

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER X.

It was beginning to be daylight in the city of Boston, and as the gray east gradually brightened and grew red in the coming day, a young man looked upon the busy world around him with that feeling of utter loneliness which so often feels in a great city where all is new and strange to him. Scarcely four weeks had passed since the story of Frank's sickness and death—the police conduct of his little sister, who when there was no other alternative, went cheerfully to the poorhouse, winning by her gentle ways the love of those unused to love, and taming the wild mood of a maniac until she was harmless as a child. As he proceeded with his story, George became each moment more and more interested, and when at last there was a pause, he asked, "And is Mary in the poorhouse now?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, you see," answered Henry, drawing his cigar from his mouth, "one of the sophs got his arm broken in a row, and as I am so tender-hearted, and faculty kindly advised me to leave, and sent on before me a recommendation to the old man. But I fixed 'em. I told 'em he was in Boston, whereas he's in Chicago, so I just took the letter from the office myself. It reads beautifully. Do you understand?"

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

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

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

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

"Her name is Mary Howard."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

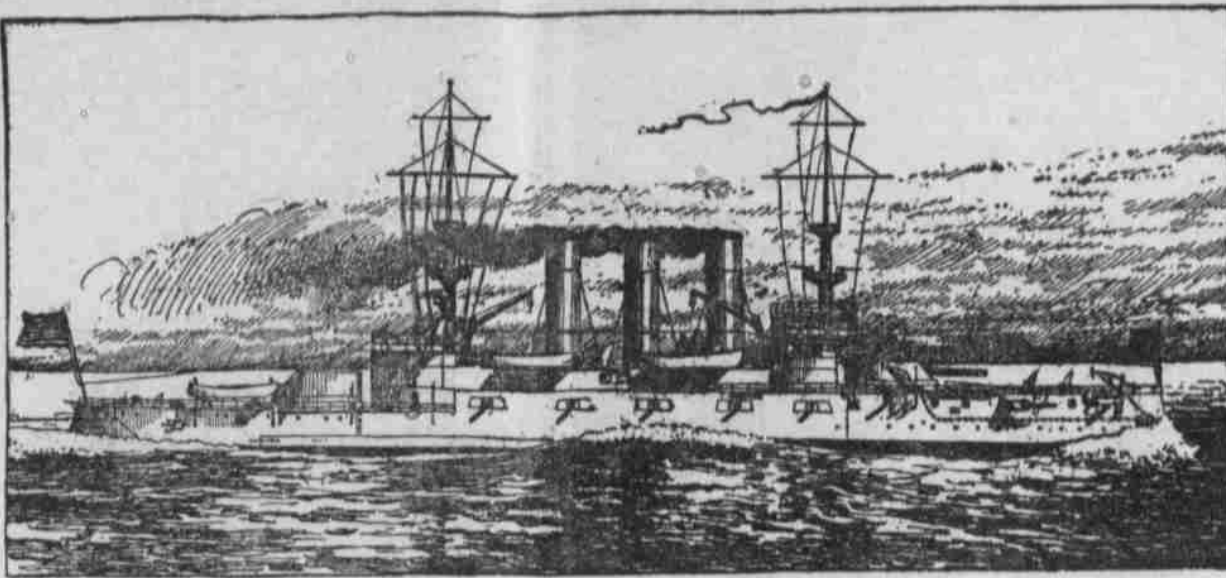
(To be continued.)

A Compliment.

The Old Man—Your love for my daughter seems to have grown very fast since you found out I was worth so much money.

The Young Man (admiringly)—No faster, than the subject warranted.

POWERFUL UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP OHIO.



The battleship Ohio, recently launched at San Francisco, is the newest "pride of the American navy." She is forty feet longer than the Oregon and 2,000 tons greater in displacement. She is twenty feet longer than the Iowa and 1,000 tons greater in displacement than that ship. Her largest rifle will be twelve inches. Her secondary battery will contain sixteen 6-inch rifles. The Ohio's dimensions are: Length on the water line, 388 feet; width, 72 feet 5 inches; mean draught, 23 feet 6 inches; maximum draught, 25 feet 3 inches; displacement, 12,500 tons; speed, 15 knots; maximum horsepower, 16,000; total coal supply, 2,000 tons. She will carry one flag officer, one commanding officer, sixteen wardroom officers, twelve junior officers and five warrant officers. In many respects the Ohio will be the greatest of all marine fighting vessels of the present kind. Her engine room will resemble a great workshop. The works of the ship will be of the most approved kind. Her engine room will resemble a great workshop. The works of the ship will be of the most approved kind. Her engine room will resemble a great workshop. The works of the ship will be of the most approved kind.

SIXTY THOUSAND A YEAR.

Chicago System Has Largest Salaries Telephone Official in the Country.

John L. Sabin, president of the Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone Company, has entered upon his duties in a larger field of activity as the manager of the Chicago system of telephones. There have been promotions all along the Pacific coast line to fill the places made vacant by the transfer of experts from San Francisco and Spokane to Chicago. Mr. Sabin receives a salary of \$55,000 per annum from the Chicago company. He also retains the presidency of the Pacific States company, receiving from the latter corporation \$25,000 per annum. His compensation is, therefore, \$80,000 a year.

John L. Sabin was born in New York Oct. 3, 1847. When 15 years of age he left the public schools of Brooklyn to enter the messenger service of the In-

Sabin returned to San Francisco, and for several years was an operator in the employ of the Western Union, being stationed at Salt Lake, Helena and other places. Since then he has gradually risen to his present position. At this moment Pezon saw what was going on, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion on his part would increase the danger of the situation by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The monkey, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or a dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, purred, and offered every part of its body to the monkey, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant.

Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert had not Pezon with difficulty drawn him off.

His Explanation.

The explanations some authors are compelled to make to readers of literal or immature mind—when they are obliged often to make them at all—are often as good literature as the passage which called them forth. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in her "Eighty Years and More," that she once wrote Dr. Holmes, at the request of a young nephew of hers, to ask an important question. Did the doctor really have a servant who almost laughed himself to death, as described in "The Height of the Ridiculous"? Dr. Holmes replied: "I wish you would explain to your little nephew that the story of the poor fellow who almost died laughing was a kind of dream of mine, and not a real thing that happened, any more than that an old woman lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do, or that Jack climbed the beanstalk and found the giant who lived at the top of it."

You can explain to him what is meant by imagination, and thus turn my youthful rhymes into a text for a School of Philosophy. I have not my pen by me, but I remember that "The Height of the Ridiculous" ended with this verse:

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes I watched that wretched man. And since, I never dare to write As funny as I can.

But tell your nephew he mustn't cry about it, any more than because geese go barefoot, and bald eagles have no nightgowns.

Washing a Wild Tiger.

A story copied from "La France du Nord" illustrates the lengths to which perfect fearlessness may carry a man. The famous lion-tamer Pezon hired at Moscow a poor Cossack, who was ignorant of the French language as of fear, to clean the cages of his wild beasts.

Instructions were given to the man by means of gestures and dumb show, and apparently he thoroughly understood what he was expected to do. The next morning he began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame



JOHN L. SABIN.

dependent Telegraph Company of New York. After an apprenticeship of five months he was sent to New Brunswick, N. J., to open an office as operator on the new line then building between New York and Philadelphia. He remained but three months in this position, being transferred to White Plains and from there to New York, where he became night operator on the Western press lines of the United States Telegraph Company.

In 1864 Sabin entered the army as military telegraph operator, and was stationed with the headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps at Fort Petersburg, Va. He served through the war, and when the struggle ended he settled at Raleigh, N. C.

The young operator was restless, and saw in the West the opportunity for advancement which the East seemed to deny him. He joined the Collins overland telegraph expedition, formed for the purpose of building a line overland from San Francisco to the mouth of the Amoor river in Siberia. He was stationed at Plover Bay in Siberia for over a year. In the fall of 1867 Mr.

LORD HUGH, THE HOPE OF THE CECILS.



Lord Hugh Cecil, who at a recent Irish demonstration in the House of Commons, advocated the imprisonment of rebellious members of Parliament, is the "rising hope" of Lord Salisbury's "festive circle." Lord Rosebery recently called the Prime Minister's family. Lord Salisbury's eldest son is not looked upon as a likely successor to the political position of his father, and it is Lord Hugh, the youngest, who is viewed as the coming man of the Cecil. He is the only unmarried son, and has lived all his life with his father, whose discipline he is. He is the only Cecil who raises any enthusiasm, or who wants to be enthusiastic. To him, as to his father, politics is an essential part of religion, and he speaks to the House of Commons as if he were preaching from his brother's pulpit at Hatfield. He is earnest enough to revolt from party ties when they interfere with freedom of thought and conviction, and likewise enough to propose a resolution in parliamentary procedure which no other member of the House dare support. He is 31 years old.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Manly," said Farmer Courttossel, as he dropped a valise full of sawdust on the kitchen floor and placed a gold brick on the shelf. "I have jes' made a discovery. 'Tain' very important, but it's interestin'."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, Ye know it's been said 'you kin fool some of the public all the time.'"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm that part o' the public."—Washington Star.

Easy Effort.

"I hear that you've been hunting."

"Yes."

"Bag anything?"

"Nothing but my trousers."

Man and Millinery.

"How do you like my new hat, Harry?"

"Well, it isn't quite as crazy-looking as that last one you bought."



Editor—Did you write this joke yourself?

Joe Kryter—Yes, sir.

Editor—Pshaw! Then you must be about 400 years of age, but I swear you don't look it.

Better than a Tip.

Guest (in restaurant)—You may bring me some roast beef."

Waiter—How will you have it, sir?

Guest—Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Falsifiable Theory.

Biggs—They say the worst tyrant possible is the liberated slave.

Diggs—I suppose that is why the ex-typerwriter loves to dictate to her husband.

May Millinery.

Harold, how do you like my new foliage hat?

Harriet, you must hear the truth; you look like a plant-stand."

Expert Arrangement.

"Meyne, here's a college professor who says he has never kissed a girl."

"Oh, well; lots of profoundly scientific men haven't really got common sense."

And Also Lawyers.

Bobbie—Pa, what happens when ears are telescoped?

Father—The passengers see stars, my son.—Smart Set.

Domestic Opinion.

Husband—I think only sensible women ought to marry.

Wife—Well, you'd be a bachelor if that were the rule.

A Psychic Affair.

"I don't see how you can be so desperately in love with a girl whom you have known such a short time."

"Of course you don't. But I've been loving that girl all my life before I met her."

Most Important Thing.

Professor—Can you tell me anything of national importance about the Hawaiian group of islands?"

Bright Boy—Yes, sir. The Pacific Ocean.

A Vernal Live Wire.

The man in winter flannels oft must crown a dismal tune.

When sweet May weather slips a cog and gets as hot as June.

Gain.

First Financier—I gave my boy \$10,000 to operate with in the street the other day, and he made \$2,000.

Second Financier—Clear?

"Yes. That's what he had left."

Only Half a Success.

Your club meeting was a feast of reason."

"Yes, altogether; that committee didn't give a bite of anything to eat."

Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Yes, my daughter is very persevering in her piano-playing. Do you notice that she's improving?"

Mrs. Sharpe—No, and I notice that my husband's temper isn't.—Catholic Standard.

The Pigeons of St. Mark.

Venice has asserted the right of ownership over the famous pigeons of Saint Mark. Some enterprising street boys who had made a business of killing the birds, when brought up in court, pleaded that the pigeons had no legal owners, and they were fed by the public on the Piazza San Marco. The city authorities maintained that the pigeons were the ward of the old republic, and therefore of the present municipality, a view that was adopted by the court.

The Scotch Language.

An effort is being made to establish in one of the Scotch universities a chair for the study of the Scotch language and literature.

Uprooted Trees Still Live.

The "life tree" of Jamaica grows and thrives for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.

It is an utter impossibility for a short man to fall in love with a tall woman. He simply has to climb for it.

Man proposes—and the girl sends him around to papa to see if he opposes.

Incompossible.

He—Can't you love me and be my friend at the same time?

She—Hardly. There is honor among friends, but I can do as I please when I love you.

It's Up in Line.

"Same old presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I suppose?"

"Not much; we've worked in an automobile collision and plantation rummage sale."

Good Bargainers.

Bas—I got some eggs of Mrs. Fowler for 15 cents a dozen. I praised her baby, you know.

Fog—That's nothing. I bought some of Fowler for 12 cents. I spoke in admiration of his dog—What To Eat.

Not That Kind.

Observer—You don't sweat much at your work?

Laborer—I guess not; a dollar a day ain't sweatin' wages.

Applied Science.

"This article says a man shows character by the way he carries his umbrella."

"Yes, and he shows character by the way he carries off other people's umbrellas, too."

April Admiration.

"Say, that girl in a pink hat is as pretty as a peach."

"Oh, prettier than that; she's as pretty as a peach-tree in full bloom."

First Thing Visitors Notice.

Clark—I knew Miss Kenosha was a stranger to Chicago before you told me. Dearborn—So? How?

Clark—She noticed that all the men in the car had soiled collars on.—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

He (penitently)—You protested so much, dear, that I had to kiss you. She—But I don't see why.

"Because I love you too much ever to disappoint you."

No Romance Left.

Penelope—Why, how could you break off your engagement with him?

Perdita—We were seasick together.

Tact.

Cobbie—There goes Glover, one of my best friends. Never knew him to say one word against me.

Stone—Yes. He's a fellow of rare restraint.

His Failure to Permit.

Lendeman—See here! How about that \$40 you owe me? You promised to get it and send it to me at Atlantic City by last Friday.

Spendian—Well, I'll tell you. I did start to raise it, but then I remember that even if I did scrape it together I couldn't send it because I didn't have a stamp.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Peril of the Hour.

Jenkins—Great Scott! There comes Jones. Let's turn down this corner.

Jorkyus—Why, do you owe him so much as that?

Jenkins—No, but he's just bought a house in Brooklyn, and I'm afraid he'll ask me over there to dinner.—Leslie's Weekly.

Proud Father (to bachelor friend, a veterinary surgeon)—Well, aren't they grand?

The Vet—Myes, I should keep the middle one, if I were you.

So Easily Answered.

"How are you going to get along with your examination, Jerry?"

"O, these questions are easy. Here's one: 'What is the national hymn?' Anybody knows what that is. It's—it's—which one is the national hymn, Mr. Brown?"

"Why, it's—well, you know there are half a dozen of them. Still, I suppose the one we really call the national hymn is—is—what's the next question, Jerry?"

His Claim to Distinction.

"So, that is Professor Dash of the Blank University, is it? Well, what has he been doing to set the people talking about him?"

"Nothing at all—nothing but teach his classes. That's why I'm pointing him out to you."

Case of Genuine Humanity.

Young Husband—Those are the biscuits you baked this morning, aren't they, Jennie? What are you going to do with them?

Young Wife (tearful and indignant)—I'm going to feed them to the pigeons.

Young Husband—Don't do that, dear, for heaven's sake! I'll try to eat them.

Respectfully Declined.

"My boy, no cigarettes! If you must smoke, smoke cigars."

"But, father, I can't afford it."

"You can use mine."

"I value my friends too highly for that."

Specimen of Negro Logic.

That famous southern clergyman, Rev. Dr. Porter, recently told a good story illustrating the whimsical ingenuity of the Ethiopian mind. A southern planter who was puzzled by the disappearance of a great deal of rice found out that it had been purchased by a favorite slave. He sent for the latter and said: "Sam, I am very sorry to discover that you are a thief and have been taking my rice." The slave smiled and answered: "I took your rice, masser; but I'm no thief." "How do you make that out?" came the query. "Well, masser, does I belong to you, or does I not?" "Yes, you belong to me." "An' don't that rice belong to you?" "Certainly." "Well, then, if I take the rice and eat that rice it belongs to you still. It hasn't gone away from you and no other man's got it, and so I couldn't have stolen it, could I?"—Evening Wisconsin.

The Weather Man's Complaint.

I try to please my patrons, but the contract is no fun, For farmers now want lots of rain and carpenters want none.