

# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train waiting for Albany stood in the depot, waiting the signal to start, and just before the final "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his daughter, whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying him were his wife, Jenny, and a gray-haired man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curls and long whippers, as each noticed and commented upon the unearthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with the effort she had made.

The sight of her, so young, so fair and apparently so low, hushed all selfish feelings, and a gay bridal party who had taken possession of the ladies' saloon immediately came forward, offering it to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and laying Rose upon the long settee, he made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions he had brought with him. As the creaking engine moved slowly out of Boston Rose asked that the window might be opened, and, leaning upon the sill, she looked out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward nightfall of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more fatigued than she was willing to acknowledge, now that she was so determined to get well, was lifted from the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her cap was of this year's fashion or last.

"I am weary," she said. "Lay me where I can rest." And with the grateful mother leading the way, the father carried his child to the chamber prepared for her with so much care.

"It's worse than I thought 'twas," said Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor below, where her daughter had thrown herself with a sigh upon the chaise-longue. "It's a deal worse than I thought 'twas. Haven't she caught cold, or been exposed some way?"

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twirling the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and the whole faculty ought to be indicted for manslaughter."

Jenny's clear, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any one until she went there, and I consider it my duty to tell you all parents against sending their daughters to a place where, neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and housework."

Jenny had not quite got over her childish habit of occasionally setting her mother right on some points, and she could not forbear saying that Dr. Kleber thought Rose had injured herself by attending Mrs. Russell's party.

"Dr. Kleber doesn't know any more about it than I do," returned her mother. "He's always minding other folks' business, and so are you. I guess you'd better go upstairs at once, and see if Rose doesn't want something."

Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to a window, which had been opened that she might breathe more freely, said: "Just listen; don't you hear that horrid creaking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid creaking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a golden form and sound. Seating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the tree. I love to hear them creak. It makes me feel both sad and happy, just as the crickets do that sing under the hearth in our old home at Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not so well sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally spying some tall locust branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "and creaks, I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through those old trees, and were it not for you, I should wish it might blow so that I could lay awake and hear it."

When it grew darker and the stars began to come out, Jenny was told "to close the shutters."

"Now, Rose," said she, "you are making half of this, for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters."

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't. What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me."

"They'll have to climb to the top of the tree, then," said Jenny, "for the ground descends in every direction, and the road, too, is so far away. Besides that, who is there that wants to see you?"

Rose didn't know. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed away in the closet adjoining.

"Rose was afraid somebody would look in and see her," said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her face.

"Look in and see her?" repeated Mrs. Howland. "I've undressed without curtains these forty years, and I'll be bound nobody ever peeped at me. But come," she added, "set up and see if you can't eat a mouthful or so. Here's some breaded chicken, a slice of toast, some currant jelly that I made myself, and the swimmest cup of black tea you ever see. If I can't bear up an egg."

"Sweetened with brown sugar, ain't it?" said Rose, sipping a little of the tea.

In great distress the good old lady replied that she was out of white sugar, but some folks loved brown just as well.

"Ugh! Take it away," said Rose. "It makes me sick, and I don't believe I can eat another mouthful," but in spite of her list, the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately made fun of the little silver spoons, her grandmother's bridal gift, and found fault because the jelly was not put in preserves jars instead of the old blue earthen teacup, tied over with a piece of paper!

Until a late hour that night did Rose keep the whole household on the alert, doing the thousand useless things which

will be my only help. Sometimes I wish you were here, for it's lonesome living alone, but I suppose you'd better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has never written her a word since he left England. If I live three years longer I shall come to America, and until that time, adieu. Your father, Henry Campbell, Jr."

"How about cold?" was Mary's first exclamation, for her impressions of her grandfather were not very agreeable.

"It is like all his letters," answered Mrs. Campbell. "But it was cruel to make me think Ella was dead, for I could not help but have had lost her. Then, as the conviction came over her that Mary was indeed the child of her own sister, she would her arms about her neck, and kissing her lips, murmured, 'My child—Mary. Oh, had I known this sooner, you should not have been so cruelly deserted, and I should have been with you when you died in the almshouse. But you'll never leave me now, for all that I have is yours—yours and Ella's.'"

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were rendered less bitter by the knowledge that she had cared for, and even a mother to, one of her own children.

"I know now, why, from the first, I felt so drawn toward Ella, and why her clear, large eyes are so much like my own lost darling's, and even you, Mary."

Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the laughing little child, who begged so piteously "to go with Ella" where there was room and to spare. All this came up in review before Mrs. Campbell, and as she recalled the incidents of her sister's death, and thought of the aunt who had been so often wept hungry and cold that his mother and sisters might be warm and fed, she felt that her heart would burst with its weight of sorrow.

"Oh," said she, "I do so near me—my only sister, and I never knew her never so near her. I with all my wealth, as much hers as mine—and she dying of starvation!"

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling her affectionately her mother had always remembered her. "And even on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you and bade me, 'If I ever found you, love you for her sake.'"

"Will you, do you love me?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

"Do you know anything of my Aunt Sarah?" Mary asked at last; and Mrs. Campbell replied:

"Nothing definite. From father we first heard that she was in New York, and then Aunt Morris wrote to her niece, making inquiries concerning her. I think the Fletchers were rather peculiar in their dispositions, and were probably jealous of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's uncle wrote, he said that 'independent of old Temple, she had received a good education, adding further that she had married a good man, and that she was now a good wife and mother. He neither gave the name of her husband nor the place to which they were going, and as all our subsequent letters were unanswered, I know not whether she is dead or alive; but often when I think how alone I am, without a relative in the world, I have prayed and wept that she might come back; for though I never saw her that I remember, she was my mother's child, and I should love her for that.'"

(To be continued.)

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

**An Expensive Luxury.**  
"Yes," said the reformed man to an impeccable friend, "why don't you give up some of your expensive luxuries? Now, for instance, look at me. I gave up smoking about a year ago. I decided I could do without it. Last month I made a calculation as to how much I had saved up to date, and it amounted to a considerable sum. I then opened an account in one of the many New York savings banks, and—"

"Could you lend me \$10?" broke in the other impetuously. "I'll pay you back—"

"And the bank failed yesterday. Er— you haven't such a thing as a cigar about you, have you?"—Judge.

**Behind Her Back.**  
Nell—Do you think that is all her own hair?  
Belle—No, part of it is her sister's. At least I saw her sister buying some just like it—Philadelphia Record.

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

**The Secret Divulger.**  
He—But you've known her all your life; how old is she?  
She—I'll tell you, but it's a secret. She is just at the age when one doesn't look it—Life.

**His Exalted Mission.**  
Woman of the House—You're here here half a dozen times and got nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep on coming for?  
Tafford Knott (with impressive dignity)—I ain't no common tramp, ma'am. I'm around studyin' conditions.—Chicago Tribune.

**He Raised Them.**  
"That's Gilders. He's made a big pile."  
"Yes, and there was a time when he had to depend on my brother Jack to bring up his children."  
"Nonsense! When did that happen?"  
"Often. The kids used to run in pretty frequent to their father's office, which was in the building where Jack was an elevator man."—Philadelphia Press.

**Nothing New.**  
The Hog (with paper)—Well! well! Wonders never cease! Human beings are now taking mud baths.  
The Gobbler (the last of his flock)—It isn't at all uncommon for human beings to make hogs of themselves.—Puck.

**Emergency Ability.**  
"Women have no originality—no inventive genius."  
"Nonsense! I've seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hat pin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Willing to Try Solitaire.**  
Miss Oldley—It is too bad that it takes two for a wedding!—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

**His Pa Explains.**  
Bobby—Pa, when does a man get too old to learn?  
Father—When he gets too old to marry, my son.—Puck.

**Of a Certain Kind.**  
"Skewjerk is quite a recluse, isn't he?"  
"O, yes—considered subjectively. He plays the clarinet."—Chicago Tribune.

**Lost in the Crowd.**  
Tess (meeting Jess on the street)—What's the matter?  
Jess—I've just lost something, and I can't think just what it is.  
Tess—It wasn't your—  
Jess—O! I know now. It was that little Mr. Snip, who was walking with me.  
Tess—Then it was nothing, after all.—Philadelphia Press.

**Why He Consented.**  
"Keeter says his wife is doing her own cooking now."  
"That accounts for it. He finally let me write him up a life insurance policy this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

**Only Time They Are.**  
"Miss Passy says she can never get any shoes to fit her."  
"Oh, pshaw! She just says they don't because she likes to go to the shoe store and see a young man at her feet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**May Millinery.**  
"Harold, how do you like my new foliage hat?"  
"Harriet, you must hear the truth: you look like a plant stand."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Family Exposure.**  
"I never see you lounging in the hammock, Mr. Subbs."  
"No; these gay, front-porch hammocks are for company and for ornament; the old rope thing the folks let me swing in is around in the back yard."

**Slow Talker, Perhaps.**  
He—I know I'm late, dear. You see, I was detained a couple of hours by an old friend who just got back to town after a long absence. I had to tell him all I knew.  
She (snappishly)—I don't see why that should have kept you so long.—Philadelphia Press.

**Well Recommended.**  
Maid—Indeed, ma'am, I have thirty-nine excellent references.  
Mistress—And you have been in domestic service.  
Maid—Two years, ma'am—Glasgow Times.

**Averting a Sarcasm.**  
"You seem very self-satisfied to-day," said Miss Cayenne.  
"Yes," answered Willie Washington, "but don't let that influence. Everybody says I've got dreadfully poor taste."—Washington Star.

**So Sudden.**  
"That Miss Fortysummers is subject to fainting fits."  
"Is she?"  
"I started to ask her to join me in a glass of soda water the other day, but when I got to the word 'join' she keeled right over in my arms."—Ohio State Journal.

**Automatic Exertion.**  
Polly—What is it you like so much about croquet, Dolly?  
Dolly—Oh, it is such a lonely, restful game; the sturdier one feels the better one can play.

**Obliging.**  
"Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl."  
"I wish you would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"—Punch.

**Surprised.**  
"I want you to come around and take a look at that horse you sold me the other day."  
"Good heavens, is that animal still alive?"  
"A chance for trouble."  
"Throwing an old shoe after a bride and groom means that all ill-feeling is thus thrown away."  
"Yes, but suppose the old shoe should happen to hit the bride."  
Under Control.  
The Count—Your daughter, madam, says she is perfectly willing to have me. The Mother—Yes. She is very dutiful.

**Consoling.**  
Penelope—I'll just ruin my complexion going in bathing so much.  
Perdita—I wouldn't care. No one will notice it.

**Hopeful.**  
He—Do you suppose we will ever have enough to get married on?  
She—Surely. Why, Jack, we don't need a million. A couple of hundred thousand will do to start on.

**Exasperating Amiability.**  
"Amiable people are often so exasperating."  
"Yes; I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable."

**Not Without Excitement.**  
"You are not addicted to any kind of athletics, are you?"  
"Athletics? Gracious, man, I earn a good living for a family of seven."

**Carried It Too Far.**  
"Nothing that is produced in this country is ever quite good enough for Mrs. Willoughby," declared Miss Frocks. "Everything must be imported."  
"That's true," added Miss Kittish. "She even carried her prejudice against domestic goods so far as to marry an imported husband."

**Search for Knowledge.**  
Jinks—Hello! Well, I swan! Studying a book of etiquette, eh?  
Old Gruff—Yep.  
Jinks—Want to learn how to treat folks politely, eh?  
Old Gruff—Naw. Want to find out whether folks are treating me politely.  
—New York Weekly.

**Criticism.**  
Uncle Josh—Didn't the President warn Congress ag'in' bein' extravagant?  
Uncle Silas—Yes; but he oughtn't to have let 'em know there was so much money in the Treasury.—Puck.

**The Rabbit Fired the Gun.**  
"Brer Rabbit" has been outdone in real life, and a West Virginia rabbit family has a hero. The incident occurred in this wise, according to the Chicago Tribune:  
Peter Frees and his son Louis went out rabbit-hunting in the woods near Parkersburg, West Virginia. Their dog soon chased a cottontail into a pile of brush, and Louis rushed up to get him out. He put his gun on the ground, and taking up a long pole, began to push in the brush-pile to dislodge the rabbit.  
Finally bunny ran out in an unexpected place, straight over the gun, which was cocked. His hind foot struck the trigger, sending the charge of shot into Louis' leg, and some of it into the dog. The boy yelled, the dog howled, and in the midst of the excitement bunny got away.

**A Figure of Speech.**  
Even when a man says that he is hungry enough to eat a horse his wife knows that he will find fault, in nine cases out of ten, if the dinner isn't all exactly right.—Somerville Journal.

## SWINDLER WITH KIND HEART.

Why a Detroit Man Was Willing to Bail Out a Crook.

"By Jove! Arrested for swindling," and the man who was reading his paper at a table in the annex turned to three or four friends. "If I'd been there I'd have gone bail for him. I saw him do a thing once that showed he had a big heart and the instincts of a gentleman. I was on the way to the Highland Park races last summer, and just ahead of me sat two gayly dressed women, and next to them a gray-haired, kindly faced old woman. The younger ones were talking about one of the runners on which they had a tip, and said that it was just like finding money to bet on him. They kept it up, and it was evident the old woman was getting excited.

"She turned to me and said if she thought she could double her money on that horse she would try it. It would enable her to pay her rent, and she had received notice. To my right sat this 'swindler,' slowly dressed and out for a killing.

"Sure thing," he replied, before I got in a word. 'Gif me your stuff and I'll do the betting for you. Take this tick et. I have two.'

"I wanted to interfere, but he looked as though he meant to be good to her, so I contented myself with a resolution to keep my eye on him. He put her money on the favorite, and the favorite lost. I followed him back to the stand, where the old woman was in tears and the drowsy women were making game of her. He gave them a look that straightened their faces, and then seized the older one's hand.

"Here, grandma," he laughed; 'I was too smart to put your money on that skate. Your stuff backed the winner, four to one,' and he slipped two crisp new tens to her, and told me that was the happiest he ever got off. You bet I'd have bailed him."—Detroit Free Press.

## GOT THE DESIRED BABY FOOD.

Father of a Starving Youngster Shows He Is a Diplomat.

"What shall we do for the baby?" was often asked in a certain West Side household recently. And certainly the baby heeded something. It was pale and puny, and seemed half-starved. The child was at the intermediary age when its natural food was insufficient, and still it was too young for beefsteak and potatoes.

"The child must have some baby food," said the mother.

"Yes," said the father, "he could have it if I were rich. It would cost \$3 a week at least to supply him with baby food, and I get only \$10 a week."

"But, are you going to let him starve?" she returned.

"No, I will manage some way to get it," he said. "If you will press my suit, dear, I will try to get some food to-morrow."

"What has the suit to do with it?" she asked.

"You will see," he said.

So next day the father of the starving young one went down town. He wore his Sunday suit that had done service for two years. When he entered one of the big drug stores he looked to be worth at least \$5,000 a year. To a clerk he said:

"I called to see about baby foods. Our child is in need of some auxiliary nourishment, but I do not know what to get for him. My wife says our cook told the second girl that you probably might furnish us with some samples of the various kinds of foods you carry in stock. If you can do that we will try them and then I can order a supply of the kind that best agrees with the child."

"Certainly," said the clerk, and a package containing samples of seven kinds of baby food was forthcoming. The quantity was sufficient to last a month. When the supply is exhausted he will go to another drug store and tell the clerk what the cook told the second girl.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## THE LAZIEST CREATURES.

Inolent Aquatic Fowl Are Found on Shores of Western Lakes.

"During the recent trip through the lower western section of the country," said a young man who had recently returned to New Orleans, "I believe I discovered the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It was an aquatic fowl, with a big, clumsy-looking beak, in form something like the dodo, now extinct. I have spent some time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They call them shags, I believe, out west. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bills with considerable precision when they dig for game, and they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl. Whenever a shag begins to catch fish a long-legged water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands the fish the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around the shag will continue its watch for fish and this is kept up until the water hen has finished its meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sleepy efforts. I have, on one occasion, seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind him to steal the fish out of his mouth."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Petroleum for Fuel.

It is reported that the United States Bureau of Steam Engineering has experimented successfully with the use of liquid fuel. A ton of oil, it is said, gives about twice as much heat as a ton of coal; among the advantages claimed for it are ease of handling, since it can be run into the tanks and carried into the furnaces without the use of hand power.

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Spokane Flyer 8:27 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minn. Falls, Duluth, St. Paul, Chicago and East.	Portland Flyer 4:10 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:42 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express 5:42 a. m.

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Daily Ex. Sunday 8:30 a. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Astoria and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Day-ton, and Way Landings.	5:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
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