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FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pill from my head and put another pill 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, insisting it wholly to Mount Holyoke discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she" had 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 dullest 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 importance 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 cape is as wide as Ida Selden's."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny, turning quickly toward her sister, whose white, wasted face looked fitter 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 goodness, she and father both are in Northbridge; 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 garment, little suited for anyone to wear on a cold, wintry night, and much less for her.

"There, I know 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 me, 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 new 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 fall. 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 falling was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl, and descending to the dining-parlor, remained there 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 led 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 don't 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 folk is always more interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flatterer servant.

"Mercy, how white I am!" exclaimed Rose, glancing at the ashken 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 drew aside the thickly doubled double gown and assumed a light, thin dress, which fell in heavy 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 woolsen sack, besides your shawl and cloak, won't you?"

"Nonsense, I'm not going to be bundled up this way. I don't 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 foliage of decay, for death was written on her blue-veined brow, and lurked amid the roses on her cheek. Rose 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 manner, 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, who 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 Chicago. 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 presence."

Late 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, redoubting his flatterer 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 at Ella, to see how she was affected 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 waiting with feelings in which glowed a real pain from 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 not longer re-

strain 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, saying: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying: "Nothing—they weren't red."

Meaning, 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. I 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 few spirited polkas. Henry, who boasted he "could wind her around his little finger," had succeeded in coaxing her into good humor, but not at all delecting her company for the rest of the evening, he asked her to play as the easiest way to 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 her sister.

Poor Ella! 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 "pamper," 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 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.)

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

A Delightful and Profitable Way of studying Bird Life.

Of the many delightful birds I had the good fortune to know, the worm-eating warbler family have afforded me the greatest pleasure; for they become absolutely fearless of the camera, and they place a degree of trust in one that was as unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nest, and what a wonderful concealed nest it was, tucked away in a small depression and hidden by the roots of an oak sapling. It would forever have remained undiscovered by me had I not, by lucky chance, observed one of the parent birds visiting it. Only at first did the owners object to my intruding, and by various methods did they try to coax me away from their home. First one and then the other would feign broken wings, and half-rolling, half-scrambling, they would make their way down the steep hillside in the hope of luring me away. Then, finding that I was not to be taken in even by such an artful device, they endeavored to accomplish their object by scolding at me. In less than two hours they quieted down and simply looked on in silence. The next time I visited the nest they made no objections, and I imagined they recognized me, and realized that I meant no harm either to themselves or to their young, for these had hatched since my last visit.

Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do. Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should not accident befall them, was to be their feeding ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest the family of fledglings scrambled out as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less than time they were all on their feet, and I took it to tell it each little mite of down and rust-colored feathers was hidden among the dead, crackling leaves with which the ground was strewn. Though I had tried my best to watch where each bird concealed itself, it was some time before I photographed them all preparatory to their departure. Near the parents were greatly excited, for birds always are when their young first leave the nest—and when they saw the entire brood captured by one whom they had considered a friend they seemed to regret having placed so much confidence in me. But only for a very short time did their doubts continue. As soon as I placed the youngsters on a suitable perch they both ceased to utter that lisping note of anxious protestation, and to show that they no longer feared me they hopped about on the camera while I was arranging it.—World's Work.

"Strads" Bring High Prices.

A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth whatever the person owning it may ask. At \$1,000 it would not be deemed extravagant.

The Minnesota state building at the Pan-American grounds has been dedicated.

Annie Dobbie, a young singer of great promise in New York, is being trained at the expense of Andrew Carnegie.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad officials approve the pension and sick benefit system for their employees, to become effective in September.

The freight handlers strike at Reading, Pa., is still on, with no prospect for an early settlement. More than 100 cars block all traffic.

Pierre Lorillard, the tobacco king, is dead.

The hot wave in the east has been broken.

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President opens a large tract of land in Oklahoma for settlement.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Treasurer Hollander, of Porto Rico, has resigned.

There is an increased demand for Oregon cherries.

Cubans are ready for the adoption of a constitution.

Chinese court still shows great honor for dead Boxers.

Prince Christian, of Denmark, is coming to the United States.

A crazy man in Denver killed a woman and fatally stabbed a little girl.

A Chinaman was lynched in a California lumber camp for assaulting a woman.

There is a shortage of \$255,267 in the funds of the endowment rank, K. of P.

American astronomers secured the best photographs of the eclipse in May last at Sumatra.

Conferences are being held by the officers of the steel workers' union and the employers to settle the big strike.

A former Russian nobleman died recently at Bloomingdale asylum, New York, a pauper and a paralytic.

A pleasure launch containing nine persons was swamped near Santa Barbara, Cal., and all on board lost.

Frederick White, son of United States ambassador to Germany, committed suicide on account of ill health.

Two lady tourists in the Yellowstone National Park fell into the boiling mud "paint pots" and are badly scalded.

A passenger train ran into a freight on the Lake Shore road and killed the postal clerk and engineer and injured many passengers.

The condition of the national banks is declared to be exceptionally good. Their resources are said to be greater than ever before.

Japanese fishermen on the Fraser river have the best of the struggle between themselves and the striking union fishermen.

It is reported in England that the Boer forces are in a very bad plight, and would lay down their arms if the men were allowed to know the real truth of the situation.

A battery of artillery passing through Portland on their way home from the Chinese campaign is said to have some \$50,000 worth of souvenirs from the holy city, although they had strict orders not to loot.

The plague is spreading with great rapidity at Amoy.

Sixteen German soldiers were drowned in the Rhine.

Friars were mobbed in Pangasinan province, Philippine islands.

Cattlemen have protested against the opening of Oklahoma lands.

Municipalities will be organized in Laguna province, Philippine islands.

The Abyssinians pursuing Mad Mullah are on the verge of starvation.

A landslide at Lung Keng, China, caused the loss of 300 lives and much valuable property.

A cloudburst in San Andreas canyon, near Albuquerque, N. M., did considerable damage.

The secretary of the treasury has been authorized to refund duties paid on goods from Porto Rico.

A switch engine at Columbus, O., crashed into a passenger train and about 20 passengers were hurt.

Militia may be called out to quell trouble between union and Japanese fishermen on Fraser river, B. C.

Governor Whitmarsh, of Benguet province, Philippine islands, is accused of violating his instructions.

The war department has finished the new Philippine tariff and the schedules will be mailed to Governor Taft at once.

The United States training ship Alert, with 124 apprentice boys on board has sailed from San Francisco for Yokohama, Japan.

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