

It went out in the alley and lay in the rubbish—a tiny room in a filthy house where it just waited to die—but as it waited, a tiny shoot sprang into life.

It was in the tenement room that the ugly sister Beth found Azalea. And she found her when she was dead. But the tiny shoot lay sturdily beside her—with brown eyes, soft, sleepy, liquid. A rosebud mouth, cheeks with the tint of a peach that is ivory and pink, golden hair that crinkled.

And the mother and father, who loved the "beautiful baby," wonder where she is, and what she is doing.

And they dream queer dreams in the freight. They think she married a wealthy man and of course she wouldn't want him to know of her very poor and ordinary parents.

But they do not worry about the ugly sister, Beth. Oh, no. A village gossip told them all about Beth. Beth is what you might have expected her to be—no good—and it is rumored that she has a child.

But Beth! She is still working for her living in a department store, denying, sacrificing. But she has an azalea, pink, delicate and fragile, that greets her in the evening and gladdens her eyes in the morning.

MRS. DELEHANTY TELLS OF THE WOOING OF JACOB IN NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE



Mary Boyle O'Reilly.

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.

"Between our two selves," said Mrs. Delehanty, erect as always in her straight-backed chair, "there's as much good sense as religion in the church forbiddin' mixed marriages. I say it that should know. Me an' Mr. Delehanty had' enough to pass our

opinions about, the dear knows, without each criticising the other's catechism. But I'll say no more. Only this:

"Lavin' in Madison street since the Irish left an' the tower of Babel landed has learned me wan thing—made marriages wears well. The truth is they work out better than wan would expect, an' love matches work out worse.

"Take the Boguslawakis next door, now, him that has but wan daughter to heir his hotel under the bridge. From a 'child, them bein' so choice of theselves, Goldie grew up alone, guarded an' overlooked till you'd think every man round about was wishful to kidnap her. Not that her looks was a temptation, the dear knows.

"Well, as the years passed, courage an' life seemed to ooze out of the poor child. My mind was all but made up to give Mrs. Boguslawski an advice where none was asked, but goodness gave me patience, an' wan day Jacob Einstein, at the corner grocery, makes up to me, free an' thoughtless like.

"Mrs. Delehanty,' he says, 'is Miss Goldie Boguslawski 26 now or 27?'

"Twenty-six,' says I: 'twenty-