

Literature.

WHY DOROTHY WENT HOME.

"There's things better'n money for a young girl," said the old minister, who had known Dorothy Webb all her life of nineteen years, and felt free to express his interest in her affairs.

Pretty Dorothy's cheeks grew pinker. She resented the minister's disapproval. She had obtained the position of cashier in the great bazaar of Williams & Williams, only by a strenuous effort.

"Aunt Sarah is very well," she said, looking down at the tips of her new boots, "and Uncle Reuben needs money. He's never been able quite to pay off the mortgage he put on his house to help somebody."

"I know," assented the minister. (Uncle Reuben had 'helped' Dorothy's father years before). "But I hope to see you back."

"They don't come back, I notice," said the girl, lightly, as she turned away. "If you find things aren't just what you thought they'd be, you know where to come," said Uncle Reuben Fitch that evening.

He had pattered upstairs to strap Dorothy's trunk. She was his wife's niece, not his own, but he never remembered that.

"If there's ever the least chance to get you into one of the schools here, I'll know it." He had drawn the strap so tight it squeaked.

It was on the top of Dorothy's tongue to remind him that the pay would be less than she was to get in Chicago at first, even, but something in the old man's wistful gaze restrained her. She had known no other father, and she had loved him even more than she loved her aunt.

The neighbors said admiringly of Mrs. Fitch that she was 'dreadful close-mouthed,' but that she had 'faculty'; and old Jean McNulty, who, in spite of his Irish name, talked French like his quarter-breed mother, said: "Mme. Fitch" was of a character decide. It was she who had encouraged Dorothy to seek for something to do outside of St. Ignace.

Kind, clumsy, slow Uncle Reuben could sleep soundly in spite of the mortgage, but not so his wife. It was she who made their plain living exquisite, but the delicate neatness was the achievement of high courage, not physical strength; even Dorothy, intent upon herself, was compelled to notice how pale her aunt looked as she waited at the station.

"I wish, Aunt, I wasn't going," she cried, impulsively. "You've promised, and you've bought your ticket," said the old woman, with sad finality. A promise and money invested were to her sacred things. "I only hope Lewis Dutton will meet you as he said he would."

The train was an hour late when it rumbled into the vast, smoky station the next morning. Faint from sleeplessness, scared and bewildered by the roar and rush of sounds, Dorothy looked in vain for a familiar face. Instead, she was accosted by a pleasant, middle-aged woman: "If you are looking for Lewis Dutton, and are from St. Ignace, I am deputed to look after you," she said. "I am an officer of the Woman's Christian Association," she pointed to her breast where shone a badge. "Your friend could not wait. Nothing waits here that's alive."

Dorothy's heart fell when she was shown up the stairs that led to the attic where the members of the Central Club slept. Lewis Dutton had done his very best for his old schoolmate. The Central Club, as its name indicated; was just in the heart of the city, only three blocks from Williams & Williams; its membership and location were perfectly respectable; it was inexpensive, yet good for the price. The parlor looked to Dorothy as it had to Lewis, almost splendid, for it was set forth with rugs, portieres, cabinets and pictures. But the attic, where Dorothy was to room, looked like the attic of Peter Ruby's 'Emporium,' at St. Ignace, and was not half so attractive as Aunt Sarah's woodshed chamber, where Uncle Rubin kept his fishing tackle, garden seeds, and old carpenter's tools. Mrs. Emmons, the matron, however, seemed to be satisfied with the accommodations. "I've been able to give you a single corner room," she said, opening a low door. "Some young ladies prefer company, but the young man said you'd be sure to want to be alone. We get two-fifty a week for this. Each young lady has her own lamp. Gas is not brought up to this story."

The room was very high up, and gave her a wide view of chimney tops. Though the one breadth of carpet before the low cot bed was very much worn, the spotted curtains dingy, the place was in a way clean. There was one chair, a small dresser, and washstand of microscope size set forth, with cracked crockery. The expressman had set her trunk down under the window; there was no other place for it.

Williams & Williams exacted careful service from their employees, as success-

ful business men must, and, in spite of her homesickness, six months flew by as if on wings. Sometimes Lewis Dutton, who was in a wholesale house miles away on the west side, came to see her on a Saturday evening. His father was a St. Ignace doctor, and he and Dorothy had learned their A B C's together. But the calls were not pleasant, for the girls of the Central Club were always in the parlor; then, their rooms were so chilly, talking of the trifling experiences of the day, giggling and chewing gum. They dressed loudly, with many twinkling ornaments; and it was far from pleasant to see them winking at each other as Dorothy and Lewis exchanged commonplace in a low voice. They were girls who meant to be good, and lead faithful, hard working lives, but, as they said to Dorothy, "they were different."

It was because Dorothy was different that they began to dislike her. The minister of the church to which she took her letter called. His assistant came with his wife, but besides these she formed to other acquaintances outside the Club and Williams & Williams' Bazaar.

Then she had difficulty in managing her finances, for live as plainly as she could, her food cost her at least three dollars a week; then there was her laundry, and the oil for her lamp. Although she was able to take many stitches for herself, her clothes wore out fast, and the ready-made garments with which she replaced them fell in pieces after a short time. The first three months she sent her aunt forty dollars, but the next three, try as she would, she could only send twenty-five. Life was more difficult because of her isolation. Only little Rosa Moses, who occupied the next room with four others, came in to see her as she sat alone evenings. Rosa wanted to learn to mend, and to make buttonholes. Dorothy taught her, glad of her company, and as a return learned from Rosa how to frame pretty wood cuts in brown paper and tack them upon her wall, just where they would get the western light. Rosa introduced her to the Art Palace, where she herself went every Sunday afternoon.

One Saturday, after six months of this life, a cash boy stopped at Dorothy's desk with a message. "Mr. Titus wants to see you after five o'clock," he said, grinning. "Take a seat," said Mr. Titus, curtly. She entered, in answer to the summons, the tiny, cell, where he was imprisoned all day.

"I—" he began, but as his keen eyes noted her pallor, "we are much pleased with your work, Miss Webb; so pleased that since we are to lose Miss Paul, I have asked that you be given her place as my assistant. There is extra work every Saturday night, but the pay is four dollars more than you are now receiving, and you'd better learn to run a typewriter, and yes—to take dictation."

Dorothy's lips tried to form a question, but no sound came from them. Mr. Titus guessed what she would ask. "Lots of places teach Sunday afternoons," he said, easily; "and lots of places each evening, if you are to be out. Here's a card. You may come in here next Monday." Mr. Titus never expected any one to talk back to him. He evidently considered the matter as settled.

Dorothy went home to find two letters waiting her at the Central Club. One was a note from Lewis Dutton inclosing a passage from his father's letter. His father who was the doctor, had written: "Mrs. Reuben Fitch is not at all well. She's just as plucky as ever, but her heart is weak. I wish that niece of hers knew it." The second letter was from Uncle Reuben. The writing was large and clumsy, like himself. After he had told all the local gossip, he wrote: "There's going to be a place in the high school for you, Dorothy. The pay is only seven dollars for forty weeks. But you would be at home, and you may have it all. I have seen one of the trustees, and I wish you would think about it. Your Aunt Sarah bids me tell you she is pretty well. I guess she is, but she has kind of weak spells."

Dorothy's head was in a whirl; her supper tasted like ashes. She did not sleep until toward morning, and then only fitfully. At one moment she was drawn to her home. The next she felt the fascination of the city. Besides, six hundred and twenty four dollars a year is not two hundred and eighty dollars. Uncle Reuben had always been anxious to have her learn to use a type-writer, a machine of which he always spoke with awe. But to learn on Sunday afternoons! She knew the custom of her foster parents with regard to the keeping of that sacred time. As for the evening classes, she was as afraid as of death of the city streets at night.

The next day she went to Church and to Sunday school as usual; but she could not go back to the club with its unbearable odor of stale dinners, and its unsympathizing throng. She took a car and went to the nearest park, for if the air was chilly the sun was warm. Finding a retired bench near some lilacs she sat down, and was quite oblivious of the flight of time until she heard familiar voices nearby pronounce Miss Paul's name.

"Don't you know what's the matter with her? She's goin' most blind. That's what's the matter. Working by electric light in that dark hole all day, and half Saturday night. She's goin' to the hospital."

The next instant half a dozen of the Williams & Williams "salesladies" rounded the curve of the walk. They walked two and two, bringing down their heels with a sharp click, and tossing their heads rather too conspicuously. Behind them came half a dozen or more flashy young men, who, it was plain, were unknown to them, but with whom they were exchanging loud jokes.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Rachel Frank, who was one of the room mates of Rosa Moses, as she came to a sudden stop before Dorothy. "My goodness, gracious!"

"I should say!" screamed the rest in shrill chorus, as they circled about her.

Just how she escaped the grinning girls and the howling young men, Dorothy did not know, but in a few seconds she was in a southward bound car, her very ears scarlet with humiliation. An hour later Rosa Moses returned from the Art Palace, and opened the door softly. "I know what is to happen," she said, in a sibilant whisper. "It was Miss Paul who told me. Did I not tell you the city is the place for chances?"

"I am going home to St. Ignace. I am writing my resignation," said Dorothy, without looking up from her writing.

"What is there for you in that little town?" cried Rosa, in amazement. "Tell me, now!"

"A sweet, clean, soft bed in a quiet, big room, in a quiet clean house; food delicately cooked, and the daily company of the two people who have done everything for me, and who love me better than anyone else, and whom I love; plenty of refined, intelligent company, and from everybody the treatment of a lady," said Dorothy, quietly.

"There is also work to do, worth in St. Ignace far more to me than the best place Williams & Williams has to offer."

Rosa looked an instant at Dorothy, as she sat in the western light, the setting sun bringing out golden tints in her brown hair. She was sorry, for she was really very fond of Miss Webb. "What one knows, one knows," she admitted wearily.

"It is what I know that takes me home," replied Dorothy, softly. "I have known for some time that there are things better than money, and now I am acting according to my knowledge."

The great value of the X-ray discovery is brought to mind by a surgical operation performed at Chicago last week in which Harriet Heilbuth, five years old, and for two years blind and paralytic, has had her sight and the use of her limbs restored through its agency. Two years ago the child while playing fell from a porch to the sidewalk, striking on her head. The fall left her totally blind and with her right side paralyzed. A few days ago the X-ray was applied and revealed a tumor the size of an egg pressing on the brain. The skull was trepanned directly over the cyst as shown in the skiagraph, and the tumor removed. The child was able to move her limbs on recovering consciousness and is now gradually recovering her sight.

A Terrible Warning.

A \$2 bill came into the hands of a lady in Boston which speaks volumes of the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following:

"Wife, children and more than \$10,000 all gone; I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was 21 I had a fortune. I am not yet 35 years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart. I have murdered my children with neglect."

"When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks let him take warning from my life's ruin."

Good Health Asks Little.

The requirements of health are good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest. Good food is not necessarily expensive food.

Exercise and rest should alternate and balance each other. It is quite possible to take too much exercise, and this side of the question must be guarded against just as carefully as the other.

Women, as a rule, do not rest sufficiently. Every woman should try during the day to get a few minutes of rest, even if it interferes with her regular work.

It is impossible for her to attend to the health and welfare of her family if her own health suffers from overwork and lack of rest.

The Color of the Yolk.

The Baltimore Sun says a gentleman remarked the other day in a Baltimore restaurant: "I don't eat eggs now. They are not good. Thin, pale yolks show it." Another said in reply: "Well, I'll order soft boiled eggs, for I know that it is grass and green weeds that make the yolks that very dark color they have later on, and it is the good grain food they have to feed now to make hens lay that makes the yolks so pale. I've raised chickens and know." There are city people to whom the taste of a genuine fresh laid egg would be a revelation.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

Mrs. A. told her new man-servant (a colored youth from the country) to make a fire in the drawing-room the other day. Coming in soon after, she found him hopelessly contemplating the auditions, tongs, etc., with a pile of logs by his side large enough to warm a regiment. "Have you never made a fire before, William?" she asked, somewhat sharply. "Well, ma'am, I ain't never made what yo' call a refined fire—no, ma'am!" was the puzzled reply.

Old Lady—I say, I sent my little boy down here ten minutes ago to get a porous plaster, and you sent this thing home by him. Shopman—Yes, ma'am; that's a porous plaster. Old lady—You can't palm off an old plaster that's full of holes on me. If ye ain't got a good one, I'll go somewhere else.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

The scene is laid in the schoolroom, during the writing lesson. "Please, ma'am," speaks up a little girl, "Johnny Smith is makin' mistakes in his writing lesson." "How do you know that Ellen?" asks the teacher. "There's three capital S's in the copy to-day, and he's making L's." "Why, you can't see Johnny's pen." "No'm, but I can see his tongue."

Why are cats like unskillful surgeons? Because they mew-till-late, (mutilate).

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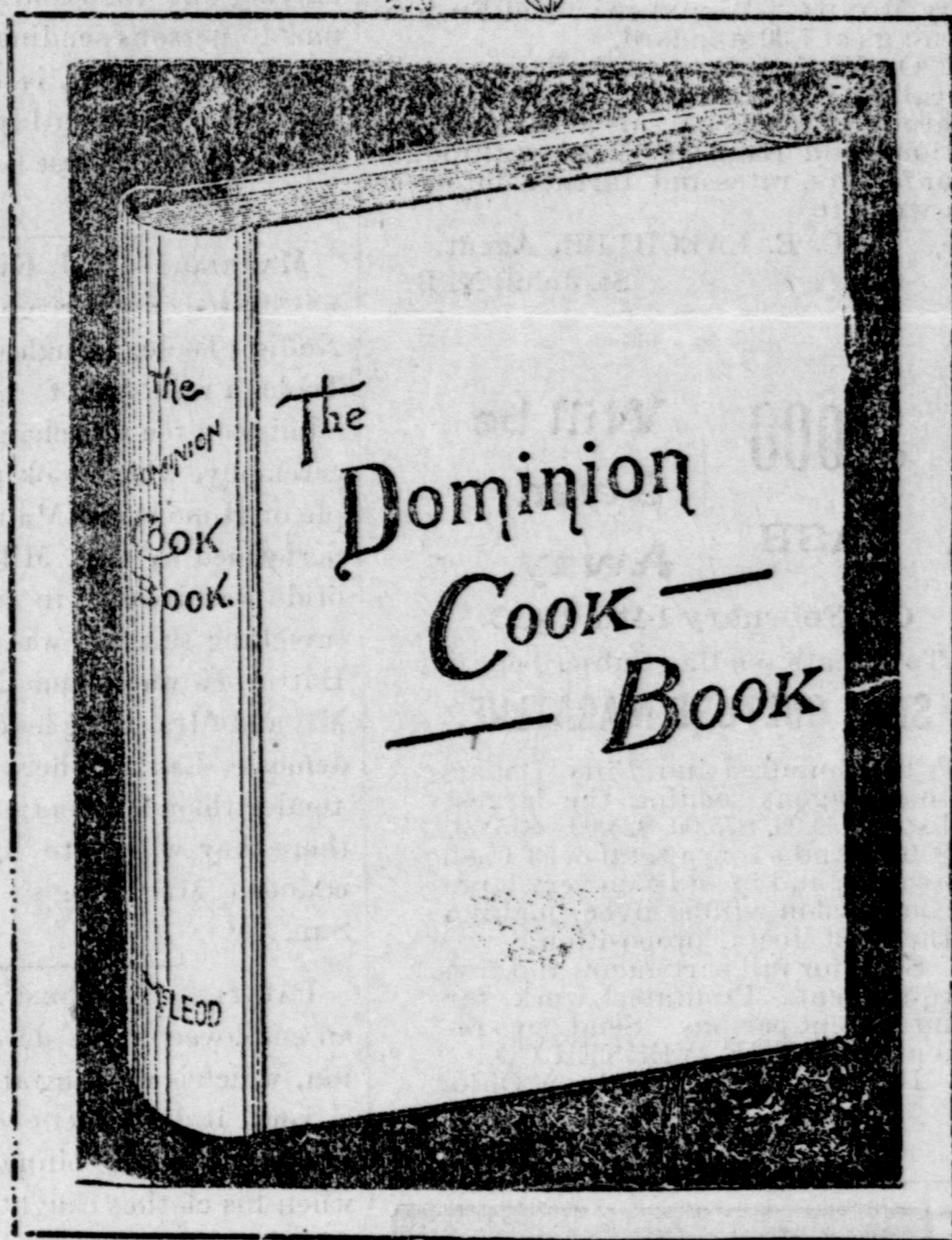
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