

THE TYRANT BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

Ah, yes, old friend, I'd gladly spend
A peaceful time together.

How glad the hue of softest blue
Which fills the sky above us.

I haste along to join the throng
Who slave at book and barrow—

Alas! sweet art, that we must part,
But so decesses the tyrant.

What! you resist? By foot and fist,
Good sir, go seek the gutter!

Why, what are you that claims a due
Against the power all grovel to?

A FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE.

Story of an Impressionable Youth and a Trained Nurse.

BY JOHN FORBES.

Harold Western had been ill for
four weeks with typhoid fever,

self back into the days of weakness
and delirium, when I made you do

It was in the chill hours of early
lawn that he woke with a start

Harold continued to gain each day,
and seeing that direct lovemaking

"Nurse," he called, faintly, and a
moment more brought the day nurse

But Miss Wade could not help seeing
that the lad was growing to love

"The night nurse has gone," she
began, quietly. "You are so much

She had nursed eight years and
knew that two more were about as

He followed her lazily with his eyes
while she lighted the alcohol lamp

She had nursed eight years and
knew that two more were about as

"So there were two of you," she
said, as she came forward with the

William Smith, who was released a
few days ago from the state penitentiary

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An interesting antiquarian discovery
is reported off the east coast,

She sat down on the stool by the
bedside, holding the drinking tube

Probably what was the most unique
celebration ever given a home-coming

"You are Nurse Dimple," he said,
as he finished, "I don't remember

My friends, that is one reason why
I like the Bible so much. Its allusions

She showed two dimples as she
answered, "Yes, that is what you

A Soldier's Victory.
"I tell you," shouted the old

"Very well, but now you are to go
to sleep."

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"I don't know," she answered, "If
they do they never spoke to me of it.

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"You meant that for me, and you
know I remember that I insisted on

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"A whole egg this time, Mr. West-
ern, and you look as though you

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"I overheard you say you liked
roses better than violets, Harold,"

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"Did that night nurse ever come
back, or have you taken care of me

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"Not quite alone," she answered,
"Your sister, Mrs. Allbright, sits

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

"She is a little wood violet herself,"
he exclaimed, gallantly. "But you,

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into the room, and he looked boyish,

"Spare your compliments, Mr. West-
ern. You are getting to well to be

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into the room, and he looked boyish,

"Yes, I am better, thanks to your
care," he said, soberly; "but if I

Harold was asleep when she came
into the room, and he looked boyish,

In her he saw a face and figure
who often describe as comfortable,

"How big she is 'side of Violet,"
thought Harold, "and how much older

And he turned once more toward
the girl of 18 with a love glance

"I shall be 21 next week," said
Harold, "and then I shall have some-

It is a common experience among
mountain climbers to find butterflies

Whales' teeth form the coinage of
the Fiji Islands. They are painted

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED
DIVINE.

Subject: The Water Brooks—The Gospel
of Refreshment Shows How We May

WASHINGTON, D. C.,—The Gospel as a
great refreshment is here set forth by Dr.

There are whole chains of lakes in the
Adirondacks, and from one height you

But one day David, while far from
the home from which he had been driven

David said to himself: "Aha! That is
myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me,

But many of you who are wronged
of the world—and if in any assembly

But what is a relief for all those
pursued of trouble and annoyance and

Oh, when some of you get there it will
be like a hunter's tale of when he

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A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST
IN MANY WAYS.

Warning—The State of Immorality
That Prevalts in Our Large Cities is a

Heart of youth, I would beseech
While days are fair and bright;

Refuse the beer, whose foaming cup
Hides Britain's sin below.

Refuse the wine of ruddy glow,
For poison lies within.

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