

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### The Daisy Fair.

The fair ground was daisied,  
The tents were all white;  
The market was flooded,  
And each little sprig  
Was smugling in beauty  
A heart full of gold,  
The finest of "guinea,"  
Rich as it could hold.

The beautiful patrons  
Were all daisies too,  
Brought there by the buyers  
In chariots of dew.  
No buyer contended  
So delightful the store  
Which nature had woven  
For her parlor floor.

All was quite a success  
This beautiful fair,  
Some daisies are climbing  
A ricketty stair,  
To cluster within  
A feverish hand—  
Oh, the daisies fine work  
Has a royal demand.

### Martin.

They called him "Snowball." This is why the boys gave him that name: He was a colored boy and very black.

Martin never grew angry when the boys teased him, but always took it in fun. All the boys liked him and some of the smaller ones said:

"Martin is ugly, but he is so good to us. He helps us on his little wooden-wheeled wagon and hauls us when we play."

His father was a cripple and could work but little; so, Martin had to work at the coal works. He would get up very early in the morning, before it was light, and go to work; then it was almost evening when he came back home.

Day after day he passed the schoolhouse, and how he longed to be inside like the others, where he might learn to read; but he had no clothes and no books, and he knew he could not get them without money.

Findley was a very kind boy and pitied Martin, so he went about planning some way for him to come to school. He told Martin that if he could only get a slate he might learn to write and make numbers at school.

A few days after this, at 3 o'clock, the schoolroom door slowly opened and in came Martin with a big new slate under his arm. There was laughing all over the room when he entered; for he had on his father's tall hat, long coat and great shoes, too.

Findley and the teacher were the only ones in the room who did not laugh; for they were looking every day for Martin to start to school, and they were glad that he had come. He was ten years old and had never been at school before; but it was not long until he could fill his slate with numbers and writing.

Martin was always kind to the scholars and they helped him in his studies in return. He was so very anxious to learn that often, after school hours, when the boys were gathered for a game, Martin slipped aside a little, and on any box, car, fence, or anything where he might use chalk, he placed examples and counted them up.

Do you not think he learned well for a poor boy who could be in school but one hour each day?

### Baby's Clock.

Nobody finks I can tell the time of day, but I can.

The first hour is 5 o'clock in the morning. That's the time the birds begin to peep. I lie still and hear them sing:

"Twee, twee, twee!  
Chee, chee, chee!"

But mamma is fast asleep. Nobody awake in all the world but just me and the birds. Bimeby the sun gets up and it's 6 o'clock in the morning.

Then mamma opens one eye and I can hear her say:

"Where's my baby?"  
"N'en I keep still—jus' as still as a mouse, an' she keeps saying:

"Where's my baby?"  
"N'en all at once I go 'Boo!' and she laughs and hugs me, and says 'I'm a precious."

Mamma's nice, and I love her 'cept when she washes my face too hard and pulls my hair with the comb.

Seven o'clock!  
That's when the bell goes jingle, jingle, and we have breakfast.

All the eight an' nine an' ten an' 'leven hours I play.

I run after butterflies and squirrels, and swing, and read my picture book, and some times I cry—jus' a little bit.

Twelve o'clock!  
That's a buful hour. The clock strikes a lot of times, and the big whistle goes, and the bell rings, and papa comes home, and dinner's ready!

The one and two hours are lost. Mamma always carries me off to take a nap. I don't like naps. They waste time.

When we wake up the clock strikes three. N'en I have on my pink dress, and we go walking or riding.

And so the three and four and five hours are gone.

At 6 o'clock Bossy comes home, and I have my drink of warm milk.

N'en I put on my white gown, and I kiss everybody "good night," and say "Now I lay me," and get into my bed.

Mamma says:  
"Now the sun and the birdies and my little baby are all gone to bed, and to sleep, sleep, sleep."

So I shut my eyes tight and next you know 'tis morning!

An' nat's all the time there is.

### Harry's Hat.

Harry Willis had six hats. There was his best hat—a round cloth hat with a turned-up brim; a striped bicycle cap; two polo caps; a cloth cap with a peak; and a straw hat. Yes, he had a sailor hat besides. That makes seven. But for all that, he was the most hatless boy I ever heard of. Every time he went out he had a terrible time hunting for a hat to wear. Every time he was sent on an errand the first thing he said was,

"Yes, if somebody will find my hat!"  
Did you ever hear of such a boy?

One day everybody was ready to go driving. Everybody except Harry. He was looking for a hat. Papa called that if Harry didn't come soon he'd go without him. Mamma was just getting into the carriage, but she turned back.

"Where did you put the last one you wore?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Harry, looking perplexed. "I think on the hall table, or on the sofa in the sitting-room, or perhaps on the bookcase, or in the dining-room, or perhaps—"

"The other day when you came in I saw you throw your hat across the sitting-room, and it flew behind the sofa," said Bridget.

"It isn't any such—I mean you must be mistaken, Bridget. Now that's my last hat. Somebody has hidden them all. I haven't seen my sailor for a week, nor the peaked cap either. I lost my best hat last Sunday, and my bicycle cap three days ago. I had my straw hat yesterday morning, and I haven't seen it since. And that's the second polo cap I've lost to-day. It's just too bad. Somebody hides them on purpose."

"Suppose you look behind the sofa, Harry," suggested mamma, "I must go. Papa won't wait any longer."

"It isn't there, I know." But Harry ran in to see. He pulled out the sofa with a desperate tug and looked behind it. What do you think he found?

In a heap in the corner lay a straw hat and a sailor hat, a best hat with a turned up brim, a striped bicycle cap, two polo caps, and a cloth cap with a peak. Did you ever hear of such a boy?—[Harper's Young People.

## Around the World.

The map entitled "Around the World," issued not long since by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company must be familiar to the general Canadian public. It is not, however, and cannot become, too familiar. It shows on a flat surface the northern hemisphere, which embraces the bulk of accessible civilization. This definition may not be satisfactory to the Australians, but it does not necessarily clash with the idea of an imperial federation. There is here all the more reason why Australia should desire a strong "painter" to hold her to the clustered members of the Empire, from which she sits so far apart. But this is a parenthesis. To return to "Around the World," and the statement that it is a map of accessible civilization, it must, therefore, naturally invite long and interested study. It is a remarkably lucid map. The first fact which strikes the eye in it is the southern Canadian boundary, midway, or nearly so, between the equatorial and arctic circles. This boundary is irregularly continued to a complete circumference by the Canadian Pacific ocean routes, describing a circle within a circle. And again we have embraced in a smaller space almost the whole of accessible civilization, though we must be pardoned for now omitting those portions of the United States which did not originally belong to Britain, and refusing to encumber our remarks with any observations upon the Chicago World's Fair. In other words, the circle formed by the Canadian Pacific Railway and ocean transportation lines, takes in Canada, the British Islands, Europe Asia and Japan, constituting, as we have said, the bulk of accessible civilization, Christian and non-Christian. The rest of the world in a word is "not in it."

When Providence intended the North for the home of the hardy and vigorous races of mankind it was wisely ordained that the land on our planet's surface should be gathered for the most part in the northern hemisphere, and disposed of compactly in what may be called the habitable belt, about equally removed from the torrid and frozen zones. This is the belt between the 40th and 60th parallels. It embraces British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, besides the northern states of the Union, and thence across the narrowest part of the Atlantic ocean, the British Isles, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Austria, Sweden and Norway, portions of Turkey, the fertile regions of Russia and China. These are the accessible settlements of civilization, the communities of the earth that will propagate mankind to the last, that will colonize and trade with the remote and unhealthy or enervating climes of India, Africa, South America, and the Southern States of the American Union.

For the first time we believe these countries have been with geographical accuracy mapped together and the map deserves to be prominently displayed, particularly in our schools. The advantageous position of the Canadian Dominion is beyond every other national home conspicuous in this chart. It is in the direct way of trade and travel in the new stream in which they are now beginning to flow, thanks to the consummation of this astounding commercial route round the world, which is most appropriately a Canadian enterprise. There is no doubt that travel and trade bring population on their tide, and the day cannot be far distant when the Canadian portion of the habitable belt will be well populated. Too long our map makers have taken their equatorial line as the centre of their views. Our children have upon these fallacious observations been brought to look for Canada away up somewhere near the north pole. Canadian maps are as vicious in this respect as any others, and especially are we called upon to condemn the maps that have been issued in the past by the Department of Railways at Ottawa and the Department of Crown Lands.

## An Accidental Pop.

A young man proposed under very peculiar circumstances. He had known the young lady some months, when one evening he proposed going to the theatre. She being agreeable, away they went. Now, the entertainment was to commence with a laughable farce, entitled, *Will You be My Wife?*

The young man was reading this to the young lady as they were crushing to get in, but she only heard him say "Will you be my wife?" as she was squeezed closely to him by the crowd.

She answered, "Yes, Harry, dear, but had we not better get out of here?" And out they got.

He did not fairly comprehend till she said, "Whatever made you propose to me when we were half-squeezed to death?" But he rose to the occasion and said, "It was the squeeze that did it, my dear."

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—[George Eliot.

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst reading.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work and tools to work withal for those who will.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Early Home Training.

ALICE CHITTENDEN.

A lady remarked to me the other day that the development of original sin in her two-year-old boy was something appalling. "and he is such a baby it is impossible to train him yet," said she. This is where many parents make a fatal mistake. At the first dawning of intelligence in a baby he should begin at least to learn that his baby faults react upon himself. If a baby of eight months cries through sheer naughtiness—be sure first that it is naughtiness—then put him in a room where he can cry it out alone.

A poor woman of my acquaintance, who, in addition to the care of several small children, took in laundry work, had a little boy of a year and a half who caused her great fear and trouble by his persistence in playing around the stove. The poor mother explained again and again that the stove was hot and would burn, but without effect. At last in despair she laid his fingers on the hot lids, and with spartan firmness held them there until quite painfully burned. When she told me of it, I exclaimed in horror at her cruelty, but she replied that she had, undoubtedly, saved his life, as, since this harsh lesson, he would not go within many feet of the stove. Children are of such different temperaments and characters that it is absurd to detail set rules for their government. My own baby, when less than a year old, learned that the steam heaters in my apartments were hot and always gave them a wide berth in passing.

Perhaps the only general rule that will apply is that of honesty. The time-worn adage is never more true than when applied to the training of children. Be perfectly honest with your little ones. If baby cries every time you put on your hat, because he knows you are going to leave him, don't go in the next room to put it on and slip away for fear of his cries. As surely as you do, he will soon begin to cry if you go out of the room, because he will have learned that going out of it has meant a prolonged absence. There is no tyranny like the "pink and white tyranny" of infancy. I have learned by experience that most of my troubles in the management of my children have been caused by my fatal weakness of doing what was easiest at the present moment. When my first child was young I learned some pretty severe lessons on this point. The whimsical little fancies that come into their baby heads are legion. One baby of my acquaintance would only take a drink from his mother's hand, which little whim his fond mother humored until one day a baby sister came, and she saw the evil results of her good nature. Master Jack refused food or drink for 36 hours because his mamma could not give it to him, but, although she begged to have him brought to her, the firm and judicious auntie who had him in charge, would not yield.

If, by the time baby is a year old he has not learned that you mean what you say, and that his loudest screams will not swerve you from your purpose, you have sown the wind and must be prepared to reap the whirlwind. Next to this, and perhaps beside it, comes the lesson of obedience. Only a mother knows how hard it is to make a pretty baby rogue who runs away from his morning bath, shrieking with glee at his own waywardness, come to her at the sound of her voice. His very willfulness is so pretty that she can hardly keep from clasping him to her and covering him with kisses. But alas! if we mothers yield to any such transports as these, it is to our own undoing. By gentle means, if possible, if not by stern ones, baby must learn that mamma's word is law. To this end it will be just as well if mamma does not bewilder his infant mind with many laws.

There is another little lesson which baby can learn, as was demonstrated to me at a friend's house. This is to control his feelings, and if he happens to feel cross, to restrain his desire to wreak vengeance on all his faithful subjects. It often happens, as it did in this instance, that baby wakes from his nap in that mood which is popularly supposed to be caused by getting out of the wrong side of the bed. In such cases, the mother's usual mode of procedure is to hush and soothe and to try by various means to divert his mind from his supposed grievance, while baby's usual mode of procedure is to grow more and more exacting. In this case, baby's papa asked the young man, who was not yet 14 months old if he wanted a drink. Baby shook his head and yelled louder. "If you don't stop crying," said papa, "You shall go in the kitchen." Baby hesitated a moment, then thought he would risk it and resumed his crying, upon which papa promptly carried him, high chair and all, to the kitchen. Presently a very much subdued and mollified baby called "Papa" in heart-broken tones, and upon shaking his head "yes," when asked if he would be good, was brought in, somewhat shame-facedly, smiling. At first I remonstrated with this stern papa, but he silenced me by saying, "Babies and husbands should be trained to control and suppress their feelings and not make others miserable every time they are a little out of sorts."

## Cool Weather Dishes.

FRICASEED CHICKEN.—Wash and cut up the chickens; boil them in just enough cold water to cover them and add to it a little salt, or a small slice of salt pork. When the chicken becomes tender and seems done, have some hot baking-powder biscuits broken open and laid on a platter, place the pieces of chicken on these. If there should be more than a pint of broth left from cooking the chicken, boil it down to that quantity. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and add to it a heaping tablespoonful of flour, stirring constantly till smooth, and then pour in slowly a cup of milk, and as it boils and thickens add the broth and pour the gravy thus made over the chicken and biscuits.

STEAMED FISH.—Cut off the head and tail; wash the fish, salt and lay it on a plate in a steamer, and cook till done; then remove carefully to a platter, after having taken off the skin.

Serve with drawn butter made as follows: Two heaping teaspoons of flour mixed well with a piece of butter the size of an egg. Pour on enough boiling water to make it the consistency of cream, and flavor with very little Worcestershire sauce.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE.—One pint flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-quarter cup butter, one egg, one scant cup milk, four sour apples, two tablespoons

sugar. Mix the dry ingredients. Add the egg beaten and mixed with the milk. The dough should be soft enough to spread half an inch thick on a shallow baking-pan. Core, pare and cut the apples into eighths, lay them in parallel rows on the top of the dough, the sharp edge down, and press enough to make the edge penetrate slightly. Sprinkle the sugar over the apple and bake half an hour. Eat while hot, with butter or with lemon sauce. This is one of Mrs. Lincoln's recipes.

RYE PUFFS.—Two cupfuls rye flour, one-half cupful wheat flour, one egg, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful and a half baking powder, sifted three times with the flour, one cupful and a half of milk, or enough to make a rather stiff batter. Add the milk to the whipped egg and sugar, stir in the flour, and beat hard for a minute before pouring into greased gem pans. Bake in a quick oven. They will be found wholesome and delicious.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Peel and slice a dozen or more tomatoes, chop a very small onion fine, and grate a pint or less of bread crumbs. First put in a layer of tomatoes, a pinch of onion, and little salt and pepper and bits of butter; then strew on bread crumbs, and more tomatoes, seasoning etc., finishing with bread crumbs on the top. If the onion flavor is not liked omit it. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour or more, according to the size of the dish; or until the tomato is very soft and thoroughly incorporated with the bread crumbs.

SPICED GRAPES.—Five pounds of grapes, two pounds of brown sugar, one-half pint of strong vinegar, three teaspoons of ground cinnamon, two of allspice, and one of cloves. Pulp the grapes; cook the pulp until the seeds separate, then put it through the colander. Put one cup of cold water on the skins and boil till they are tender; then add the pulp and other ingredients, and boil until it looks thick enough. They can be sealed in fruit jars or put in wide-mouthed bottles and corked, or in crocks with a paper pasted over them, according to the climate.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—Take a piece of bread dough as large as a pint bowl and roll out as thin as pie pastry. Smear this well with butter, then sprinkle over generously with sugar, sprinkle over enough water to make a wet paste of the sugar, and shake powdered cinnamon over the whole until it is brown. Roll up precisely as for jelly roll, and set it to rise. When it has risen, cut it through with a knife, separating into pieces an inch or so thick. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. A delicious coffee cake.

GOLDEN PUDDING.—One cup of granulated sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two and one half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour in a low, square tin, and bake twenty-five minutes. It should be served warm, with a sauce poured over it made as follows: Stir to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and half a cup of sugar; moisten with a little cold water two teaspoonfuls of flour, and pour a pint of water over it to scald it and then stir in the butter and sugar; beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and stir it in the sauce just before sending to the table; flavor with lemon.

APPLE COMPOTE.—Select medium-sized and rich flavored apples, pare and core them, cutting in quarters or halves. Make a syrup of a half pint of cold water, the same quantity of granulated sugar and the juice, and a little of grated rind of a fresh lemon. If cinnamon flavor is liked put in a stick and remove it before the apples are put in. Boil the syrup in a preserving kettle a few moments to dissolve the sugar and then put in the apples and cover the kettle closely. Set them where they will not boil, only simmer. If they are inclined to stick to the kettle shake it occasionally. When they are transparent remove with a skimmer to the dish in which they are to be served and boil the juice down till there is just enough to partially cover them, then pour it over and set it away to cool.

FRIED CHICKEN.—There are few better dishes than fried chicken, if cooked satisfactorily; but it needs careful watching, because if either under or overdone, it is tasteless and unpalatable. Cut up the chicken into pieces proper for serving, wipe them dry, and season slightly. Have ready a spider or deep pan, with two tablespoonfuls butter; make it hot; then lay in the pieces of chicken, not too closely, and cover, so as to retain the steam. Do not cook very fast, but let the heat be uniform and steady until it is nicely browned on this side, then turn, and add more pepper and salt, if needed, and more butter also. When done take it up, pour a teaspoonful of milk or cream into the pan. When it boils, add a little thickening, take it up in a gravy tureen, and serve it with the chicken. It adds materially to the flavor.

## Mecca. The Holy City.

Mecca, sometimes called Om-el-Kora (the mother of towns), lies in a narrow sandy valley running north and south, among barren hills from two hundred to five hundred feet in height, about forty-five miles from the Red Sea port of Jeddah. In Burckhardt's time the town, including suburbs, occupied the broader part of the little valley, extended up the slopes, was not more than three thousand five hundred paces in length, and had an estimated stationary population of thirty-three thousand; the permanent residents are probably now about forty-five thousand. It is described by Burckhardt as a handsome town, the streets broader than usual in Oriental cities. The houses are built of grey stone, many of them three stories high, with windows opening on the street; many windows project from the wall, and have elaborately carved and gaily painted frame-work. The houses are built, as usual in the East, about courts, with terraces protected by parapets, and most of them are constructed for the accommodation of lodgers, so that the pilgrims can have convenient access to their separate apartments. The town, in fact, is greatly modified to minister to the needs of the great influx of strangers in the annual Hadj. Ordinary houses have apartments for them, the streets are broad to give room for the crowd of pilgrims, and the innovation of outer windows is to give the visitors a chance to see the procession. The city lies open on all sides; it has few trees, and no fine buildings except the great mosque. It is not well supplied with water, and in the height of the pilgrimage this fluid becomes scarce and dear. The wells are brackish, and there are few cisterns for collecting rain-water. It is true that the flow of the holy well Zemzem in the mosque is copious enough to supply the town, but there is a prejudice

against using the water for common purposes, and besides it is heavy and bad for digestion. The best water is brought in an aqueduct from the vicinity of Ararat, six or seven hours distant, but the conduit is in bad repair and uncleaned, and this supply often gets low. The streets are unpaved, and as the country is subject to heavy rains, alternating with scorching heat, they are always either excessively muddy or intolerably dusty. The fervent heat of the town is always contrasted with the coolness of the elevated city of Medina. Mohammed said that he who had endured the cold of Medina and the heat of Mecca merited the reward of paradise. Sudden and copious storms of rain frequently deluge Mecca; sometimes the whole town is submerged, houses are swept away and lives lost, and water has stood in the mosque enclosure as high as the black stone in the Kaaba. Although Burckhardt says that he enjoyed his stay there and was very comfortable (the Hadj that year was in November), his experience is not that of most pilgrims.—[Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

## TOLD BY AN OPIUM FIEND.

Hopes That Seem to be Realized While the Spell of the Drug Lasts.

When I get up in the morning my face is bloated, swollen, and my acquaintances, some of them, say that it is the effect of liquor, but the more observant, those better versed in the world, say that it is morphine, or the fluid extract from the poppy, and they are right. Do they blame me? Yes, they do. I am called a fool. I am told that I am throwing my life away. I am demoralizing my brain power and my nervous system along with it. I am told that I should let it alone, and to add weight to their argument I am told of all the horrible and frightful ends of the most frightful malady. Those who tell me about it have not had the experience; they go by observation. I have had both observation and experience. Is there any reason why I should not know and why I should not appreciate the sad results of an imbibing in opiates? All that my well-meaning advisers tell me is true, yet when I retire from my work, a seige varying from fourteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, I get to my dingy little room and find relief only in my little bottle of opium, or in a morphine tablet. It is very odd, it is unreasonable some will say, that a man with brains enough and perhaps a trifle above the usual capacity would thus resort to deliberately breaking himself down. But this is an old story.

Do I take my medicine with anxiety and pleasure mingled? No, it is with a feeling of repulsion, and as I tip my head back draining the very last drops from the glass a feeling of dejection and remorse fills me. I think of what my dear mother would say if she knew, and I sometimes think, yes, believe, that she is looking down on me, I can see her face full of compassionate sorrow, and that deep, holy love that only a mother can feel for a son. I see at such times the mistakes I have made during my life, and though there has been nothing in-terminating, I have not been an angel. The poison has been taken, and the spree between that time and when it takes effect is not of the most agreeable. The word remorse is not strong enough. I am too ambitious perhaps, and lack the one quality or feature which pushes a man to the front. I do not get along fast enough, and my salary is too miserably and insultingly small.

As I think these things over with all the bitterness there is in them, the opiate takes effect and distracts my attention from what I please to term my misfortune. A kind of numbness creeps over me and seems to take possession of my whole system. The sensation is not pleasant nor is it disagreeable, for I know what it is coming.

Oblivion creeps over me, and the hell of this world, if it can be termed so lightly, is gone, and I enter a life, an existence, that I have seen in my earlier worldly experience, and am in my own hemisphere.

In my fancy I live the life I would live in reality. No, there is no extravagance, no dissipation in my imaginary life; all is as comfortable and respectable as the most exacting and proper could wish. My occupation is such that I have no chance to indulge in social pleasure, for at the time for receptions and social calls I am the busiest, and I make no effort to cultivate elevating female society, because I know I cannot follow it up. One reason I couldn't follow it up, and more, my salary is too small. I could not move in the society I would.

In my dream life I have my only joy. Whenever I enter that existence I am, to use the only expression, "out of sight." I have been seated by fair women at tables laden with the luxuries of life. I have talked with brilliant men at the banquet table, and though I never take a leading part in any such demonstrations, I enjoy it and follow it in the even tenor of my way. At other times I will be at my home, a little place I have pictured out in a quiet part of the city, enjoying the comforts that are to be found only in that modest little cottage. My home, my mythical home, is not a gorgeous affair, but it is so happy. It is furnished in that quiet, rich taste that only a true, loving and wise wife can show. Quite often, while we sit there, the little one that has been born to us will utter a cry in her sleep, and the ever-thoughtful mother will go and bend over the cradle. Soothing words, with looks from her eyes beaming with maternal love quiet the little thing. The care and the responsibility that are placed on us by that little treasure draw us closer together, and our love is infinite. Again I will drift into the channels of my daily occupation, and I struggle on, as I do in actual life, but the results are reversed and I meet with reward and am happy. It may be that at such a time I am single, as I really am, and will find myself in the society of my ideal of womanhood, who in my real life I have never met.

All of these most happy events and situations does the opiate bring on, impressing themselves most vividly upon the mind.

When consciousness returns I awake with a heavy, dull sensation in my brain, and I am unable to determine whether what has impressed itself is true or not. I stretch and rub my swollen eyes, and the truth of the situation is upon me. The blood courses hot through my body, feeling as though hot irons were applied to the pulse. Thoughts cannot be collected, the memory is impaired, and the daily grind is before me. Mental and physical exhaustion follow, and then the worst—pay day. "Is there any relief to be secured?" I debate the question with myself. "Yes, there is." Then "No," then "Yes," and my hand reaches again for the fruit of the poppy.