THE TYRANT BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

Ah, yes, old friend, I'd gladly spend A peaceful time together, A peaceful time together,
To idly walk and read and talk
And love the world and weather.
But faith, my dear, see who comes here
To mock at all we utter;
I take this blow, I humbly go—
What he commands, that must be so—
For he is Bread-and-Butter.

I haste along to join the throng Who slave at book and barrow— Who slave at book and barrow—
"Your par ion, pray, you're in my way;
This walk is rather narrow.
What! you resist? By foot and fist,
Good sir, go seek the gutter!"
'Tis rude, I know, but men are so,
And give each other blow for blow,
Impelled by Bread-and-Butter. How glad the hue of softest blue
Which fills the sky above us!
How fair the scene of restful green;
Ah, sure the gods must love us.
The bright springtime, the summer's prime,
The fail with leaves a-flutter,
The winter's birth—yes, all the earth
Is beautiful, but beauty's worth
Is naught to Bread-and-Butter.

Alas! sweet art, that we must part,
But so decrees the tyrant.
Ambition rest, nor beat your breast,
For you're a vain aspirant.
Love, go your way. Quick, quick, obey
'Tis treason that you mutter
Why, what are you that claims a due
Against the power all grovel to—
The tyrant Bread-and-Butter?
—Edmund Vance, in the Chautauqua.

A FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE.

Story of an Impressionable Youth and a Trained Nurse.

BY JOHN FORBES.

tween them.

But Miss Wade could not help see

knew that two more were about as

many as the average nurse could do. Then would come some offer to become

matron of an orphan asylum or some similar position, or else she would be obliged to hunt for a chance as com-

panion to some nervous crank or old

person. It was not a tempting future to look forward to, and here before

her was ease if she would take it.

The thought of Violet Grant always

intruded just as she had made up her

intruded just as she had made up her mind that she would encourage Harold's lovemaking. "I am afraid she loves him," was the thought that closed all soliloquies.

Little Violet Grant, with her shy tribute of flowers, her patient waiting in the little dressing room and her eager questions about Harold's welfare. It brought Harold's thenever he a troubled pause, too, whenever he

a troubled pause, too, whenever he was allowing himself a day dream about Miss Wade. He and Violet had been schoolmates, and he admired her shy, sweet ways and had given

her many reasons to think she was

dear to him, though he had never directly proposed to her.
"But, oh, dear," he would sigh,
"she is just as I said, a violet, while
my Nurse Dimple is a full-blown rose.

I wish she wouldn't bring those confounded flowers."

The next day Harold was

enough to be dressed and wheeled out on the veranda. It was a June morn-ing, and Violet Grant came up the path

with her arms full of roses,
"I overheard you say you liked roses better than violets, Harold," she

to see you getting well."

Harold took both her hands and

else they would talk too much for he patient's good. So Violet produced a bit of embroidery, and Harold leaned

back luxuriously in his chair and quietly studied the two before him. Violet was small and very fair, with faintly pink cheeks which blushed eas-

ily and prettily, and big blue eyes that had never lost their baby expression of depth and innocence. Her hands

of depth and innocence. Her hands were very small and slender and handled her embroidery floss as though meant for such work only.

Miss Violet was in love in her own way with Miss Wade, too, considering her the savior of the boy she loved so

Harold Western had been ill for self back into the days of weakness four weeks with typhoid fever, and was now only a shadow of his real self, subject to nervous starts and s what I wished."
"Your ten minutes are up, Mr. Western," Miss Wade said, a little sharply,
and she set about tidying up the room

chills, and with just strength enough to turn in bed.

It was in the chill hours of early with unnecessary swiftness.

lawn that he woke with a start and anissed the familiar figure that had haunted his bedside for so long—a olue and white figure with kind, quiet more careful advances must be made, the turned to studying her likes and the conditions of he turned to studying her likes and dislikes, talking over books with her and getting her to read passages from

face above it and cool, helpful hands that always did just the right thing. "Nurse," he called, faintly, and a moment more brought the day nurse from the next room. Her blue and his or her favorites. Thus a very real and pleasant friendship sprung up bewhite uniform was gone and her stiff white cap. In their place she wore a soft wrapper, and her hair was plaited ing that the lad was growing to love her, and many long hours at night she debated the question with herself. in a heavy braid that hung below her waist. She turned up the gas, drew a low stool to the bedside and sat Harold was much younger than Miss Wade, very handsome and would soon be very rich. It was a temptation to the woman who knew just what the world had to offer her.

She had nursed eight years and hard the world had to offer her.

'The night nurse has gone," she began, quietly. "You are so much better we thought I could manage alone. You have slept nearly all night, Mr. Western, and now I shall get you your milk, and you will go to sleep again."

He followed her lazily with his eyes while she lighted the alcohol lamp and put the porringer of milk over it. Then she sat down on a chair, her head dropped on her breast and she slept soundly for five minutes, waking when the milk was hot as easily as though she were some sort of machine adjusted to rest just so long.

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

She sat down on the stool by the bedside, holding the drinking tube to his mouth. This action brought her quite close, and he noted, as he drank, the soft sheen of her hair, the delicate curve of her cheek, the long lashes shielding her eyes, the firm, sweet mouth and the strong white hands that were ministering to his needs.

"You are Nurse Dimple," he said, he finished. "I don't remember the other one.

She showed two dimples as she an-wered, "Yes, that is what you have called me ever since I came. My me is Wade—Emily Wade."
"I like my name best," he an-

"Very well, but now you are to go

But the patient was not so easily disposed of.
"Nurse Dimple," he began as she

"Nurse Dimple," he began as she turned away, "do patients ever remember what they said and did when they were delirious?"

"Nurse Dimple," he began as she tenderly; the twelve years between them made the nurse seem an impossible rival. She chatted with her quite freely one afternoon telling her

member what they said and did when they were delirious?"

"I don't know," she answered. "If they do they never spoke to me of it. I hope they do not, for most of them would feel ashamed of themselves if they did."

"You meant that for me, and you know I remember that I insisted on your calling me Harold or I wouldn't take my medicine or my nourishment. And you did it, too." And he laughed weakly at the remembrance.

"I shall call you something worse

"I shall call you something worse

"Christian name if you talk"

sidle riva. She thatter on telling her how pleased she was that Harold would be dressed and on the veranda in a day or two. "I owe you so much, Miss Wade," she finished, with a pretty blush and eyes full of tears.

Miss Wade went up to her own room with hot cheeks. "And you planned to rob her," she scolded at her reflection in the glass. "Well, that's over, you mercenary wretch," and with the same firm expression she wore when controlling a delirious patient she went downstairs.

And you don't laughed weakly at the remembrance.
"I shall call you something worse than your Christian name if you talk any more. Go to sleep. And she passed her hands over his forehead until drowsiness overcame him.

Harold was asleep when she came into the room, and he looked boyish, even with a six weeks' growth of silky beard on his chin. "What a fool I beard on his chin."

The next two weeks were very hazy beard on his chin. "What a fool I was to think the boy could be happy to the young man and consisted of was to think the boy could be happy long naps with occasional irritating calls to drink gruel or milk.

At last came a morning when the fog cleared from his brain and he long the properties had become him at a constant of the constant o

woke refreshed. Before him stood the nurse in a fresh blue and white dress and a snowy cap above her soft brown hair.

"A whole egg this time. Mr. Western, and you look as though you could

He took his egg and asked meekly if he might be allowed to talk and was granted ten minutes. After he had learned the day of the week and month pressed them warmly, reddening sud-denly with something like shame.

Miss Wade came out just then with a magazine in her hand and declared she would have to read them a story,

he askel suddenly:
"Did that night nurse ever come back, or have you taken care of me alone all this time?"

"Not quite alone," she answered.
"Your sister, Mrs. Allbright, sits with you every other afternoon, and Miss Violet Grant takes the alternate Miss Violet Grant takes the alternate day. She sits in the dressing room and rings the bell if you stir. She is too shy to run the risk of your waking and finding her here. She has brought a bunch of these violets every morning early and inquired for

"Spare your compliments, Mr. Western. You are getting too well to be allowed to talk nonsense."

"Yes, I am better, thanks to your care," he said, soberly; "but if I am not to be allowed to say what I think and feel toward you I shall wish my-

In her he saw a face and figure we often describe as comfortable, and to such we turn instinctively in time of distress of any kind, but at other times fail to admire.

fail to admire.

"How big she is 'side of Violet," thought Harold, "and how much older she seems out here in the sunlight than she did when I was sick. Why, she must be 30. What a fool I was!" he must be 30. What a fool I was!'
And he turned once more toward the

girl of 18 with a love glance that sent the blushes racing over her sweet face.
At the close of the story Miss Wade went in to make an eggnog, and Violet

rose to go.
"I shall be 21 next week," said "I shall be 21 next week," said Harold, "and then I shall have something to tell you Violet, my Violet," he whispered, as she gave him her hand. "I promised father I wouldn't engage myself till I was 21, but I didn't promise not to love any one. Do you love me, Violet?"

"I'll tell you next week," she answered, with a laugh, and ran away, blushing.—Chicago Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brit-tle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have away. Six species of butter miles been found within a few hundred miles of the North Pole.

Whales' teeth form the coinage of the Fiji Islands. They are painted white and red, the red teeth being worth about twenty times as much as the white. The native carries his wealth round his neck, the red and white of his coinage forming a bril-liant contrast to his black skin. A common and curious sight in the Fiji Islands is a newly married wife pre-senting her husband with a dowry of whales' teeth.

William Smith, who was released a few days ago from the state peniten-tiary in Colorado where he had served a two-year term for obtaining money under false pretences, found a rather interesting reception awaiting him outside of the prison gates, where he was immediately arrested on a charge of larceny. This offence was committed before he had served his two-year term. On account of the poor health of the prisoner Judge Palmer exercised great lenity in sentencing him. The deputy sheriff marched him to the county jail, where he was sentenced to languish for a term of one minute.

An interesting antiquarian discovery is reported off the east coast, at Sandlemere, England. During the last low tides the ebb has been assisted by persistent favorable winds to such an extent that large tracts of coast an extent that large tracts of coast have been left bare and cleared of shingle, so as to expose the peat for observation, with the result that the habitat of an old-world colony of lakedwellers has been revealed. The old piles are standing, and the rough-hewn tree-trunks of the platform are still there, showing the tool marks and evidences of morticing and jointing. Another colony of lake-dwellers is known to have existed near by.

Probably what was the most unique Probably what was the most unique celebration ever given a home-coming soldier from the Philippines occurred at Mulvane, Kan. Private E. W. Philipps of Company H, Tenth Pennsylvania, had written home from the Philippines that he would give a month's salary for a piece of mother's pie. He said all the other boys in his regiment were in the same fix. Just before Philipps reached Mulvane the women of the town joined together and cooked a pie six feet in length and four feet wide. It was placed on a table in the centre of the opera house and all the people in town gathered to and all the people in town gathered to meet the returning soldier. The con-dition was made that he eat the whole pie that night. He had no trouble in fulfilling it and called for more.

A Soldier's Victory.

"I tell you," shouted the old gentleman, "I'll not give my consent. I'm not the man to buy a pig in a poke or decide a case after hearing but one side of it. I don't believe he was ever a soldier or ever saw a battle in his life. I don't care so much for that, but it's the false pretences. I'm a veteran and I know a soldier when I see him. I'll give him marching orders the next time he

"But, papa, see how straight he walks and what a trim figure he has. And he has told me about lots of

'Bosh! There haven't been lots of battles since he was big enough to tight. I tell you he's a false alarm. I'll trap him yet. I'll bet a house and lot that he can't go through the

manual of arms."
"But he can. He took a cane and showed me the whole thing. It was just grand.

"What in creation do you know about it? You couldn't tell the difference between a 'right shoulder, shift," and a 'double quick.' Did he

"No. Chicago." "Oh, of course, some big city where it would take time to look him up. He's a fraud."

He's a fraud."
"Do listen, papa. He knows all about you grand army people, and says that you're the finest, bravest, most intelligent military men that ever kept step to fife and drum. He likes beans and coffee for cold lunch, and every night he was here he turned the lights out at 10 just from force of habit."

"No! And he said that about us veterans, hey? Well, I'll have a talk with your mother."— Detroit Free Press.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAYS DISCOURSE BYTHE NOTED DIVINE.

Salyeis: The Water Brooks—The Gorpel of Electrochanes shows there was a startly laught the Law of Brooks—The Gorpel of Electrochanes shows there was a startly laught the Law of Brooks—The Gorpel of Electrochanes shows there was a startly laught the Law of Brooks—The Gorpel of Electrochanes shows there was a startly laught the Law of Brooks—The Gorpel of Electrochanes and the Company of the Co

where he had lodged and on the banks of the periodic particles and provider particles and the save to hisself. 'I weaker that thus dogs are after,' Trans the heart that the same are after, 'I make the heart that the same are after,' The the state of the heart that the same are after,' The the state of the heart that the same are all the same and the save of the thicket, and by an interest that the same are the same and the save of the thicket, and by an interest that the same without number after me. I am the same are the same without number after me. I am the same are the same without number after me. I am the same are the same are the same without number after me. I am the same are t

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Warning—The State of Immorality That Prevails in Our Large Ciries is a Blot on Our Civilizatiou—Rum Slays More Than All Our Wars.

O heart of youth, I would beseech While days are fair and bright; Heed well the truth, I fain would teach And save your lives from blight.

Refuse the wine of ruddy glow,
For poison lies within.
A serpent lurks its waves below,
At last it bites—like sin.

Refuse the cider's tempting snare— Deceitful, treacherous thing! Its amber holds an arrow there, And deadly is its sting.

Refuse the beer, whose foaming cup Hides bitterness below. In pain and poverty they sup, Who drain its dregs of woe.

Spurn brandy, whisky, rum and gin.
To tempters, answer NO!
Refuse the drinks that lead to sin;
Refuse the ways of woe.

Be pure and good! Be strong and brave Make life a noble thing. Look up to live! Look down to save! Be each in soul a king!

Thus gladly chose the better part, And choosing be at rest. The promise to the pure in heart, Shail keep you safe and blest.

Our Plague Infested Cities.

The immoral condition of our great cities is a blot on our civilization. The salcon runs the caucus, names the candidate, robs the public, and spits on the law, writes John G. Woolley, in the Voice. I read an interview with a New York millionairs the other day, in which he emphasized the fact that nearly all the men of affairs, successful business men, and men in professionalite in our great cities, were boys that came from the farm or were reared in the small town. He lamented the fact that rich men's cons reared in the city seldom amounted to much. And he wondered why. Well, if the poor old innocent does not know, I'll tell him why. It is because the moral tone of our great cities is so low, vice is so open, so alluring, so temping; the salcons, with the gaming-table in the rear and the scarlet woman upstairs, are so numerous, that it is almost impossible to raise a boy in the city without sending him to hell. God pity the tempted boy that walks the streets of an American city after the fall of night, war has slain its thousand; rum has slain its tens of thousands. Cut the usual estimate in two, and it would require one hundred whole trains, ten cars long, with slay dead bodies in every car, to carry the remains. It would make a funeral procession, hearse following hearse, from Detroit to Dubuque, and fill a trench with dead bodies, end to end, sixty-eight miles long. Our Plague Infested Cities.

Is Run by Women.

Is Run by Women.

This is the way a Star staff correspondent cells of his experience in Beattle, Kan., on a day when the thermometer was way up in the shade:
"Nearest glass of beer," I inquired of a sad looking man on the station platform. He grinned and pointed to a sign up the street which said, "saloon."
"Closed by order of the mayor."
"What's the trouble?"
"Trouble!" repeated another sad-faced man. "Lord, that isn't the name for it!"
"We've got a lady mayor, lady council and lady clerk. They're running things. This town is going to the devil."
Afterward, when I met Mayor Elizabeth Totten, she told me that this man was mistaken. The town had been going to the devil up to April 4. But praise the Lord, since that date she thought it had been going the other way.

Greatest Curse of the World

Greatest Curse of the World.

Bishop Galloway's message to the Epworth League on the drink traffic was as follows: "My creed is mental suasion for the man who, drinking, can think, moral suasion for the drinking man who does not hink, and jall suasion for the trafficker of liquor. No law enforces itself. We may lash ourselves into fury, we may shout and preach, but the good is lost when we stay away from the polls. We must demand the snforcement of the laws. Let citizens of every color, race, politics and creel unite in the efficit against the saloon. Let us unite to secure, not only the enthronement, but the youth of the country from the greatest ourse of the world."

The Savage and the Civilized.

The Savage and the Civilized.

A deputation of native chiefs in British West Africa called on the Governor the other day to ask him to prohibit the deadly gin traffic. And the Governor in a labored argument proved to them that the gin traffic was a "vested interest" in which many of his fellow subjects in England had smbarked much wealth. Of course, under such circumstances, the gin trade must be treated with circumspection, even if it did demoralize and ruin thousands of the natives in West Africa. Now, that was the answer those chiefs got. They represented burbarism; the English Government stood nobily for elvilization.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, a successor to Henry Ward Beecher, in his book, "A Man's Value to Society," says:
"Statistics reckon the average man's value at \$600 a year. Each worker in

value at \$600 a year. Each worker in wood, iron or brass stands for an engine or Industrial plant worth \$10,000, producing at six per cent, an income of \$600. The death of the average workman, therefore, is equivalent to the destruction of a \$10,000 mill or engine. The economic loss through the non-productivity of 20,000 drunkards is equal to one Chicago fire involving two hundred millions."

Drink and Pauperism.

The New Voice has been gathering some valuable statistics on this point. To the paupers of the various almshouses throughout the United States circulars throughout the United States circulars were sent asking for statistics and facts; 316 officials having in charge 33,245 paupers, of these 7031, or twenty-one per cent. were made paupers through intoxicating drink. As there are some 73,045 paupers in all the almshouses of the country, it is fair to assume that the numbers in the almshouses there through drink is 37,254, to support whom the public are heavily taxed.

The Crusade in Brief. The saloon deforms and damns.

If you wish to keep out of debt keep out of the saloon.

The way to prevent drunkenness is to destroy the cause. Men are drunkards because boys are tempted to drink.

Every true patriot will hit the drink evil

If we had a million tongues, we would cry: "Save the children from the curse of alcohol."

Drinking whisky never helped a man on the road to heaven, nor added to the com-forts of his home.

If we had a million pens every one of them would write: "Train the children to banish the drink flend."

Are you satisfied that temperance work is God's work? Then go ahead and do it, leaving the result to Him.