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Select Poetry.

ROSES OF JUNE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Roses, queen roses of radiant June,
Kissed by the gold of the sun,
Nestle your leaves 'gainst the cheek of my love,
My tender and beautiful one.

Roses, queen roses of radiant June,
Red as the wine of her mouth,
Tell the sweet story, that never grows old,
To my beautiful love of the South.

Roses, queen roses of radiant June,
Symbol of her purity sweet,
Crown her with all your sweetest perfume,
Make of her life Love's poem complete.

Select Story.

SUSY'S CHOICE.

"What a pretty place!" I thought, as my nephew, Seth Carter, reined up his horse in front of a cottage in the village of Upham.

"Where does your cousin James live?" I asked, as Seth aided me in dismounting from the buggy.

"Right there!" answered Seth, pointing to the cottage next his own. "James and I married sisters, and built our cottages side by side, and exactly alike."

He opened the gate as he spoke, and we passed up a neatly-graveled path, bordered by brilliant flowerbeds to the house. Upon the porch stood a lovely little lady, who was introduced as:

"My wife, Uncle John!"

I did not wonder at the fondness of my nephew's voice, when I looked at the graceful woman, who lifted large, soft brown eyes to my face, and gave a cordial, smile welcome.

I had just returned from California, after fourteen year's absence, to find a home for my old age in Upham, and of the many relatives from whom I had parted, only the sons of my two brothers were left to welcome me.

These young men, brought up in one home, were like brothers in affection; and it did not surprise me to find them partners in a flourishing business, and living side by side.

James was absent from home, upon business for the firm, and it was understood that my first visit was to be to Seth and Nellie, afterwards to James and Susy.

There were but few servants in Upham, so I was not surprised when Nellie left me to prepare supper, calling Seth and myself soon afterwards to a well-ordered table, where dainty dishes of her own cooking provoked an appreciative appetite.

But as the days wore on to a fortnight I was surprised at the many leisure hours the busy little housekeeper found for sewing, reading, and working in her pretty garden.

I do not think I fully realized how easily all this machinery worked until James returned home, and I crossed the gardens to make my promised visit to him. I had already seen Susy, and sorrowed over her pale, anxious face, offering my sincere sympathy for the grief in the loss of her only child, one year with the angels.

But when I crossed the threshold of the cottage door where Susy lived, I knew that there was more than a mother's sorrow to account for her pallor and anxiety.

With the same income, the same home, the same furniture as Nellie, Susy's life can only be described as a perpetual scramble to catch up with her housework and she was a weary, prematurely aged woman at twenty-three, while Nellie, five years older, was as fresh, bright and active as a taken girl of sixteen.

I wondered over all this with painful interest. I had gathered wealth in my years of exile, and it was already willed to Seth and James. I purposed building a house in Upham and keeping bachelor hall, with a housekeeper, to be near them. I loved them with all the fondness I would have given sons of my own had I ever married, and I loved the refined, gentle women they had for their wives.

So it grieved me to the heart to see Susy's life seemingly so sorrowful, so hard worked and over burdened, while Nellie's was so cheery, so full of leisure hours and pleasant employment.

Both Seth and James, in their homes, were kind and loving; of that I was sure; both temperate, and living upright, honorable lives. Where, then, was the canker eating away one life?

I was chatting with James on the porch one evening, when the affairs of the firm came under discussion. We had talked over the increase of business, the up and down of financial prosperity, when James said:

"Until we were married Seth and I never knew how much of our income was spent by one or the other. We had literally but one purse. But after we started our homes I became anxious to save something for my family, and opened a bank account. Seth did the same; and we then commenced a quarterly reckoning and a fair division of the profits. We had different views of household economies; I think Seth is wasteful and extravagant; he thinks I am miserly.

As James spoke Seth stepped out of the open window behind us, having heard the last words.

"Come, James," he said cheerfully, "suppose we let Uncle John decide this question that has been a vexed one for six years, and the only point of difference of opinion of any importance in our lives."

"Willingly," James replied; "and you shall tell your story first."

"We had our first difference, uncle, in the building of these houses," said Seth.

"Outwardly you see they are precisely alike; but mine cost nearly double the price of this one."

"Indeed!" I said.

"I went to Boston before I built, and I made a study of home comforts. It was impossible for me to bring all I desired to Upham, but as far as possible I made my house perfect for my wife's convenience. My cellar was cemented carefully and floored so that it is perfectly dry, while large windows keep it light. In that is the best furnace I could find, so that Nellie carries no coal or ashes in the winter above the kitchen, every room being heated by the cellar furnace. How many stoves have you, James?"

"Five."

"All of which have to be watched every day. In my kitchen I have a firstrate range, and from the pipes carry water to every bedroom, so that Nellie carries no water up or down stairs. Besides the range I have four stationary tubs, and in one a good washing-machine. All have hot and cold water, and waste pipes, so Nellie has no liftning of heavy tubs or pails upon washing-day. My machine spares her hands the hard labor of rubbing clothes upon a board, and she has a wringer, that saves her wrists the strain of twisting heavy clothing. So much for my kitchen."

"And has James none of these conveniencies?"

"None. When Susy washes, she must bring up heavy tubs from her dark, damp cellar, then bring in the water from the pump, heat what she requires from a cooking-stove, rub all her clothes upon a board, wring them with her hands, and then take an entire day to wash for two people, while Nell washes for four in about three hours."

"Come, Seth," said James, uneasily, "you are a little hard on me."

"Is it not true?" Seth asked, gravely. "I am saying no more now that I have said many times in the last six years."

"Well, finish your story."

"From my kitchen," said Seth, "I went to my dining-room, and upstairs I carried out the same plans. As I said, when the houses were finished, mine cost double the price of James's."

"But that is all over," I said.

"Not so. I make it a part of my life work to procure for Nell all the modern inventions that are really of practical value in a house. I do not rush off and buy every gimcrack that is advertised, as James thinks!"

"You miss precious few!" James said.

"Uncle shall judge! If I buy a sewing machine that will enable Nell to get through all of her sewing in one-tenth of the time hard-labor takes, I consider that money well invested. And so with other labor-saving utensils. I have told my story, now you shall decide between us."

"Stop!" James said. "Seth has told you of the cost of his house, of the money he puts into modern inventions. I looked at this money and thought if I died, it would be in the bank for Susy. When I am tempted to put money into my house, my furniture, or fine clothing, I think of the future, and so my bank account for Susy when I die more than doubles Seth's."

"It seems to me you both act conscientiously," I said, as my nephews waited for me to speak, "but think Seth's plan the wisest. Should you both die, Nellie has health and strength to battle with the world, while Susy (forgive me for speaking plainly, James) is over worked, and fairly broken down."

There was a moment of silence, then James said, huskily:

"I never meant to be unkind to Susy."

"Let her decide," I said, quietly. "Ask her whether you shall take from her future legacy the sum requisite to give her all Nellie has of home conveniencies, and see whether she hesitates."

We talked then of other matters, until we saw the sisters coming up the garden walk, laden with bundles.

"We have been over to Main street shopping," Nellie said, in her clear, sweet voice. "Cold weather will be coming soon and we must be ready."

She opened her bundles, telling how this was for wee Johnnie, this for little Nellie, both of whom were waiting at grandma's for papa to bring them home after tea. And while she displayed all her purchases, Susy was wearily removing her hat and shawl.

"You did not show us what you bought," I said to her.

"It is all plain sewing," she answered, "I do not buy pretty things till that is done. I have no boy now, you know."

"Your plain sewing is quite heavy?" I asked.

"Oh no! But every stitch is a stitch," she said, smiling.

"Should you like a machine?" James asked.

"Oh, James!" she cried, catching her breath, as a child does in sudden glad surprise, "I thought you did not like them!"

Very gravely James told her of our afternoon's talk, and put before her the proposition that I had suggested.

There was not one moment's hesitation in Susy's answer.

"Put the money into the house," she said quickly, and, oh, so gladly, "and into the same labor-saving improvements that Nellie has. I would never complain, James, so long as you consider these things mere useless extravagance; but since you ask me—"

Here she put her arm around her sister and drew her to her side:

"I only answer—Look at Nellie and look at me. To have Nellie's brightness, strength and beauty I would cheerfully spend every dollar we have. And Nellie owes it all to Seth's thoughtful care in her domestic arrangements."

"I am convinced," said James. "Tomorrow we improve the house."

It took many morrows to introduce the improvements into the cottage, but we were all Seth's guests through the worst of the confusion, and Susy's eyes fairly danced as she watched the workmen.

It is two years since I arrived at Upham, and Susy had a crowing baby for me to dance upon my knee. The cottages are precisely alike now, inside out, and over each presides a rosy-cheeked matron full of happiness.

PIGEONS OR PEAS.

BY ELLIS WALTON

All day Fritz had been watching the pigeons. There they sat: one, two, three, four, five. Five pigeons in a row on the roof, with their little bright eyes shining.

Once upon a time Fritz loved pigeons. Now he could not bear them; and this was the reason.

Fritz had a garden of his own—a very nice little garden, with pink daisies, and mignonette, and one beautiful rose tree. But this did not satisfy him. What he wanted more than anything else was to have a big row of sweet peas, like those under mother's window. They did smell so sweet, and all their different colors were so pretty.

He asked mother for some seeds, and planted them very carefully. It took him a long time to do, poking holes with his small fat fingers—one hole for each pea. Then he covered them up, and pressed the earth down very tightly. But nurse told him that the peas would never grow if he squeezed them down like that; so Fritz dug them all up again and began afresh. This time nurse helped him, and at last they were all planted.

Then Fritz sat down with a sigh of relief, and looked at his garden, for he was rather tired, being only a little boy of six. At present there was not much to see, only a piece of smooth brown earth; by-and-by there would be little green shoots, then a beautiful bunch of sweet-smelling peas for mother.

Next morning he visited the garden again, but someone had been there before him. A few marks of cruel claws scratching betrayed the visitors. The pigeons had been there and eaten up every pea.

"They're nasty horrid things," sobbed Fritz, in his first outburst of grief. "I saw them yesterday, they watched me the whole time. They did it on purpose."

Mother was very sorry for her little boy's disappointment. She gave him some more seeds, and said she would not mind one bit waiting a little longer for her bunch of flowers.

"It's no use putting them in when the pigeons are looking," said Fritz to himself, as he trotted down the path squeezing up the seeds in his hot little hands.

He was a thoughtful little boy, and quite old enough to understand that it would be no use doing the same as he had done yesterday. His mind was very busy thinking.

How could he hide the peas from the pigeons? If he pressed them down a long way into the ground perhaps the pigeons would not be able to find them; but then nurse said they would not grow if they were put down so far.

He must plant them when the pigeons were not looking.

Very cautiously Fritz looked round. Up on the roof, in a row, sat the five pigeons.

Why did they stay there?

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Fritz; but they did not move, and he could not reach them. Perhaps they knew this, for there they sat with a provoking "don't care" look on their faces.

At least, that is what Fritz thought.

"I should like to whip you!" he said, shaking his small fist at them.

Still the pigeons did not care, or stir a single feather. They could see all over the garden from their lofty position. It was useless trying to hide from them.

Fritz sat down to think.

He wondered if the pigeons ever went to sleep in the middle of the day. He had to lie down for an hour before luncheon; perhaps they had a little nap too. They had been up so early that they must be getting sleepy. But no! a hasty glance showed them remarkably wide awake, watching him with their bright beady eyes, in which there was not a shadow of sleepiness.

Fritz determined to wait. He played about until it was time to go in, while nurse sat working. When he woke from his midday sleep there were just five minutes before the luncheon bell rang. Mother gave him leave to go out, and he scampered down the path and round the corner of the shrubbery. Here he came to a sudden pause.

[redacted]

eons must be in bed. Now was his only chance of planting the peas.

Fritz looked round the room. His clothes lay neatly folded on a chair, but he could not stop to put them on, for it would take too long; and, besides, he had no experience of dressing himself alone—there were so many horrid tapes and buttons to be fastened.

He peeped into the other room. On the table, by the side of a workbasket, lay his great-coat—nurse had just sewn a button on it.

It only took Fritz two minutes to struggle into it, though the sleeves were rather tiresome; another minute to thrust his bare toes into the red slippers by his bed, take the packet of seeds, and he was ready.

[redacted]

nice, but they did not make a noise.

At last the garden was reached, and Fritz began. Very slowly the peas were put in, for the coat was very uncomfortable, and flapped about in a most unusual manner; perhaps this was not to be wondered at, as only two buttons were done up.

Fritz was just putting in the last pea when there came a step on the gravel, and mother's voice suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, Fritz, my darling little boy! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" he cried in a whisper, looking fearfully round, "the pigeons will hear!"

Perhaps mother understand it all at once, in the wonderful way mothers have of knowing things; anyhow, she did not ask any questions, but picking up Fritz in her arms, carried him straight to the drawing-room.

Father looked so surprised when she came in, carrying the funny little figure in the huddled-up coat, blinking its eyes like a baby owl at the sudden brightness.

He took Fritz on his knee, and helped mother rub his legs, which were quite cold—for even on a warm summer night little boys want more clothes for out-of-door wear than a night shirt and a great-coat.

Poor nurse came in looking so worried that Fritz felt dreadfully sorry, and promised mother never to go, even in the garden, again alone, without leave. He told them all he had been doing; and then father carried him back to bed, for he was getting almost too sleepy to keep his eyes open. When father went down to the drawing-room again, he found mother with a piece of colored muslin in her hand.

"Look here," she said, smiling, "this is to cover Fritz's seeds."

Father laughed, but he went out with mother to Fritz's garden, and held a lantern while she covered over the peas. They were not planted in a very straight line, and mother had to dig up one or two and replant them. She pegged down the muslin so nicely all round, leaving a little room for air to get in, but not enough for the pigeons.

Fritz was delighted when he saw it next morning, and the muslin remained there till the peas were well above ground. Every now and then it was lifted higher, as the little green shoots grew taller.

And when Fritz could take mother a whole bunch of beautiful sweet-smelling peas out of his own garden, he really felt as if he could begin to love the pigeons again.

Life's Pauses.

From Saturday Evening Post.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of occasional cessation from all work, as well as the necessity for change. Even the organs which never seem to tire—the heart and the lungs—have their periods of ease.

To the undiscerning eye it may seem as if "life's ruddy springs" would "forget to flow" should the heart cease for one moment its mechanical throbbing; but physiologists know that after each effort there comes a brief period of rest, and that out of its apparently incessant tumult the heart snatches six hours a day of momentary quietude.

It is the same with the lungs. All day long we breathe unknowingly, if we are free from pain, and at night the lungs row us through the hours of darkness and unconsciousness with long steady strokes. But between each effort there is a brief period of deep and satisfied rest. The pause becomes lengthened and the restfulness increased in those who, after protracted pain and struggling, are sinking quietly into their "last long sleep on the broad sweet bosom of death." The lungs slowly expand and take the deep draughts of rest which they pause to consume.

It is the same with the tired brain. It must be swathed in forgetfulness every day, or all the chords of life soon jangle out of tune. We think and think and think, we rush hither and thither after business or pleasure, till we become a quivering nerve-centre, all astir; and nothing will bring us to calmness except the steeping of our brows in "slumber's holy balm."

We speak of resting our wearied limbs, and they may need it, but it is the brain which most of all requires to be drugged to stillness by sleep.

And what is true of the heart, the lungs, and the brain is true of the whole being. It is well to run in the ruts quietly and comfortably; but they may get too deep for progress, and we be too weary of their long straight course to bear them any longer.

Then happy are they who can pause and for the moment make an end, and seek peace in quiet places, where the echoes of hurrying life grow faint and the familiar tasks are all out of reach.

Will there ever come a time when a refreshing escape from the life that has become hard to bear will be within reach of every worker? There is a good deal of energy spent now in the endeavour to reduce the hours of labor each week below maximum limit. Coincident with that movement there ought to be another for teaching those who have leisure placed at their disposal how to hoard and expend it.

There is a thrift in time which is quite as necessary as thrift in wealth. A method is needed whereby the driblets of leisure which come to a man day by day may be accumulated until they amount to a good round holiday sum.

Why should not the general workman and mechanic, when he next thinks of reducing his hours of labor instead of striking in such a way as to desolate the trade of the country, or cutting so much per day off his hours of work, aim rather at securing a private week or fortnight for holiday purposes, instead of making a public stoppage which is no personal relief? He would then be enabled to take his family away from their surroundings, and to look with them upon their routine of life with cleansed eyes. What is a necessity for those of us who can bend time to our disposal must be equally valuable to the men and women whose lives are confined within narrower limits.

Yet in many cases they cannot momentarily pause and make an end; they are bound to the wheel. They may feel that the same work day by day is sinking them deeper into the ruts, until presently there will be a stoppage; but it must come of itself. Though every separate piece of work is undertaken through a separate and distasteful effort, and each task leaves an additional weight upon the spirits, there is no escape.

There are three classes of people who are to be pitied on account of their health—those who are convinced they are ill when they are well, those who are not well but are impervious to conviction on the point, and those who know they are not well but who cannot pause for repairs.

And there are many ways of withdrawing for a space from the deadening sameness of life's round. To some the salt breath of the sea is invigoration that cannot be found elsewhere; others may meet their medicine in the rush of cities and the sense of energy and quick resolution that the presence of a multitude minding its own business brings.

The chief aim should be to change the mode of life, a dull man finding movement and a profusion of images and ideas, the too-busy man finding quietness and rest. But to every one the pause must come, if new energy is to be stored and long-gathered weariness is to be charmed away.

The drip of habit is like the waters that wear the stone; a pause may make the drip fall in a fresh place, where its action will be long in starting a new indentation. But we would not regard these withdrawals from the everyday world only as the means of removing accretions of care that have gathered round the heart; rather let us look at them as giving inspiration for future work.

A modern poet has said that "rest which strengthens unto virtuous deeds is one with prayer." We raise our eyes from our task, look around, and are chastened. Let us rest, but only on the way to more work, for the tasks are heavy and endless, the day is short, and the "Well done!" is not lightly earned.

The World's Food For One Day.

The average healthy man eats nearly two and a half pounds of solid food in a day. Some races eat much more than others, but against this we can set the smaller consumption of children and the delicate members of civilized communities. Now, as there are, according to computations, 1,497,000,000 human beings on the earth, we may conclude that 3,742,500,000 pounds, or about 1,670,758 tons of solid food are eaten every day the world over. With regard to the drinking capacity of the human race, as the proper individual allowance is nearly two and three-quarter pints a day, we may take it that the above named quantity of food is accompanied with about 4,116,750,000 pints of liquid in some form or other—that is to say, enough to fill a reservor of considerable length, depth and breadth.

A French statistician has estimated that a man 50 years old has worked 6500 days, has slept 6000, has amused himself 4000, has walked 12000 miles, has been ill 500 days, has partaken of 36,000 meals, eaten 16,000 pounds of meat, and 4000 pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk 7000 gallons of fluid, which would make a lake of 800 feet surface if three feet deep.

The Seven Ages of Men.

"Mrs. Jones has a baby."
"The deuce you say!"
"Fact."
"Girl or boy?"
"Boy."
"Let's hunt up old Jonesey and make him set 'em up."

So is ushered into the world baby Jones, very red and hungry, and very much troubled with insomnia. The former grows on him, and, on wearing off the latter, Papa Jones loses his hair and several pounds of flesh and Mamma Jones loses some of her good looks.

"Pay?" says Papa Jones in astonishment. "Do babies pay? Well, I should say they did."

"Pay?" says Mamma Jones; "why, the whole world could not buy him."

And so Baby Jones becomes Willie Jones, and with his little primer and immaculate tie marches proudly to school. Thereupon the boys "christen" his new shoes by spitting on them, and they soil his white tie rolling him over in the sand. And Willie Jones cries and the teacher comforts him by telling him to sit on the platform and by calling his tormentors "bad boys," and they grin and look ashamed.

But Father Time keeps his scythe a-swing, and lo! Billy Jones is in the high school. Billy the Kid he is called now, and he nearly breaks his mother's heart one day because she sees him smoking a cigarette and evidently enjoying it. Billy Jones is also inclined to partake of the fruit of his neighbor's pear tree, said fruit being obtained after dark.

Will Jones is a different boy a few years after his graduation from the high school. Life has become a question of neckties and fits on clothes. He ushers strangers into seats at the church of the Dan and Beersheba Pilgrims. He leads the German, and one day Deacon Potts is pained to see him coming out of a bucket shop, where he has taken a flyer on wheat.

William Jones, aged forty, is the cashier of the Hightop National bank. Mr. Jones is known as one of our best and brainest business men. Mrs. Jones speaks of him as Mr. Jones or William, and Deacon Potts takes his advice on the investment of a few hundred dollars he has laid by. They talk of running him for the legislature, and the Evening Squash has boomed him for mayor. The little ones call him Papa, and run to meet him at night when he comes home.

"You know old Bill Jones? He was telling me the other day how he used to play ball where the postoffice now stands. He's a jolly old fellow, I tell you. Told about helping to pitch a teacher out of the window when he was a boy, about forty or fifty years ago."

Bill is a jolly old boy. Kept the company in a roar at his daughter's wedding with his stories. They say Bill has laid by quite a little pile in his day. Smooth old boy is Bill. He has accumulated quite a stock of experience, at any rate, and is always ready with a word of counsel, if you ask his advice.

Seventy-five years old to-day is "Old Bill Jones," or "Old Billy Jones," as his younger friends love to call him. There is no term of reproach in familiarity unless it is used by the thoughless or inconsiderate. His old friends have dropped by the wayside one by one, and old Bill Jones is the last leaf on the tree. It is well ripened by time and frost, and the first breath of winter will detach him gently, and he will fall to his parent earth in sweet peace. "Old Bill Jones!" He has done his work well and he is ready to go. He wonders if he will meet the old boys again and talk over the old days. His mind is much on his youth. He loves to recall old associations. The old voices are in his ears. He smiles as he sees the children play.

"Hello, colonel, whose grave is this you are filling?"

"William Jones's, sir."

"What? Old Billy Jones? Well, well. So he has gone. But he lived to a good old age. Let's see, 'seventy-eight years, three months,' the stone says, don't it? That's doing pretty well in these times. Jones was a good old fellow, though. I remember hearing my father tell how Jones let him have $5,000 once to tide him over a crisis and he never took a bit of security. He and father were great friends once. How long ago? Oh, that must have been twenty or twenty-five years back. Father's been dead eighteen years. Well, good luck to him wherever he is. Good day."

The most durable paint for roofs is red oxide of iron or Prince's metallic paint (dry); mix it with raw linseed oil for shingle roofs; first coat thin, so as to spread easily with the brush. When this has well dried, which may be several days, paint with the same paint mixed with boiled linseed oil, just thick enough to spread well with a brush. For iron roofs use boiled linseed oil with the same paint for both coats.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

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