APRIL 19, 1896-FIFTY-TWO PAGES.



PART I.

ETITIA lived in the same house where grandmother and her great-grandmother had lived and died. Her own parents died when she was very young. And she had come to live with her great-aunt, Peggy. Great-aunt Peggy was her grandfather's sister, and was a very old wom-

an. However, she was very active and bright, and good company for Letitia. 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 older than she and had chronic rheumatism in the right foot and the left shoulder blade, which af-

fected her temper. Letitia's Great-aunt Peggy used to play grace 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. Her Aunt Peggy was wery kind to her and fond of her, and took care of her as well as her own mother could have done. Letitia had all the care and comforts and pleasant society that she really needed, but she was not a very contented little girl. She was naturally rather idle. and her Aunt Peggy, who was a wise old woman and believed thoroughly in the proverb about satan and idle hands, would keep her always busy at something.

If she was not playing, she had to sew or study or dust, or read a stent in a storybook. Letitia had very nice story-books, but she was not particularly fond of reading. She liked best of anything to sit quite idle, and plan what she would do some other time, and think what she would like to have if she could have her wish-and that her Aunt Peggy would not allow.

Letitia was not satisfied with her dolls and little treasures. She wanted new ones. She wanted fine clothes like one little girl, and plenty of candy like another. When Letitia went to school in pleasant weather, she always came home more dissatisfied. She wanted her room newly furnished, and thought the furniture in the whole house very shabby. She disliked to rise so early in the morning. She did not like to take a walk every day, and besides everything else to make her discontented there was the little green door, which she must never open and pass through.
This house where Letitia lived was, of

course, a very old one. It had a top roof taggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, like bushes half hiding the great windows, and a well-sweep in the yard. It was quite a large house, and there were sheds and a great barn attached to it, but they were all on the south side. At the back of the house the fields stretched away for acres, and there were no outbuildings. The little green door was at the very back of the house, toward the fields, in a room opening out of the hitchen. It was called the cheese-room, because Letitia's grandmother, who made cheeses, used to keep them there. She fiancied she could smell cheese, though none had been kept there for years, and it was used now only for a lumber-room. She always spiffed hard for cheese, and then she ways sniffed bard for cheese, and then she eyed the little green door with wonder and longing. It was a small green door, scarcely higher than her head. A grown person could not have passed through without stooping almost double. It was very narrow, too, and no one who was not slender could have squeezed through it. In this door there was a little black keyhole, with no key in it, but it was always locked. Letitla knew that her Aunt Peggy kept the key in some very safe place, but she would never show it to her, nor unlock the door.

"It is not best for you, my dear," she always replied, when Letitia teased her; and when Letitia begged only to know why she could not go out of the door, she made the same reply: "It is not best for you, my dear."

Sometimes, when Aunt Peggy was not by, Letitia would tease the old maid servant about the little green door, but she always seemed both cross and stupid, and gave her no satisfaction. She even seemed to think there was no little green door there; but that was nonsense, because Letitia knew there was the satisfaction of the s there was. Her curlosity grew greater and greater; she took every chance she could get to steal into the cheese-room and shake the door softly, but it was always locked. She even tried to look through the keyhole, but she could see nothing. One thing puzzled her more than anything, and that was that the little grann door was on the inside of the little green door was on the inside of the house only, and not on the outside. When Letitia went out into the field behind the house there was nothing but the blank wall to be seen. There was no sign of a door in it. But the cheese-room was certainly the last room in the house, and the little green door was in the rear wall. It was very strange. When Letitia asked her Great-aunt Peggy to explain that, she only got the

"It is not best for you to know, my dear." Letitia studied the little green door more than she studied her lesson-books, but she hever got any nearer the solution of the mystery until one Sunday morning in January. It was a very cold day, and she had begged hard to stay home from church. Her Aunt Peggy and her maid servant, old as they were, were going, but Letitia shivered and coughed a little and pleaded, and finally had her own and coughed a little had her own way.

"But you must sit down quietly," charged Aunt Peggy, "and you must learn your texts, to repeat to me when I get home." After Aunt Peggy and the old servant, in their great closks and bonnets and fur tiphad gone out of the yard and down the Letitia sat quiet for fifteen minutes or so, hunting in the Bible for four easy texts; then suddenly she thought of the little green door, and wondered, as she had done s many times before, if it could possibly be opened. She laid down her Bible and stole out through the kitchen to the cheese-room and tried the door. It was locked just as usual. "O. dear!" sighed Letitis, and was ready to cry. It seemed to her that this little green door was the very worst of all her trials: that she would rather open that and see what was beyond than have all the sice things she wanted and had to do with-

Buddenly she thought of a little satinwood box with a picture on the lid which Aunt Peggy kept in her top bureau drawer. Lettila had often seen this box, but had never been allowed to open it. "I wonder if the key can be in that box?"

She did not wait a minute. She was so naughty that she dared not wait, for fear she should remember that she ought to be sood. She ran out of the cheese-room, through the kitchen and sitting-room, to her sunt's bedroom, and opened the bureau drawer, and then the satinwood box. It contained some bits of old lace, an old brooch, a yellow letter, some other things which she did not examine, and, sure enough, a little black key on a green ribbon. Letitla had not a doubt that it was the key of the little green door. She trembled all over, she panted for breath, she was so frightened, but she did not hesitate. She took the key and ran back to the cheese-room. She did not stop to shut the satinwood box or the bureau drawer. She was so cold and her hands shook so that she had some difficulty

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 back. It seemed to her, too, that she heard strange, alarming sounds on the other side. Finally, with a great effort of her will, she unlatched the little green door and flung it open and ran out.

Then she gave a scream of surprise and terror, and stood still, staring. She did not dare stir or breathe. She was not in the open fields which had always been behind the house. She was in the midst of a gloomy forest of trees so tall that she could just see the wintry sky through their tops. She was hemmed in, too, by a wide, heaping under-growth of bushes and brambles, all stiff with snow. There was something dreadful and ghastly about the forest, which had the breathless odor of a cellar. And suddenly Letitia heard again those strange sounds she had heard before coming out, and she knew that they were the savage whoops of In-dians, just as she had read about them in her history-book, and she also saw dark forms skulking about behind the trees, as she had

Then Letitia, wild with fright, turned to run back into the house through the little green door, but there was no little green door, and, more than that, there was no

"She must speak for herself," replied | "I thought at first she was Neighbor Adam's Phœbe, but I see she is not. "What is your name, child?" asked the woman, while the three little girls looked wonderingly at the newcomer. "Letitia Hopkins," replied Letitia, in a

small, scared voice. The others started. "Letitia Hopkins, did you say?" said the woman, doubtfully. They all stared at her, then at one an-

other.
"It is very strange," said the woman, finally, with a puzzled, half-alarmed look, "Letitia Hopkins is my name." "And it is mine, too," said the eldest

Letitla gave a great jump. There was something very strange about this. Letitla Hopkins was her family name. Her grandmother, her father's mother, had been Letitla Hopkins, and she had always heard that the name could be traced back in the same order for generations, as the Hopkinses had intermarried. She looked up, trembling, at the man who saved her from the

"Will you please tell me your name, sir?" she said. "John Hopkins," said the man, smiling | again in her ears.

She was awakened a little later by her great-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. Letitia had never slept four in a bed be-fore. There was not much room. She had to turn herself about crosswise, and then her toes stuck out into the icy air, unless she kept them well covered up. But soon she fell asleep again.

About midnight she was awakened by wild cries in the woods outside, and lay a minute dumb with fright before she remembered where she was. Then she nudged her great-great-grandmother Letitia, who lay next her.

"What's that?" she whispered fearfully.

"O, it's nothing but a catamount, Go to sleep again," said her great-great-grandmother, sleepily. Her great-great-aunt Phyllis, the youngest of them all, laughed on the other side. "She's afraid of a catamount," said she.

Letitia could not go to 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. When she did fall asleep it was not for long. for the fierce yells she had heard when she had first opened the green door sounded up," said Goodwife Hopkins. "Well, take this stocking and mend the toe. There will be just about time enough for that before "I don't know how to knit," stammered

Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her for another task for this ignorant guest.
"Explain the doctrine of predestination,"

Letitia.

she said suddenly.

Letitia jumped and stared at her with scared eyes. "Don't you know what predestination is?" demanded Goodwife Hopkins.
"No, ma'am!" half sobbed Lefitia.

Her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-aunts made shocked exclama-And her great-great-great-grandmother looked at her with horror. "You have been

brought up as one of the heathen," said she. Then she produced a small book, and Letifia was bidden to seat herself upon a stool and learn the doctrine of predestination before

The kitchen was lighted only by one tallow candle and the firelight, for it was utili far from dawn. Letitla drew her little stool close to the hearth and bent anxiously over from dawn. Letitia drew her little stool close to the hearth and bent anxiously over the fire-lit page. She committed to memory easily, and repeated the text like a fright-

ing. "It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. Bo Letitia went always in the queer little coarse and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else; and for out-side wraps she had, of all things, a home-spun blanket pinned over her head. Her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-aunts were all fitted out in similar feeblook. Geodwick Workland her greatashion. Goodwife Hopkins, however, had a great wadded hood and a fine red cloak.

There was never any fire in the meetinghouse, and the services lasted all day—with a short recess at noon—during which they went into a neighboring house, sat around the fire, warmed their half-frozen feet, and ate cold corn cakes and pancakes for luncheon. There were no pews in the meeting-house, nothing but hard benches without backs. If Letitia fidgeted, or fell asleep, the tithing man rapped her.

Letitia would never have been allowed to stay away from meeting had she begged to do so, but she never did. She was afraid to stay alone in the house because of Indians. Quite often there was a rumor of hostile Indians in the neighborhood, and twice there were attacks. Letitia learned to load the guns and hand the powder and bullets.

mounts there," ventured Letitis. "There might be something a great deal worse," returned her great-great-grand-

After that there was silence between the two, and possibly a little coldness.

Letitia sat gazing foriornly into the fire, thinking that it would be much more comfortable to be alive in the future than in the past, and her great-great-grandmother sat

past, and her great-great-grandmother sat stiffly on her opposite stool, knitting with virtuous industry until she began to nod.

Buddenly Letitia looked up, and she was fast asleep. Then, in a flash, she thought of the key and the lettle green door. It might be her only chance, for nobody knew how long. She pulled off her shoes, tiptoed in her thick yarn stocking feet up to the loft, got her own clothes out of the chest and put them on instead of her homespun garb. them on instead of her homespun garb. The little great-aunts did not stir. Then she tiptoed down, got the key out of the secret drawer, gave a loving farewell look at her great-great-grandmother, and was out of the house.

It was broad moonlight outside. She ran around to the north wall of the house, pressed in under the low branches of the spruce tree, and there was the little green door. Lettila gave a sob of joy and thankfulness. She fitted the key in the lock, turned it, opened the door, and there she was, back in the cheese-room.

She shut the door hard, locked it, and carried the key back to its place in the satin-wood box. Then she looked out of the win-down, and there were her great-aunt Peggy and the old maid-servant just coming home Letitia that afternoon confessed what she

had done to her aunt, who listened gravely.
"You were disobedient," said she, when she had finished. "But I think your disc-

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 Letitis, "everything I've got is so beautiful, and I love to study and crochet and go to church."

"Weil, it was a hard lesson to learn, and I hoped to spare you from it, but perhaps it was for the best, said her great-sunt Peggy.

"I was there a whole winter," said Letitia, "but when I got back you were just coming home from church."

"It doesn't take as long to visit the past as it did to live it," replied her aunt.

Then she sent Letitis into her room for the satinwood box, and, when she brought it.

Then she sent Letitia into her room for the satinwood box, and, when she brought it, took 'out of it a little parcel, neatly folded in white paper, tied with a green ribbon.

"Open it," said she.

Letitia united the green ribbon and unfolded the paper, and there was the little silver snuff-box which had been the treasure of her great-great-grandmother, Letitia Hopkins. She raised the lid, and there was also the little glass bottle.

୭୯୬-ସମ୍ପର୍ଶନ-ସମ୍ପର୍ଶନ-ସମ୍ପର୍ଶନ-ସମ୍ପର୍ଶନ Teed's New Jerusalem.

HE 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 not in the Holy Land, as was for some time promised and believed, but in Florida, on a small island called Estero, in Lee County. Here the out-of-theway creed, which up to two or three years ago had its central house at Chicago, has its abiding place, and, as "the master," Teed reigns with unlimited power and absolute security.

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. They own the land, which is inalienable and cannot be sold under any circumstances. They have their own sawmills and engage in ship-building and other

industries,

The Koreshan Unity is so well known in Chicago that it is unnecessary to go into its beliefs. It is a communistic organization, based almost exactly on the ideas ex-pressed by Edward Bellamy. It advocates the equal distribution of wealth and labor, with government ownership of every industry and enterprise, and it expects to bring the whole world into a commonwealth of this form. With this end in view there are numerous rules put forward for the conduct of all believers, and at the New Jerusalem all these rules are strictly carried out. The living is in common; sleeping, working, or resting they are one large and, it is said, harmonious family. Even the children have their own apartments, and are cared for by "sisters" appointed for the purpose. Women have equal rights with men, so that Koreshanity is, in one thing at least, more than ahead of the times, even in Kansas. The only distinction made is in the separation of the sexes, necessary to make them "sons of God." But Cyrus (Teed) has his seat at the women's dining table, by the side of Victoria Gratia, the secular head of numerous rules put forward for the conduct side of Victoria Gratia, the secular head of

the Koreshan Unity.

It is said that Teed courts investigation to visit the New Jerusalem. The railway at Jacksonville and other points conveys the traveler to Punta Gorda, where he takes e steamer to St. James, and is met by a slove belonging to the Unity. One may even, & chance be favorable, sail in a charmed ves-sel sent from heaven. For "Cyrus" (Dr. Teed) has taught his followers that the Father (God) will grant all his wishes, and sometimes proves it substantially. Having need of a vessel he asked the Father for it and it came. An awestruck procession met it at the wharf and prostrated themselves, crying: "O, Master, Master." Then said "Cyrus": "I can command this vessel to go to pieces and every soul on board will go to the bottom. I can then by the words of

my mouth bring all the particles together again and it will be as new." But the men on board fell on their knees and besought him not to put their faith to so severe a test, and he mercifully complied.

After reaching the New Jerusalem the visitor lives exactly as the members do, so that the system and the daily life are open to his gaze and understanding. So subtle is the fascination of the doctrine, the communistic life, and of its great central, figure, Dr. Teed, that many guests take away with

them an enthusiasm that frequently seeds them back again as members.

The Unity has in contemplation a line of flatboats and steamers to be placed on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and larger ships on the gulf, for the accommodation of Koreshans who wish to establish themselves



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

house. Nothing was to be seen but the for-est and a bridle-path leading through it. Letitia gasped. She could not believe her eyes. She plunged out into the path and down it a little way, but there was no house. The dreadful yells sounded nearer. She looked wildly at the undergrowth beside the path, wondering if she could hide under that, when suddenly she heard a gunshot and the tramp of a horse's feet. She sprang aside just as a great horse, with a woman and two little girls on his back, came plunging past her. Then there was another gunshot, and a man, with a wide cape flying back like black wings, came rushing down the path. Letitia gave a little cry and he heard her. "Who are you?" he cried, breathlessly. Then, without waiting for an answer, he caught her up and bore her along with him. "Don't speak!" he panted in her ear. "The Indians are upon us, but we're almost home!" Then all at once a log house appeared be-side the path and some one was holding the door ajar, and a white face was peering out. The door was flung open wide as they came up, the man rushed in, set Letitia down, shut the door with a crash, and shot some heavy bolts at the top and bottom.

Letitia was so dazed that she scarcely knew what happened for the next few minutes. She saw there was a pale-faced womtwo a little younger. She saw, to her great amazement, the horse tied in a corner. She saw that the door was of mighty thickness. and, moreover, hasped with iron and studded with great iron nails, so some rattling blows that rained upon it presently had no effect. She saw three guns set in loopholes in the wall, and the man, woman, and the girl of her own age firing them, with great reports, which made the house quake, while the younger girls raced from one to the other with powder and bullets. Still, she was not sure she saw right, it was all so strange. She stood back in the corner, out of the way, and waited, trembling, and at last the fierce yells outside died away and the firing stopped.

PART. II. "They have fied," said the woman with a thankful sigh.

"Yes," said the man, "we are delivered once more out of the hands of the enemy." "We must not unbar the door or the shutters yet," said the woman anxiously. "I will get supper by candle light,"

Then Letitia realized, what she had not done before, that all the daylight was shut out of the house; that they had for light only one tallow candle and a low hearth fire. It was very cold then. Letitia began to shiver

with cold as well as fear. Suddenly the woman turned to her with Hopkins motherly kindness and curiosity. Letitia went to sleep. There might have been something quieting to the nerves in "Who is this little damsel whom you rescued, husband?" said she. the good physic.

kindly at her.
"Capt. John Hopkins," corrected his wife.
Letitia gasped. That settled it. Capt.
John Hopkins was her great-great-greatgrandfather. Great-aunt Peggy had often old about him. He had been a notable man in his day, among the first settlers, and many story concerning him had come down to his descendants. A queer little miniature of him, in a little gilt frame, hung in the best parlor, and Letitia had often looked at it.

to the miniature.

It seemed awful and impossible, but the little green door had led into the past, and Letitia Hopkins had visited her great-greatgreat-grandfather and grandmother, her great-great-grandmother, and her two great-

face, and now she recognized the likeness

something familiar about the man's

Letitia looked up in the faces, all staring wonderingly at her, and all of them had that familiar look, though she had no miniature of the others. Suddenly she knew that it was a likeness of her own face which she recognized, as it was as if she saw herself in a five-fold looking-glass. She felt as if her head was turning round and round, and presently her feet began to follow the mo-tion of her head, then strong arms caught e would have fallen

When Letitia came to herself again she was in a great feather-bed, in the unfinished loft of the log-house. The wind blew in her face, a great star shone in her eyes. She thought at first she was out of doors, then she heard a kind but commanding voice repeating: "Open your mouth," and stared up wildly into her great-great-great-grandmother's face, then around the strange little garret, lighted with a wisp of rag in a pewter dish of tallow, and the stars shining through the crack in the logs. Not a bit of furniture was there in the room, besides the bed and an oak chest. Some queer-looking garments hung about on pegs and swung in the draughts of the wind. It must have been snowing outside, for little piles of snow were scattered here and there about the room.

"Where-am-I?" Letitia asked, feebly, but no sooner had she opened her mouth than her great-great-great-grandmother, Goodwife Hopkins, who had been watching her chance, popped in the great pewter spoonful of some horribly black and bitter medicine. Letitia nearly choked. "Swallow it," said Goodwife Hopkins.

You swooned away, and it is good physic. It will soon make you well."
Goodwife Hopkins had a kind and motherly way, but a way from which there was no appeal. Letitia swallowed the bitter dose.

"Now, go to sleep," ordered Goodwife

This time she did not need to wake her | ened parrot when she was called upon, great-great-grandmother, who sat straight | "The child has good parts, though n bed at the first sound "What's that" Letitia whispered.
"Hush!" replied the other. "Injuns!"

Both the great-great-nunts were awake, they all listened, scarcely breathing. The yells came again, but fainter; then again, and fainter still. Then they were heard no more. Letitia's great-great-grandmother settled back in bed again. "Go to sleep now," said she, "they've gene away."

But Letitia was weeping with fright.
"I can't go to sleep," she sobbed. "I'm
afraid they'll come again." "Very likely they will," replied the other Letitla, coolly. "They come most every

night. The little great-great-aunt Phyllis again laughed. "She can't go to sleep because she heard Injuns," she tittered.
"Hush," said her older sister; "she'll get

accustomed to them in time." But poor Letitia slept no more till 4 o'clock. Then she had just fallen into a sweet doze when she was pulled out of bed.
"Come, come," said the great-great-greatgrandmother, Goodwife Hopkins, "we can grandmother, Goods here."

Letitia found and dressed and down-stairs. She heard a queer buzzing sound from below, as she stood on her bare feet on the icy floor and gazed about her, dizzy with sleep.
"Hasten and dress yourself," said Goodwife Hopkins; "here are some of Letitia's garments I have laid out for you. Those which you wore here I have put away in the chest. They are too gay, and do not

befit a sober, God-fearing damsel."
With that, Goodwife Hopkins descended to the room below, and Letitia dressed herself: It did not take her long. There was not much to put on beside a coarse wool petticoat and a straight little wool gown, rough yarn stockings, and such shoes as she had never seen. "I couldn't run from Injuns in these," thought Letitla, miserably, When she got down-stairs she discovered what the buzzing noise was. Her greatgreat-grandmother was spinning. Her great-great-aunt Candace was knitting, and little Phyllis was scouring the hearth. Goodwife Hopkins was preparing break-

fast. "Go to the other wheel," said she to Letitia, "and spin until the porridge is done. We can have no idle hands here." Letitia looked helplessly at a spinningwheel in the corner, then at the great-greatgreat-grandmother.

I don't know how!" she faltered. Then all the great-grandmothers and the aunts cried out with astonishment "She doesn't know how to spin! " they said to one another.

Letitia felt dreadfully schamed:

"You must have been strangely brought

"The child has good parts, though she is wofully ignorant," Goodwife Hopkins said aside to her husband. "It shall be my care PART III.

Letitia, having completed her task, was given her breakfast. If was only a portion of cornmeal porridge in a pewter plate. She had never had such a strange breakfast in her life, and she did not like cornmeal. She sat with it untasted before her. "Why don't you eat?" asked her great-

great-grandmother, severely. "I-don't-like-it," faitered Letitia. If possible, they were all more shocked by that than they had been by her ignorance.

"She doesn't like the good porridge," the little great-aunts said to each other. "Eat the porridge," commanded Capt. John Hopkins, sternly, when he had gotten over his surprise.

Letitia ate the porridge, every grain of it. After breakfast the serious work of the day Lotitia had never known anything She felt like a baby who had just come into a new world. She was ignorant of everything that these strange relatives some things which they did not, some ad-vanced things. She could, for instance, crochet, if she could not knit. She could repeat the multiplication table, if she did not know the doctrine of predestination; she had also all the States of the Union by heart. Hut advanced knowledge is of no more value in the past than past knowledge in the fut-ure. She could not crochet, because there

were no crochet needles; there were no States of the Union, and it seemed doubtful if there was a multiplication table, there was so little to multiply. So Letitie had to set herself to acquiring the wisdom of her ancestors. She learned to card, and hatchel, and spin, and weave. She learned to dye cloth and make coarse garments, even for her great-great-great-

grandfather, Capt. John Hopkins. She knitted yarn stockings, she scoured brass and pewter, and, more than all, she learned all the catechism. Letitia had never before known what work was. From long before dawn until long after dark, she tolled; she was not allowed to spend one idle moment, She had no chance to steal out and search for the little green door, even had she not been so afraid of wild beasts and Indians. She never went out of the house except on the Sabbath day. Then, in fair or foul weather, they all went to meeting, ten miles through the dense forest. Capt. John Hopkins strode ahead, his gun over his shoulder. Goodwife Hopkins rode the gray horse, and the girls rode by turns, two at a time, clinging to the pillion at her back. Letitia was

dress, with the velvet collar, even to meet-

age and the little great-aunts, but they had seldom any girlish sports together. Good-wife Hopkins kept them too busy at work. Once in a while as a great treat they were allowed to play bean porridge hot for fifteen minutes. They were not allowed to talk after they went to bed, and there was also

little opportunity for girlish confidences.
However, there came a day at last when
Capt. Hopkins and his wife were called
away to visit a sick neighbor some twelve miles distant, and the four girls were left in charge of the house. At 7 o'clock at night the two youngest went to bed and Letitia and her great-great-grandmother remained up to wait for the return of their elders, as they had been instructed. Then it was that the little great-great-grandmother showed Letitla her treasure. She had only one, and was not often allowed to look at it lest it wean her heart away from more serious things. It was kept in a secret drawer of the great chest for safety, and was nothing but a little silver snuff box with a picture on the top. It contained a little flat glass bottle about an inch and a half long.
"The box belonged to my grandfather and the box to his mother. I have them because

I am the eldest, but I must not set my heart on them unduly," said Letitia's great-greatgrandmother. title tried to count how many

longed to her ancestors who had first owned these treasures, but it made her disay. She had never told the story of the little green door to any of them. She had been afraid to, knowing how shocked they would be at her disobedience. Now, however, when the treasure was replaced she was moved to confidence, and told her great-great-grandmother the whole story, "That is very strange," said her great-

great-grandmother, when she had finished "We have a little green door, too; only ours is on the outside of the house, in the north wall. There's a spruce tree growing up close against it, but it is there. Our parents have forbidden us to open it, too, but we have never disobeyed, She said the last word with something of an air of superior virtue. Letitia felt

terribly ashamed. "Is there any key to your little green door?" she asked meekly. For answer her great-great-grandmother opened the secret drawer of the chest again and pulled out a key with a green ribbon in it, the very counterpart of the one in the

"I should never think of disobeying my parents and open the little green door," remarked her great-great-grandmother, as she put back the key in the drawer. "I should think something dreadful would happen to me. I have beard whispered that the door opened into the future. It would be dreadful to be all alone in the future never allowed to wear her own pretty plaid without one's kinfolks."

Letitla looked at it wistfully.

natinwood box.

"There may not be any Indians or cata-

at the New Jerusalem. Poor families will be transported free of charge.