

"But where do you live? I don't seem to remember whose girl you are."

The bright eyes were cast down, but her tone was still calm, as she said, "I'm just stayin' at that house out beyond the village; the big yellow house with poplars in front. I guess you know about it."

Mrs. Dobbs felt a certain respect for the girl who would not say "poor-house."

"So you've been staying with Mrs. White's folks?" she said.

"Yes'm. My folks are all dead since gran'mother went. Didn't you ever know Gran'mother Wilkes—Mrs. Elzira Wilkes?"

"Why, certainly. I want to know if you're her gran'daughter?"

"Yes'm. She wouldn't like it if she knew I was at the yellow house. She said there was a place for me somewhere. She said there was folks who would be good to me if I worked faithful, and maybe buy me an organ, but I'd have to hunt 'em up. I wish this was the place, it looks so nice."

"Oh, I don't need a girl," said Mrs. Dobbs, hastily. But suddenly she realized that she was not perfectly satisfied with her new house, and wondered, as her eyes met those of the girl, if it might not be something alive and young that she missed.

"So you think you would like to come here. Well, I never thought of such a thing till this minute, but maybe you could come for a spell. Oh, you needn't redden up so! I'll have to talk with father, and I suppose he'll think we couldn't no way have you. What's your name?"

"Elzira—Elzira Wilkes," was the prompt response, "same as my gran'mother's."

"Well, come to-morrow about three o'clock, and we'll see."

Then, as the girl turned to go away, she added, "Bring a pail, Elzira, and tell Mrs. White you are coming to get some Early Sweets."

Mrs. Dobbs was surprised at herself as she walked back to the porch, and yet she smiled as she said, "It's old Mrs. Wilkes's gran'daughter, Eben. You remember she moved to Pemaquid some years ago. She's in the poor-house, Elzira is, but says there's a place for her, so she's lookin' round. Seems as if she thought she could pick out a home and folks for herself, same as she'd pick out calico for a new dress. Poor child, she needs a new dress, too."

Mr. Dobbs said nothing, so she turned her face away and continued, "Ye see, Eben, I thought when we got our new house, and I had my parlor all furnished, I'd feel contented, and not think so much about—the children. But you can't love things made out of wood—leastways, I can't, and it came to me while I talked with Elzira that I wanted a live girl in the house. Maybe she isn't the one, and maybe she won't like it, but—"

Mr. Dobbs cleared his throat and hitched his chair to a new spot.

"Just as you like, mother. She might be real handy for you."

And that was all that was said about Elzira until two o'clock the next day, when Mrs. Kingsbury, Mrs. Dobbs's nearest neighbor, came to return the 'preserve kettle' which she had borrowed. She also had an eye on the 'Early Sweets.'

Mrs. Dobbs had a confidential nature, and had soon told her about Elzira, and her hope that she might be a girl she could keep.

But Mrs. Kingsbury shook her head.

"You don't want that girl, now I tell you. My husband's sister lives over to Pemaquid, next house to where her gran'ma lived. H'm! Elzira would drive you crazy."

Mrs. Dobbs's disappointment showed in her voice, as she said, "Why, what has the child done? She looked like a real bright, high-spirited girl."

"High spirited!" echoed Mrs. Kingsbury, "yes, she is. When her gran'ma's money was all gone, Elzira picked berries and sold 'em for medicine and tea. I s'pose she didn't know what 'twas to have a good, square meal many a day. But you never would know it. She's got that way of holding her head as if she owned a farm."

"Well, Mr. Smith, my husband's sister's husband, said he couldn't let 'em starve next door to him. He said Gran'ma Wilkes must go to the poor-house where she'd have good care. He told Elzira what she should do, and she took on awful. She said she could take care of her—she was going to sell the mahogany table and the spoons." Mrs. Kingsbury paused to laugh, but Mrs. Dobbs wiped her eyes.

"Well, Mr. Smith knew he must do his duty, so he said he should come with the overseer of the poor, and have gran'ma took off in a covered carriage. In stead of being grateful, Elzira waved her pipe-stem arms, and says she, "I shan't let you take her out of the house!" But Mr. Smith went with the overseer just the same, and when they got there next morning, what do you think? The girl had hung a red cloth out of the window, and printed "smallpox" in big letters on the house? Of course, they wasn't scared, but they were provoked. Mr. Smith went up to the door, and 'twas locked. "Well," he says, "we've got to break in, it's our duty." They were just about to do so, when down came a lot of cold water from an upstairs winder."

Mrs. Dobbs was now laughing very heartily. "Oh, you see the funny side of it," said Mrs. Kingsbury, tartly, "but 'twasn't any laughing matter to them—two big men put to flight by that whisp of a girl."

"Poor child!" ejaculated Mrs. Dobbs, "her gran'mother was a Spencer, and they was all proud spirited. What did she do then?"

"Do? She sold the table and spoons, and her gran'ma died the next week. Mr. Smith's folks didn't go near," she added.

"Did she ever ask his pardon for throwing water over him?"

"Oh, yes; she came 'round with an old silver watch that was her father's, and asked him to take it as pay for spoiling his hat."

"And did he take it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with a queer expression in her kind eyes.

"Why, yes; he knew it was a good time-keeper, and he wanting a watch, Mr. Smith was. Elzira kissed it, and made quite a time parting with it; but, of course, she didn't need such a thing at the poor-house."

Mrs. Dobbs put one hand over her lips and pressed hard, as if she were afraid to speak. Just then the clock struck three, and around the corner of the house, with a light, quick tread, came Elzira.

Her face was quite pale, and her eager eyes asked the one question which meant much to her, and Mrs. Dobbs understood.

"I've given you fair warning," whispered Mrs. Kingsbury, with a disapproving

glance at the girl, but Mrs. Dobbs opened her arms.

"Come here, you brave girl," said the good woman; "I guess if you could stand by your gran'mother and keep her out of the poor-house you're the very girl we want."

Elzira gave one little sob, as if her fortitude must at last give way, and threw herself upon her knees, burying her face in her comforter's ample lap. She had 'found her place.'

Mrs. Dobbs has never been able to understand her good fortune in finding such a brave, true spirit as she discovers day by day in her adopted daughter, and Elzira is as greatly puzzled over her choice of a home. When a new organ was placed in the parlor, and music lessons became a beautiful reality, and when Mrs. Dobbs saw a very erect Elzira practicing her scales, she said to Mr. Dobbs, "It was something alive and young that my parlor needed, just as I told you."

And they both look over on the hill where three little graves are, and thank their Heavenly Father, who sent the homeless girl to their lonely, loving hearts.

### A Missionary Heroine.

At Rangoon I attended a service at the American Mission. Over 1,000 adults were present, and the preacher, only twenty-two years of age, who had arrived at Rangoon the day before, preached with marvellous fluency. He was a missionary's son. As a child he lived with his father and mother in the jungles of Burma, where it was the business of the father to follow the Karens, who were nomads, on their wanderings. Cholera came, and the missionary died. It seemed the plain duty of the widow to return to America with her only child, that he might be educated. But the thought came, "If I leave these Karens, who is going to look after them?" She saw it to be her duty to let her son go home by himself, while she remained in the jungle to carry on the work. For seven years and a half she toiled, doing herself the full work of a missionary all alone; but she saw a great harvest of souls as the result of her self-denying labor for Christ. All the time she prayed, "God, save my boy!" One day a letter came saying he was converted, and he wrote, "I think I will be a missionary." She replied, "That is what I want; come and take up your father's work." The day before she had welcomed her boy, and now sat hearing him preach. I said to myself, "If ever Christ had a heroine, this noble woman is surely one!"—Living Springs.

### Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

As a result of cigarette smoking it is believed that Fred. Norton, of Unadilla, N.Y., has permanently lost the sight of both eyes. The boy was suddenly stricken with blindness, and specialists have no hesitation in declaring that the cigarette habit is responsible for his condition and fear his sight cannot be restored.