

EARNING HER OWN LIVING.

It was a tempestuous night in November. The carved Dutch clock in Judge Harrison's study had just struck 9. Judge Harrison himself, an austere-looking, silver-haired man, sat upright in his chair, gazing coldly at his guest.

'Well,' said Dr. Hooper, pulling on his gloves, 'of course, it isn't for me, or any one else, to interfere in family matters. But your grandchild is left totally unprovided for, sir.'

'I cannot help that,' said the Judge, frigidly. 'Eight years ago I offered to support the child, and her father, too, if he would only consent to leave that outlandish foreign wife of his. He married her against my will—he clung to her against my will. Let him abide by his decision!'

'It's only natural, Judge, that a man should cleave unto his wife,' urged the doctor.

'It is only natural, then, that a man should provide for the child of that wife, Dr. Hooper. At all events I shall assume no further responsibility!'

'But Judge Harrison, you are a rich man!'

'Granted—but as I made my money myself, I feel that I have a right to spend it to suit myself!'

'Hilda is a fine girl,' pleaded Dr. Hooper.

'No doubt, no doubt, but you will pardon me if I feel no very great anxiety to see the child of the German singing woman who stole my son's heart away from me.'

Dr. Hooper hesitated.

'Judge,' he said, at last, in a tone of appealing earnestness, 'you have another grand daughter.'

'I have. My daughter's child Marian Lennox, makes it her home with me.'

'And yet you would deny a similar home to Hilda Harrison?'

Judge Harrison's shaggy white brows met in a straight, frowning line.

'Doctor,' said he, 'you will fail to make the distinction between a dutiful child and one who has been undutiful.'

'Let me see Miss Lennox,' said Dr. Hooper. 'Let me interest her in the fact of this desolate, unknown cousin. She has a woman's heart in her bosom. I am sure I can move her!'

Judge Harrison smiled coldly as he touched a small gilded call-bell which stood on the table beside him.

'Send Miss Marian here,' said he to a servant, and the man noiselessly obeyed.

In another minute a tall, princess-like girl stood in the room—a girl with hair of pale gold, deep, blue eyes, like azure stars, and a dress of soft blue silk that fell in picturesque folds about her, and trailing noiselessly over the carpet as she walked.

'Marian,' said the Judge, 'this is Dr. Hooper. He has come here to plead the cause of your Uncle Severn's daughter, Hilda. Severn deliberately disobeyed me at first in marrying Hildegarde Hochmer—he rejected the offer I afterward made of taking him and the child home, if he would but leave the siren who had blighted all his life. Now he is dead, and has left his child unprovided for. I say as he has sowed, so let the child reap. What do you say?'

'I think grandpapa is quite right,' said Marian, in a soft, sweet voice. 'Grandpapa is always right!'

'Then you have no word to speak for this lonely little orphan!' cried out Dr. Hooper, deeply indignant. Marian laid her ringed hand upon that of her grandfather and nestled close to him.

'I always defer my judgment to that of grandpapa,' said she—and Judge Harrison, passing his arm around the girl's waist, looked with ill-concealed triumph at the luckless special pleader.

Dr. Hooper bowed, spoke his adieu and departed.

When he returned to his own humble residence, a dark-eyed girl met him at the door.

'Have you seen him, Doctor—my grandfather?' she cried, eagerly.

Dr. Hooper nodded.

'It's of no use, though,' said he. 'The old man has a heart like granite; and that girl, your cousin, is of cast iron.'

'He will not take me?'

'No.'

Hilda Harrison set her lips together.

'Well,' said she, 'then I must manage to provide for myself.'

'No hurry, lass; no hurry,' said the kindly little doctor. 'Go tell the wife

to bring me a cup of coffee before I start out again.'

'Hilda,' he said, presently, as he sat toasting his feet before the fire, with his wife knitting opposite, and Judge Harrison's granddaughter leaning against the window, and looking out into the stormy darkness, 'what are you going to do?'

'I don't think I quite know, Doctor.'

'You are sixteen?'

'Sixteen and a half, sir.'

'And you cannot teach?'

'Oh, dear, no, sir!' Hilda shook her head decidedly. 'I had no chance for much education, traveling about as I did.'

'Nor sew?'

'Not well enough to adopt it for a profession.'

'Then, for all I can see, there is nothing left but to go into domestic service.'

'I would take a place to-morrow, Doctor, if I could get a good home and decent wages,' said Hilda quickly.

'Good,' said Dr. Hooper. 'That is the right spirit, child! I don't fear but what you'll make your way, in one direction or another. But I think I can see something a little more promising ahead for you than that.'

'What is it, Doctor?'

'I noticed the way you took care of your poor father, Hilda, in his last illness. I thought then that you would make a good nurse—I think so now. There is an opening in St. Francesca's Hospital. A good home and a dollar a day.'

'As nurse, Doctor?'

'As nurse!'

'And I should see you sometimes?'

'Frequently—twice a week at least.'

Hilda pondered a second or two and then came forward with glistening eyes and red lips apart.

'Doctor,' said she, 'I will try it.'

And so Clement Harrison's granddaughter donned the little muslin cap, print dress and white ruffled apron of the St. Francesca's corps of nurses, and set diligently to work, earning her own living.

A year had passed by, and Dr. Wallace sent word that nurses were wanted for a small pox case in the city. The Sister Superior of the St. Francesca's looked dubiously at her women.

'Who will go?' said she—and Hilda Harrison stepped forward.

'I will,' said she. 'I have no fears of the contagion, and have to add to my experience.'

So little Hilda packed her bag and went.

The housekeeper of the great Fifth avenue palace was wringing her hands half terrified out of her senses; the other servants had taken precipitate leave.

'And Miss Lennox went this morning,' said she. 'I should think she might have stayed.'

'Who is Miss Lennox?' questioned innocent Hilda.

'The old gentleman's grand daughter that he has brought up and petted like a cosset lamb,' said Mrs. Hurst. 'Oh, the ingratitudes of some folks. And if Judge Harrison dies—'

Hilda looked up quickly from the bottles of carbolic acid she was unpacking.

'Is this Judge Harrison's house?'

'Why, of course it is,' answered Mrs. Hurst. 'Didn't you know?'

'No, I did not know,' Hilda said. 'But of course it makes no difference whose house it is.'

'Who are you?' Judge Harrison asked, hoarsely, as the light foot crossed the threshold.

'I am the nurse from St. Francesca's. They call me Hilda.'

'Hilda, what?'

'Never mind my other name,' said the young girl, with a gentle authority that had come to her from months of practice at weary sick beds. 'They call me Hilda—and you are not to talk and excite yourself.'

'Do you know you are running a great risk?'

'It is my business to run risks.'

Three weeks elapsed. The crisis of the disease was past—the old man, weakened indeed, and sadly disfigured, was able once more to sit in his easy chair, and Hilda, who had watched over him with a vigilance and tenderness which he fully appreciated, was arranging fresh flowers in a vase on the table.

'Hilda,' said he, slowly, 'where has my grand daughter Marian been all this time?'

'She went away, sir, when you were first taken ill. She was afraid of the disease.'

'And she left me?'

'And left you, sir.'

'There was gratitude!' he muttered hoarsely. 'And when is she coming back?'

Hilda laid down her roses and looked with pathetic, feeling eyes at him.

'She will not come back at all, sir,' she answered. 'We dared not tell you before, but—but her flight was in vain. She died of small pox last week.'

The old man turned away with a smothered groan.

'Hilda,' said he, 'you will stay with me? You will not leave me alone?'

'Nay, do not speak, I know who you are. I recognized your name when you first came. You have looked at me with your father's eyes many a time since. Hilda God has sent you to me.'

'Oh, grandpapa! And Hilda knelt weeping besides his chair, scarcely able to believe that his loving arms were around her neck, his tears dropped on her brow. 'Oh, dear, dear grandpapa! I have so longed for some one to love—for some one to love me!'

And good little Dr. Hooper was well satisfied with the result of Hilda's experiment at earning her own living.

'Heaven manages these things better than we do,' thought he, as he remembered his attempt at softening Judge Harrison's flinty heart more than a year before.

Boots and Shoes.

Boots and shoes are very important articles of clothing with regard to the health of individuals subject to sore throat. Two pairs should always be in use at the same period, to be worn on alternate days respectively, inasmuch as a single night's exposure to the air is usually insufficient to free them from moisture; and the practice of having two pair in wear at a time will be found productive of an economy of about thirty-three per cent., a matter of some moment to many people in hard times. An additional pair, exceptionally well-soled should be kept for inclement weather.

What are called double-soled shoes or boots should be worn in winter, and in wet weather at any season; and quite light soles are perfectly safe in hot and dry weather. Water-proof shoes, rubbers, furs and muffers of all sorts are not to be recommended for customary use. Rubbers and light water-proof cloaks are advisable on occasions of special exposure, but should be removed as soon as the special occasion has passed. Water-proof garments should have slits under the arm pits, and at other protected points, to favor ventilation.

A FAMILY FEUD.—There was a feud between the Howrie and Westfield families, in Warren county, Iowa and the Howries hired George Wheeler to kill nine male Westfields at \$100 apiece, the price to be paid after the death of each, and \$100 to be added for the ninth, making \$1,000 for the whole job. Wheeler began work by shooting at the father of the Westfields, but only slightly wounded him in the head. Nevertheless, he demanded \$100 from the Howries. They told him that they would not pay for such bad marksmanship, and he could only get \$10; so he exposed the whole plot, and all concerned in it are now in jail.

Careful mother—I wish I could break my boy Johnny of the habit of kicking against everything he comes across. A pair of boots doesn't last the little dear two weeks.' Grandfather Lichingle—'Let an old man who has had experience tell you how to do it. Fill the toes of his boots with nitro-glycerine, an' my word for it, your little dear will never kick the second time.' Mother swoons.

STEPS FORWARD.—Every kindness done to others in our daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of good, is a step nearer to the life of Christ.—Dean Stanley.

The New York Methodist Book Concern has a net capital of \$1,080,568. The net profit for the year were \$71,155. The sales of publications amounted to \$825,634, against \$912,726 the previous year. The Western Book Concern, at Cincinnati, has a net capital of \$464,178, the profits for the year being \$27,807. The sales fell off \$85,773 from the previous year.

Since the thing you wish cannot be had, wish for that you can have.—Terence.

France has just been able, ten years after the event, to figure up the cost to her of the Franco-German war. It was \$3,000,000,000.

A young man at Canton, Ohio, has sued his own mother for \$10,000 for slander. She circulated a report that he was drunken and thievish.

Raleigh Visitor: Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, will deliver the address before the Alumni of Trinity College in June next.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.—Sir William Hamilton.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

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