

APRIL 19, 1896—FIFTY-TWO PAGES.

THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR

BY MARY E. WILKINS



PART I. LETITIA lived in the same house where her grandmother and her great-grandmother had lived and died. Her own parents died when she was very young.

in fitting the key into the lock of the little green door; but at last she succeeded, and it turned quite easily. Then, for a second, she hesitated; she was almost afraid to open the door; she put her hand on the latch and drew it.

"She must speak for herself," replied her husband smiling. "I thought at first she was Neighbor Adam's Phoebe, but I see she is not."

She was awakened a little later by her great-grandmother and her two great-great-aunts coming to bed. They were to sleep with her. There were only two beds in Capt. John Hopkins' house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

That was fortunate, because there was no little girl of Letitia's age nearer than a mile. The one maid-servant whom Aunt Peggy kept was a girl who had chronic rheumatism in the right foot and the left shoulder blade, which affected her temper.

Letitia's Great-aunt Peggy used to play brass hoops with her, and dominoes and checkers, and even dolls. Sometimes it was hard for Letitia to realize that she was not another little girl.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"What's that?" she whispered fearfully. "It's nothing but a catamount. Go to sleep again," said her great-grandmother, sleepily.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

Letitia was not satisfied with her dolls and little treasures. She wanted new ones. She wanted the clothes like one little girl, and plenty of candy and books.

Letitia lived in a very old house, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, also bushes half hiding the great windows.

Letitia looked up, trembling. "And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl. Letitia gave a great jump.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

Letitia studied the little green door more than she looked at the books, but she never got any nearer the solution of the mystery until one Sunday morning in January.

Letitia lived in a very old house, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, also bushes half hiding the great windows.

Letitia looked up, trembling. "And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl. Letitia gave a great jump.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

Letitia studied the little green door more than she looked at the books, but she never got any nearer the solution of the mystery until one Sunday morning in January.

Letitia lived in a very old house, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, also bushes half hiding the great windows.

Letitia looked up, trembling. "And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl. Letitia gave a great jump.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

Letitia studied the little green door more than she looked at the books, but she never got any nearer the solution of the mystery until one Sunday morning in January.

Letitia lived in a very old house, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, also bushes half hiding the great windows.

Letitia looked up, trembling. "And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl. Letitia gave a great jump.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

Letitia studied the little green door more than she looked at the books, but she never got any nearer the solution of the mystery until one Sunday morning in January.

Letitia lived in a very old house, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, also bushes half hiding the great windows.

Letitia looked up, trembling. "And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl. Letitia gave a great jump.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."



"EAT THE PORRIDGE," COMMANDED CAPT. JOHN HOPKINS.

Nothing was to be seen but the forest and a bridge-path leading through it. Letitia waited for an answer, but she never got any nearer the solution of the mystery until one Sunday morning in January.

Letitia lived in a very old house, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, also bushes half hiding the great windows.

Letitia looked up, trembling. "And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl. Letitia gave a great jump.

Letitia could not sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house.

"I don't know how to knit," stammered Letitia. Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer, old-fashioned and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else.

mounts there," ventured Letitia. "There might be something a great deal worse, returning her great-grandmother, severely."

SHORT STORIES

By Popular Authors. COMPLETE... IN ONE INSTALLMENT. WILL BE PRINTED DAILY THROUGH THIS WEEK.

bedience brought its own punishment, and I hope now you will be more content. "O Aunt Peggy," sobbed Letitia, "everything I've got is so beautiful, and I love to study and work, and I want to be a teacher."

Teed's New Jerusalem. THE spot selected by Cyrus R. Teed, founder, prophet, priest, and King of the Koreshan Unity, as the site of the New Jerusalem, the heaven to be established in the millennium, is no longer a matter of conjecture.

It is scarcely five years since the New Jerusalem was first established, but already the inhabitants are self-supporting, or at least very nearly so. The table is supplied from their farms, and they raise enough over and above their daily needs to supply whatever is wanting through the Florida markets.