleep in the trail on the wooded hillside. The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which luckily lay at hand.  
This was only a temporary refuge; but he soon saw, to his delight, that the log was open at the other end, and corkscrewing his way along toward the farther end he was about to emerge when he saw the old mother sitting down, quietly waiting for him.  
After recovering his breath he elbowed his way through the log and crawled out corkscrewing himself back to the place at which he first entered. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half-smiling and waiting to receive him.  
This, the old Indian said, was repeated time after time till he had no longer strength to struggle. He turned on his face, whereupon the bear thrust her head in, touched the top of his head gently with her nose, and then drew back her cub with her, and shuffled away.  
Mr. Miller went to the spot with the Indian a day or two after, and was convinced that his story was exactly true; and when you understand that the bear could easily have entered the hollow log and killed the Indian at any time, you will see that it must have been a sense of humor which caused her to play the cat-and-mouse game with him.

### Lady "Bobs" and Her Trunks.

There is a story going around about Lady Roberts and her trunks, for the truth of which, says the Westminster Gazette, a man returning from South Africa vouches.  
At the height of the transport difficulties, Lady Roberts carried eight large trunks for several miles to Bloemfontein in the very teeth of the officers.  
Everybody wondered, everybody grumbled. No one but Lady Roberts could have taken the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, she lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and only half-clothed. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station, some rather uncomplimentary things were said about women travelers in general and this latest transgressor in particular.  
Next day seven of the eight trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed among the soldiers. The clever lady had snatched her fingers at red tape, and had smuggled through comfort for the men. One small trunk contained her personal belongings.

### Sea Fish in Lake Ontario.

The deepening of the St. Lawrence canal system has had other results than to allow the passage of ocean going freightage. Following in the wake of the vessels sea herrings have made their appearance in Lake Ontario, and are being eagerly captured by the fishermen.

### Preliminary Steps.

"Are you educating your child with a view to his future college career?"  
"Oh, yes; he got to begin next week and take a drop of tabasco sauce three times a day."

### NEW SPORT IS FOUND.

ENTIRELY NOVEL, AND COMES FROM TASMANIA.

AX and Saw Contests Create as Much Furore There as Football and Baseball Do in America or the Olympic Games in Greece.

Tasmania may justly claim the credit of having given the world a new sport. In that far-off land, among the men of brawn and might, whose swinging axes have felled the towering forests and converted their trackless depths into flourishing farmlands, has arisen a contest fit for kings, a form of athletic exercise calculated to bring the thrill of delight to all who have an honest admiration for good red blood and the display of mighty muscle systematically trained to its useful work. The new sport may be designated as "axmanship," and although it is of but recent origin it has already taken the pre-eminence over all other sports. What the bull-fighter is to Spain and Mexico, the cricketer to England, the swordsman to France, the hockey player to Canada, and the football and baseball hero to the United States, the champion axman has become to the brown-loving Australians.

The championship contest or carnival is held yearly in Ulverston, Tasmania, some time during the first two months of the year, under the auspices of an organization specially formed for the purpose, bearing the title of the "United Australian Axmen's Association."

The entries to the yearly competition are not confined to Tasmania, but come also from Victoria, New South Wales and New Zealand. Each district has its champion, and among the adherents of these various stars there is the most heated controversy as to the respective merits of each. For months before the great contest these brawny axmen spend all their spare time practicing, until they develop a speed and strength that is little short of marvellous. This year's carnival is conceded to have been the most successful since the yearly meeting first was inaugurated.

In the championship chopping contests there were six trials and the final trials men participated in each of the trials, and the winners fought out the final. The contest is designed primarily to test a man's skill in felling a tree, the log, a great piece of tough wood, six feet four inches in girth, is placed firmly in the ground, as though it were a growing tree.

Five minutes before the beginning of the heat the referee's whistle summons the contestants into the enclosure. They are all splendid specimens of physical prowess—thick set, deep-chested, iron muscled and bronzed from exposure. Each carries his favorite ax, the fullest latitude being allowed in the matter of selection. It is a significant fact that several of the saws and axes used this year were the product of American firms. When all is ready the pistol shot sounds and the contest is on.

Scarcely less exciting is the sawing contest. The log used is the same size as that employed in the chopping contest, but the time made cuts is much more rapid; for the great saw cuts through the wood much more quickly than the ax can do.

This year for the first time the axmen's and sawyers' championships were won by the same man—Thomas Pettitt, of Sprint, Tasmania. Not only did he win both events, but he also broke the record for each.

### NOVEL ACCIDENT IN COURT.

One of the Most Extraordinary Damage Cases in Judicial Annals.  
A suit in the Superior Court in Raleigh, N. C., against the Seaboard Air Line Railway has brought to light the most novel accident known to the annals of jurisprudence.  
The vestibule passenger train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of fifty miles per hour at 10 o'clock in the morning. William Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind, which he has baited, and had his double-barreled, breech-loading shotgun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chamber. On reaching the railroad track, which was on an embankment about ten feet high at this place, Mr. Watlington heard the train in the distance and stopped on the side of the track as it swept by. He could not see over the embankment on the other side of the track. Along beside the embankment on both sides of the track there are the usual ditches, which were filled with water. Mr. Watlington was standing between the embankment and one of these ditches on the north side of the track with his gun on his right shoulder. On the other side of the track were a number of cattle nipping grass, which Mr. Watlington could not see.  
Just a few seconds before the train passed these cattle commenced to struggle across the track to the side on which Mr. Watlington was standing. The bovines all got safely across except one small Jersey bull. He was caught on the cowcatcher and hurled away with terrible velocity, and, as misfortune would have it, he struck Mr. Watlington about midships and knocked him down into the ditch and planted the bull on top of him.  
The bull was stunned and struggled, but could not get up, and the water was drowning both man and beast. The engineer, Mr. Honeycutt, was watching the cattle and had not seen Mr. Watlington, and when the fireman told him what had happened he stopped the train and hurried back, and got there in time to get Mr. Watlington and the bovine out of the ditch before they were drowned. Striking Mr. Watlington and knocking him into the water saved the life of the bull, and the water saved the boy by the bull from killing Watlington.  
Further examination showed that the bull struck Mr. Watlington and the shock had knocked the gun some distance, and when it struck the ground it was discharged and killed one of the cows and wounded another so badly that it had to be killed. The gun was not injured.  
On these facts Judge Brown held that the railroad company was not liable for damages to Mr. Watlington. Since the

### OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

#### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

**Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.**

A farmer has an ambitious son, 12 years old, who, being left alone for a few hours the other day, tried to clean the clock. He easily got the clock to pieces, but his difficulty lay in putting it together again after cleaning.  
At this task he was only partly successful, and upon his father's return home he eagerly exclaimed:  
"Father, I've cleaned the clock and got enough works left over to make another one!" — Exchange.

**A Careless Remark.**  
"I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne.  
"In what way?"  
"You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show." — Washington Star.

**"In Bed with the Grip."**  
The Spirit's Calmer Retreat.  
"Jones, next door, is getting old."  
"What do you go by?"  
"He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden." — Exchange.

**A Philosopher.**  
Wife—There's a burglar down cellar, Henry.  
Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are upstairs.  
Wife—But he'll come up here.  
Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely, a 10-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.

**Dir.**  
Clubber—Just because I haven't paid my bill for a year, my tailor won't make me another suit of clothes.  
Castleton—What will you do?  
"I shall threaten to take my trade elsewhere."

**A Misfit.**  
"That engagement of young Mr. Dolley and Miss Kittish is broken off."  
"What was the cause?"  
"O, Dolley put his foot in it as usual."  
"How?"  
"He was trying to pay her a compliment and said she'd been looking real pretty the last few days."

**Too Late.**  
He—Your father ought to know what I have to say to him. I have been coming here so long.  
She—I am afraid he has given up all hope.

**Business Reports.**  
Strange Lady—What's the price of this iron bedstead?  
Dealer—Twelve dollars, madame.  
Strange Lady—How much off if I pay cash?  
Dealer—Madame, if you don't pay cash the bed is not for sale.

**Knew Where He Stood.**  
"There's one thing I must say for Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton. "She is very firm, once she gets her mind made up."  
"She can't be argued out of her opinion."  
"No, indeed! That's what makes home so happy. If she expresses herself in the morning I know perfectly well that she hasn't changed her mind when I get home at night. It makes it very much easier to converse." — Washington Star.

**She Had Been Through the Pockets.**  
Mrs.—I see by this morning's paper that there is very little change in men's trousers this spring.  
Mr.—Yes, I notice that.

**Appreciation Appreciated.**  
"Does cock complain of my hearty appetite?"  
"Oh, no; she says she would rather cook for six men with big appetites than for one woman without any."

**Quite Like's.**  
The Chronic Discussionist (truculently)—If Andrew Jackson were alive to-day what would be his sentiments in this matter?  
The Sober-Minded Citizen (wearily)—He would be glad he was dead, I presume.—Pack.

**In His Line.**  
Howland Ranney—You are a new member of our company. May I ask, sir, your role?  
The Other—I am the advance agent.  
Howland Ranney—Indeed! Well, could you—or advance me a five?—Philadelphia Record.

**Close Quarters.**  
She—Am I really the first girl you ever hugged?  
He—Yes; but I've made calls on girls who lived in flats.—New York Weekly.

**The Career of Riches.**  
"Do you find the possession of a large sum of money occasions worry?" said the inquisitive man.  
"I do," answered the millionaire.  
"What sort of worry?"  
"Worry for fear somebody is going to get it away from me." — Washington Star.

**Home Thrust.**  
Doctor—Do you know that at times my patriotism almost prompts me to give up my practice and enlist in our country's cause in the Philippines?  
Experienced Patient (on the spur of the moment)—You will surely see the seeds of constipation in the ratkis of the enemy, doctor, if you charge them as you have charged me.—Richmond Dispatch.

**Suspected Braggadocho.**  
"What makes you so unfriendly to that newcomer?"  
"Well," said Bronco Bob, "the first thing he said when he struck the town was that he thought of editing a paper in Crimson Gulch. I hate to see a man come around like that advertisin' hisself as bloodthirsty an' troublesome." — Washington Star.

**A Disagreeable Characteristic.**  
Katharine—I detest that Mr. Tiffington.  
Margaret—Why, Katharine?  
"Oh, he's the kind of man who always calls when you are expecting somebody else who doesn't come." — Life.

**To Be Sure.**  
Missus—And you say your brother choked to death? What was?  
Maid—On a chair, ma'am. He was eating dinner.—Indianapolis Sun.

**The Darktown Minstrel.**  
"Mr. Johnson, can you tell me what's de difference between a Spanish amusement an' what a savage dog gets out of a tramp?"  
"Dat's too rich for me. What's de answer?"  
"It's dead easy. One am a bull fight, de other a full bite."

**Bound to Kick.**  
Sharpton—You made \$13,000 clear last year, and yet you're complaining of your hard luck!  
Phintz—Well, blame it, look at that \$13."

**On the Part of the Customers.**  
Proprietor (of restaurant)—I believe our new cashier will beat watchdog.  
Assistant—Bear it? Why, she positively enjoys it!

**A Man of Courage.**  
She—I didn't suppose you had the nerve to kiss me.  
He—Oh, yes. I have got nerve enough to do anything.

**The Honors of Travel.**  
"Did Clara bring home an interesting lot of photographs of her foreign tour?"  
"Yes—dreadfully funny; she didn't write names on them and can't tell what more than half of them are."

**Was Hungry.**  
Passenger (5 a. m.)—I say, old sport, what o'clock is it?  
Second Officer—We have no such thing as o'clock on board ship, sir. It is bells here.  
Passenger—Then please have me called in time for the first breakfast bell.

**A Peppared Variety.**  
"What kind of a town is that place you've been visiting, Laura?"  
"Oh, it's the kind that always has a rain going on when you get there."

**As to the New Pastor.**  
Maud—How do you like our new clergyman?  
Mabel—He's splendid. I haven't heard him preach yet, but he golfs beautifully!

**A Vernal Setback.**  
"Well, Jimmie, do you want grandpa, and pa and ma and Aunt Carrie to take you to the circus?"  
"No, pa; I'd rather go 'th Tommy Dobb's."

**Able to Compl.**  
Teacher—Thomas, give me your idea of the differences between a curve and an angle.  
Tommy Tucker—My Aunt Ann is all curves, and my Aunt Henry is all angles.

**The Overcoat Vacation.**  
"Yes, when I put away my overcoat for the summer I drop a canphor ball in each pocket."  
"Do you? Three gilt balls are enough for me." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Urbane Minister Wn.**  
Sarcastic Editor—Your interview with the Chinese minister doesn't seem to have been much of a success.  
Indignant Reporter—It doesn't! I got more questions out of him than all the other fellows put together.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Worst.**  
Mrs. Gush—I heard all about your poor husband having his arm broken in that dreadful street car accident yesterday; let me sympathize with you.  
Mrs. Swagger—O, thank you, but that isn't the worst; my new hat was simply ruined in the wreck.—Ohio State Journal.

**American Ways in Jamaica.**  
When you arrive at your hotel in Kingston, Jamaica—and here it may be remarked that the town contains but one hotel worthy of the name—you are at once made aware that the establishment is conducted "on the American plan," says a correspondent in the London Daily Mail. The guide book says so, and the inevitable lead water confirms the statement. Outside, on Harbor street, the fine system of electric trams makes you as an Englishman blush to the hat brim. Call a "bus"—it is a buggy of the railway station, and once more the handwork and enterprise of the Americans are in evidence, for the engine is of United States design and the cars are of the same make. One is therefore not surprised to learn that an American started the railway business in Jamaica and eventually sold out at a handsome figure to the government of the colony.  
"Believe only half you hear," says the proverb; but when a woman tells you her age the chances are you will bear only half what you believe.



H. B. McDONALD.



The Spirit's Calmer Retreat.



Passenger (5 a. m.)—I say, old sport, what o'clock is it?



Mrs.—I see by this morning's paper that there is very little change in men's trousers this spring.