

THE LOVE STORY OF NUMBER SIX.

'Tis a Tale of Devotion Well Rewarded.

IN the Baptist orphan asylum of a small town in Vermont Lizzie Macready was known as No. 6. The name was particularly fitting for more reasons than one. Lizzie was the youngest child in a family of six. She was the sixth orphan who had been admitted to the institution in the sixth year of its establishment. Her father was a locomotive engineer on the Vermont Central railway. Lizzie, the youngest child, was six years old when he was killed in a collision, and brought home a corpse to his little one. His eldest daughter had been keeping house since the death of her mother, and soon after the father's demise she married a section boss. The children were scattered among friends and relatives. The boys had found good homes and were all at work earning money. Lizzie was taken into the orphanage, of which her aunt, a kindly, middle-aged woman, was matron.

Nobody objected to this arrangement, for Miss Sanders stood very high in the esteem of the townspeople, who thought it but right that the youngest child of the dead engineer should be cared for at the expense of the county, since all the others had not become burdens on their charity.

Number Six grew up a likely girl amidst the orphans of the place, and now, at the age of 16, she was quite a help to her aunt, who still continued in charge of the county's waifs. All who had been there when she was a toddler were gone. The girls had sought service with the townspeople, the boys were at work in the fields. Lizzie was taking upon her young shoulders the cares which burdened the white-haired woman who had been a mother to her.

At this time there was not an empty bed or cradle in the institution. An open winter, something unusual in the rigorous climate of the Vermont hills, had depopulated the frescoes and filled the graveyards. For years there had not been infants in the homes until this winter. Now there were two, a boy and a girl. The former was the son of the schoolmaster. The girl was a poor washerwoman's child. But, the male infant, was robust enough and thriving as successfully among the strangers as he had in his mother's arms, but Bee, the charwoman's infant daughter, needed a deal of attention. This little mite of humanity had been christened Beatrice, to the great astonishment of everybody. A washerwoman calling her child Beatrice was an unheard of thing among the plain people of the Vermont hills. Maggie, Mary or Annie, wagged the gossips, would have been more suitable.

Mrs. Rossiter, the mother of little Beatrice, came to the Green mountain town when her child was not quite a year old. She wore widow's weeds and informed those who asked her antecedents that her husband had died a short time ago, leaving her in poverty. He had been a good man, she explained, but a year's sickness had eaten up their little savings.

This was in the summer of the year, and a few days before Christmas the mother was called away from little Bee, before she could indicate what she wanted done with her child. After the burial of Mrs. Rossiter the baby was taken to the orphanage and placed in charge of Miss Sanders. From the first Lizzie Macready—Number Six—took a violent fancy to the little one. Bee got all the coddling and fondling. She was such a wee thing; so delicate and frail. Big blue eyes gazed wistfully out of a thin, pale face, and there was a sad droop to the baby's mouth, as if the child realized its forlorn condition.

For a time after Mrs. Rossiter's coming to Water Hollow, the gossips indulged in talk about the legitimacy of little Bee. All doubts were set aside, however, when the public administrator found in an old tin box among Mrs. Rossiter's effects two marriage certificates. One, the latest, pronounced her the wife of James Rossiter, whom she had wed six years before the baby was born. The other was ten years older. It had been issued by a minister in a small town of New York, and by it the woman had become the wife of a man named Correll.

This was news, indeed, to the denizens of Water Hollow, and they at once speculated what had become of her first husband. By the time they had found something else to talk about Baby Bee was forgotten, so far as they were concerned.

Slowly the little girl grew, tenderly cared for by Number Six, who had become deeply attached to her, and could not endure to have her out of her sight. Several opportunities presented themselves for Bee's adoption, but Lizzie Macready objected. She could not bear to think of a separation from the little waif whose life, like hers, seemed cast in lonely paths. But there came a time when even Lizzie could no longer expect to retain control of Bee Rossiter. A childless couple had come to summer at a neighboring resort in the Green mountains, and while on their journey visited the orphanage. They had long ago decided to adopt a child, and a glance at little Bee satisfied them that she was just what they wanted. The bargain was made and it was agreed that Bee should be sent to them a few days before their summer sojourn, came to an end.

From that time on Number Six was a changed being. She pined and fretted, as the day drew near that would separate her from the little girl, and Aunt Sanders was more than once compelled to call in the house physician to prescribe for her nerves.

The girl who had tasted all the bitterness of an orphaned life, clinging to the motherless child with all the vehemency of a first love. Night and day she prayed that something might interfere to let her keep the little girl a little longer.

And the unexpected happened. A stranger alighted one day from the single-horse fly which plied between the railway station and the best hotel in town. He was a handsome, prosperous looking man. His clothes and the alligator bag indicated that. He asked for the best room in the house and paid for it in advance. The morning after his arrival he set out for the parsonage, and through the volubility of the minister's housekeeper, it soon leaked out that he had come to inquire about Mrs. Rossiter. The parson took him first to the little graveyard and showed him the mound beneath which the old charwoman lay buried. Then he accompanied him to the orphanage to see little Bee.

Lizzie Macready was busy at a window when the stranger and the parson walked up the gravel path. The bronzed face of the former was aglow with excitement. Lizzie had never seen a more pleasing face, she thought. It was a good, honest face, too, and when a moment later she was requested to bring little Bee to the reception-room her heart throbbed wildly. Perhaps her prayer had been heard.

The woman and the child entered the room, and the stranger came forward to greet them. He caught the little girl in his arms and kissed her. Bee, who had never before been caressed by a man, wound her arms around his neck and laid her head on his shoulder. A good omen, thought Lizzie, and confidently shook the stranger's hand. The minister introduced the stranger as Mr. Correll, little Bee's half brother. His father, a wild, reckless fellow, had left his wife. He had taken their child, a boy, with him. The boy was the man who now stood before them. They had drifted to the mining camps of Colorado and there Correll had amassed riches. A few months ago he died leaving everything to his son and imploring him to find his mother. This the son did. He had learned of his mother's divorce and marriage to Rossiter, and of the birth of a baby girl. Their trail led to the little mountain town in Vermont, and here he found one in her grave, and the other a public charge in an orphanage. Now he would take her away with him and spend his riches upon her. In a day or two he would be ready to depart.

Lizzie Macready grew pale as death when he announced his intention. The child, still nestling in his arms, held out her hand to her foster-mother. "Dear Number Six," she cried, "I can never leave you!"

Sweet blushes crept into the girl's cheek at this avowal of affection on the part of the child. The stranger stopped and kissed her hand.

"How can I ever thank you for what you have done for her!"

For days Mr. Correll, the rich young miner, lingered in the little mountain town. Again the gossips got together, wondering what kept him in a place so devoid of attraction to people with money. There was nothing in the way of little Bee's departure. Surely that foolish young woman, Lizzie Macready, would not again interpose silly objections.

Every day the stranger went to the orphanage to spend hours with his little sister and her beloved Number Six, for he insisted that Lizzie Macready should accompany her charge on all their strolls through the garden.

At last he informed the landlord of the little hostelry that he would depart the next day. He ordered a four-seat carriage instead of a single fly to take him to the station.

"I am not going alone this time," he said, with a happy smile.

"Going to take the little girl with you, I see," answered the landlord, saying to himself that there would be one less for the county to feed.

"Yes, and a wife!" continued Correll. "A wife?" gasped the inn-keeper. "Where did you get her?"

"Over at the orphanage. I am going to be married in the morning to Lizzie Macready—Number Six—you know!"

—St. Louis Republic.

Getting On in the World.

There are many different ways of getting on in the world. It does not always mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man whom people look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one is getting on in the world; to be tidy, instead of disorderly is getting on in the world; to be careful and saving instead of thoughtless and wasteful is getting on in the world; and to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on in the world; to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on in the world; in short, when we see anyone properly attentive to his duties, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world.—Detroit Free Press.

White Horses the More Delicate.

White horses are said to be more delicate than black or brown ones.

Spanish School-Teachers.

Among the school-teachers of Spain 24,600 are men and 14,000 women.

Helping Him Out.

During the great strike a few years ago among the employes on the North British railway, much difficulty was experienced in finding qualified engine-drivers. Upon one occasion a young fellow was put upon a section in Fife. One day he ran some distance past a station, and upon putting back he went as far the other way. The stationmaster, seeing him preparing for another attempt, to the great amusement of the passengers on the platform, shouted: "Just bide whaur ye are, Tummas. We'll shift the station!"

VIA PNEUMATIC TUBE.

The Way Dinners May Be Served in the Near Future if We So Desire It.

An inventor has worked out a scheme by which a restaurant company, or a municipal kitchen like that at Grenoble, France, could supply any number of patrons with hot dinners via pneumatic tube, and do away at the same time with dish washing in the home, says the Philadelphia Times.

The idea is to lay a pneumatic sub-way from the manufacturing kitchen or restaurant, with branches to the dining-rooms of patrons. At the proper points valves worked by electricity from the restaurant shut off the tube ahead and divert the vessels traveling in the tube to the house for which they were intended.

The various edibles, including soups, dessert, etc., are to be enclosed in airtight metal balls, enameled in different and pleasing colors. These balls will have tops that unscrew, and each patron will be provided with a proper tool to unscrew his dinner. He will then set the lids to one side, place the pretty circular dishes made of the lower halves in wire or other stands on his dining-room table, and proceed to dine.

After each meal he will screw the covers on again, drop the balls, with all refuse, back into a return pneumatic tube, and light his cigar in peace, with no worry about dish washing, and nothing else to do but pay the bills.

CATNIP FOR THE CATS.

It Was the Means of Making a Young Man of Boston Popular with the Felines.

Speaking of cats, a young man living in East Lexington has become the benefactor of several downtown Toms, who, having passed their lives in office buildings, never tasted the intoxicating catnip. He is a great friend of cats in general, and when he began work in the city the first thing he noted was the useful animals that prowled around the corridors, patrolling for rats, relates the Boston Herald. So this young man from East Lexington took pity on their condition by filling his pockets with fresh catnip and freely distributed it among the crowd on arriving at his place of business. The effect was instantaneous. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was nowhere. Such an experience these creatures may have dreamed, but had never realized, and some nearly had fits, the herb was so intoxicating, while others vainly tried to express their gratitude for the kind attention. Therefore, don't forget the downtown business cat. Recollect he needs his salad as much as the human being. See that he has some grass to eat now and then, and a little catnip to cheer him up when times are hard.

ONE EXAMPLE AT LAST.

Young Citizen Who Had No Money, But Nevertheless Became Prominent in Society.

There was a young man from New York visiting in Cleveland some time ago, says the Plain Dealer. He was a great talker on the theme of social democracy and had all the writers on the subject and a good deal of what they said at his tongue's end.

"Bah," he said, "the worst forms of sham aristocracy are found in the west. Out here you give social recognition only to the money bags a man carries. We are bad enough in New York, but we don't look down upon humble beginnings as you do here. I'm told that the only thing to make your society people pardon a man's humble parentage is a bushel of bonds or other wealth."

"Somebody has told you wrong," laughed his Cleveland entertainer. "Can you point me out a single instance that will prove me wrong?" queried the positive New Yorker.

They were at the opera house and the Cleveland man looked over the audience.

"Yes," he answered. "Notice the young man in the fourth row, end seat, left section. Do you see him?"

"Yes, I see him."

"Well, that young man is one of our prominent citizens, both in business and society. He isn't rich, and his father when a boy drove horses on the canal towpath."

The New Yorker looked aghast. "What's his name?"

"Garfield."

Then the subject changed and the curtain went up.

MOTHER DEAD—MADE HUMOR.

Heartrending News for Mimic Rudinoff, But He Had to Amuse the Audience.

M. Rudinoff, French mimic, and Gerald Griffin, a comedian, were chatting together in the dressing room of the former at Keith's Union Square, says the Dramatic Mirror. Rudinoff was in particularly good spirits, as he had just been handed a batch of mail from Europe. "See! See!" he exclaimed, slapping Griffin on the back, "lettaires! Lettaires from my home! How glad it makes me to get them!"

The man who whispers down a well
About the goods he has to sell.
Won't reap the gleaming, golden dollars
Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.

It is not our intention to, nor do think it best to

Holler

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