

**Too Strong for the Rummies.**

A TEMPERANCE POEM WHICH ROUSED BROOKLYN, N. Y., SALOON KEEPERS.

The following is the text of the temperance poem, the recitation of which during the last campaign by a child in one of the public schools of Brooklyn, brought down on the head of the Board of Education the maledictions of the four liquor-dealers' associations and the whole saloon-keeping fraternity of that city.

"I'm licensed to sell! Get out of my shop!" the rumseller angrily cried, with a frown on his face and a curse on his lips, to the woman who stood by his side,  
 "My moments are precious, I've no time to waste, I have paid for my license, I say.  
 'Tis my business to sell, I shall sell when I choose, to those who will give me my pay."  
 "Your moments are precious! ah! precious for what? To ruin some innocent one?  
 You shall listen a moment; 'tis little I ask for wrong that to me you have done.  
 You have ruined my husband, both body and soul, that you his scant money might gain;  
 You were licensed to sell, you answered me then, and all my pleadings were vain,  
 You lured him on with your honeyed words till your victory you made complete,  
 Till his money was gone, then one cold night you turned him into the street. You were licensed to sell, and gave not a sigh for the miserable work you had done;  
 And now, not content, you are striving your best to likewise ruin my son.  
 You are leading him on in the downward path, his meagre earnings you crave; For that you are willing to send him down to an early drunkard's grave. To look at the miserable sots of our town, then back at ten years ago, And know it is you and your cursed work that has brought him down so low.  
 You are licensed to sell, ah! yes, it is true, that your license in money is paid;  
 But think not that's all that would ever be asked for the miserable wrecks you have made,  
 When you stand at the judgment seat of God, for deeds done here on earth, And you stand in the presence of these poor souls that you have helped drag down to hell,  
 Of little avail will it be to you then to say, 'I'm licensed to sell.'"

**On Schedule Time**

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

ON TIME.

Now that Jackson really needed assistance the boys forgot he was an enemy who would have done them grievous wrong, and ministered to his necessities, as far as possible, with as much tenderness as if he had been a friend.  
 It was little they could do, however, after he had been carried to the cook-tent and laid upon a bed of blankets.  
 There was no need for Aunt Lois to tell them a surgeon was required; both realized the fact at a glance, and both understood that unless one was brought very speedily it would be too late.  
 Aunt Lois had said in a whisper, when the sufferer lapsed into unconsciousness immediately after being taken to the tent:  
 "There is no time to be lost," and Phil replied:  
 "As soon as it is light enough to see the way, some one shall start for Milo. I don't suppose it would be safe to try to carry him?"  
 "I shouldn't like to take the responsibility. I have never had any experience with such injuries; but it seems positive he would die before night, if forced to ride over these rough roads in a carriage like ours."  
 Phil was in great mental distress because of the conflicting duties.  
 His father had impressed upon his mind the grave importance of finding Benner before the expiration of the sixth day, and if he should return to Milo now there would no longer be the slightest possibility of arriving at Township Eight in time.  
 Yet a fellow-creature's life was at

stake, and however worthless that life may have been, the boy shrank from even so much as thinking perhaps the injured man might be neglected until the mission was accomplished.

He was standing by the side of Aunt Lois, looking down at Jackson's pallid face, on which the seal of death seemed already to have been set, when the man opened his eyes.

"There's no game about these bones being broken," he said, as he tried to suppress a moan. "What are you reckonin' on doin' with me now?"

"We intend to ride to Milo for a doctor when the day breaks; it is too dark now to see our way over the rough road, but as soon as possible one of us will start," Phil replied, in a kindly tone.

"Do you think I can be taken there?"  
 "Aunt Lois says it would be dangerous for us to make the attempt with such teams as we have here; but it should be possible to hire some kind of a vehicle there in which you might be carried with at least some degree of safety."

"An' you count on givin' up your father's business to help me? Is that it?"

"I don't see any other course. We cannot desert a man so near death as you appear to be, and—"

"I reckon there's no need of my tellin' you what I was tryin' to do when the horse kicked me?"

"No, for we saw it all."  
 "Look here, Ainsworth, it will only serve me right if you keep on about your business and leave me to take care of myself. I was tryin' to prevent you from gettin' through before Benner begins work, and there are two ahead of me on the same errand. By strikin' through the woods in a bee-line from here, instead of followin' the road past Chamberlain Lake, you may give them the slip; but the journey must be made on foot or horseback, for you couldn't get the waggon along. It is between here and the lake that you'll have trouble—leastways, that was the agreement in case I didn't succeed in delayin' you."

Phil started suddenly, like one who had solved a vexing problem.

"We shall get the doctor here, Jackson, and at the same time push through to Benner! You have given me the very idea I wanted. Aunt Lois will do everything possible for you, and I hope your wounds are not as serious as we fear."

Then Phil left the tent hurriedly, almost stumbling over Dick, who had remained outside the tent as if unwilling to be a witness of Jackson's suffering.

"We must give both horses a good breakfast, and then make ready for the journey."

"To Milo?"  
 "You will go there, and I shall keep on to Benner. Here is the idea, and we must work as we talk, for in half an hour it will be light enough to start."

Phil replied, as he hurried toward the stable. "We'll each go on horseback; a couple of bags two-thirds full of grain will serve as saddles, and at the same time provide food for the animals. Will you make the attempt to find the town?"

"Of course; and it's a good idea. But what about those fellows Jackson said were waiting for us ahead?"

"By taking his advice I think I can give them the slip. Fortunately there is a small compass in the outfit, and with that I should be able to keep on the direct course. Tell the girls to put up such an amount of food as we can carry in our coat-pockets, and while that is being done I'll groom the horses."

Dick started to obey without delay, and Phil had but just begun his portion of the task when Aunt Lois appeared at the flap of the tent.

"Richard has told me what you intend to do, Phillip."

"Yes, Aunt Lois, and it is the only course we can pursue in justice to both father and Jackson. I hope you won't make any objection, for there can't be the slightest danger to you here, and Dick should be back in thirty-six hours."

"How could I object, Phillip, when you are simply doing your duty, and doing it bravely. The girls and I will care for the injured man, and we have no right to think of personal discomfort and fears at such a time. I only came to warn you to be careful. Those dreadful men—"

"I believe I can give them the slip, Aunt Lois. There is certainly more chance of my doing so alone, than if all of us tried to go through."

"How long shall you be gone, if nothing happens?"

"Father allowed that from this point we had three days in which to find Benner. By going on horseback, I count on doing it readily in forty-eight hours. Allow one full day to rest the horse, and twice that time to return. Dick

ought to be here to-morrow night, for he has a fairly good road, and Jack can carry him to Milo before dark."

"Kiss me, Phillip, and I will go to the poor man. You are a brave boy, and I pray God you may meet with no danger. Your aunt loves you dearly, even if she does annoy you by fretting about trifles."

You are a dear, good soul, Aunt Lois, and as stout-hearted as you are good when real trouble comes."

The little woman flung her arms around Phil's neck, and as she did so he heard a half-suppressed sob, which told that although she was doing her best to appear brave, the prospect of being left alone in the wilderness with a dying man disheartened her.

There was an unusual lump in the boy's throat when his cousin returned with the packages of food, but, after an effort, he succeeded in speaking with comparative calmness:

"The horses are ready; we'll fill the grain bags which are to serve as saddles and start. I had rather try to make my way through the woods in the darkness than stay here an hour longer. Say, Dick, Aunt Lois is a dandy, and no mistake!"

"Of course she is. I expected we'd have a terrible time with her when she knew what we intended to do, but there was not so much as a squeak after I explained matters."

"She has been out here, and came precious near breaking me all up by saying good-bye. Where are the girls?"

"Getting breakfast for us."  
 "How long will it take them?"

"Quite a while, I fancy. The coffee has but just been put on the stove."  
 "Then suppose we slip away without their knowing it? I don't feel hungry."

"Neither do I, Phil, are you quite sure of getting through all right?"

"I don't believe there is much danger of being lost, if that's what you mean. I've made my way through the woods by compass before, and should be able to do so now."

"You won't take any unnecessary risks?"

"Of course not, Dick. See here, if you and I want to be in the best condition for the work, we'd better not discuss what may happen. I'm afraid you'll have trouble in finding your way."

"There's little danger of that, for the road is plainly defined on the other side of the river."

"Have you ridden horseback before?"  
 "Never."

"Then you—"  
 "Now, Phil, you are going contrary to your own suggestion. Both the journeys must be made, and mine is more easily performed than yours. Strap the bag on Jack's back, and I'll be off."

Ten minutes later the boys parted with a silent hand-clasp, riding in opposite directions and proceeding but slowly, owing to the darkness.

When Gladys entered the stable to announce that breakfast was ready she found the tent vacant, and ran back to her cousin with tears in her eyes.

"They have gone without saying a word to us!"

"Which shows that they are wise," Aunt Lois said in a low tone. "This is a time when we must think of others rather than ourselves, and leave-takings can do no good. We will try to do our part as well as I know the boys will do theirs."

"What is there for us to do, Aunt Lois?"

"Stop thinking of your brother and cousin, and eat a hearty breakfast. I'll set the example, and then we'll devote all our time to caring for Jackson."

"Is he suffering much?"  
 "He must be, but tries not to show it. That man isn't as bad as he might be, and we won't judge him by what he intended to do, because we don't know how he may have been tempted."

Then the little woman made a great pretence of being hungry, but she did not deceive her nieces, for they observed that she ate only a portion of a biscuit, and even this was evidently done against her inclination.

(To be continued.)

"It is my way," says a boy who never remembers anything that he is told, who leaves open gates, who forgets errands, and mislays every tool and every book with which he is trusted; and for all the trouble he causes he thinks it excuse enough to say: "It is my way." "It is my way," says a girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her little brothers and sisters, who falls into sulks at the least word of reproof, however kindly given, and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it's only my way." Have no such "ways," children.

**A WONDERFUL RESCUE.**

Few fields of activity offer more opportunities for the display of the heroic spirit than does the work of a city fire department. In passing a station and seeing the men sitting about in ease may give some the impression that the life of a fireman in a great city is one of indolence, but that impression is dissipated when one is a spectator at a fire, and sees these same men risk their lives to save life and property. In The Century for February the heroic element in a city fireman's life is vividly portrayed by Jacob A. Riis, who gives this incident:

At the Hotel Royal fire in New York six years ago Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—there were five, all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing.

"But I couldn't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window, with outstretched hands.

"Now, jump—quick!" he commanded, and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists, as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hold!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up!

A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.