



Miss May Drummond, of Brooklyn, as She Is To-day, and as She Expects to Be When She Is Lady Mary Harriet Geraldine Drummond, of Scotland.

## When I'm Lady Drummond and Own My Castle.

By a Girl Waiter in a Brooklyn Ice Cream Saloon.

MISS "MAY" DRUMMOND is her title to-day. Tomorrow it may be Lady Mary Harriet Geraldine Drummond. She lives in a plain third-story flat at No. 1304 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

But ere another moon rolls round she may be installed in a castle on the paternal estate of her ancestors, the Earls of Perth, in Scotland.

Hers is the modest outlay required for the mere necessities in food and clothing, but ere long there will be a yearly income of \$50,000, or \$250,000, at her command.

A man of bent form and withered face, over whose head have passed ninety-five years, is the only obstacle to her inheritance, and that living obstacle spends all his falling breath in prayers that he may die, for age and imbecility and infirmities are his portions. He is by many years the oldest of a line that is not proverbially long lived, and "hills" may be written any moment after the last chapter of his life. It is a tale that is almost told.

He is the great-grandfather of the fair, gray-eyed Brooklyn maiden. Her father was a Scottish Earl, Lord George Essex Montfiter Drummond, Viscount Perth, who died ten years ago. He was a poor man when he died, poor and an outcast from his family because he followed the promptings of his heart and married the maid of his choice.

She was only the lady's maid to his grandmother, the Countess of Perth, but she had eyes as blue as the waters of the gorge-walled Firth of Perth, half of the hue of and curled as closely as the dried heather of his native hills, and a ripe, sweet mouth that smiled all day—and he loved her. So they fled to America, followed by the paternal anger. The Viscount's allowance was cut off and he earned his bread by daily labor. While caretaker of the Summer home of Theron Loos, at Brookhaven, L. I., he met Percival G. Ullman, a young lawyer of Huguenot, L. I. When he died he made Mr. Ullman the guardian of his daughter, eighty-year-old Lady Mary Harriet Geraldine Drummond. To Mr. Ullman will fall the task of proving Lady Drummond's title to her estate in Scotland, a claim which has never been disputed and for which there is abundant documentary proof.

A picture of the little comess at four years of age hangs in the little parlor of the Masters' Menage in Brooklyn, for the Viscount's widow has married again, and her husband is Henry F. Masters, a silver-smith. Lady Drummond at eighteen looks not unlike the four-year-old Comess. There are the same sturdy features and vigorous frame, the same calm, broad forehead and steady gray eyes. She is a comely miss with an inherent dignity that has come down through a long line of her ancestors of the Moors.

Lady Drummond was a bright student. She was the youngest graduate from the public schools of Brooklyn, receiving her diploma at the age of thirteen. She was married at sixteen to John F. King, a day laborer, but lived with him only a year, and until the birth of their child, who soon

died. She abandoned him and secured a divorce on the grounds of intemperance.

That sad experience for one so young doubtless caused her to set her lips with granitic Scotch firmness and say: "I shall never marry. Certainly not unless I love and I do not believe I will ever love again. I cannot conceive of my falling in love with any but an American. I can't imagine wherein lies the attraction of foreigners to wealthy American girls. I have seen a few, and I do not like them. I suppose their titles attract, but if other girls cared as little for titles as I do, no one from the other side of the Atlantic would carry back an American bride. Oh, I am thoroughly American. I love it. I could not bear to live away from it. When I am the owner of the castle in Scotland I will let it. I will never live in the scene of my father's humiliation. I will visit it, if I must, to transact necessary business, but I will stay no longer than I must. As for the cousins Perth, I will certainly not hunt them up, and I doubt if I shall receive them if they present themselves. Oh, I have no pride of blood.

"I would like to see an aristocracy of intellect established. Do you think that will ever be done? Oh, I do hope so, and perhaps after twenty years or so of hard study I might have a place in it. I love books, oh, so much. Sometimes I lay awake at night and think of the library I shall have when I come into my inheritance. I will have two rooms, I think, one light and sunny and cheerful, where I can read and study; the other a darker, more sombre room, where I can retire to think grave thoughts and commune with the authors that have passed on. I am something of a spiritualist, I think, but perhaps only in a sentimental kind of way.

"I shall give away a good deal of the \$250,000 a year—in fact, most of it, I suppose, for a girl with simple tastes like mine will require very little. I would first of all make my mother and stepfather more comfortable than they have ever been in their lives. Then I would build a home for myself—where do you imagine? Right here in dear old Brooklyn, where I was born. Not in New York. Oh, never! I could not endure New York.

"The first thing I would do would be to train myself for a profession, so that I could guard against future poverty. The \$250,000 a year might be swept away, but if I had a profession, that could never leave me. The first thing I would do would be to enter a hospital school for trained nurses. I would be proud of that profession if I were helpless to a million a year.

"I don't believe that I could be induced to go to a ball or reception. I am sure I would hate society.

"Of two things I am sure. When I come into my fortune I will never give charity to an institution. I will personally investigate cases before I bestow charity. I will visit the needy myself."

And one other thing is sure, too. She won't be a waiter in a Brooklyn ice cream saloon when she comes into that \$250,000.

## Evangelina Cisneros's Life, Love and Suffering Revealed to a Palmist by Her Hands.

EVANGELINA CISNEROS'S hands have revealed a remarkable story to me. The lines and mounts indicate a life that has been so full of tribulation and sorrow that I shudder. They tell me of a woman beset by danger so great that even the strongest man might tremble, a danger which, happily, I see is now over.

The hands tell me that they belong to a woman who has never yet known what it is to really love. She has no lovers—O, yes; many of them I doubt not, but the right one has never yet appeared. They are artistic little hands. They tell of a broad intelligence and a grasp of human affairs that seems almost incompatible with the physical appearance of the lady herself.

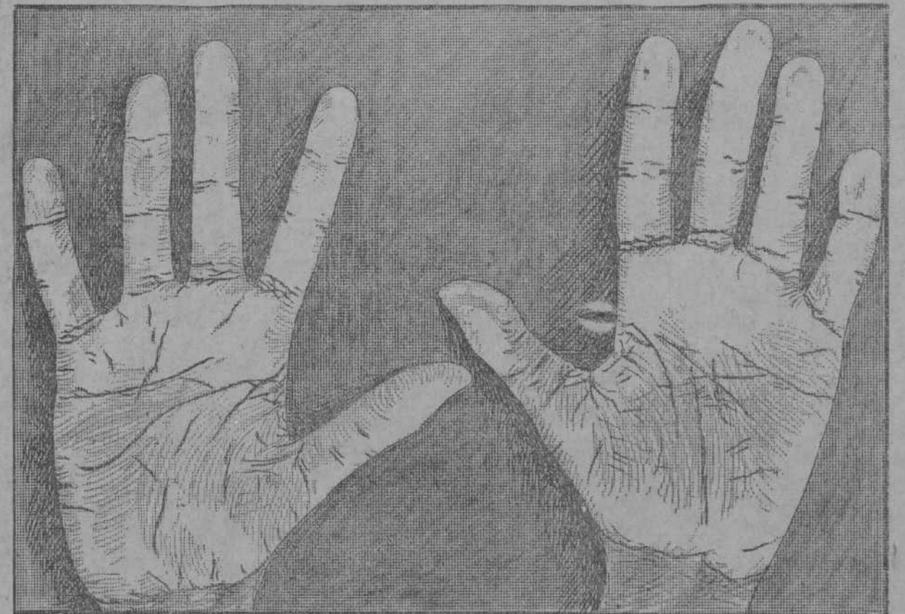
In order to show in detail just what these two tiny hands show to the palmist, I will reveal what they told me. Here is what the right hand says:

It belongs primarily to the artistic type. This hand not only

this hand it only comes half way, which means that Evangelina will not have a very long life, but it will be a very useful one, as indicated by the lines of will power, those where the thumb joins the hand, and is combined with those already mentioned. Next take the line of fate, that commencing at the wrist and running up the centre of the hand. It is fairly free from cross marks and fairly even up to the centre of the hand. That indicates a successful life, but at 30, where the square begins, fate is going to be unkind and she must be prepared for reverses. They won't last long, however, for the parallel line shows that she will overcome bad conditions by will power.

The life line shows by one or two cross lines a sickness at twenty-three and one at twenty-eight. Both indicate consumption and weak lungs. Her enemies will try to injure her, but she will conquer all of them. She believes God orders all things aright for the virtuous.

So much for the right hand. Now let us see how it is with



(PHOTO BY WALTON.)  
Pretty Miss Cisneros's Hands.

shows strength of character, virtue and resolution in right; but an artistic mind, coupled with heroic effort; in fact, she is a regular little rebel. Take the finger—First, you will see the centre one is just the same length as the palm. That indicates a well-balanced mind. Next, take the first line below the fingers, the heart line. It is flaked or roped, and it shows that she is not in love and never has been, although she has had a beau.

The most remarkable thing in the hand is that there is scarcely a sign of the "line of Venus." Where entirely missing, it takes absolute virtue.

Take the head line, that which begins between the thumb and forefinger and goes across the hand below the heart line. You will see it is deep and fairly long and fairly broad. This, too, shows a well-balanced mind, free from deceit or duplicity, going down to the mount of the moon at the heel of the hand, which denotes sentiment in favor of any noble cause and hatred against vice. In the centre of the hand is a square, which proves she is a square girl.

I told her this, and she said: "In Cuba we would say a round girl."

Next take the life line. It is that which begins in the same place as the head line and encloses the base of the thumb and ends of the thumb and ends of the wrist, or should end there. In

the left. We often say the left shows what we are, and the right shows what people say we are. So we will see what Evangelina really is as shown by this hand. Part of the Circle of Venus, very, very fine, just below the first and second finger, shows she had a lover once, and the other line under the third finger proves that it was broken off on account of his character.

You will see one clear line under the third finger, and one broken one; the broken one shows a broken engagement, which is true. The one entire shows that Evangelina is going to marry at twenty-three, for it goes down and crosses the heart line at that age. The lines under the little finger show how clever-witted she is, and the line on the outside of the hand clearly shows that Evangelina will be blessed with one son. The heart line is perfect, but there are spots on it, proving that she has had blows enough to break it, but it falls across amid the trials of life, a good, true, pure, womanly heart.

Next notice the head line. It sweeps right across the hand, indicating patriotism. The square is here again in the centre of the hand. It is apparent that she has a wonderful brain, and it is evolving a plan to free Cuba.

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## What I Will Do If I Get the \$5,000,000 My Uncle Left.

By a Little Mechanic's Daughter in New Jersey.

"AND what will you do with the five million dollars when you get them, Miss Grace?"

A pair of beautiful dark eyes flashed joy and earnestness into mine.

"I'll help the poor, I will," said Miss Grace Clarke quickly. "I'll give clothes to poor old ladies that are cold in Winter, and candy to poor little babies that get sick in Summer; and papa shan't work any more and he and mamma won't have to get up at 5 o'clock and get breakfast, and I'll learn to be a milliner down in New York, where they know better styles than we do up here. I want to be a New York milliner.

Sweet dream of unsophisticated childhood!

Is even so great a fortune worth the spoiling of a disposition like this? Grace Clarke, a schoolgirl of fourteen, is, by a sudden turn in fortune's wheel, the richest heiress in the State of New Jersey.

Way back in '49 her great-uncle, Imbiay Clarke, dropped his plough and sold his farm near the little Jersey village of Cranberry to try his luck with thousands of others in the California mines.

In California, in Peru, in Australia, he struck it rich. Worth \$25,000,000, he died intestate, childless. And now there remain to inherit his millions, five great grand-nieces, of whom Grace Clarke is one.

She lives with her mother, her stepfather and a stepbrother in a little frame house situated in an interior part of New Brunswick, N. J.

Her stepfather is a carpenter. Her stepbrother is a factory hand. Her mother was a factory girl.

I put this question to the little heiress: "And what is the first thing you'll do when you get your money?" I asked.

"Well, the first thing," said Miss Grace with a positive manner, which suggested her plans were all completed, "I'll give half to mamma. She's so good, you know, 'and your papa?"

"Well, with a very serious look, 'Papa said last night I'd better give him \$25,000. I know he was fooling, but I've been thinking a lot about it, and it sounds like a great deal, don't you think so?"

I admitted that it was considerable.

"Now, I'll tell you what I think I will do for papa.

"I'll let him have all the money he wants and not work any more.

"And I'll buy him a new bicycle. That ought to make him happy.

"And I'll buy Fred a new bicycle, and myself one, and a tandem for mamma and papa. Then we can all go out together, and maybe, if I have lots of money, I'll have a wheel with gold trimming like Lillian Russell's, because I just love to ride, and that's the only thing I'd spend much on."

"And then there's grandma," she went on, "She's dreadfully good, and she thinks so much of me. I think it would make grandma happy if I gave her a bankbook, so

that she can have money all for herself, and she can ride in a hack all day. She loves to ride.

"And then I'll have dogs. All kinds of dogs; little tiny ones to cuddle in my lap, and great big ones; and real pug dogs with black noses, and oh, yes, one of those funny little fellows with its coat all cut in bunches, like I meet every morning on my way to school, walking with a pretty lady.

"And I'll bring home all the cats I can find, and feed them and give them cats' and milk; because bad boys hurt them so. But they'll be safe with me.

"And I guess I'll have to buy a great big house, because we couldn't have all the dogs and cats here. Maybe I'll have money enough to buy a house on the avenue. Mamma would like that. And I'll have lots of lights in it, and we'll have all the pretty furniture we want, and double parlors and tides and a piano, and plenty of room for the dogs and cats.

"And the monkey. Did I tell you about my monkey? Well, I'm going to have a monkey if I get that money. A tiny, cute little monkey, with a real long tail. And I'll have a pretty little house for him, and make pretty little dresses and caps for him to wear. I can't make any more dolls dresses, because I don't play with dolls any more; I'm too old. So it will be nice to have the monkey, and I'll dress him awfully pretty. Are they dear?"

"And, oh, yes, I forgot, I'm going to build a great big home for ministers—just Episcopal ministers, you know—to go to when they get real old. Because ministers are so good to other people, they don't have anything left for themselves when they get old.

"And shall you travel?" I asked this sweet little ingenue, who, had she lived in New York, would have been no ingenue at all.

"Oh, yes," she said. "All over America. But wouldn't you like to go to England, Miss Grace, and be presented to the Queen and get in royal society—you'll have plenty of money to buy your way in—and marry a duke, perhaps, and be a duchess?"

Then surely she would like to be a princess or a duchess and have a handsome prince or a duke to do her bidding?"

"No," she said, slowly. "I don't think I would, and I'll tell you why."

Grace Clarke's dark eyes looked steadily into mine.

"Princes are princes always, ain't they?" "Yes." "And dukes were always dukes?" "Yes." "Born so?" "Yes."

"But I wouldn't have always been a princess or a duchess, would I? For I'm only a little, poor girl among the factories now, and I don't know how princesses act, or what they say; and so maybe my prince would be ashamed of me sometimes, or think I wasn't as good as he was; and I wouldn't be happy, even if I didn't have lots of money, and I'd have to go away from mamma, because she wouldn't leave America. And I'm her own little girl, and I don't think I would either. Oh, no; I'd rather not have the money at all if I had to be a princess. I want to stay just as I am, and have just my same friends, and not be a bit different.

"No, I don't want to be a princess, only

"GRACIE CLARK."



The Little Jersey Maid Whose Great-Grand Uncle Has Left Her a Fortune and How She Says She Is Going to Spend It.