

in mankind, and hope to find some human beings whom I certainly shall not treat with defiance. An unfortunate girl like myself, who is forced to live among heartless people, has no weapon except her pride, no support except the consciousness that she, too, is God's child, and a sharer of His spirit. I know that the distinctions of human society have no existence in His eyes—they are mere mortal inventions, and the more narrow and pitiful the soul, the more closely does it cling to them."

She turned slowly and vanished through the door leading to the servants' room, while he stood gazing after her. He drew his hat down over his forehead, and went back to the house. No one could guess what thoughts were passing through the drooping head, but the light that had sparkled in his eyes when he returned home had faded—a gloomy shadow brooded over the furrowed brow.

The young lawyer and Heinrich were standing together in the hall. The professor started, as though waking from a sleep, when their voices fell upon his ear.

"So you have patients in the house, professor?" said the lawyer, shaking hands with him. "The fire has had consequences, I hear. The child—"

"Has a severe attack of catarrhic fever," the professor dryly interrupted. He was evidently in no mood for further explanations.

"Oh, Herr Professor, that doesn't matter much!" said Heinrich. "The child is a poor, sickly little thing—but when a girl like Fay, who never has an ache all the year round, hangs her head, anybody might be anxious."

"Well, I certainly haven't seen much hanging of the head," said the professor, in an unusually sharp tone—only could see the corners of his mouth twitching ironically under his thick beard. "Her head is as erect as anybody's, depend upon that, Heinrich!"

He went up the stairs with his friend. At the top little Anna came toward them, barefoot, and in her night-dress. Scarlet spots were glowing on her poor, swollen face, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Mamma is gone, and Rosa's gone, and Anna wants a drink of water!" she cried to the professor. Much alarmed, he took her in his arms and carried her back into the bedroom. No one was there. He angrily called the maid. A distant door opened, and Rosa came running out with flushed face, holding a flat-iron in her hand. In the room she had left, a huge pile of snow-white muslin was visible on the ironing board.

"Where have you been? How can you leave this child alone?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Herr Professor, I can't be in two places at once," replied the girl, almost crying with anger. "My mistress must always have a fresh white muslin dress every morning—there's no end to the washing and ironing—if you only knew the work such gowns make—"

She stopped, for the young lawyer burst into a loud laugh.

"Oho! there's the lady in simple white muslin," he cried, fairly holding his sides; the professor's gloomy, embarrassed face seemed to him extremely comical.

"My mistress thought," Rosa went on, "that Anna only had a feverish cold, and might be left alone for half an hour; her playthings were all on her little bed, in reach—"

"And where is my cousin?" the professor harshly interrupted.

"She has gone with Frau Hellwig to a meeting of the Missionary Society."

"Indeed!" He cut short any further explanation—he looked very angry. "Now go back and finish that trash!" he continued, pointing to the door from which she had come, then he called Frederica, but the old cook had

both hands in fresh dough, and sent Felicitas.

The young girl came up the stairs. The faint flush caused by her recent emotion still lingered on her cheek, but her eyes rested calmly upon the professor's wrathful face. She stood still in an attitude of quiet dignity, awaiting his commands. It evidently cost him a violent struggle to address her.

"Little Anna has no one to take care of her—will you stay until her mother returns?" he said, at last, and a watchful ear could not have failed to notice the effort it required to force his voice into a gentle tone.

"Very willingly," she answered, without the least embarrassment. "There is one obstacle. The lady does not like to have her little daughter with me. If you will assume the responsibility, I am ready."

"Of course I will." Felicitas instantly went into the sleeping-room and shut the door. The young lawyer looked after her with sparkling eyes.

"Heinrich, in his queer way calls her 'Fay,'" he said to the professor, as the two gentlemen went up to the second storey, "and oddly as the name sounds from his blunt lips, it suits her wonderfully. I must honestly confess that I don't understand how you and your mother had the courage to place this remarkable girl on the same par as your old cook and yonder pert lady's-maid."

"Oh, you think we ought to have dressed her in silk and velvet," cried the professor, more excited than his friend had ever seen him. "As the house of Hellwig was denied a daughter, the vacant place could not, in your opinion, have been better filled than by this Fay, or rather 'sphinx,' as I call her. You have always been an enthusiast. You are, however, entirely at liberty"—his voice trembled with emotion—"to make the juggler's daughter your wife. I will bestow my blessing on the nuptials, as her guardian." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Business Rules for Boys.

**BE NEAT.**—Keep your hands, face, and clothes clean, and your hair and fingernails short. Have your handkerchief handy.

**BE AGREEABLE.**—Be quiet; be just as near things as you can; keep out of everybody's way.

**BE USEFUL.**—Get into the way of thinking you are working for yourself. You are. If you do it well you are going to get on. It is your work. I don't slight it.

**WAITING.**—You have to wait a good deal between jobs; and that is the hardest work you have to do. This is the way to make it easier: Find a comfortable waiting-place where you are handy, in sight and hearing, and rest while you wait. Don't talk, or play, or whistle, or sing, or swing your feet, or scrape them on the floor, or make any sort of noise. But you can't keep still. Don't try to. Avoid getting tired by changing. Sit, stand, walk about, get something to do if you can, instead of walking. That is easier. Besides, if you do it well, you will get promoted. They who do things well are the ones to wait.

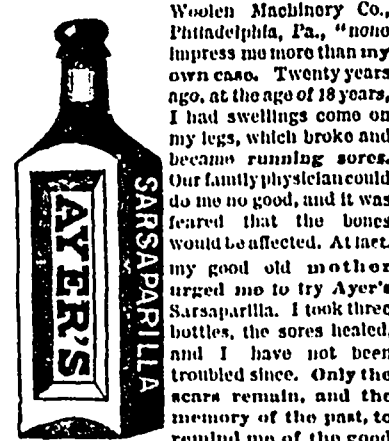
**BE READY.**—When waiting be ready to catch the first sign of your being wanted; have your wits about you; be quick to understand what is wanted, move on the instant, and act with spirit till the job is done.

**ON THE STAIRS.**—Don't stop, keep to the right. Don't slide on the rail; don't lean on it. You may put your hand on it going down for safety—nothing more. Never go down two steps at a time. Step lightly.

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