

A HUNDRED YEARS.

She stands beside the sylvan stream—
The chief's one daughter, lithe and fair—
And, as she stands, a last late gleam
Of light lies tangled in her hair.

The boughs droop down above her face:
The grasses kiss her naked feet;
And one tall reed leans from its place
To touch her bosom, warm and sweet.

Behind her lies the quiet camp:
Before her the calm waters flow;
She sees the firefly light its lamp;
She hears the night-wind faint and low.

The sunset dies upon the hill:
The valley fades in deepening gloom;
But where she stands her presence still
Sheds on the shadows light and bloom.

She looks away into the west:
Her eyes brim o'er with happy light:
A song upbubbles from her breast—
She scarcely heeds the falling night.

But hark! a paddle softly dips:
A swift hand thrusts the leaves apart:
The song is hushed upon her lips,
While sudden tumult shakes her heart.

For lo! he stands before her now—
Her lover, young and strong and brave,
Above whose dark and fearless brow
The plumes of eagles proudly wave.

A hated warrior's valiant son—
Though years of feud have sundered wide
His sire from her's—has wooed and won
The dusky maiden for his bride.

A clinging kiss—a passionate word—
A lingering, doubtful look behind:
Low pleadings that are hardly heard,
And eyes with tears confused and blind.

Then silent steps that do not pause:
Then long, light dippings of an oar:
A boat into the darkness draws
And fades from sight forevermore—

Fades and is gone: a hundred years
Have passed since that dim summer night,
When, half in triumph, half in tears,
These lovers vanished out of sight.

And now beside that self-same stream,
With many a clustering bough above,
He and dream a world-old dream
Beneath the eyes of her I love.

JAMES B. KENTON.

MARY ELIZABETH.

Mary Elizabeth was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father, she had no sister, she had no grandmother, she had no kitten. She had no supper, she had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no shoes, she had no mittens, she had no hood, she had no flannels. She had no place to go to, and nobody to care whether she went or not. In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton and wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her. They flopped on the pavement as she walked.

She was walking up Washington street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamp-lighters were coming with their long poles, and gas-lights began to flash upon the grayness—neither day nor night—through which the child watched the people moving dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people," thought Mary Elizabeth, "he must have made so many suppers. Seems as if they ought to be one for one extra girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way; very gently for a girl who had no shoes, no flannels, no hood, no home, no mother, no bed, no supper. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who hadn't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth. She roomed with a girl out towards Charlestown who was different. That girl's name was Jo. They slept in a box that an Irish woman let them have in an old shed. The shed was too cold for her cow, and she couldn't use it; she told Jo and Mary Elizabeth that they might have it as well as not. Mary Elizabeth thought her very kind. There was this difference between Jo and Mary Elizabeth: when Jo was hungry she stole; when Mary Elizabeth was hungry, she begged.

One night of which I speak, she begged hard. It is very wrong to beg, we all know. It is wrong to give to beggars, we all know, too; we have been told so a great many times. Still, if I had been as hungry as Mary Elizabeth, I presume I should have begged too. Whether I should have given her anything if I had been on Washington street that January night, how can I tell?

At any rate, nobody did. Some told her to go to the orphan's home. Some people shook their heads. Some said, "Ask the police," and more did nothing at all. One lady told her to go to the St. Priscilla and Aquila society, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Thank you, ma'am," politely. She had never heard of Aquila and Priscilla. She thought they must be policemen. Another lady bade her go to an office and be registered, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Ma'am!"

So now she was shuffling up Washington street—I might say flopping up Washington street—in the old rubbers, and the pink dress and red shawl, not knowing exactly what to do next; peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them; hesitating; heartsick—for a very little girl can be heartsick—colder,

she thought every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before. Poor Mary Elizabeth!

Poor Mary Elizabeth left Washington street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers, without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel. Everybody in Boston knows and a great many people out of Boston know, that hotel; in fact, they know it so well that I will not mention the name of it, because it was against the rules of the house for beggars to be admitted, and perhaps the proprietor would not like it if I told how this one especial little beggar got into this well-conducted house. Indeed, precisely how she got in nobody knows. Whether the doorkeeper was away or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he couldn't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he couldn't hear so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in—by the doorkeeper, past the head-waiter, under the shadow of the clerk—over the smooth, slippery marble floor. The child crept on. She came to the office door, and stood still. She looked around with her wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner, and no breakfast, and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must have taken to feed 'em all." She pronounced it "extry." "How many extry suppers. I guess maybe there'll be one for me in here."

There was a little noise, a very little one, strange to the warm, bright, well-ordered room. It was not the rattling of the Boston *Advertiser*, or the *Transcript*, or the *Post*; it was not the slight rap-rapping of a cigar stump, as the ashes fell from some one's white hand; nobody coughed, nobody swore. It was a different sound. It was of an old rubber, much too large, flopping on the marble floor. Several gentlemen glanced at their own well-shod and well-brushed feet, then up and around the room.

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress, and the red-plaid shawl was tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet. She looked very funny and round behind like the wooden woman in Noah's ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; some did not notice, or did not seem to notice the child. One said:

"What's the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth flopped on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors of the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee, and strange roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo. It seemed to her she was so hungry, that if she could not get a supper, she should jump up and run, and rush about, and snatch something, and steal like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said:

"I'm hungry!"

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What's the matter here?" He called her in behind his New York paper, which was big enough to hold three like Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking, he gave her a five-cent piece, in a hurry, as if he had done a sin, and quickly said:

"There, there, child! go now, go!"

Then he began to read the paper quite hard and fast, and to look severe as one does who never gives anything to beggars as a matter of principle.

But nobody gave anything else to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her and she stood still.

Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. Mary Elizabeth had seen that young man when she first came in, but he had not seen her. He had not seen anything nor anybody. He sat with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable, and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he weren't so happy as the other gentlemen he would be more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, and then flopped along and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched this; they smiled and nodded to each other. The child went up and put her hand on the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar-girl—a beautiful young face it might have been. It was haggard now, and dreadful to look at—bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole long day!" repeated the child.

Her lips quivered, but she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"Go away!" repeated the young man, irrit-

ably. "Don't bother me. I haven't had anything to eat for three days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped and thought it over.

And now, paper after paper, pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man, with the beautiful brown curls, and dissipated, disgraced and hidden face was not stiller than the rest. The little figure in the pink calico, and the big rubber, and the red shawl stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned, and, without further hesitation, went back. She touched the young man—on the bright curls this time—with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now, that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you haven't had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and—maybe—I can get some somewhere. I wish you'd please take it!"

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the sound or the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles. She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece on the table, and snatching her in his arms, held her fast, and hid his face in her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry, but that the gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face, that might have been so beautiful, stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud:

"She's shamed me before you all, and she's shamed me to myself! I'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!"

So then he took the child upon his knees, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked what was her name.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean Angel of Rebuke?"

"Sir!"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cow. She's so kind, she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I haven't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She—gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I beg. It's better than to—get it, sir, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah—well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

"I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo'll be wondering for me."

"Wait, then," said the young man; "I'll see if I can't beg you enough to get you your supper."

"I thought there must be an extra one among so many folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth; for now she thought she would get back her five cents.

Sure enough; the young man put the five cents into his hat to begin with. Then he took out his purse and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece, and something more and more and more. Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentlemen who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and truly it was \$40.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened. She did not understand.

"It's yours," said the young man. Now, come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife too. But we'll come to supper now."

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman coming up. "She knows all about every orphan in this city, I believe. She'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder," said Mary Elizabeth loyally. "I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Oh, yes, yes, we'll fix all that," said the gentleman, "and Jo, too. A little girl with \$40 needn't sleep in a wood-shed. But don't you want your supper?"

"Why, yes," said Mary Elizabeth. "I do."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans, took her by the other hand, and they all went out in the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed; and she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken, and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes, and celery, and rolls, and butter, and tomatoes, and an ice cream, and a cup of tea, and nuts, and raisins and cake, and custard, and apples, and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl, and ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows; but it didn't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful—that might yet be one, one would have thought, who had seen him then—stood watching the little girl.

"She's preached me a better sermon," he said, below his breath; "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there was a thousand like her in this selfish world!"

And when I heard about it, I wished so, too.

And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's true temperance story.

SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT.

An "old showman" tells the following exciting story of his experience when connected with a well-known menagerie during an engagement at Smithland, Kentucky. "After the exhibition was over," he says, "I passed into the menagerie to talk to a watchman. From some cause he was absent from his post, and I walked across the amphitheatre toward my old friend the elephant to give him an apple, for we were the best of friends. He was one of the largest elephants I ever saw, and was as good-natured as he was large. I was about half across the ring when I heard a growl, and looking around, saw to my horror one of the lions out of his cage and approaching me in a crouching manner, ready for a spring. I thought of a thousand things in a moment, and among them I must have regretted perpetrating so many old worn jokes at the performance that night. I had sufficient presence of mind to realize my dangerous situation and to know that it required the utmost caution to extricate myself from it.

One hasty motion on my part and I would be in the jaws of the monster. I felt that my only hope was the elephant, if I could reach him, but he was chained by the foot and could not reach me.

Nearer and nearer came the lion, waving his tail in a manner that meant business. If I turned my back he would spring; if I took my eyes from him I was lost.

It was a terrible moment. I glided swiftly as I dared. I had another fear. I feared stumbling backwards, and I knew if I did fall I would never rise, but that where I fell I would make a meal for the lion.

As I neared the elephant I saw that the lion understood my movements, and fearing he would be balked of his prey, he prepared to bring the matter to a crisis. I then saw that I had but one hope, and that was to rush with all my speed to the elephant.

I think I must have jumped twenty feet when I turned, and I know the lion jumped thirty but he just missed me.

How I completed the race I do not know, I only knew that the elephant's trunk was around my waist and he was lifting me upon his head. I only knew that I was saved.

WHAT the consumptive needs is a medicine which not only relieves irritation of the lungs, but make up those losses of strength always entailed by lung disease. Recovery can never be hoped for so long as the vital current remains watery and impoverished, the nervous system weak and unquiet. It is the union of invigorating elements with a pulmonic of acknowledged potency that gives Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda such a decided pre-eminence over the generality of preparations designed to overcome lung, throat and bronchial affections. The hypophosphites furnish the system with the most important constituents of blood, muscle and nervous tissue, and the highly prepared oil derived from the cod's liver acts a subductor of throat and lung irritation. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.