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SYNOPSIS.

Letitia, a little New England girl, lives with er Great-aunt Peggy, her own parents having died, in a house where her grandmother and great-grandmother had lived. Her great-aunt keeps her very busy, and as she is inclined to be lazy and disobodient, she becomes restless. There is a little green door in the cheese room which she has been forbidden to open. One Sunday she stays home from church, and finds the key to the little green door. She opens it, and runs out. Greatly to her surprise, she finds herself in the midst of a forest. She hears Indians whooping about just as in the story books, and is dreadfully frightened. A man comes along on horseback and picks her up. They ride to a log house, and get safely inside, where there are a woman and three little girls. The man and his family fire guns through the loopholes until the Indians go away. Letitia is asked her name, and says that she is Letitia Hopkins. That proves to be the name also of the woman and the oldest girl, so Letitia discovers that they are the great-great-great-grandmother and her great-great-grandmother, and that the man is her great-great-great-grandfather, Captain John Hopkins, one of the early settlers. She is put to bed with her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-aunts. In the morning she is told to spin at the spinning-wheel, but she does not know how. Goodwife Hopkins then tells her to explain the doctrine of predestination, but she cannot do that either, so she is set to learn it before breakfast, which she does, and Goodwife Hopkins is mollified.

PART III.

Letitia, having completed her task, was given her breakfast. It was only a portion of corn meal porridge in a pewter plate. She had never had such a strange breakfast in her life, and she did not like corn meal. She sat with it untasted before her.

"Why don't you eat?" asked her great-great-great-grandmother severely.

"I—don't—like—it," faltered Letitia.

If possible, they were all more shocked by that than they had been by her ignorance.

"She doesn't like the good porridge," the little great-aunts said to each other.

"Eat the porridge," commanded Captain John Hopkins, sternly, when he had gotten over his surprise.

Letitia ate the porridge, every grain of it. After breakfast the serious work of the day began. Letitia had never known anything like it. She felt like a baby who had just come into a new world. She was ignorant of everything that these strange relatives knew. It made no difference that she knew some things which they did not, some advanced things. She could, for instance, crochet, if she could not knit. She could repeat the multiplication table, if she did not know the doctrine of predestination; she had also all the states of the union by heart. But advanced knowledge is of no more value in the past than past knowledge in the future. She could not crochet, because there were no crochet needles; there were no states of the union, and it seemed doubtful if there was a multiplication table, there was so little to multiply.

So Letitia had to set herself to acquiring the wisdom of her ancestors. She learned to card, and hatchel, and spin, and weave. She learned to dye cloth, and make coarse garments, even for her great-great-great-grandfather, Capt. John Hopkins. She knitted yarn stockings, she scoured brass and pewter, and, more than all, she learned all the catechism. Letitia had never before known what work was. From long before dawn until long after dark, she toiled; she was not allowed to spend one idle moment. She had no chance to steal out and search for the little green door, even had she not been so afraid of wild beasts and Indians.

She never went out of the house except on the Sabbath day. Then, in fair or foul weather, they all went to meeting, ten miles through the dense forest. Capt. John Hopkins strode ahead, his gun over his shoulder. Goodwife Hopkins rode the gray horse, and the girls rode by turns, two at a time, clinging to the pillion at her back. Letitia was never allowed to wear her own pretty plaid dress, with the velvet collar, even to meeting. "It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer little coarse and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else; and for outside

"EAT THE PORRIDGE," COMMANDED CAPT. JOHN HOPKINS.

wraps she had, of all things, a homespun blanket pinned over her head. Her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-aunts were all fitted out in similar fashion. Goodwife Hopkins, however had a great wadded hood and a fine red cloak.

There was never any fire in the meeting house, and the services lasted all day—with a short recess at noon—during which they went into a neighboring house, sat around the fire, warmed their half-frozen feet, and ate cold corn cakes and pan cakes for luncheon. There were no pews in the meeting house, nothing but hard benches without backs. If Letitia fidgeted, or fell asleep, the tithing man rapped her.

Letitia would never have been allowed to stay away from meeting had she begged to do so, but she never did. She was afraid to stay alone in the house because of Indians.

Quite often there was a rumor of hostile Indians in the neighborhood, and twice there were attacks. Letitia learned to load the guns and hand the powder and bullets.

She grew more and more homesick as the days went on. They were all kind to her, and she became fond of them, especially of the great-great-grandmother of her own age, and the little great-aunts, but they had seldom any girlish sports together. Goodwife Hopkins kept them too busy at work. Once in awhile, as a great treat, they were allowed to play bean porridge hot for fifteen minutes. They were not allowed to talk after they went to bed and there was also little opportunity for girlish confidences.

However there came a day at last when Capt. Hipkins and his wife were called away to visit a sick neighbor, some twelve miles distant, and the four

LETITIA GAVE A SOB OF JOY.

girls were left in charge of the house. At seven o'clock at night the two youngest went to bed, and Letitia and her great-great-grandmother remained up to wait for the return of their elders, as they had been instructed. Then it was that the little great-great-grandmother showed Letitia her treasure. She had only one, and was often allowed to look at it, lest it wean her heart away from more serious things. It was kept in a secret drawer of the great chest for safety, and was nothing but a little silver snuff-box with a picture on the top. It contained a little flat glass bottle, about an inch and a half long.

"The box belonged to my grandfather, and the bottle to his mother. I have them because I am the eldest, but I must not set my heart on them unduly," said Letitia's great-great-grandmother.

Letitia tried to count how many greats belonged to the ancestors who had first owned these treasures, but it made her dizzy. She had never told the story of the little green door to any of them. She had been afraid to, knowing how shocked they would be at her disobedience. Now, however, when the treasure was replaced she was moved to confidence, and told her great-great-grandmother the whole story.

"That is very strange," said her great-great-grandmother, when she had finished. "We have a little green door, too; only ours is on the outside of the house, in the north wall. There's a spruce tree growing up close against it, but it is there. Our parents have forbidden us to open it, too, but we have never disobeyed."

She said the last word with something of an air of superior virtue. Letitia felt terribly ashamed.

"Is there any key to your little green door?" she asked meekly.

For answer, her great-great-grandmother opened the secret drawer of the chest again, and pulled out a key, with a green ribbon in it, the very counterpart of the one in the satin-wood box.

Letitia looked at it wistfully.

"I should never think of disobeying my parents, and open the little green door," remarked her great-great-grandmother, as she put back the key in the drawer. "I should think something dreadful would happen to me. I have heard whispered that the door opened into the future. It would be dreadful to be all alone in the future without one's kinfolks."

"There may not be any Indians or catamounts there," ventured Letitia.

"There might be something a great deal worse," returned her great-great-grandmother, severely.

After that there was silence between the two, and possibly a little coldness.

Letitia sat gazing forlornly into the fire, thinking that it would be much more comfortable to be alive in the future than in the past, and her great-great-grandmother sat stiffly on her opposite stool, knitting with virtuous industry, until she began to nod.

Suddenly Letitia looked up, and she was fast asleep. Then, in a flash, she thought of the key and the little green door. It might be her only chance, for nobody knew how long. She pulled off her shoes, tip-toed in her thick yarn stocking-feet up to the loft, got her own clothes out of the chest and put them on instead of her homespun garb. The little great-aunts did not stir. Then she tiptoed down, got the key out of the secret drawer, gave a loving farewell look at her great-great-grandmother, and was out of the house.

It was broad moonlight outside. She ran around to the north wall of the house, pressed in under the low branches of the spruce tree, and there was the little green door. Letitia gave a sob of joy and thankfulness. She fitted the key in the lock, turned it, opened the door, and there she was, back in the cheese room.

She shut the door hard, locked it and carried the key back to its place in the satin-wood box. Then she looked out of the window, and there were her Great-aunt Peggy and the old maid-servant just coming home from church.

Letitia that afternoon confessed what she had done to her aunt, who listened gravely.

"You were disobedient," said she, when she had finished. "But I think your disobedience brought its own punishment, and I hope now you will be more content."

"Oh, Aunt Peggy," sobbed Letitia, "everything I've got is so beautiful, and I love to study and crochet and go to church."

"Well, it was a hard lesson to learn, and I hoped to spare you from it, but perhaps it was for the best," said her Great-aunt Peggy.

"I was there a whole winter," said Letitia, "but when I got back you were just coming home from church."

"It doesn't take as long to visit the past as it did to live it," replied her aunt.

Then she sent Letitia into her room for the satin-wood box, and, when she brought it, took out of it a little parcel, neatly folded in white paper, tied with a green ribbon.

"Open it," said she.

Letitia untied the green ribbon and unfolded the paper, and there was the little silver snuff-box which had been the treasure of her great-great-grandmother, Letitia Hopkins. She raised the lid, and there was also the little glass bottle.

The end.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

If There Was War With England the Old Man Said They'll Need His Gun.

From the Washington Post.

He drove his team up to the curb and hailed the policeman on the beat.

"Think we're going to have a war?" he asked, when the policeman had approached.

"War with what?" asked the policeman.

"With England or Turkey or Canada or Cuba or any other dodgasted country? T'ain't the country I'm thinkin' about, but the war."

"Oh, we may have to take a little whack at England," replied the policeman.

"Looks pretty dern sure, does it?"

"Pretty sure."

"That's what I thought," returned the old man in the wagon, "in' I ain't overlookin' any chances this time, neither. I reckon that if we've got to fight we've got to have guns, haven't we?"

"An' Uncle Sam's got to buy 'em?"

"Of course."

"That's what I told Nance, back to the farm, but she kinder laughed at the idee that he'd buy from me."

"Are you in that line of business?"

"Not reg'lar, but I've got one o' the finest guns you ever see, an' seein' as how I was a little hard up jest now I figgered I'd let the government bid on it."

"It is a magazine gun. I mean, is it a repeating rifle?"

"I reckon it is. Leastways, it'll repeat jest as fast as a man kin load it. I've got it with me."

He reached back into the wagon and pulled out an old muzzle-loading rifle about six feet long.

"I'm afraid that won't do," said the policeman with a shake of his head.

"Won't do!" exclaimed the old man. "Why, that gun will shoot as straight as a surveyor's glass for 300 or 400 yards."

"But Uncle Sam wants guns that will kill at one and two miles," explained the policeman.

"Oh, he does!" said the old man sarcastically. "I reckon you don't know what you're talking about. I ain't got no cannon to sell him, but I'll bet he'll be mighty glad to get a good rifle, an' I'm goin' up to the government building to see."

DANGERS OF EARLY RISING.

Here's a Doctor Who Says It Actually Produces Insanity.

From the Chicago Record.

An English medical journal some time ago showed cause why early rising instead of being a virtue, as unscientific moralists have taught was really a mischievous delusion, condemned by sound physiology, as well as by the natural instinct of mankind. Dr. S. H. Talcott, an American practitioner, now states that the case against early rising goes much further. The attention of Dr. Talcott has recently been called to the relative frequency with which farmers and their families become insane. The cause of this has hitherto been held to be the isolation of their lives, the hard work they have to do, and, perhaps, the excessive use of pie and potatoes. Farmers have always pure air in abundance, which city folk seldom have; they are less liable to mental and nervous strain than city dwellers, and also less liable to infectious diseases and the bad effects of alcohol.

Dr. Talcott's view, after a careful consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of farming life as a predisposing cause of insanity, is that it is the excessively early hours of rising which increase insanity in the rural districts out of proportion to the urban and suburban rate. He thinks growing children in particular suffer severely from the "artificial cut-off" which is applied so rigidly to their lives. Lunacy reports show that during the year ended Sept. 30, 1894, 370 farmers, gardeners and herdsmen were committed as lunatics in New York state. As against these there were only fifty-four members of the professional classes committed, including clergy, military and naval officers, artists, authors, civil engineers and surveyors. The commitments in the large class of waiters, cooks, servants, miners and seamen numbered forty-five, while the class of male teachers, students, housekeepers and nurses gave only twenty-three.

TELEGRAPHING BY INDUCTION.

Messages Carried Between Telegraph Wires Two Miles Apart.

Telegraphy by induction between parallel wires about two miles apart was successfully accomplished recently in Scotland, if we may believe Popular Science. The cable connecting the Isle of Mull with Oban broke, and experiments were made before it was repaired. The channel at this point is from 1¼ to 2 miles wide, and the distance between the overhead wire on the Isle of Mull and the mainland is almost uniformly two miles.

A guttapercha insulated wire was laid among the shore of the mainland and grounded at each end. A long inductive circuit was then arranged, and messages sent through either wire could be read on the parallel wire. During four days 110 regular messages were sent, beside a press message of 120 words. The cable repairs were then completed.

Water carrying a little salt in solution is said to be an excellent wash for tired or inflamed eyes, when stronger solutions may prove injurious.

SEVEN LITTLE REPUBLICS

Curious Examples of Successful Self-Government.

SIZE IS NOT AN ESSENTIAL

The Record of History Shows That a Safe and Independent Autonomy May Be Maintained on the Smallest of Scales.

From the New York Mail and Express.

The permanence of republican institutions in Hawaii has been doubted by many prophets, who hinted that the new commonwealth would experience difficulty in maintaining its independence. Did these predicters ever consider how many other republics, much smaller in size and in population, several of them, too, without the advantage of insular position, had stood the test of time and preserved their autonomy in spite of the jealousies of their powerful neighbors? The following account of the little republics of the world will show that the promoters of the Hawaiian commonwealth had plenty of precedent to encourage their faith in the future:

There is Pitcairn Island; itself, like Hawaii, situated in the Pacific ocean, immeasurably inferior to President Dole's district in area, population and every other important respect which has long remained in the peculiar position of being independent and free from interference without ever having its national existence formally recognized. Its first settlers, from whom the present inhabitants are exclusively descended, were the mutinous crew of an English man-of-war, Bounty, famous in story.

Lying in the southern seas, in the region of the Australasian continent, is the island of Franceville. One of the New Hebrides, it is not far from New Caledonia. In area eighty odd miles, it is mainly occupied by about 500 natives, the white inhabitants being less than half a hundred. France, which originally had control of this place, gave it, in 1879, a charter of independence, promising that no other power should be permitted to interfere with it. The people elect a president, who governs with the aid of an advisory council of eight members. The president, in addition to his administrative functions, exercises judicial powers, and there is no appeal from his decisions. Although no office can be held by colored citizens, universal suffrage prevails, without distinction of sex or color. The chief trade of the island is with France, and is sufficiently good to afford a living for all, pauperism being unknown. Just now the president is an American, R. D. Polk.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC.

To Europe, however, we must look for the smallest of all self-governing peoples. Some dozen miles from the Sardinian coast to the northeast, the long, narrow island of Tavolara rises from the sea. Five miles long, and about half a mile wide, its soil is cultivated by the natives only to a limited extent, fishing being the staple industry. Tavolara's census shows a population of but fifty or sixty souls, a miniature republic, indeed. Nearly sixty years ago the then king of Sardinia, Charles Albert, gave the island to the Bartoleoni family, who, in the person of King Paul I, reigned supreme as a royal house until 1882. The ruler died under peculiar circumstances. A sufferer from heart disease, he sat down to write his will and was found dead in his arm-chair a few hours later. The will itself was a unique document, for King Paul, instead of devising legacies, had simply requested that the island kingdom be surrendered by the Bartoleoni family to the people, who were to form a republic. Respect was shown to the prayer of the dead monarch, and four years after his demise, March 27, 1886, the republic of Tavolara was born. The hardy Latin fishermen got together and formed a constitution. Under it a president was elected to hold office for six years and to serve without pay. The president was to share the cares of office with a council of six, who, like him, should receive no remuneration. One year later King Humbert of Italy officially acknowledged the independence of the little republic.

While Tavolara is the smallest republican community in the world (posing as a nation) it is actually larger in physical area than the republic of Goust, which, however, has twice the population of the former. Almost 250 years have seen the autonomy of Goust undisturbed, while invasion, conquest and absorption of weaker countries by the stronger have been going on all over the world. Somewhat more than a mile in area, located on a mountain summit in the chain of the Lower Pyrenees, the little republic dates from 1648. The joint recognition by France and Spain of its independence renders it as much a nation as Switzerland. There is no president, but a council of twelve administers the government by appointing from among its own members a chief deputy with special powers.

GOOD DEAL OF A POOH-BAH.

This deputy seems to be a good deal of a Pooh-Bah in his way, for he assesses the taxes and collects them, presides as a judicial functionary and acts in a variety of other capacities. Paramount to him, however, is the Spanish bishop of Laruns, a neighboring prelate, selected by the people as arbiter, who, with the chief deputy and the remaining eleven members of the council, form the entire list of public functionaries. Probably they are enough in a population of 130! No one is buried within the area of the republic, and, as the only way in and out is via the giddy mountain pass descending to Laruns on the plains below, dead citizens are conveyed thence for burial by means of an artificial chute constructed on the face of the mountain. The ceremonies of marriage and christening are also performed at Laruns. In dress and manners this interesting little community of democrats are much the same as they were 200 years ago, isolation from the rest of the world naturally conducing to this result. They maintain themselves by weaving a kind of cloth and by raising sheep. They speak a hybrid dialect of French and Spanish.

San Marino is a remarkably pretty independent commonwealth. Its territory, at the eastern foothills of the Apennines, covers an area of thirty-three square miles. This Italian republic has been such since 1631, but has existed as a separate community since 885. San Marino is, in one respect, like no other place on earth; you cannot print anything there, nor publish anything printed elsewhere. There is a severe law against doing either. No business may be transacted in San Marino city, markets of all kinds being banished to San Marino di Borgo, which is a few miles distant. San Marino city has a population of about 2,000, who, in their customs and custume, have not abandoned or altered a single detail of those of the sixteenth century.

A QUAINT OLD PLACE.

Reaching the place from Pisaro-Urbino by road, travelers are astonished at the mediaeval air of everything. Lofty, somber houses of a forgotten architecture, frowning over narrow, hilly streets, gay Italian dresses of the exact fashion of 1595, the absence of commerce and the quaint customs and manners of another age, produce an effect almost indescribable in its charm. The great council of sixty, whose members hold office for life, are eligible for election to the council of twelve, who form a final court of arbitration. The head of the state is composed of a captain-regent chosen by the democracy and another captain-regent chosen by the council of twelve from among the nobles. For there is an aristocracy in this republic, and thus both classes obtain full representation in the government. The council of twelve maintain a regular cabinet, with a home and foreign secretary and a chancellor of the treasury. A military establishment of 1,000 men constitutes the national defense and acts as a police force beside. The whole population of the republic is probably about 6,000 souls. Italy recognizes the complete independence of San Marino.

To reach the small republic of Andorra, independent since 819, in the east of the Pyrenees, you must either come in by water from France or by a risky mountain trail from Spanish territory. The Boleia river enters it from French soil in the department of Anege, the pass from Spain in the district of Caladorra. The area of Andorra is about 180 square miles, but its population little greater than that of San Marino. About one-third of the people occupy the chief city, named after the republic at large. Unlike San Marino, this capital town is losing its former picturesqueness year by year, for the people are active and in touch with the outer world. Government is by the sovereign council of twenty-four, elected by popular vote. The twenty-four choose from their own number a syndic, who acts as chief magistrate during his lifetime. Notwithstanding the autonomy of the Andorran government, a protectorate is claimed by France, the latter republic appointing one member of the supreme bench; besides which the court of final resort for Andorran lawsuits is that of the cassation in Paris. But there is no further interference. The people of Andorra are a splendid race, who find, in the mountain regions and on the fertile plains of their country, profitable work, mining iron and lead and raising fruit. More than a thousand men serve in the army of the republic of Andorra.

ARMY OF THREE SOLDIERS.

Wedged between Vermees, in Belgium, and Aix-la-Chapelle is another small republic—that of Mausuet, with an area of four square miles. Three thousand people here enjoy the privileges of nationhood, and a similar number have done so for more than 200 years. Mausuet is the capital town, and it monopolizes about one-half of the population. The national council of five hold office for three years, and there is also a president, who cannot be re-elected more than once. Perhaps the most notable feature of the internal economy of this brave little republic, which is guaranteed the protection of the German empire, is its army. This is composed of just three soldiers, who as there never can be any war, vary the monotony of their leisurely existence by doing duty as policemen. Clearly Mausuet must be a virtuous as well as a peaceable democracy.

With all these examples of the prosperity and permanence of miniature republics before us, it would seem hard, indeed, if Hawaii, with her extensive territory, important geographical position and insular advantages, exquisite climate and important commerce, and her practical guarantee of protection from the United States, should fail to wax strong and prosper in the family of self-ruling nations.

Love and Etymology.

Did she think long of the words she wrote,
Wonder if I would see the meaning;
Smile to herself at their hidden import,
Dreamy head on the slim hand leaning;

Blush in her modesty fearing I'd find it,
Piqued next moment my dullness to know?
"Cor" means the heart, so my Latin book tells me;
Is "Cordially Yours" "from the heart" or no?
—University of Pennsylvania Courier.

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Premature Old Age

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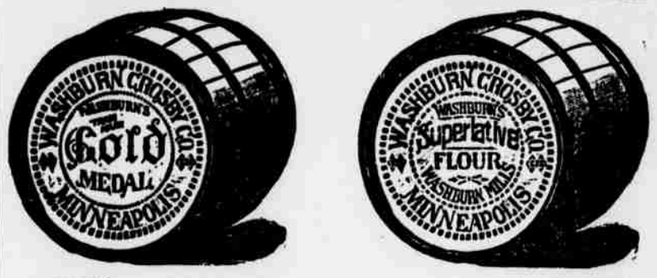

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