



*W. W. Bam*

POETRY.

A Little Elbow-Room.

Goodfriend, don't squeeze so very tight!  
 There's room enough for two.  
 Keep in your mind that I've a right  
 To live as well as you!  
 You're rich and strong; I, poor and weak;  
 But think you I presume  
 When only this poor boon I ask,—  
 A little elbow-room!

'Tis such as you—the rich and strong,  
 If you but had the will—  
 Could give the weak a lift along,  
 And help them up the hill.  
 But no! you jostle, crowd and drive!  
 You storm, and fret, and fume!  
 You are the only man alive  
 I want of elbow-room!

But thus it is on Life's round path—  
 "Self" seems the god of all!  
 The strong will crush the weak to death—  
 The big devour the small!  
 Far better be a rich man's hound—  
 A valet, serf, or groom—  
 Than struggle mid the mass around,  
 When we've no elbow-room!

Up Heart, my boy! Don't mind the shock!  
 Up Heart, and push along!  
 Your skin will soon grow rough with knocks,  
 Your limbs with labor strong!  
 And there's a hand unseen to aid—  
 A star to light the gloom!  
 Up Heart, my boy! nor be afraid—  
 Strike out for elbow-room!

And when you see, amid the throng,  
 A fellow toiler slip,  
 Just give him, as you pass along,  
 A brave and kindly grip!  
 Let noble deeds, though poor you be,  
 Your path in life illumine;  
 And with true Christian charity,  
 Give others elbow-room!

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Wedding Eve.

BY BELLE FAIRIE.

At last all the gay good-nights were spoken, and Edith Brand could lock herself in her luxurious chamber and peruse a letter she had received by the evening's mail, and a glance at the superscription of which had banished the bright if not happy smile from her lips and brought a sudden pallor to her beautiful face—for Edith was beautiful despite her coldness and hauteur.

'For God's sake, pause! Rather than see you the bride of another, I will lay you dead at my feet!

A strange, startling epistle for a bride-elect to receive on her wedding eve, yet Edith read the blurred lines of warning without a trace of emotion; but as she read the signature 'Harry Douglas,' a spasm of pain crossed her brow. Impatiently pushing the clustering curls from her face, and tossing a dress of handsome silk from a chair which stood near the window, she drew aside the curtains of rich lace and seated herself on the balcony.

It was a lovely evening in June.—The air, fragrant with the perfume of honeysuckle and violets, and balmy with the

health of summer, sighed dreamily through the branches of the ancient willows which surrounded the Grange; the moon shed a soft, silvery radiance over the sloping lawn, at the foot of which the blue Hudson sparkled in quiet beauty. All nature seemed to breath peace.

On just such an evening as this she had listened to Harry Douglas' tale of love; and beneath the drooping branches of the kindly willows they had exchanged vows of unchanging affection. How full of brightness the future had seemed then! But that was three long years ago.

Mr. Brand had opposed their marriage most strenuously. Harry was poor—a most unpardonable failing in his eyes—and besides, it had long been a pet scheme of his that his only daughter should marry Alfred Sinclair, the son of a New York millionaire; and Richard Brand rarely failed in his plans, and never scrupled to stretch a point to compass a cherished end.

So Harry Douglas went to the far West to seek a fortune for his beloved, and she waited hopefully his return.

Letters at first were frequent and lengthy; but at the end of six months they ceased. Then Edith learned her first hard lesson of patient suffering; her lover's name she never mentioned, and to the whispers to the wild life he led, she seemed to listen with indifference.

Richard Brand smiled with satisfaction at his easy success in manipulating the chords of a girl's heart; but when, one evening, he carelessly ventured to announce the report of Harry Douglas's marriage, Edith, without a word, rose to leave the room, but before she reached the door, fell fainting to the floor.

A long, weary illness followed, and she emerged from it, Edith Brand was a changed being. Even her father stood a little in awe of the haughty cold, beauty.

Alfred Sinclair was a constant visitor at the Grange; and much to Mr. Brand's delight, Edith received his attention graciously; and when he proposed to her, did not reject him, and they were to be married on the morrow.

Did she love him? He was kind and tender, and devotedly attached to her, but Edith never for a moment dreamed of giving him anything more than her esteem. Her old home life was insupportable to her, and she was going to marry him to fly from it and all the memories of the past.

She was in a comfortable state of apathy when this wild appeal from her old lover reached her. How could he dare to make it, when he knew full well that it was not she who had proved unfaithful?

Despite his falsehood, she felt the old tenderness for him welling up in her heart to-night. To-morrow it would be wrong to cherish it, but to-night she was still free—unfettered.

'Oh, Harry! Harry! how could you so abuse my trust in you—my love for

you?' she exclaimed, wildly; and a burst of tears relieved her overburdened heart.

'Edith!' She started to her feet at the sound of the familiar voice, and for a moment gazed in delighted surprise at Harry Douglas—for he it was who stood near her.

Pale, thin and haggard, he seemed to have grown prematurely old since they parted.

As memory returned to her, all the warmth and tenderness died from Edith's face, and drawing herself proudly erect, she said, haughtily:

'To what am I indebted for this unexpected honor of a visit from Mr. Douglas?'

For a minute he did not reply, and then he said, gravely:

'This morning, when I heard of your approaching marriage, in the first madness of my grief I sent you a letter—a wild, crazy epistle—which I have come to apologize for, and to tell you that you can wed whom you please, without thought or fear of me. A love that cannot stand the test of a six months' absence is not a loss sufficient to make a man wreck his life. Yet it would have been kinder, Edith,' he added a little less bitterly, 'had you sent me my dismissal yourself, and not deputed your father, who was never my friend.'

He paused as he noted the glance of amazement with which Edith regarded him.

'Harry, there is some grievous mistake here,' she gasped. 'I—my father was never given authority by me to send you such information. I received no answers to my letters; then the report of your approaching marriage reached me—'

'Who told you such a base falsehood?' interrupted Harry.

Explanations followed; Richard Brand's wily scheming was exposed, and though she mourned over her father's treachery, Edith could but rejoice that she had discovered it before it was too late.

In the first flush of the early dawn there was a quiet wedding in the village church.

When Richard Brand entered the breakfast room he was met with the intelligence that Edith had fled, and on her dressing-table was a note to him:

'FATHER:—As I forgive you, so you must forgive your daughter,  
 EDITH DOUGLAS.'

FAITH AND WORKS.—Faith and works were illustrated by a venturesome little six-year old boy, who ran into the forest after a team and rode home upon the load of wood. When asked by his mother if he was frightened when the team came down a very steep hill, he said, 'Yes, a little; but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver.'

ADVERTISE!

A Child Lost Among Wolves.

A correspondent of the Denver News, writing from Platteville, Colorado Territory, tells the following thrilling story:

On Saturday evening last our town was startled by the report that a little girl, aged about 9 years, a twin daughter of a Mr. Sutherland, who recently moved into the neighborhood, was lost on the plains. It appears that the child accompanied her father in search of cattle, and when about two miles out they found some calves, one of which had a bell attached to its neck. The cows not being in sight, the father directed the child to follow the calves, which he supposed would go directly home, while he went in search of the cows. It was then 4:30 P. M. At about 6 o'clock the father returned home, and was alarmed to learn that his little daughter had not come in, but was all the while supposed by the mother to be with the father. The alarm was given to the people in the village, and twenty or more persons went out and scoured the country for six or eight hours in every direction, but without success, though some of them were out until 4 o'clock next morning, and two, one a boy of 17, having themselves been lost, did not reach home until 8 o'clock Sunday morning. On Sunday some forty men and boys on horseback, and at least twenty on foot, went out, notwithstanding the extreme cold, wet wind, but after hunting all day returned unsuccessful. Again on Monday morning men from every direction were on the hunt, and in the most systematic manner examined a wide strip of country from the Platte to near the Box Elder, and were still looking, headed toward home, when a signal gun was heard by which all knew the child had been found. It appears the little one followed the calves for a time, but as they did not go toward home, she became conscious she was lost. At first, she says, she wandered around; but hearing the wolves growling around her, she started in a straight course, which took her to the Box Elder, and, without knowing what direction she was taking, she followed the bed of the creek until daylight. At that time she saw trees on the Platte, and started for them, arriving at the ranche of Mr. John Beebe, about four miles below Evans, at 10 o'clock Sunday morning having traveled constantly for eighteen hours and probably a distance of not less than twenty five miles. When she asked if she was not frightened, she said the wolves kept close to her heels and snapped at her feet; but that her mother told her that if she was good the Lord would always take care of her, and so she knew the wolves would not hurt her, because God wouldn't let them. After being kept at the house of Mr. Beebe until the following day, Monday, she was brought home as sound and fresh as though she had only taken a short walk of ten or twelve miles.