A CORRESPONDENCE.

"The managers of St. Josephs hospital solicit old newspapers and magazines for the entertainment of their sick and convalescent."

In response to this advertisement in one of the most widely read newspapers in Utah there came daily to the above named institution a great variety of publications.

One day there appeared among the rest a newspaper with the following written on its margin. "I am very good morning and a right speedy recovery." Then the full address of the writer, Miss Louisa Arbuckle, 8 North street. The greeting elicited a few days later the following answer:

In there is really in the bright, happy world outside one who and who pleasure to open for an sick user. I am the individuals one who is not sick or suffering and who feel that your kind wish will be speedily granted and that a time not very distant. I could have you know personally that some of your kind words and deeds have cheered many a weary and sick one, and I have seen the tears of joy in the eyes of many a sufferer in the hospital as we have read from your paper. Yours gratefully, DORA WILLIAMS.

Louisa Arbuckle wrote her new friend that she was quite alone in the world, that she had a position, at much pay, in a large confectioner's shop, where working from early morning until late at night, with only a short rest at noon, she was quite tired out, that her employer made such unreasonable demands upon his help that he was more than disliked. She wrote that she had few acquaintances of her own age and no real friend, and she congratulated herself that she had completed the idea of sending that greeting through the newspaper and printing for some to it, so though that she was rather risky. What if her address had fallen into wrong hands! She hoped also, she wrote in one of her later letters, some day to find time to visit Miss Dorina at the hospital, and so to be some personality acquainted with her.

Dorina Williams in the meantime replied to these letters in the same friendly way. She wrote that her home was in Il., and that there much better off than in Il. for the purpose of earning her living as a teacher of music and the languages. In the course of a few weeks she had fallen ill, and, at her parents request, the people with whom she boarded had brought her home to the hospital. "How happy it makes me to think I can soon be at rest! I hold doubt that we shall become the dearest friends, and yet I am going to ask you to defer your visit for a little while. And why? You will think me foolish, vain. Well, call it a feminine weakness, and yet bear with it. Some I was always being complimented upon my pretty, fresh, healthy looks, and you can readily understand how few weeks of severe illness would change one. Who knows but you would be utterly disgusted with me when I want so much to make an favorable an impression as possible upon my new found friend. Just as soon as I am strong enough to sit up and look like my old self I will write you to come."

A week later she imparted to Louisa the delightful news that she hoped very shortly to be able to leave the hospital, entirely recovered. Her first visit would be to her dear new friend, but before she could do this she would have to make a very, very serious confession. A third presentation of the usual colours and lots in her own part she begged Miss Louisa to promise for one thing in advance—no, first, whatever the confession might be, she would allow it to make no difference in their relations.

Never was Dorina more surprised in her life than at the answer which followed immediately upon this. Time is out.

BY DORA. Dear Dora Dorina—With a hard heart, from my infancy and weakened by your dear letters, I feel that I have fallen in love and fancy that you are and so over before you and how I can ever find your dear home? Oh, do not consider me a fool, but I love you with all the life of the passion of my long, lonely heart. Dorina, I am a man, I admitted to be quite some. Dorina, I am a man, I admitted to be quite some. Dorina, I am a man, I admitted to be quite some