A single year on yesterday
Had ended since she came,
Yet listen to the baby way
She knows me by my name!

Teach her to pity!—to divine
Dimly among the shades
How here on earth not one is mine
Of all the little maids!

O Earth, with flowers on her eyes. Be thou as sweet as she! Be thou as light where now she lies. As she was light on thee! -Witter Bynner, in American Magazine,

What Doris Did Not Know

By ELIZABETH ROBBINS ***********************

from everybody-from Aunt Clara trying to sew with her twisted fingers in that old wheel chair; from Aunt Ruth, going about with the martyr-like expression she always wore when she the had one of her headaches; from fretting of Dot, her seven year-old sister, who was feeling very much out of sorts; from the new hired girl, who had developed a temper and was showing it by slamming the dinner dishes as she washed them.

It seemed to Doris that she was the one of the family who had the greatest reason to look martyr-like and slam things and be cross. It was so dreadful to be poor and to have eyes that were not strong. She felt that she could have endured one of thee afflictions, but both together She had been forced to give up working in Mr. Ellsworth's office because her eyes would not stand it, and there were other things she could do but for her eyes; and if she could not carn money, and had none to start with, how was she ever to go to college?

Then mamma's encouraging her to take the college examination right after she graduated from high school, in June, because there might be some there really would be. And now, when It was September and almost time for the term to begin, and Mary Clark and Jessie Williamson and Helen Davis were going, mamma said she could see no possible way for her to go. It was cruel! that was just what it was. And Annie." mamma didn't care a single mite.

Doris caught herself up here with a little tinge of remorse, Mamma hadn't said much, but she must be a little sorry, for ever since that last talk, when Doris had said it seemed as if she didn't want to live if she couldn't have a college education, her mother had refrained from asking her to do the least thing about the house. She knew that Doris hated housework, but unless she was sorry for her about something she tried nearly every day to make her do more to help.

"I despise housework, and I'm not going to do a bit more of it than I have to," was Doris' attitude, and whatever she did do was done under protest.

So generally mamma did the work that Doris would not do, and much besides. Aunt Clara, who was mamma's aunt, had a little income, and so had Aunt Ruth, who was mamma's sister and a widow, and Doris' father had left a little property when he died, soon after Dot was born; but altogether it was not nearly enough to support them, and so mamma had a small millinery business. In the slack seacon she did a good part of the house work, for Aunt Ruth was not strong and Aunt Clara was a cripple, but when, as now, the busy season was on, they had a girl. People had a habit of coming to mamma when there was a gift for nursing, but she could never stay long at a time, for she had to be at home to put Aunt Clara to bed, and in the morning to get her up. She planned the clothing for the family also, though Aunt Ruth did most of the sewing, and even if they were poor there were very few girls who dressed as prettily and in such good taste as Doris Eastman.

"Yes, I suppose mamma does feel sorry for me, in a way," Daris admitted, continuing her reflections, "but she can't really sympathize with me at all. ber tastes are so very different from mine. She likes millinery, I suppose, and housework and nursing. I don't imagine she ever had the least desire for an education, so how can she possibly understand how I feel?"

There was the sound of footsteps approaching and then Dot's fretful voice: "Can't I come in, Doris?"

"No, you can't," Doris answered, irritably.

"Well, here's a letter the postman

just brought." The door was opened sufficiently to

take in the letter, then locked again. Doris studied the address, not at first recognizing the writing. "Why, it's from Nellie Bird," she said, after looking at the postmark. "It's so long since she has written, I thought she had dropped the correspondence. What a thick letter!"

Upon opening it, however, Dorls found only a brief note from her friend explaining the rest. of the enclosure. "In looking over some old letters," she wrote, "I came across these, written by your mother to mine-two of them when they were the same age that we are, 17. They interested me very much, and I thought they would you, so I asked mother to let me sand them to you. I think your mother must be

Strange to say, Doris was only mildly interested, even though she knew very little about her mother's girlhood. Mrs. Eastman had never been one to say much about herself. The paper was yellow with age, "But what pretty writing!" Did mamma use to write like | fretted.

Doris went to her room and locked that?" She looked at the dates, so as herself in. She wanted to get away to begin the first one. Thirty-five years ago! It seemed a long time to Dorls. Girls at that date must have been very crude.

> "My dearest friend," the letter began, "I have the most delightful, the most wonderful news to tell you. You know-and you only, till lately, there has seemed so little chance of its ever coming to pass-how I longed and longed either to have a college education, or to study to be a physician. Not merely because I love to study, but because it has seemed as if, with these advantages, I could be of so much more use in the world and do so much more good. What will you say when I tell you my wildest dreams and fondest hopes are coming true, and even better than I ever dared dream or hope? I am to do both-go through collge and then take a four years' medical course! Aunt Clara has offered to furnish the money. It was a great surprise, for I had supposed that she was opposed to the higher education of girls, and would be horrified at the idea of a girl studying medicine.

"I waited about telling you till I had passed my college examinations, My percent came this morning. I had trembled for fear I would not pass,

way provided, had made it seem as if but they write me that I did splendidly. Mother has begun to plan my dresses. I am perfectly happy. I feel so settled, now that I know what life work is to be, and oh! how I will work! Write me and tell me that you are glad for me. Your true friend,

Doris looked up from the letter with dazed expression on her face. That letter from her mother? It seemed incredible. But she never went to college or to the medical school-indeed, till this minute Doris had never known that she had even contemplated going. What had prevented? She knew that Aunt Clara had lost the greater part of her fortune, but that had happened a good many years later, after her niece's marriage. Then Doris bethought herself that probably the other letters would solve the mystery, and she took up the second one.

"Dear Friend: How can I tell you. Two weeks ago, a few days after my last letter, my sister Ruth informed us that Henry had been offered a fine position in South America, and they had decided to be married at once, so she could go with him. This was quite a shock, as they had thought their engagement would be a long one. Two days later Dr. Elliot came to me and told me that my dear mother's health was so far from what it should be that she must be spared all the care and work and excitement possible if we would keep her with us. He had not told Ruth or the boys-not even father. Of course I saw at once why he had told me. It was very hard to give up my dream of an education, but that was nothing compared to my anxiety for mother. Now that my attention sickness in their families, for she had had been called to it, I could see myself that she was not at all strong, but Ruth's going would make everything harder for her. So I told them that I had decided not to accept Aunt Clara's generous offer, but to stay at home and be domestic. I saw that mother suspected I did it on her account, but I put on such a cheerful air, then and since, that I think I have entirely allayed her suspicions.

"So now to learn to be a housekeeper-something, as you know, that I have no taste at all for. But I am going to try very hard to like it, and if I cannot conquer my aversion to it, nobody shall suspect that I do not prefer it to any other work in the world. With much love, Annie.'

The third letter told briefly and pathetically of the mother's death, eight years later. Doris' eyes filled with tears as she read it. Then she replaced the letter in the envelope and sat very still, thinking. Once she murmured, "If my eyes wouldn't stand office work, how did I think they could

stand college work." The sun set, the electric lights flashed cut over in the square, and Doris' room grew quite dark before she heard her mother's latch key in the front door. Then she started up and went downstairs with a rush.

Her mother did not think it anything strange when Dorls gave her a hug, though it was more emphatic than usual, but when Doris helped her with her wrap and hat, and made her sit down and have her rubbers taken off-the ground was damp from a re-

cent rain-she did look surprised. Doris scanned her mother's face at the tea table, and a choky feeling came in her throat and made it hard for her to swallow. Why, oh, why had she not noticed before how pale and tired and worn her mother looked? She hardly ate anything, either, and small wonder, for the toast was burned, the baked apples only half done, the tea had been boiled, and the milk to put in it was sour. Everybody looked miserable, Aunt Clara furtively wiped away a tear once in a while and Dot

"Mrs. Wilkes came to the rooms this afternoon and wanted me to come tonight and stay with her sick daughter," Doris' mother said as she rose from the table and began to wheel Aunt Clara into the sitting room.

"You're surely not going?" Aunt Ruth exclaimed.

"Yes, I promised I'd come." "You ought not to go, Annie," Aunt Ruth protested, almost in tears, "It's too much, with all the other work you have to do. You and s and it."

Ordinarily this conversation would have received but scant attention from Doris. Now it alarmed her and she strained her ears to hear what her mother would say, for they had passed into the sitting room.

"I begin to think I can stand almost anything." The tone was a little bitter, which was very unusual.

"Are you still breaking your heart over not being able to send Doris to college?" Aunt Ruth asked in a low

tone, and a little reprovingly. Doris could just catch her mother's low spoken answer, "How can I help it, when she wants so much to go?' In a few minutes Doris followed the

others into the sitting room. Dot was climbing into mother's lap, and teasing for a story in the whining tone she had used all the afternon. "Leave mamma alone, Dot," Doris

exclaimed, almost roughly. Then with sudden inspiration, "Come up stairs and let me put you to bed, and I'll tell you two stories. When she came down half an hour later her mother was just wheeling

Aunt Clara to her room to put her to

bed. "May I go, too?" Doris asked impulsively. "I want to learn how to do it." "Certainly you may." Aunt Clara answered. "I'd be so glad if you could take me off your mother's hand once

spite." "I'm afraid the lifting will be too hard for you," her mother said, anxi-

in a while and give her a little re-

ously. Doris laughed. She was nearly six inches taller than her mother and ten pounds heavier, and prided herself on being athletic, "Tell me just how," she said, "and hands off."

"You did it as well as any one need to," was Aunt Clara's verdict when she was fixed for the night.

"You are very thoughtful tonight, dear," her mother said, as they left the room together. "Now, I'll mix up a batch of bread and get the kindlings ready and hide the kerosene can so Norah won't see it to light the fire, and lock the cellar door, and-oh, I must change the buttons on Dot's new shoes."

"Show me how, mamma, and let me do it all," urged Dorts, and again her mother's gaze rested on her wonderingly.

Mr. Wilkes came for Mrs. Eastman just as Doris was sewing on the last button.

"What has come over Dorls?" her mother and her two aunts asked ach other as the days went on. "She hardly allows me to lift my hands to do anything when I am at home," her mother sald, with tears in her eyes, 'She helps me so much, too," sald Aunt "She really seems to want to learn to do things." "And she gets along so nicely with Dot and is so cheerful," said Aunt Clara. "The house seems a different place."

Perhaps they all doubted if this heavenly state of things would last. If so, they were pleasantly disappointed, for Doris' helpfulness and cheerfulness increased rather than diminished. Indeed, when Norah quite suddenly departed, Doris insisted that with a woman to come in and work a few hours twice a week she could do the housework herself.

"You have no idea how much extra work Norah's being here made," she said. "Take that extra work out and she didn't do so very much. think how nice it will be to be by ourselves!"

After some resistance from her mother she was allowed to try it, and the experiment was a great success.

When questioned by her mother as to her feelings in regard to the college education, Doris answered bravely that she didn't regret it a mite, and that probably her eyes wouldn't have held out any way.

Although Mrs. Eastman worked very hard in the millinery rooms, when the busy season closed she was looking better and feeling less tired than when it began, "All of which is owing to my good Doris," she said, with an affectionate glance at her elder daughter.

"And now, said Doris, "you are going to have a real little rest, for I'm not going to let you do any more at

home than you have been doing." Not long after this Mrs. Eastman was urged to accept a position as a nurse and companion to an old friend, a Mrs. Delavan, who was rich and a widow.

"Of course you will go," Aunt Ruth "She is going to pay you far more than you could earn pursing anywhere else; she is lovely to take care of, and she says you can have three hours every afternoon to spend with us here. It seems to me ideal for a person who likes nursing, as you do.' "Yes," admitted her sister, "but it

will make it so confining for Doris if I go away from home." "Nonsense!" said Doris, "I don't mind that. The real question is, will it be easier for you than going here,

there and everywhere to take care of "It will be easier than anything ! ever did," said her mother, "and that is what makes me feel as if I were

selfish to go." "That settles it," said Doris, with a laugh. "You are going, mamma. And I think you had better sell out that old millinery business; you know you

don't like the work, and it tires you

"I would have to do that if I went to Mrs. Delavan's," said her mother. So the change was made and a year passed.

"Doris grows more beautiful in character every day," Aunt Clara and Aunt Ruth agreed. "She's letting me loarn to cook," said Dot, "and it's great fun. She's awfully nice to me." "She seems so well," said her mother.

Another year passed and then the even current of their lives was interrupted by the death of Mrs. Delavan.

One night, when Mrs. Eastman had a little recovered from the last few weeks-they had been hard ones, and she sincerely mourned her friendshe called Dorls to her.

"There is something I have not told you yet," she said. "Mrs. Delavan made a will, and I was asked to remain after the funeral and hear it read."

"Yes, mamma," said Doris, wondering a little.

"How are you eyes now, dearest?" her mother asked.

"Why, I haven't thought anything about them for ever so long. They must be a great deal stronger than they were when I left school," Dorls answered, wondering still more at the sudden change of subject.

"That is good," said her mother in a tone of satisfaction. "I was going to tell you that I found that Mrs. Delavan had remembered me in her will There is enough coming to me-with a little that I have laid by-so that now you can have the college education you have so longed for, and which you so well deserve."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Doris. Then doubtfully, "But ought I to go and leave you?

"Certainly you ought," her mother reassured her. "I've set my heart on it. It will give me greater happiness than it will you!"

"You are so good and unselfish that I really believe it will-and that is saying a good deal, for it seems as if I wanted to go more than ever," said Doris, "But I wish"-she added wist fully, "that you could have had your education, too, little mother."

And then she told for the first time. about the three old letters and their influence upon her .- Presbyterian Banner.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The average weight of a Greenland whale is 100 tons, which is equal to that of 87 elephants.

The demand is composed of crystallized carbon. Diamonds have been made by artificial means, but at great cost.

An old morgue in Covington, Ky.

has been converted into a dance hall. It will be used exclusively by society The fulness of sailors' pants from

the knee down is designed to give a freer movement and to permit of their being rolled up for washing decks, The barometer rock of Finland-

composed of rock salt, niter and clay-

turns from gray to black before rain,

a white efflorescence of salt appearing in dry weather. The new Temple Israel at Boston is the sole representative in this country of a type of art which flourished in

brew national history. Physicians of the Lying-in hospital of New York City, who visit mothers in the tenement houses, make a surprising record with a trifle less than

the most prosperous period of the He-

one death in each 1900 cases. New York City is now growing twice as fast as London, and it is estimated that the city now contains 4,550,000 persons. In the immediate district depending on the metropolis there are 6,-200,000 persons.

Many persons in New York City evidently think that business done in their proper names is not so well, for there are in Broadway and Sixth avenue 47 siens that give fictitious names of proprietors of stores.

No fewer than twelve million acres of barren land have been made fruitful in the Sahara desert, an enterprise representing the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.

It has been proved that no fewer than 32,000 beggars are at present making a better living in Vienna than ordinary workmen. One notorious family of professional beggars recently gave a grand ball and a concert at a local hotel.

It is estimated that nearly \$500,000 is spent each year to providing hooks and eyes to keep feminine apparel together. Every dress that is made nowadays is fastened with these invisible clasps, and they are seldom used the second time. Like the old query about pins, one wonders what becomes of these millions of hooks and eyes bought every year.

Slow-Going England.

If the English channel were on this side of the Atlantic, it is quite safe to say that trains would long ago have been running from London to Paris and back without "breaking bulk." In France and England they are just beginning to talk about this obvious nomy and advantage.-New York

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Forced honesty never ans any roots. Only a coward will I ide behind his

The lofty work often falls to the low ly in spirit.

Your superiority does not depend on your pedestal.

The greatest sermons are those outside of sentences.

The best appreciation of any trutb is its application. Religion is the touch of the infinite

on all our affairs. An honest message never has trouble finding hearers.

Self is the only thing that really

can break love ties. It takes more than headache cures

to set the heart right. It takes more than soft solder to

cement souls together. The only worthy high living is that which puts the soul on top.

The saddest infidelity is being faithless to the best we know.

It is easy to attribute to foes failures due to our own faults.

A cross disposition is no evidence of bearing the divine cross.

No great deeds are done without the doing of many little details.

When a man is a god to himself, he is the opposite to all others. The major blessings often come from what we call the minor virtues. The best cure for a destroying of

the world is the divine love of the world. The preacher who really feeds his congregation will have no trouble in

filling his church. No man ever found that laying up treasures in heaven prevented his find-

ing real treasures here. It's a good deal easier to bring little piece of heaven to earth every day than to try to lift the world to heaven all at once.-From "Sentence Sermons," in the Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK LEADS IN PAPER.

Value of Book Paper Greater Than of Other Varieties.

Bulletin 80, which has just been is sued by the Census Bureau, presents statistics relating to the manufacture of paper and wood pulp. The growth of the industry in the five years between 1900 and 1905 surpassed the growth in the preceding ten years. Thus the value of products, which increased by \$48,388,978 between 1890 and 1900, increased by \$61,389,027 between 1900 and 1905; the capital employed, which increased by \$77,678,165 in the ten-year period preceding 1900, increased by \$109,936,758 in the next five years.

The leading state in this industry is New York, for which the reported product at the census of 1905 was \$37,-750,605. The state which ranks next in value of product is Massachusetts, for which the return was \$32,012,247. Maine comes next with a value of product reported at \$22,951,124. come, in the order named, Wisconsin (\$17,844,174), Pennsylvania, (\$15,411,-032), and Ohlo, (\$10,961,527.)

Of the total value of the product (\$188.715.189), news paper represented \$35,906,460; book paper, \$37,403,501; fine paper, \$22,249,170; wrapping paper, \$30,435,592; boards, \$16,959,557 The aggregate value of tissue papers was \$5,056,438; of blotting paper, \$1,-046,790; of building, roof, asbestos and sheathing papers, \$3,013,464.

In the interval between 1900 and 1905 the production of creased in value \$15,814,586, or 78.7

New York leads in the production of news paper, reporting a product of \$13,465,093, which was rather more than one-third of the total product of the United States. In the production of book paper Massachusetts is the leading state, the reported product of this state being \$7,515,045, which was almost one-fourth of the total product of the United States.

The principal raw materials used in the paper industry are wood, usually spruce or poplar, rags (used for fine paper), old or waste paper, manila stock, jute bagging, rope, straw, st.1phur, clay, etc. The most important of all these, measured by quantity and cost, is wood. In the paper and wood pulp industry over 3,000,000 cords of wood, having a total value of over \$20,000,000, were used in the years covered by the census of 1905.

Thatched Roofs in London.

Every cabman knows that there is Thatched House in St. James's street, although the name is a bare tradition of a long departed roofing Like wooden houses, thatched roofs are rare in London.

There is a beautiful specimen in Camberwell grove, not far from Camberwell Green. Standing back from the street, it is embedded in the richest foliage and clad in ivy. The thatching is of ancient date, in good repair and evidently the work of a highly skilled thatcher. At the beginning of the grove is a very old fan called the Plough, which retains all the main features with which it was invested some 300 yers ago.-London Evening Standard.

Too Fastidious.

"No, Geoffrey," protested the beauti ful girl, "you mustn't do that, I have never allowed a young man to put his arm around my waist."

"That being the case, Gwendolen," he answered, sadly, but with inex orable firmness, "you will have to take your head off my shoulder."-Chicago

HER HAIR

"Twe just been combing out my hair,
The locks that you admire,
And thought I'd write you just a line
Before, dear, I retire."
"was thus she wrote unto the swain
Who scarce a month ago
Had placed a diamond glittering
Upon her hand of snow.
She told the simple honest truth,
For she would scorn to lie.
That maiden with the rosy cheek
And innocent brown eye,
But what she didn't tell the youth
Was that the flowing hair
She combed so carefully each night
Was fastened to a chair.

—Minna Irving, in The New York Press

-Minna Irving, in The New York Pres

FUNNY FELLOWS 5 GWMN "LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

"Is the ship stripped to repel boarders?" "No, to repel souvenir flends. -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wigg-D'Auber says this picture of his is taken from life. Wagg-It's too bad D'Auber couldn't be.-Philadelphia Record.

He-You admire the view? marry me, and it is yours. Shethanks !I prefer my landscape without figures.-Judge. "When a bird can sing and won't

"It isn't half the trouble "Yes?" as a bird that can't sing and will."-Baltimore American. She-For nearly an hour I suffered

untold agony. He-What was the trouble-didn't you have any one to tell it to?-Chicago Dally News. Lady (age seven)—How much is that, please? Stallholder, at booth of

church fair (age nine)—How much has you mother given you to spend?— "The doctors have finally agreed upon the cause of Markley's Illness'

"Ah, they've held another commit

tion?" "No; post morterm."-Philadelphia Press Lawyer-As your husband died intestate, you will, of course, get a third-Widow-Oh, I hope to get my fourth, He was my third, you know .- Town

and Country.

"You live outside of the city limits? How far outside?" "Goodness knows. don't. It's about 15 minutes the other side of where the map stops."-Chicago Tribune. Mother-Now, you sit down in that

chair and be good for ten minutes.

Son-I don't want to. Pa'll be home in ten minutes, and I'll have to be good, any way.-Judge. Cassidy-I kin niver git me wife to see things as I see them. She's that Casey-Thrue for ye! I hear she

niver touched a drop in her life .-Philadelphia Press. Scribbler-I understand the inmates of the Home for the Feeble Minded are going to publish a magazine. Quibble -Isn't the field rather overcrowder

Philadelphia Record. Subscriber (to editor)-I've got something here I want you to make a note of. Editor-Can't do it. Three in the bank now, and one gone to protest!-Atlanta Constitution.

"As a poet, however, he was somewhat in advance of his age?" deed?" "Yes, he tried to convert his house into a museum before he had starved to death in it."-Puck.

Doctor-Has your husband had any lucid intervals since I was here last? Well, this morning he kept shouting that you were an old fool, and he tried to break the medicine bottles."-Life

"Yes," said the young father, "we're pretty busy at our house now. We're moving." "Moving? Where?" "Moving everything out of baby's reach. He's learning to creep."-Chicago Tribune.

"O! well, we've all got our troubles in this world. " "O! I don't know, Now I-" "O! yes, we have. have empty cupboards and pool books and others have automobile and yachts."-Philadelphia Press. Rural Citizen (to son engaged_

strange exercises)-Jabez, what in nation be yer tryin' t' do? His Son -It's that har correspondence school, dad. I got a letter from the sophomores yestiddy tellin' me to haze m'seif.-Puck. "Dat Missus Jackson sut'nly do be a

lucky woman, a'right." "Lucky? How do you make dat out?" "Why, doan' vo' know? Her bushan's done been sent to jail fo' three years, an' all de money she earns now she kin spen' on hers'f."-Detroit Free Press.

An Ishmaelite of the Plains.

The dead thing, wherever it lies, still remains the coyote's choicest feast. A creature without a friend, an Ishmaelite whom en and animals have combined in despising, the ideal thief and vagabond of the animal world, this gray, gaunt figurehead the western world still survives, much the owner of his empire he was in the days when his ancesto looked with cockeared astonishmen and staccato exclamations upon the expedition of Lewis and Clark feel ing its way slowly across that trans-Missouri wildernes whose future was then undreamed.-From "The Figurehead of the Frontier," by James W. Steele in The Outing Magazine.

Mrs. John Young, residing near Overfield, in Barbour county, W. Va., has learned to rend and write age of 80. She undertook the to be cause ahe desired to write a letter to s daughter.