

thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-class physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a deal of faith in me. The despatch was 'Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!'

'Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

'Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and he did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched greys. He eyed me dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of the foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with pain.

Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

'Even Dick quailed now. "You can never get near her," he whispered. "She'll kill you sure."

'Her keeper divined what he said. "Don't you be afraid, sir," he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense."

'I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

'While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, "Cut away!"

The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an every-day occurrence.

'Well I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not urgently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out. "Cut away!" came again the encouraging response.

This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and the tools; I was as limp as a rag.

It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me, "Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.

There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever.

For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shiver I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth!—"Our Dumb Animals."

Could you get a Bond?

The 'Interior' says: 'Under old business methods a young man who sought employment in some great house must appeal to his friends for "bonds." To-day he must appeal to a guaranty company; and the first question asked him is, "Do you gamble?" The second is, "Do you drink?" If he can not answer "No" to each, and back up his reply by the evidence of his friends, he may pound stone, but he can not handle cash. The Sunday school has now a powerful assistant in the packing-house and the bank. The area in which a young man may sow wild oats is being narrowed every year, and the young man who "must have his fling," may have it out on the levee, but not on Wall street. Fathers and mothers do not send detectives to the race track to see who is betting on the horses there, but the bond companies do; and many a young fellow who sneered at his mother's tearful entreaty has listened very humbly to the words of the president of the company which holds his future in its hands.'—American Boy.

A Real Lady.

It was only a slight incident, but it served to bring out the difference between the real lady and the one who only seemed to be a lady.

An old man passing along a busy street in one of our large cities became bewildered by the noise and confusion, so that he did not know whether or not he was on the right street. A few steps in front of him was a young girl whose dainty clothing and general appearance seemed to proclaim her a lady. The old man quickened his steps till he was beside her.

'Will ye plaze tell me, miss,' he began, 'if this is LaSalle strate?'

The girl drew her skirts aside, and passed quickly along without making any reply, leaving the old man standing in bewilderment.

Turning, he saw another girl of about the same age coming toward him. With some timidity and hesitation he repeated his question. It was met with a friendly smile, while the answer came pleasantly:

'Yes, this is LaSalle street you are on now.'

'And is that Adams strate?'

'Yes, that is Adams street.'

'Thank ye, miss,' the old man said; 'ye're a lady. I thought she was,' pointing after the young girl to whom he had first put the question, 'but 'twas only her clothes was the lady.'

—Selected.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.—Channing.

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The Little Cottage in the Woods.

(By Katharine Smalley, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

A tall slender woman, in a plain black dress, looked into the very small bedroom that opened off of the long low living room where she was busy reducing to order the confusion that comes with 'moving in.'

'I am all right, Mary dear,' the gentle voice of an elderly woman said out of the dark.

'The bed is comfortable?'

'Yes, very.'

'I hope Blanche will not disturb you.'

'I will close the door so I will not keep you awake.'

'Well, don't stay up long; you must be very tired, Mary dear.'

'No, I will only put things in order, so I can get breakfast in the morning. Good-night, mother.'

'Good-night, Mary dear.'

Mrs. Wayland went back to her work, moving swiftly, but silently as one accustomed to working while others slept. She soon had comparative order, and at last sank into a rocking chair before the grate, where a little fire was burning, for it was early spring and the nights were chill. She gave a weary sigh, but said to herself: 'I am glad mother is so contented. It seems to her like getting home again. It is a beautiful place, though the house is almost in ruins. We had a sweet life here together in the old days,—she and little sister and I.'

Her hands lay quietly folded in her lap, and Mrs. Wayland gazed into the slowly burning fire, her thoughts drifting back to the long-gone days when her life was changed from the happy bird-like life of a care-free child, to one of care. Further than that her reflections never went,—the years before were forgotten because of the years that followed.

It was in the days of the Civil War. Her father was a Union man, living in the borderland, and when the fighting came near them he had taken his young son, though only a boy, but to have left him would probably have meant his conscription, young as he was, into the enemy's ranks, and they had gone to fight for their home and country.

The family had not then lived in the little cottage in the woods. The home had been a beautiful place on a hill overlooking the highway. Well Mary remembered the day of her father's going away. He had taken her hand and they had walked through the garden and orchard, and into the woods where the little cottage was, and he had given her a sealed letter, telling her to care for it until he came back, but if he did not come to give it to her mother when the war was over, not dreaming what long weary years must pass before peace would come.

The child had taken the letter and hidden it. Then began the life of burden. All the long day she was conscious of her trust; often and often she would make sure the letter was still in her keeping. At night she dreamed of it, starting up from her sleep to feel if it were in its hiding place; always wishing the war would end and her father would return.

When her husband and son were gone the mother had taken her two little girls and stores of food and clothing and treasured articles and gone to the little cottage in the woods, thinking it a safer place than the home on the high road. One old colored servant went with them. The enemy came and turned the house on the hill into their headquarters. Then followed two terrible days when a battle raged about it. The little family cowered in the cottage, shot and shell sometimes flying about them. Wounded men were brought there, and the two women worked night and day to relieve their sufferings. The beautiful home was burned, the garden and orchard were ruined—then the tide of battle fell back, leaving quiet and desolation.

When little Mary's bewildered thoughts returned to her trust that had been thrust from her mind by the awful sights and sounds about her, she found that the treasured letter was gone. She was stunned, and for a time could think of nothing. Then she aroused herself and tried to remember about it, but she could recall nothing of her last thought of it, where she had put it or when she had had it.

Alone, in great distress, she began a search for it, a search that lasted days of intense