

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE FLOWER OF ROSARIO.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. The senora bowed. It may be that these time honored sentiments had fallen on her ear; she said nothing, however, as she passed on. The mine-boss, going also on his way, felt that although he had borne himself well in this encounter, he was in some way departing with tattered colors. He did not admit to himself the truth of the senora's charges; but for the first time in his life he had a dim notion that to a person who was not Letitia's father some of Letitia's traits, although springing from a warm heart and a fine spirit, might be susceptible of various interpretations. Being, therefore, not sustained by any unquenched hope of having quite defeated the senora with his logic the mine boss said nothing of the matter to Letitia, who, as days passed, maintained her school life in an attitude of proud defiance. As she had been proud under Miss Simpson's rule of leading her classes, of being considered "smart," so now by a reactionary impulse she gladly sacrificed her standing to the spirit of revolt. It seemed to her that she could manifest very little intelligence or interest in her studies without showing a servile approbation of Senora Villegas' method of instruction. She feigned, therefore, great obtuseness; she liked to say, "I don't understand what you mean," and when she achieved at the end of the month a report which nominated her position as lowest in the class to which she belonged, Letitia cherished the document as a testimony of her loyalty to principle. As she came tardily home from school day after day Letitia's sentiment of martyrdom constantly grew; she hoped that she was becoming pale and thin; she thought of death in the safe, remote way which belongs to bounding pulses. And having in fancy beheld herself far gone in a romantic decline, she pleasantly reviewed the remorse with which Senora Villegas should finally recognize how fine a quality of soul belonged to the girl whom she had treated exactly like any of her ordinary pupils. Letitia's superabundant bloom, under the corrosion of her unwholesome musings, did finally begin a little to yield; whereupon her observant mother immediately took alarm. "She looks real peaky," said she to her husband, "and hardly eats a thing! And my cousin Lantry that went off in a decline, she began just so." The mine-boss turned pale at this intelligence. "Is the senora still pickin' on Letty?" he demanded. "Hey? She is, hey! All right. I guess I'll see what influence I got with the school trustees. I guess my wishes go for something—the Mayor of the town and all! I'll round 'em up to-night and make my talk." The next day as Letitia dawdled ostentatiously over her breakfast her father came up from the slope of the mines and put a triumphant head in at the door. "I guess you won't have much more trouble, Letty," he glowed. "I seen 'em! I just said that Senora Villegas wasn't giving satisfaction. I told 'em I demanded a change to be made at holiday time. They gave in when they saw how I felt. So she'll be leaving here in a short time, Letty. Cheer up, daughter! I guess you'll come out right as you got a father to see to it!" Letitia as she entered the schoolroom that day glanced rather guiltily at the senora to see if her face evinced any knowledge of her impending fate. To the girl's surprise that sad, dark countenance worn an unusual glow; the senora actually looked happy. Once or twice she put up the lid of her desk for a moment as if to look at something in its shelter, and when she emerged thence her features wore a sunny radiance. Letitia was so puzzled at this as for once to blunder very honestly in her lessons. Being, as usual, "kept in," the girl had further opportunities for witnessing the Mexican teacher's curious air of joyousness, and the senora, finally catching Letitia's eyes fixed on her in open wonder, broke into a little laugh. "You wonder what is the matter with me?" she smiled. "Yeem," admitted Letitia in a sort of gasp and frowning a little in her design of maintaining a chill reserve. The senora still regarded her beamingly. "I shall tell you," she said. "I have a little girl of six years—a my Rosario, a blessed child who has been all these weeks with some of my kinsfolk in Raton. I could not bring her with me from New Mexico—not just at first—because there were many things to settle first. I had debts to pay, debts from—well, from my husband's long illness and death. But now I have rented me a little house, the little 'dobe' across the arroyo by the bridge, and soon! soon! my little Rosario is to come to me! Only this morning I have a letter from my cousin, who is taking care of her for me, and enclosing a new picture, a little tintype picture of my darling! Think, then, Letitia, if it is any wonder that I am running over with joy! Look! Is she not sweet—my Rosario?" Letitia took the poor little picture from the other's excited hand. She gazed at it in a half-bewildered way, and as she did so a strange feeling stole upon her—a sense of pain, of compassion, of rising tenderness. The picture represented a very little girl, not indeed, so very unlike other little Mexican girls in dress or feature, yet having upon the small, pale, rapt face a look which touched the heart curiously

—the unspeakable pathos of shut, unseeing eyes. Letitia caught her breath as she glanced toward Rosario's mother. The senora nodded slowly. "Yes," she whispered, "she is blind, my Rosario—but such a happy, happy little child! She is overjoyed at the idea of coming to be with me once more. Here is a little printed letter she has sent me—look how she spells—but I forget; you do not know Spanish, Letitia. She is so pleased to think of the 'dobe' house. I have told her there are cottonwoods in the yard. Oh, I have written her about everything! about you, too, Letitia!"—here the senora laughed gaily—"about what you'll do after school every day of the week! And she is so interested in everything, the little thing, so light-hearted, though she never sees even a ray of the sun! You will love her, Letitia!" The senora turned quickly, with a sudden break in her voice. Letitia, listening to all this, was aware of a numb sense of anguish. She kept staring mechanically at the small, blind face which regarded her so gently from the glistening tintype in her hand; and as she did so, she began definitely to feel such a self-loathing as one might have who has willfully hurt a lamb or a dove or other helpless innocent thing. For Letitia had realized that it was she who had made impossible the senora's dreams of happiness; that it was her own wayward hand which had shut forever against poor little Rosario the door of the adobe house by the bridge. Letitia was not given to the habit of morbid introspection, but now, suddenly, as if for the first time, she saw herself; and the sight was hateful. Her pride was merest hurt vanity; her fine spirit, bad temper; her loyalty to Miss Simpson's memory, simply the mask of mean prejudice. Letitia gave a painful, tearless sob. "Oh," she said, hoarsely, "O, Senora Villegas, if you knew—what I have done! If you knew!" The other looked with wonder; before she could speak, a man's tread sounded in the passage, the door was roughly opened, and on the threshold the mine-boss appeared, with a red and questioning face. His first glance caught Letitia's agitated countenance, and he instantly surmised persecutions unspesakable. His girl was undoubtedly being "put upon" again! And the mine-boss, thus convinced, recalled with a feeling of self-justification his interference with the official consciences of the school board. "Letitia," he thundered, "you come right home! This thing's gone on long enough! Senora Villegas, I never expected to see any person treat my girl like this—the best and brightest girl ever—"

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Typical Career

The career of John Henry Kirby, of Houston, Texas, is burning proof that in this country achievement is limited only by the constancy of effort and volume of industry. Mr. Kirby learned to read at an earliest age, married at twenty-three, was admitted to the bar at twenty-five, became a railroad builder and owner at thirty and a millionaire at thirty-five. He was born on a farm in Tyler county, Texas, November 16, 1860, the youngest of seven children. His father having lost all his property by the war, young Kirby was without the advantages of a school. He earned enough money to send himself to school, and as soon as he had mastered the rudiments of an education he began to study law, being admitted to the bar in 1887. As a lawyer he met with great success, and was engaged by a wealthy gentleman in Boston to look after some litigation in Tyler county. This engagement led to larger things for young Kirby, and upon his advice and under his management the Texas and Louisiana Land and Lumber Company was organized in Boston, Mr. Kirby becoming general manager, a position he still retains. Mr. Kirby moved to Houston in 1890. Then followed enterprise after enterprise, until he is to-day the active head of more corporations and business concerns than probably any other man in the State. Seven years ago he started to build the Gulf, Beaumont and Kansas City railroad, which penetrates the heart of the uncut pine forests of East Texas. The latest successful deal of Mr. Kirby in this connection was the sale of this road to the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe, which is a part of the great Atchafalaya system.—Leslie's Weekly.

WEAK FROM INFANCY.

The Unfortunate Condition of Miss Ernestine Cloutier.

AS SHE GREW OLDER HER TROUBLES BECAME MORE PRONOUNCED—DOCTORS SAID HER CASE WAS ONE OF GENERAL DEBILITY, AND HELD OUT SMALL HOPE OF RECOVERY—SHE IS NOW WELL AND STRONG—A LESSON FOR PARENTS. From the Telegraph, Quebec. No discovery in medicine in modern times has done so much to bring back the rich glow of health and the natural activity of healthy young womanhood to weak and ailing girls as has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Girls delicate from childhood have used these pills with remarkably beneficial effects, and the cherished daughter of many a household has been transformed from a pale and sickly girl into a happy and robust condition by their use. Among the many who have regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Ernestine Cloutier, the fifteen year old daughter of Mr. G. A. Cloutier, residing at No. 8 Lallemand street, Quebec city. Mr. Cloutier in an interview with a representative of the Telegraph gave the following account of his daughter's illness and recovery: "All from my infancy my daughter had not enjoyed good health, her constitution being of a frail character. We did not pay much attention to her weakness as we thought that she would outgrow it. Unfortunately this was not the case, and as she grew older she became so weak that I got alarmed at her condition. For days at a time she was unable to take out of doors exercise; she became listless, her appetite failed her, and as time went on she could not stand without supporting herself against something and at times she would fall in a faint. I called in a doctor, but his medicine did not help her and she was growing weaker than ever. Another physician was then consulted who pronounced her case one of general debility, and gave me very little hope for her recovery. Some months ago while reading one of the daily papers I came across the case of a young woman cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I determined to give them a trial. After she had used about three boxes the color began to come back to her cheeks and she began to grow stronger. Greatly encouraged by this, she continued to use the pills for several months and now she is as well as any girl of her age. Her appetite is good and she has gained thirty five pounds in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have built up her system and have made her healthy and active after doctors failed to benefit her. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest known medicine for growing girls and I would advise their use in all cases similar to that of my daughter's." Miss Cloutier's story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness, will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE YOUNGEST OF THE RECENT CARDINALS IS A CONVERT.

Cardinal Princes Archbishop Baron Von Skobensky is the name of the youngest Cardinal recently appointed by the Pope. If all that is said about this young prelate—his but forty years old—be true, then he fully deserves the honors bestowed on him by his Holiness and the titles of nobility he bears, though the latter are his by birthright. In his very early days Cardinal Von Skobensky is said to have been betrothed to one of the most beautiful young girls of the Austrian nobility. It was a love match par excellence. The young student was heart and soul devoted to his pretty fiancée. Then came a dread disease, which suddenly robbed him of his bride just before the wedding. Nothing that his parents or his friends could do for him could heal the wound. Then the young man, who had been reared an agnostic one day passed the Prague cathedral, whence came the sweet melodies of his foot and the choir. Involuntarily his footsteps led him into the sanctuary. The music ceased and a venerable preacher began to deliver a sermon on the text: "Come to me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It seemed as if heaven itself opened his soul, and then there he became converted and determined to devote his life to the Church. Society and the world were given up, and all his energies were concentrated to the task of bringing to his fellow men that peace and consolation which he himself had found.

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no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of killing them. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you that health, if anything will. SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT. SCOTT & BOWNE, 108 N. 3RD ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.