

Love or Duty — Which?

(Silver Link.)

Reading was one of Lettie Goodwin's favorite occupations, and at the time of my story she had been giving her whole attention to a book for nearly two hours, copying from it some of the most interesting paragraphs. Suddenly it occurred to her that there were other things which it was her duty to attend to.

'I wish there wasn't such a thing as duty,' she said, as she reluctantly laid down her pen and closed the book. 'It's always interfering with things you want to do. I must

your mother doesn't like me to walk about alone. Would you mind going 'round that way as you go to Aunt Jane's.'

'Of course I'll go. Just wait till I get my hat,' and Lettie ran upstairs, returning soon, ready for the walk.

They were obliged to go slowly, as Grandpa West was quite lame, but Lettie did not seem to mind. They stopped often to admire the flowers in the yards, and finally, in front of a small cottage, Lettie gave an exclamation of delight as she saw at one side a long stretch of morning-glory vines full of pink, white, and blue blossoms. She could not see what they were trained on;

'you can't see a bit of the old shed; you'd never know it was there.'

'Still it is there, and were it not for the solid, substantial background, the vines would not raise themselves heavenward, and show the full glory of their blossoms.'

As they stood looking at the beautiful wall, the old man laid a hand on the girl's shoulder, saying:

'Lettie, dear, duty sometimes looks stern and compelling, but it need not be so. We may plant the seeds of cheerful obedience, faith and love, and the good Father will help to make them grow, so that in time the stern and disagreeable duty may become a glorious privilege.'

'You do things gladly for me because you love me; cannot you learn to love Aunt Jane and others with whom you come in contact?'

When they left the office, Lettie left her grandfather and went on down the street to the little house where Aunt Jane lived. She thought of the 'glory wall,' and wondered if what grandpa said about duty could be true. Could she ever learn to love any one so hard and unlovable as Aunt Jane?

As she went up the path to the door she saw her aunt sitting by the window sewing. In answer to her knock came a curt 'Come in.'

Following an impulse which was the outgrowth of her grandfather's talk, she went to her aunt's side, and, kissing her, laid in her lap a beautiful rose which she had been carrying.

'Why, Lettie, child!' said Miss Jane, surprised out of her usual sternness.

'Isn't it a beauty?' said Lettie, following up the advantage she had gained; and then she went on to tell of her walk, and the flowers, and gave a description of the morning-glory wall.

Aunt Jane's hard face softened, and she told Lettie of the morning-glories she used to see over the porch at her old home in New England; and the girl, listening to the stories told by this gray-haired woman, of the time when she too had been young and full of hope, forgot that this was a duty call and was surprised to hear the little clock strike the hour of eleven. She started up, saying:

'I didn't mean to stay so long. I must hurry now, for grandpa will be waiting for me to take him back to dinner.'

When she reached the office and found the old man watching for her, she raised a beaming face to his and said, 'I've started my glory-wall. I've planted the first seeds.'



LETTIE COPIED SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS

go to see Aunt Jane, and be pleasant to her, no matter how cross she is, because it is my duty. I must treat Aunt Frank just as well as I do Lina Grant, because it is my duty. I must go where I don't like to go, and do things I dislike to do, because duty compels me.'

Grandfather West looked at the dissatisfied face of his granddaughter, and said:

'Under the circumstances, I don't know that I dare ask you to do something for me.'

'Why, grandpa,' said Lettie, springing up, 'you know I like to do things for you, what is it you want.'

'I'd like to go down to your father's office, but since I've got so unsteady on my feet

as she faced them; she could see only the high green wall and the beautiful, dainty, nodding flowers.

'We haven't been this way since last spring,' said her grandfather. 'Do you remember seeing Mr. Grant putting in the seeds alongside of the old shed that used to be such an eyesore? The owners wouldn't remove the old building, and it is right within range of his sister's windows. She is an invalid, and it was very unpleasant to sit and look out upon the bare, weatherbeaten boards, and, finding that the shed must remain, Mr. Grant said to his sister, "We'll cover the ugliness with glory."'

'That's just what he has done,' said Lettie;

Two Ways to Economize.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Baker, with the air of one deciding a very important question, 'it is evident we must economize somewhere.'

Her husband looked up from the paper on which he had made out a bill of their expenses for the year, and said, 'It is astonishing the amount of money we have spent. If it hadn't been for that little sum that Aunt Becky left me, I guess I would have come out behind.'

Here Mr. Baker stopped again and looked over each item on the list.

'It does seem as though we might cut down a little,' he continued. 'Now, for instance, you've paid seventy-five dollars for a winter wrap, when a cheaper one would—'

'Don't mention such a thing,' interrupted Mrs. Baker, 'for you know it would never do for me to wear anything but the very best. Everybody in town knows what I pay for my wraps and dresses, and if Mrs. Baker were to get anything cheap she would be