A POET'S CONSTANCY.

Oh, praise is ever sweet to hear! In simple enndor I confess it. And then. I own. 'tis doubly dear When loving lips like yours express it.

And yet when calmiy I reflect How much is due to Cupid's blindness, Forgive me, dear, if I suspect Your praises only prove your kindness.

Whatever virtues I may boast (And slight, indeed, is my profession), The one you praise and prize the most May be the least in my possession.

You call me "constant" and revere A mind so steady and unswerving. But never poet yet, I fear. Of such applause was quite deserving.

The poet's constancy at best Is like the bee's-voluptuous rover-Still constant to his honey quest, Though found in apple bloom or clover.

And do I thus my faith impeach As one untrue to love's vocation? A moment's patience, I beseech, And you shall hear my explanation.

Suppose the bee, so prone to stray As fancy bids from hower to hower, Should chance to find some lucky day A wondrous honey bearing flower,

Which, though she sipped and came again As often as the day was sunny, Quite unexhausted should remain, An everflowing fount of honey.

Such praise as she might fitly claim, If ne'er again she proved a rover, So much (the cases are the same) Is due your fond and faithful lover. -John G. Same in New York Ledger.

CONSCIENCE.

It was raining, not hard, but a soft, whispering downfall that blurred the outlines of the hills, crowned with glory of deodar and rhododendron, and hardly flecked the smooth surface of the lake that they held between them. The only two Europeans out in the dreary afternoon were a young man and a girl, who had sheltered under a rock that overhung a hill path some 30 feet above the water. The girl sat with hands clasped round her knees, sailor hat tilted over her eyes and damp hair straggling about her forehead. She was looking across the lake at the hills above and beyond it, and the other, who, by his smooth young face, was hardly more than a boy, was looking at her. He had been playing polo. His white breeches and long boots were splashed and stained, and there was a glimpse of a jersey under the covert coat. He was thin and white, and his eyes were anxions.

have it, I have pictured it often enough. you. Let there be no mistake about it. I have seen you in the flush of your My love may seem rather brutal-men's youth at the outset of your career-and passions are brutal under some condi-I believe that career will be a high one tions-but it is a solid affair and it will -set down to wait for a distant happi- give you something firm to lean upon ness. You don't see me. I am removed. and to stand by. You will find me a I see you afraid to venture this move or fairly easy husband when you have realthat move-and you know there are al- ized the futility of pouting at the inways risks in the life game-because evitable. There is the tender side to my you are waiting. I see you dulled to love that will give you much, be proud what is going on around you, dulled to of you, cherish you and stick to you. the present need and the present oppor- I'm not a small minded person, and I tunity, because you are waiting. I see am wonderfully easy to deal with when you waiting on without regret, and I have my own way. That will not be gradually, gradually, the spirit is sap- very difficult to give. It only wantsped out of you, the ambition to be any- you.' thing but as other men are. The fine "But why-why-why?" said the girl. temper that is in you now is numbed, ""Why should I give myself to you? Just

and after that there remains mediocrity, to please your passion? I am not much which in you would be failure. And of a woman, but I have a soul of sorts." for the man you should be there will "Well, partly, I suppose. You don't only be a somebody in the ruck, where- | expect a man to make love violently to as you were made for the van." establish platonic friendship, do you? "I don't understand." But I am not a brute, though I am a "No, that is my part. And then man. I have watched you since we met,

again there is my side to look upon. I and I have got your character off fairly am to go away from you and to be well. You are undecided about most without you for years and years. I shall things; you are obstinate in a weak never forget you; I shall not cease to fashion; you have a supersensitive charlove you; I shall always think of you acter that gives you a great deal of tenderly and hungrily, because I am pain, and the weapons with which you your love and you are mine. But, at essay to fight a rough world cut your the same time, I am only myself, a own hands when you use them. Come poor, patchy, inconsistent thing. Other to me. I will do the fighting. I will people stronger than I will come by and lead, and instead of falling back on influence me more because they are your own judgment, too shifting to be nearer than you at a distance-not be- reliable, you will have me always because they can dim the love for you, bind you to turn to. As to the love, understand." that will come. I fascinate you, you

"Can you do without me?" he said. | say. You take a fearful pride in the She wrenched herself away and burst thought that I am your lover, because

into a wild fit of crying. I am a lover in whom a woman may "Oh, my God, what a brute I am!" well be proud. Yes, I don't care to he said. "My darling-listen. Ah, stop sham becoming modesty just now. And crying. You make my heart bleed. I that pride will father a love as strong cannot assent to what you say of your- as most women bear to their husbands. self, I cannot follow what you say of I don't disgust you; far from it. I, you me. You are more sensitive than I; you will remember, I kissed you once, and catch sounds and signs where I neither you"hear nor see. But I have learned enough "That is brutal."

to know that I only torture you by my "No; it is only the truth, and this is persistence, and that I do not move you the time for plain speaking." one inch from your position. It is your The conversation paused for a little. wish that we should part, and so it The fan twirled on, and then said the

must be, and perhaps some day I shall girl: understand. I know that you are mak- "This is all very kind and disintering a great sacrifice and that it is for ested of you, no doubt, but there are me. You will forgive me if I cannot plenty of other indecisive women in the yet see clearly wherein is the urgent world sorely in need of backing. Go necessity. You stooped to me in your and help them.' condescension, you made me your lover "As I said before, I love you; hence

for always. I loved you-I worship the present situation. You don't see you, and I hold it to my honor to have why I should, for you are not particularly beautiful; you are stiff necked; He put his arm round her again and you are not at all domesticated. Well, ew her head down to his shoulder, I am so far in love that I can't consider

"And so it ends!" she said. "As I feared-as I knew. Oh, my love, my love, you did well to leave me! 'A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work -and then we go with the drove.' A woman says that, and it is true. Who that I had been born anything but a No. 19-Freight 1:40 p. m. woman and any rather than in the present time! A hundred years back I should not have known; a hundred years hence WILCOX & HALLIGAN,

perhaps there will be something better to safeguard us than a man's caprice. As it is-and as I am"-

The man came back. He took her hands in his and looked into her face.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON, "Poor child!" he said. "Never did any one torment you with kindlier intention. Don't be afraid; I am not going to touch you till you give me leave. Your face is still tear stained a little. Give me your handkerchief. I found your sister in the hall. She is just going, T E. NORTHRUP, and you can slip away with her. I have your cloak on the chair yonder. Don't be afraid of what people may say; nobody will think or talk this time-I have managed that."

She stood quietly while he put her cloak round her, fastened it with deft fingers and put a lace wrap over her hair, knotting it below the chin. Then he looked at her wistfully.

"Perhaps you will give me a kiss of your own accord?"

And, for answer, she lifted her face to his like a child and kissed him submissively.-London Sketch.



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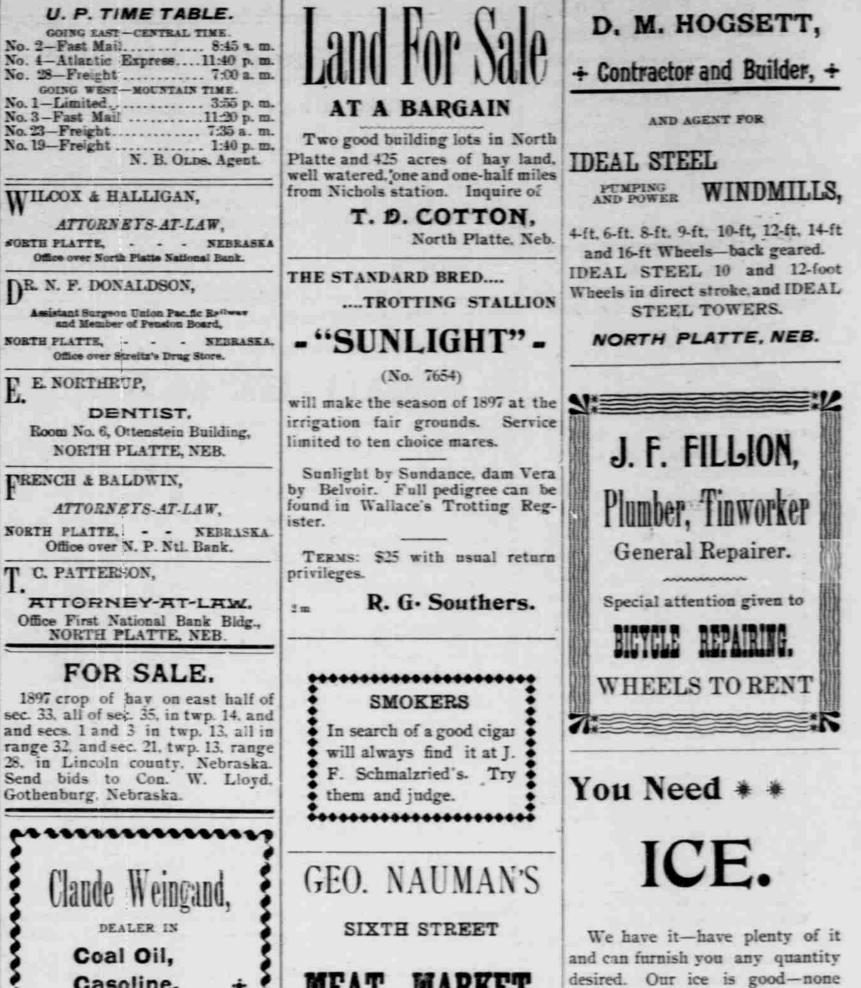
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WM. EDIS.

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"You are always right," he said, "and if you were not I should still believe in you. But-is the thing so impossible?"

"It is impossible," she said. "I dare not do it. I dare not take the best of you now, giving my base metal for your gold and say, "This is my portion-only mine.' Do not mistake my meaning. I love you as well as I am able, but the mightiest love that I can produce is not fit to be weighed in the scale against yours. This is not my fault; it is my lover?" misfortune-the result, I think sometimes, of my upbringing. Thank God, I can see my limitations, and to tie you savagely. to me now would be to cripple you for life, and in the end to damn both of us. VOR. This is your first love, you say. It has been born too soon. It may not come to instead of daucing?" fruition. Neither shall it be poured out for me, who am unworthy. Driven back into your heart again, it will leave the power you now expend upon it to be used to better purpose."

"You and I differ in our estimates of you," he said. "You paint yourself all weakness, all hollowness, all contradiction, and yet here to my power, as you are pleased to call it, you oppose a will so strong and inflexible that nothing I can do will bend it."

"That is because I love you," she said. "It is the utmost I can do-my supreme effort. If I loved you a little less, if my eyes were not gifted for the time with this inner sight- But, there, let us put aside sentimental considerations for a moment and think of what it means from the worldly point of view. Aren't you penniless? Am I not thriftless and destitute of that femininity-I can't define it better-that most women get as their birthright? There's a superficial cleverness about me which you, in your honest heart, admire, but how far does it take me to getting 16 annas for my rupee or putting a tidy hem to a dishcloth? I can't worry over these things in the approved house wifely fashion. It's not in me. Triffes? No, those are the realities of life. And, even granting that love could teach me these things-which I doubt-still you could not do it. Wouldn't you have to leave the regiment and give up your place among your equals and lose your right

arrant coward in addition to my other shortcomings. Only I could do with it because I have never known anything better. You don't know what it is, really. You have a bother to meet your bills sometimes, and that is bad, but they are paid somehow, and you don't have to de actually anything less than

and her sobs shook him as they sat thus. why, except it be that there is a barrier Presently the sobs became fewer, and of unapproachableness about you that I then came only at long intervals. long to heat down. I want to stir you She spoke at last.

had your love."

'I am tired.'

out of that cold blooded indifference "It must be. I am not worth it-not that you affect. I do not believe in it worth your love. And you will be a either, for you are not likely to have better man-yes, and in the end a hap- come to your present age without there pier one. Believe in me if you will ,at having been some other fellow." least it can do no harm now that we She turned upon him. are to be apart. Hold me close for a "Well, that is true; there was an-

minute, since it is the end. Oh, where other man. He loved me with an uncould the world show another such selfish devotion beside which this love of yours is unspeakable. He left me be-And from the future that was closing cause he would not tempt me against

down upon them she plucked the veil my conscience. You don't care a button whether I violate my own sense of de-"I am glad. Yes, I am glad to lose cency or not." "Extravagance again," he said. "I "You're tired. Suppose we sit it out will uproct that peculiar standard of

yours and set up one better fitted for "Yes, that will do," said the girl. wear and tear. He loved you unselfishly, did he? So much the less man he." The music had begun before the man "I will not let you speak of him. He spoke, and two or three couples swept is dead to me, and holy for that reason

into the ballroom as he crossed it with if for no other.' the girl on his arm. It was a stuffy "Forgive me," said the man, bending night, gemmed outside with the lights toward her. "God knows I would not of the street and of carriages moving hurt you for the world. If that man slowly before the entrance and crowded could love you as a man loves and yet within by a London semifashionable conquer the mad longing that I have throng, bent in a bored way upon amuse- now to hold you in my arms, he must ment. The big hall, green with palms have been very noble and worthy what- ped to gaze at it and dark with carved oak, was full of a seever you gave him."

kaleidoscopic mixture of bright dresses, "He was more than worthy. He was

most eligible person."

month. They should riuse it out several times a day with lukewarm water containing a little common salt, tincture of myrrh or can de cologue added to stimulate secretion. When there is a tendency to bleeding of the gums or when the teeth are bad, a pinch of powmmmm dered oric acid may be twice daily rubbed in between the lips and gums. Patients with false teeth should remove them when they cannot take solid food. "Batiante with force should have

"Patients with fever should have something to drink-cold water or weak lemonade-at least every hour.

One must not wait till the patient asks I am again in position to supply the people of North Platte with a for a drink. Besides preventing dryness, the fluid maintains the activity of the superior quality of pure ice frozen their illness, have their lips rubbed sev- through the season. eral times a day with vaseline. In pro-

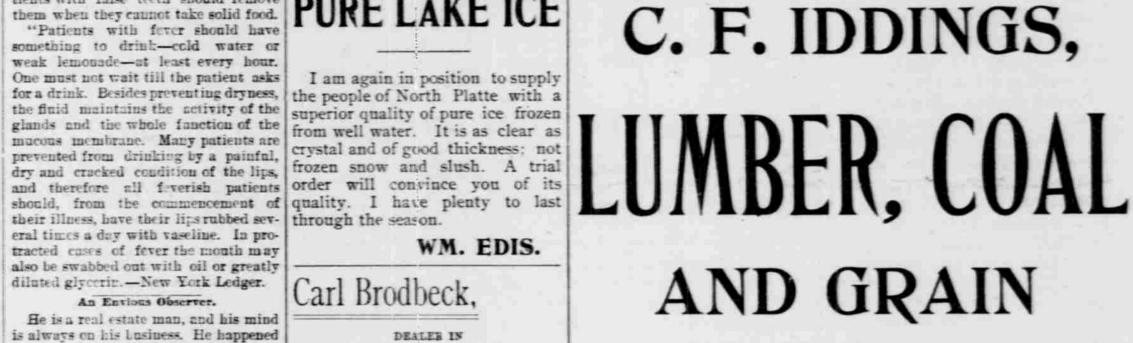
tracted cases of fever the mouth may also be swabbed out with oil or greatly diluted glycerin .- New York Ledger.

An Envious Observer. He is a real estate man, and his mind is always on his lusiness. He happened to be passing the White House and stop-

"I wish," he said pensively, "that I could handle a piece of property like in."-Washington Star.

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