

Failure Made Happiness

"Miss Marshall will see Miss Huntley in the office," said Thomas, the elevator boy, as he appeared opposite the door of Ward 3.

Then he went on his upward way, soaring to St. Mary's Ward on the floor above; and Agnes Huntley dropped the pillow cases she was putting away in the linen-press, and leaned her forehead against the great oak door for a moment, steadying her whirling thoughts.

This interview with Miss Marshall would let her know within the next fifteen minutes, if she was accepted as a nurse, to complete her training in the work she had chosen. It seemed to her, in the blind moment after Thomas had disappeared, that the hopes of a lifetime were to stand trial in those fifteen minutes. She looked back over the three months of her probation with dread and confidence alternating.

There were ugly little memories of occasions when she had been hopelessly stupid; encouraging bits of praise from one or two doctors; but above them all rose the face of Miss Marshall, inscrutable as always. Miss Marshall never gave hints of her decision. A probationer could never know before she was summoned to the fateful interview in the office whether acceptance or rejection was to follow.

Agnes roused herself in another instant, and walked down the stairs with such self-possession as she could muster.

For a minute after she entered the office Miss Marshall went on writing at the desk, and Agnes could not see her face.

But when those quiet gray eyes were lifted to her own, the girl said to herself, "It's all over." Miss Marshall looked as she looked before a capital operation.

"You are not the kind of woman that needs sugar-coated preliminaries," the elder woman said, in a tone that Agnes remembered hearing only once or twice by besides of great suffering. "I am very sorry to tell you that we cannot accept you."

Agnes did not try to speak. Her hands clutched the back of the chair by which she was standing, but she waited quietly while Miss Marshall went on:

"It's our rule, you know, that no rejected candidate ask the reason for her rejection. But something is due you in this case. You have a right to know that you are not charged with willful neglect of duty. You have worked hard, with every effort to be faithful.

"Certain questions of physique and temperament lie outside our control," she continued. "I have watched you with unusual care, because I realized something of your love for the work and your ambition. But it is better for you to know at once, trusting the experience of another rather than your own, that in the matter of physical strength alone you are not qualified for a nurse's life. Your health will serve you very well if you do not lay unnecessary strain upon it, in home life or some other profession. But I have no right to allow you to bankrupt it at the outset."

Agnes had lifted her eyes, and watched Miss Marshall's face intently while she spoke, noticing, as never before, its strength and sweetness. She thought with dull pain how completely Miss Marshall fulfilled the ideal she had set before herself—the life of successful ambition, of beautiful helpfulness. Beside that vision rose the image of the sleepy little town, the dull, stagnant life to which she must return with her defeat.

"You are kind to put it on that ground, Miss Marshall," she said, hopelessly. "But I know—I feel—so much more than you say, and it all amounts to this—I am a failure."

"Better, then, to realize that at once than a year from now, when some one's life is hanging on help that you are not able to give," said Miss Marshall, inexorably, but with a strange tenderness in her face and voice.

That tenderness broke down the reserve with which Agnes had meant to fence her misery. Suddenly without any conscious intention of such undignified action, she found herself kneeling at Miss Marshall's side, with her face buried in the folds of the gray dress.

Miss Marshall did not repulse her or laugh at her; she laid one hand on the brown hair, and stroked it softly.

"You are everything I want to be!" said Agnes, brokenly. "I don't want to go away from you! I don't want to go! But I'm just a wretched failure."

"My dear," said Miss Marshall, very gently, "this life of mine has grown out of a failure far more serious than yours. It isn't what I should have chosen when I was your

age. Perhaps you are going back to the opportunities I missed. But you may take the word of an old doctor for this—there is never a failure up to the very moment of death, which does not bring with itself a duty, a fresh responsibility. And that means opportunity."

Agnes arose after a moment, and paused at the door of the office.

"My time is just up today, Miss Marshall," she said with some hesitation. "If you are willing, I should like to go home at once—it will be so much easier for me. I can leave on the one o'clock train."

"Very well, if you choose," Miss Marshall answered. She came a step nearer, holding out her hand, and Agnes, moved by a sudden impulse, did what no other girl in the hospital had ever ventured to do. She bent and kissed the border of Miss Marshall's cap and the gray hair beneath it.

The nurses were very kind when she went up-stairs to say good-bye. She had been popular with most of them and they were sorry to lose her. But there was no time for long condolences, and none of them could be spared to go with her to the station.

A drizzling rain was falling as her train pulled out. She looked from her window over a landscape full of commonplace and the discouraging unkempt cottages and ragged fields on the edge of the city.

Very different was the quiet country town to which she was going, but the dull misery in her heart grew sharper as she thought of it. To go back to emptiness of days, aimlessness of life! To say good-by forever to the hope she had cherished for years!

A baby across the aisle cried with renewed persistence, and she roused herself to notice it. She had always a "knack" with babies, and the last month of her probation had been spent in the infants' ward.

This baby, helpless in the helplessness of his pale little mother, soon fixed his gaze upon Agnes and enunciated a fresh appeal, stretching out his hands. She laughed, and took him in her arms, while the mother sank back with a sigh of relief.

"I'm all worn out, miss. Yes, he's my first, and I'm not very handy, and I'm always careless."

"I think I have something here that will help you," said Agnes, eagerly. "It always helps me. There—let it dissolve in your mouth. Now lean your head back and shut your eyes. I'll attend to this young man."

In twenty minutes the baby was sleeping quietly, and the mother looked up, refreshed and grateful.

"You're the kind of young lady that's born to help folks, I guess," she said, as she left the train. "You'll be making some home a happy place."

Agnes laughed again, but a little sadly. Years before she had thought this ready helpfulness was part of her call to work. Did it only mean "filling up the chinks," after all? But, upon reflection, there were unnumbered chinks of human need to be filled in this world!

Her father met her at the little country station—slightly alarmed at her telegram, anxious to be sympathetic over her disappointment, but quite unable to conceal his delight at having her at home again.

"Your cough is worse," she said, reproachfully, as they drove home in the rain.

"A little," he acknowledged. "It's this raw weather. And somehow I haven't been feeling quite so strong lately. Viola tries hard, but she's only a young girl, and the new cook doesn't understand my dyspepsia. Didn't I write you that Bridget was married last month? You see, dear, I haven't had anybody to take care of me since you left."

"I'll make some broth for your supper myself," said Agnes, laying her cheek on her father's shoulder.

"And I know just what to do with that cough."

How she blessed the course of dry lectures on bronchitis, and the days she had been allowed to help in the diet-kitchen!

"Her health was good enough for home life," Miss Marshall had said. How had she ever imagined that there could be a lack of duty and opportunity in her mother's home?

.....

Wall Paper 15c. Per Roll
DOUBLE ROLLS

Cox's Wall Paper Store
Second Ave.,
Three Doors North Pioneer Drug Store

And the little woman on the train—was not "keeping some one's home happy" a career large enough for any girl?

"Robert Carr is back," her father said, suddenly, flicking the whip over gray Mollie's tail. "He's finished his medical course and hung out his shingle. A fine fellow."

The color came to Agnes' cheek and she turned her face away. She asked herself, in sudden bewilderment, whether she had been really forgetting Robert in the pressure of ambition and disappointment.

"A fine fellow," her father repeated. "Does me good to hear him speak. I wish you had a brother like that, Agnes; I'd like to have him in the house all the time."

This remark made Agnes laugh outright—and this time the laugh was not sad.

That evening, when the tea things had been cleared away and the fire-light shone out brightly over the hearth, Viola brought a book to her sister for help.

"You don't know how good it is to have you home again, Agnes! This algebra has been worrying me dreadfully; but that's nothing to the other worries."

Agnes kept the pencil in her hand a moment after Viola's problem was solved. She glanced at her father, reclining peacefully in his armchair, his cough already soothed; at Viola's happy face; at the room, many degrees cozier and neater since she had entered it; at a little note from Robert, which lay on the table beside her.

Slowly, with a smile dimpling her lips she drew a sheet of paper toward her and wrote:

"I Failure plus Opportunities."
"What are you writing, dear?" asked Viola.

Agnes crumpled the bit of paper in her hand and threw it into the grate.

"Just an equation I have been studying today," she said with a gay laugh.—Youth's Companion.

Cuban Loan

Havana, Aug. 5.—The senate has discussed and approved in part of a bill to empower the executive to raise a loan of \$4,000,000 at the minimum price of 90 and at the maximum rate of interest of five per cent. payable in thirty years to be used to assist the sugar cane growers of the island who will be paid at the rate of 50 cents per arrobas of sugar cane ground from the last crop. It is to be repaid by the cane growers in February, March and April of 1903 at six per cent. interest.

The bill provides that the executive be authorized to pledge the customs receipts as a guarantee for the principal and interest of this loan and to guarantee increased expenditures on account of the loan. The executive is also to be authorized to pledge the customs receipts upon certain articles, tariffs being raised proportionately.

Six months after date another loan of \$35,000,000 is to be raised on the same conditions as to time, price of issue and interest, as the above mentioned loan. Four million dollars' worth of the bonds of the second loan are to be devoted to taking up the first loan.

The rest of the \$35,000,000 loan is to be used for paying the debts of the revolution referred to in the constitution and to pay the Cuban revolutionary army. This latter obligation amounts to \$23,000,000. It is provided also that congress before the closing of the present session is to vote a certain portion of the income of the island to pay the interest on and provide a sinking fund for the second loan.

It is said that this bill will substantially pass the house. The senate is said to be really opposed to raising a large loan, but to have agreed to this measure.

New Sand Diggings

Seattle, Aug. 9.—If the news current around the hotels as to Yakataga beach in the Valdes country be correct, Alaska is on the verge of another gold excitement.

Several people who arrived here on the steamer Bertha, a couple of days ago, brought out the story.

They report that a man named A. Cothbert and his son rocked out thirty-five ounces of gold from the beach there in two days' time.

The rich spot is said to exist midway between Yakutat and Kayak.

Judge Thompson, a prominent mining man from Cripple Creek, is on his way here now, heading a party of miners who will take passage on the next sailing of the steamer Bertha for Valdes. They are equipped with a plant adapted to this method of mining and are headed for this latest discovery.

Judge Thompson, it is said, was in that locality last year and came out for the express purpose of getting machinery.

Considerable local interest has already been credited over the stories afloat and many predict that another boom similar to Nome is on the way.

Body Is Identified

Chicago, Aug. 8.—The body of the young woman found last night in a vacant lot at Seventy-fourth and State streets has been identified as that of Miss Minnie Mitchell, of 604 Forty-fourth street, and the police are looking for William Bartholin, a young mechanic, who was with her at the time of her disappearance.

The police are firmly of the opinion that the girl was murdered by Bartholin, and that he also murdered his own mother, Mrs. Anna Bartholin, who mysteriously disappeared three weeks before the Mitchell girl went away with the young man.

The body of the girl was beyond identification, but her sister, Lillie Mitchell, tonight positively identified the dress and the hat worn by her sister at the time of her disappearance.

Miss Mitchell was last seen by the members of her family on the night of July 30, when she left her father's home in company with Bartholin, the couple saying that they intended to take a walk. She did not return to the house that night, and nothing was heard of her or of Bartholin until two days later, when the girl's father received a note from Bartholin that he and the girl had eloped, and had started for California to spend their honeymoon.

Great Salt Lake Receding

Salt Lake City, Aug. 9.—Great Salt Lake, which for several years has been slowly but steadily receding, has, according to Director Muddock of the United States weather bureau, now reached the lowest level ever recorded since observations have been taken by the department. Up to August 1, the lowest mark ever recorded was July 11. Since that time the lake has receded an additional four inches. The fall of water since 1894 amounts to nearly six feet, and on the eastern shore this has resulted in a recession of the water line during that time of fully three-quarters of a mile. In speaking of this phenomenon Director Muddock said today: "Utah has been a dry cycle for seventeen or eighteen years. In this period the precipitation has been considerably below the average. Precipitation is nearly due. But it will take several wet years to bring the lake back to its former level."

For suits and trousers see Brewitt's new fall goods.

The Englishman had been listening to several newspaper men who were ridiculing some alleged bits of humor in a John Bull publication, and at length blurted out, angrily:

"You Americans have beastly manners. You are always making fun of my jokes. I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at."—Judge.

"There isn't much money in inventions," said the young man with long hair and a thoughtful manner.

"That's nonsense!" answered Senator Sorghum. "Look at the men who invented trusts and watered stock. The trouble is that you don't invent the right thing."—Washington Star.

Alaska Flyers

...OPERATED BY THE...
Alaska Steamship Co.

DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

— SCHEDULE —

DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, July 22; August 1, 11, 21, 31; Sept. 10, 20, 30.

HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, July 27th; August 6, 16, 26; Sept. 5, 15, 25.

Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon
Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. 606 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent

Japan American Line

Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.

Steamer Every 2 Weeks

For Japan China and All Asiatic Points.

Ticket Office - 612 First Avenue, Seattle



He Followed It

SO DO WE.

If You Want Up-to-date Stationery SEE US.
All the Latest Face Type; all Latest Shades,
Colors and Novelties in Job Stock.

REMEMBER.....

JOBS PROMISED TOMORROW DELIVERED TODAY.

Give US a Trial Order and Keep Up With the Times.

The Nugget Job Printing Department

Telephone No. 12 North Side of King Street, East of Post Office