

high with hope. During the two weeks following, she said nothing of her plans, but went about her usual household tasks gladly and cheerfully. One day there came a letter for her. She had hardly read a dozen words when she began dancing about, exclaiming, 'Oh! oh! oh! I'm so glad.'

'What ails the child!' her mother exclaimed; while her father laid down his paper, and the boys looked up from their checker-board.

'I have been accepted! I tell you I have been accepted by the insane hospital!'

'Well, I declare, sis,' said Jim, 'we thought you'd been showing strange symptoms of late, but we didn't think you'd got so far as to be ready for the asylum.'

Parthenia joined in the laugh that followed, and then explained: 'It's not quite so bad as that, Jim. Through good Dr. Richmond, I have secured a position as attendant in the insane hospital at Conway. Don't look so horrified,' she added, as her mother turned away with a shudder. 'You have given your consent to my taking a medical course, if I can earn it by my own efforts. This is the only avenue open. While it is not what I should have chosen, I am determined to make it a stepping-stone to something higher. Besides, Dr. Richmond is engaged there, and has promised to assist me in my study. He says the experience I shall gain at the hospital will prove invaluable later in my professional work.'

'Well, I have said my say,' said her father, resuming his paper; 'I ain't goin' to take nothin' back, but it beats my time!'

The boys took the whole affair as a practical joke, and teased 'Doc.' unmercifully.

A week later, Parthenia left her quiet home for the first time, to face the world. Upon reaching the hospital, she went at once to the receiving ward, where Dr. Richmond, assisted by another physician, was classifying new patients according to the form and severity of their mental troubles. The head hall-girl stood by, and, with the physicians' advice, assigned each patient to a suitable ward. They were a motley lot, from all ranks of society. Parthenia never forgot those first scenes. In one corner stood a woman who kept up a continuous motion of walking, without moving from her place, scolding savagely if approached. Near by stood another, a fine-looking woman, holding a huge rag baby in her arms, which, she told Parthenia, was just four months old. Still another knelt with saint-like expression on her upturned face. As the girl stood and looked upon these poor, unfortunate creatures, once happy, useful members of society, but then shut out from all save their own delusions, her heart went out in pity and intense longing to help restore them to their lost estate, which grew as she came to know individual cases. At first, she was at a loss to know how to treat her patients, but soon learned to enter into their fancies, like playing 'keep house' with children. There was among them a pretty young girl who had been ambitious and had over-studied. Instead of a commencement-hall and admiring friends, her place was in a cell, with strange nurses. Lovingly did Parthenia minister to the dear girl.

Every spare moment off duty was spent studying medicine. Dr. Richmond, true to his word, took great pains to show her interesting cases of mental and physical disorders, and in many ways helped her to clinical experiences which were of the highest value. Every penny of wages was hoarded. Other girls bought pretty dresses and bright ribbons, saying they worked hard and meant to enjoy their earnings. Parthenia

liked pretty, girlish things, but loved her work better, and nothing tempted her to waste a moment or spend a cent unnecessarily.

Her training in the hospital, to her joy and surprise, accredited her the second year to enter a medical college. A delightful year spent in study exhausted all the money she had saved, and necessitated her return to hospital work. Then another year of work followed one of study, with only snatches of home-visits, until the glad day came—the day to which she had looked forward through all the years of hard work and stern economy, when she received her diploma, and went home, happy and triumphant. Father, mother, Jim and Sam turned out to welcome her, each heart filled with pride for the brave girl, and all she had accomplished, even though not entirely approving her profession.

Next came the trying time of 'getting a start.' Parthenia worked on through criticism and ridicule, openly or secretly given, until Dr. Richmond, long convinced of her worth, decided to receive her into partnership. He was getting old and felt the need of a capable young physician, such as he was sure Parthenia would become. By faithful, earnest, untiring effort, she slowly broke down the prejudice of her country-people against a woman doctor. Failing in health, Dr. Richmond almost ceased to visit patients and Parthenia continued his large practice, fulfilling her dream of usefulness, going in to homes of poverty and sickness, ministering to both soul and body.

Sam and Jim married and settled in homes of their own. Her father and mother, left alone, decided to leave the farm and go into town to be with and make a home for Parthenia. Mr. Goodwin never tires of praising his 'girl-doctor.' 'And she's done it all herself,' he says, proudly, 'and she didn't have nothin' to begin with, nothin' but grit.'

Other People's Money.

Other people would do well to cultivate the very highest sense of honor in regard to money matters, and never, under any circumstances, use money not absolutely their own. It is hardly possible to be over-particular in this respect. The writer knows of a young man who is treasurer of the funds of a religious society. One evening when he was going home from the church he found himself on the car without even the five cents required for his car-fare. He had in his pocket several dollars in cash which he had received at the church for the society of which he was treasurer. To the average mind there would have been nothing wrong in the young man taking five cents of the money in his possession and replacing it when he reached home. But he had such positive convictions regarding the matter, and was so determined never to use money not actually his own, that he left the car and walked two miles to his home rather than use even for a few minutes money that did not belong to him.

'I think that you were more particular than wise,' said a friend of the young man's.

'I do not feel that way about it,' was the reply. 'I have never used a cent that did not belong to me, and I am afraid that if I should do so once, I would find it easier to do so a second time, and still easier a third time, till it might finally become a habit that would get me into trouble.'

'That is a remote and contingent probability not at all likely to result from the using of five cents for a car fare,' said the friend, rather lightly.

'That may be true, but remote probabilities sometimes become realities with surprising rapidity, and it is safest and best to steer clear of them. I would have walked ten miles before I would have used the society's money for my car fare.'

Very different was the feeling and action of another treasurer, who, in this instance, happened to be a young girl of eighteen. She was treasurer of the money belonging to the girls' society engaged in Christian work. One day she and a friend were shopping together in the city. The young lady who was treasurer, had spent all but a few cents of her money, when she saw in a window some ribbon that she thought was a 'real bargain.'

'I want four or five yards of just such ribbon as that,' she said; 'I suppose it will be all gone before I come downtown again, and I—Oh, I have four or five dollars in my purse belonging to our society; I can take a dollar of it and put it back when I get my next allowance from Father; can't I?'

'I don't see why not,' said her companion.

And not only the ribbon, but one or two quite unnecessary articles to which the young lady took a fancy, were purchased and paid for with money which was not her own.

The writer remembers that, about five years ago he had charge of the tickets for a concert given for benevolent purposes. The tickets were distributed among a number of young people, who were to sell them, if possible. One young man took ten tickets and sold all of them; but at the end of the three weeks after the concert had taken place, he had failed to turn in the money received for the price of the tickets. A polite note did not receive the courtesy of a reply. Another week passed and he was spoken to about the matter.

'Well,' he said, 'I was a little short of money the week I sold the tickets, and I used the money; but, of course, I'll return it. I'll hand it to you next week.'

The next week he paid one dollar of the five he had received for the tickets. Another month passed and he was asked for the four dollars still due, whereupon he became very indignant, and wanted to know if we thought he was a thief. He closed a very angry tirade by saying:

'I guess I've done enough for the society that gave the concert for it not to make any fuss, if I didn't return any of the money for those few tickets!'

This view of the matter evidently satisfied his conscience, for he never paid the remaining four dollars due, and a few months later he left the society under a cloud.

'I was not greatly surprised to have a friend say to me a few weeks ago:

'You remember that Will Blank who used to be in our society?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I remember him very well.'

'Well do you know that he was arrested last week for running away with over a thousand dollars which he had collected for a firm he worked for? They say he'll go to the penitentiary for it.'

And that is where he did go. I dare say that he has as fellow-prisoners more than one convict who can trace his downward career back to the hour when he began to have loose ideas about money that did not belong to him.

On the whole, I think that the young man who walked home late at night rather than use five cents of the money that did not belong to him, chose a wise and safe course. It was a course which, if staunchly adhered to all his life, will keep him so strictly honest, that no shame nor sorrow can ever come to him through the wrong use of money.

It would be well for every boy or girl who may read this to resolve right now never to use in any way, for any length of time, a penny belonging to others. Such a resolution adhered to through life may save you great sorrow and shame.—Forward.