

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

By E. P. Roe.

(Continued.)

"Why is there not a chance for a poor, well-meaning girl to earn an honest living in this great city?"

"Thousands are earning such a living, but there is not one chance in a hundred for you."

"Why?" asked, Rose hotly.

"Do you see all these houses? They are all full of people," continued Mrs. Ranger, "and some of them contain many families. In the families there are many thousands of girls who have a home, a shelter, and protectors here in the city. They have society in relatives and neighbors. They have no board to pay, and fathers, and mothers, brothers and sisters helping support them. They put all their earnings into a common fund, and it supports this family. Such girls can afford, and will work for two, three, four, and five dollars a week. All that they can earn makes the burden so much less on the father, who otherwise would have to support them in idleness. Now, a homeless stranger in the city must pay board, and therefore they can't compete with those who live here. Wages are kept too low. Not one in a hundred, situated as you are, can earn enough to pay board and dress as they are required to in a fashionable store. Have you been able?"

"No," groaned Rose. "I am in debt to my landlady now, and I had some money to start with."

"There it is," said Mrs. Ranger, sadly, "the same old story."

"But these stores ought to pay more," said Rose, indignantly.

"They will only pay for labor, as for everything else, the market price, and that averages but six dollars a week, and more are working for from three to five than for six. As I told you, there are thousands of girls living in the city glad to get a chance at any price."

Rose gave a weary, discouraged sigh and said, "I fear you are right, I must go home. Indeed, after what has happened I hardly dare stay."

"Go," said Zell, "as if you were leaving Sodom, and don't look back." Then she asked with a wistful, hungry look, "Have you seen any of—?" She stopped, she could not speak the names of her kindred.

"Yes," said Rose gently. "Yesterday she would have stood coldly aloof from Zell. To-day she was very grateful and full of sympathy." "I know they are well. They were all sick after—after you went away. But they got well again, and (lowering her voice) Edith prays for you night and day."

"Oh, oh," sobbed Zell, "this is torment, this is to see the heaven I cannot enter, and she dashed away."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Ranger, "there's an angel in her yet if I only knew how to bring it out. I may see her to-morrow, and I may not for weeks. Take the money she left with you, and here is some more. It may help her to think that she helped you. And now, my dear, let me see you safely on your way home."

"That night the stage left Rose at the poor, dilapidated little farm-house, and in her mother's close embrace she felt the blessedness of the home shelter, however poor, and the protecting love of kindred, however plain."

"Arden is away," said the quiet woman of few words. "He is only home twice a month. He has a job of cutting and carting wood a good way from here. We are so poor this winter he had to take this chance. Your father is doing better. I hope for him, though with fear and trembling."

"Then Rose told her mother her experience and how she had been saved by Zell, and the poor woman clasped her daughter to her breast again and again, and with streaming eyes raised toward heaven, poured out her gratitude to God."

"Rose," said she, with a shudder, "if I had not prayed so for you night and day, perhaps you would not have found such friends in your time of need. Oh, let us both pray for that poor lost one, that she may be saved also."

From this day forth Rose began to pray the true prayer of pity, and then the true prayer of a personal faith. The rude, evil world had shown her her own and others' need, in a way that made her feel that she wanted the Heavenly Father's care.

In other respects she took up her life for a time where she had left it a few months before.

Edith was deeply moved at Rose's story, and Zell's wild, wayward steps were followed by prayers, as by a throng of reclaiming angels.

"I would go and bring her home in a moment, if I only knew where to find her," said Edith.

"Mrs. Ranger said she would write as soon as there was any chance of your doing so," said Rose.

About the middle of January a letter came to Edith, as follows:—

"Miss Edith Allen—Your sister, Zell, is in Bellevue Hospital. Come quickly; she is very ill."

Edith took the earliest train, and was soon following an attendant, with eager steps, down the long ward. They came to a dark-eyed girl who was evidently dying, and she closed her eyes with a chill of fear. A second glance showed that this was not Zell, and a little further on she saw the face of her sister, but so changed. Oh, the havoc that sin and wretchedness had made in that beautiful creature during a few short months. She was in a state of unconscious muttering delirium, and Edith showered kisses on the poor, parched lips, and her tears fell like rain on the thin flushed face. Zell suddenly cried, with the girlish voice of old.

"Hurray, hurrah! looks to the shades; no more teachers and tyrants for me."

(To be Continued.)

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Fredericton, Nov. 5, 1884.

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Crockery and Glassware for

96 Cash, Cases and Barrels of Dinner, Tea, and

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New Goods in every Department

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I HAVE JUST OPENED a fine assortment of

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I am showing a fine assortment of imported

Baskets. Now is your time to secure one. They

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J. G. McNALLY.

Fredericton, Nov. 24, 1884.

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5 CASES GENERAL HARDWARE, including

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(To be Continued.)

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