A JUNETIME PARABLE.

With morning roses, red and white, I made,
When Love was late, a pleasant bower for shade.

A shadow alone is needed, by night or day,
Love came night made it shine, day made it shade.

Then it fell the door and pass the house
Lone nightingales made glad the nights of June.

But he was not Love I listened to their song
Wounded to sob my very heart was strong

With sharp, sweet pain, whereon I somebody,
and let
Love entered with wonderous eyes wounded to
and fro.

Passing I left the flowers, and gave it, he
Left it alone in June and shadow was.

So when the leaves have withered one by one,
When nightingales have fled, and pain the sole

With a dog answer shadow may not break or
bower,
I will go hence, and watch the bare vine hangs

Drawn of the summer sun the leaves that made,
When Love is asked, my pain and shadow shade.
—Philip Bourke in New York Independent.

TWO PAINTED DOORS.

Mr. Milner boarded at 3 Simpson terrace (there was no terrace, but the name thought the name sounded so warm and pleasant, so he had christened his little cottage "Simpson's terrace"). He boarded with Mrs. Chipley and her two daughters, Maud and Marian, who felt it a great distinction to do of any service, however slight, to the pastor.

Maud gathered fresh flowers for the only table every day. Marian set up his slippers to iron and mend table linen so that the good man might have a clean napkin every day, and to darn his stockings so that you could not tell mended pieces from the whole, and the little widow herself exhausted every culinary resource to humor his dyspepsia and to contrive dainty dishes out of the least possible foundation. To these three simple women Rev. Mile Milner was like an embodied saint.

"And now that Mr. Milner is safely gone for the day," said Mrs. Chipley, "we'll clear the sitting room and while rack the walls, Run to Dingy's, Maud, for a heap of unshaked lime; and—oh, by the way, bring some cornmeal, dear. We'll have hasty pudding for dinner and eat in the kitchen table. Some hasty pudding and milk will do for us women."

"Of course it will do, mamma," said Maud.

"I just like pudding and milk!" cried Marian, jumping gleefully up and down and, although Mr. Milner is such a dear, good man, yet it is a sort of relief to have him gone once in awhile, so that we can clear tables and eat hasty pudding and milk. Oh, Maud!" she whispered to her aesthetic sister, as Mrs. Chipley went out to hang the big kettle over the fire, "I've such an idea in my head! If you'll only get a little grass green paint, nicely mixed, when you are at Dingy's, and a medium sized brush!"

"Green paint, Marian! What for?"

"Hush! don't let mamma hear! I'm afraid of hearing this called the house with the blue door."

Maud cheered. Although the elder in point of years, she had long been accustomed to be domineered over by pretty, positive Marian.

"But it is the strangest thing, Marian," she said, as fifteen or twenty minutes later she handed over a mysterious tin can and an oblong paper parcel to her sister; "Joe Dean is not now painting his door blue."

"Tastes differ," said Marian, shrugging her shoulders, now invested in a potentially shabby old calico gown, suitable only to the extremest exigencies of housecleaning time.

"Blue is a lovely color, but as applied to a house door I am heartily sick of it. Joe Dean has no more taste than a Newfoundland dog."

"The Deans are expectedly city company to luncheon," said Maud. "They sent to borrow the butterfly china plates this morning."

"It must be nice to have city company," sighed Marian.

"Oh, but to think of the work of it!" said Maud, lifting both her hands.

Mrs. Chipley came in at that moment and did in what Marian called her "morning reminiscences," and wearing an olive silk handkerchief tied around her still bright and glossy hair, and the love set themselves determinedly to work.

Rev. Mile Milner, on reaching the railway station, received a telegram that his friends, Professor Klingenberg, would possibly meet him that day.

"Very good," said Mr. Milner. "I'll just stop back home and get a mouthful of luncheon, and then I'll go to look over those ancient manuscripts with Dr. Kalgen. He has been urging me to do so for some time past, and I may never have a better opportunity than this."

Mr. Milner tucked the umbrella under his arm, tipped his black, wide rimmed hat over his eyes and set off on a swift jogging stride back to Simpson terrace. The blue door stood wide open. So he walked in without knocking and economy.

"Fresh paint!" he said to himself, sniffing his thin nostrils. "If there's anything on the face of the earth I detest it is fresh paint. And I've got it all over the skirts of my best coat tail. Where is Mrs. Chipley? What has become of the girls? Nobody ever seems to be in the way when they're wanted. But, fortunately, I have luncheon ready spread. I wonder how long it has passed. How could they leave it unclothed? Cold roast grouse, with currant jelly—chicken salad, pickled onions—really, now, this is something quite beyond the ordinary run of one's fare!"

The pastor sat down and ate with an excellent appetite. He made a big hole in the chicken salad mound; he pierced the breast of a crisp, brown grouse with premeditated satisfaction; he buttered a flaky biscuit and added to its flavor by several spoonfuls of amber quince preserve.

"All the same," said he to himself, as he wiped his mouth with a damask napkin and rose from his chair, with sector clinks at the vegetable shaped watch, "this sort of thing is quite beyond Mrs. Chipley's means. I thought she had better sense. I must really speak to her about it. In the meantime I must make good speed if I expect to have much time at my friend Hodge's place."

Away he trudged, much comforted and sustained as regarded his inner man.

"Just Just!" ejaculated Miss Francesca Dean, coming into the room a few minutes later, "what lovely new door! Marian up all the company luncheon! Oh, you goody!——"

"I didn't do no such thing," shouted Joe from an upper room, where he was transforming himself from an amateur journeyman painter to a modern tennis player. "What are you talking about?"

"Some one has painted his door blue!" cried Miss Francesca. "Just look at the table!"

"Then it's sure Tramp smashed in through the door that I left open to dry the paint," bawled Joe, hunting his leg.

And while the Dean family were endeavoring to repair damages the task of housecleaning went swiftly on at the Chipley domicile, only two doors away, the girls and their mother scarcely taking time to sit down and eat their hasty pudding, which, by the way, got scorched through Maud's consideration to prying the chicken curtains at the pastor's shady windows.

But harder as they would, the newly whitewashed walls were scarcely dry, and the furniture not yet rearranged, when dark descended on the scene and Rev. Mile Milner came in.

"Oh, mile onto, Mr. Milner!" exclaimed Maud, "the door—the paint is fresh."

"Blue!" said the pastor firmly. "Do you think I haven't the sense of my eyes?"

"Green," persisted Marian. "I know, because I put it on myself."

"It is not well," said Rev. Milner, "for the young to be so positive."

"But it will be true," said Maud.

"And while I'm about it," said Mr. Milner, now thoroughly exasperated, "I deem it my duty to remonstrate with you concerning the extravagant and unwarranted style of diet to which you indulge during my absence!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Chipley, feebly catching her breath.

"Hasty pudding and milk could be called extravagant," lamented Maud.

"Scorched at that," murmured Marian.

"Roast grouse and currant jelly," said the pastor. "Chicken salad and sponge cake. And—here again I trust to the evidence of my eyesight—all set out on poor old butterfly pattern china. I know, because I use it myself."

"You—you got into the wrong house," gasped Maud.

"It was the house with the blue door," serenely uttered Mr. Milner, as if this were an incontrovertible argument.

Marian clapped her hands hysterically.

"Mamma," she cried; "Maud, Mr. Milner was the tramp who ate up Miss Dean's company luncheon. That was just what Francesca Dean told me they had prepared! And on our butterfly china too!"

"It was the house with the blue door," stubbornly replied Mr. Milner.

"But Joe Dean painted their door blue today!" exclaimed Marian. "And I painted ours green."

The pastor sank limply into a chair. "Then," he said, "I've got green and blue paint both on the skirts of my coat, and I have made a dreadful blunder in the bargain! And I must get out once and apologize to the Dean family, but not until you, my kind friends, have forgiven me for my meddling interference."

"Not really," said mischievous Maud, "hasty pudding isn't an extravagance."

Mrs. Chipley and Marian hastened to deprecate the pastor's humility, and he went early to make his peace with Miss Francesca Dean.

"It is kind of queer," said Deacon Philpot, talking the matter over some days afterward. "The deacon, he speaks admits that he's sort of absent-minded, and needs a wife to keep him straight. And I'll bet even on pretty Miss Sibil and Francesca Dean."

The deacon, however, was wrong for once in his life. Pastor Milner did get married, but it was neither to Miss Sybil Francesca nor dark eyed Maud. Like a sensible man he proposed to Widow Chipley herself, and was accepted at once.

"But if Mrs. Milner does not object," he said, with due courtesy, "I should like to have the front door painted blue once more."—Home Queen.

New York from the Outside.

New Yorkers and persons who come here frequently do not realize the strong desire to see the city that exists in small and distant communities—a desire which often amounts to the ambition of a lifetime. A few summers ago, in a little village in a remote corner of one of the middle states, was encountered a woman of forty, a spinster, who, when she found her new acquaintance was from New York, began a spirited conversation about the city, reciting streets glibly, indicating localities and betraying so much accurate knowledge of the place that her listener finally asked her how long since she had left it.

"Oh, I've never been in New York," was the reply. "I've wanted to always, and I'm hoping to go this fall. I've got two maps of the city, though, and I've worn them out studying the places. I believe I could go with my eyes shut from the Battery to Central park."

It is gratifying to record that her ambition was realized the following autumn, and it was little short of marvelous to see how completely this country woman had New York at her fingers' ends.—New York Times.

Shot an Anaconda in a Tree.

Arthur Seeds discovered a large snake in the top of a tree in Clarke recently, and shot the reptile through the head. The snake was over six feet in length and a fine specimen of the anaconda. A side show distributed there some time ago, and, being hopelessly stranded, turned two monkeys and eight snakes loose on the community. The monkeys were captured soon after, but the snakes have been at large ever since.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain operates about 30,000 miles of line and handles nearly 23,000,000 telegrams a year. Last year 6,000,000 telegrams were handled in London alone.

"Take your tennis shoes aboard ship with you," said a young woman who has done it. "The rubber soles make the foot of footholds on the often slippery decks."

A Perpetual Memorial.

One hears so often in these days of other memorials than costly marbles one wonders if the fashion of piling dollars over the graves of the loved ones in the shape of rich carvings and polished shafts will not some day have gone out entirely. It is the persons of wealth who do these things and it is they who are finding a more satisfactory way to honor their dead.

In one of the beautiful homes of northern New York there lived until the morning of the 5th of July a dear little fair haired girl, whose Puritan name, Priscilla, fitted well with her quaint grace and demure daintiness. She was a joyous child despite her gentle ways, and the Fourth to her was full of delightful anticipations. As usual, fireworks had been ordered from New York and every preparation made for a specially gala day to celebrate the recovery of a younger brother from a serious and threatening illness. But on the Thursday before little Priscilla was suddenly stricken with malignant diphtheria and Sunday she died, her lair prettie full of the glories of the Fourth which would never dawn for her.

Instead of lavishing money over the soulless body of her little daughter as is done in the village graveyard, the stricken mother has taken another way to perpetuate her memory. There is in St. Christina House for Sick and Convalescent Children in Saratoga a Priscilla room and a Priscilla bed, perpetually endowed. The little girl's playthings and belongings, her books and many of her little gowns have been taken there for the comfort and pleasure of its occupants as they come and go, some direct from the room to Priscilla's own home beyond the grave and others not again into the world for a time. And in coming pleasurings for the sister and brother which Priscilla has left, the share that would have been that little sunbeam's, were she here to claim it, is to be put aside for the young sufferer who will be to the Priscilla room at the home. Could any "stained urn" be as lasting and beautiful a monument as this?—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Recent German Political Plays.

Some months after Bismarck's dismissal a historical play called "Der Neue Herr" was performed at Berlin. The subject was the glorification of the young doctor of Brandenburg, known to history as the great elector, who, on ascending the throne of his fathers, dismissed his father's wicked ministers. Of course nobody could fail to notice the singularly ill chosen historical parallel, but it did not spoil them. The emperor visited the performance night after night, applauding vociferously, and even went out of his way to confer marks of distinction on author and actors.

This episode was in general discreetly passed over by the press at the time; the front was not ripe, the cup had yet fell. But for all that it wounded the feelings of many who, whatever their party, had retained unsullied the sentiments of chivalrous gentlemen. A more recent attempt to propagate political ideas by means of a stage play, which also found demonstrative patronage from the emperor, was choked at its birth by the apathy of the public, who sat on the half empty benches in disdainful silence amid the boisterous applause of the emperor.—Contemporary Review.

Communication with Stranded Ships.

Some months ago, when the Eider was stranded off the Isle of Wight, the proprietors of The Graphic offered a prize of £100 for the best invention for enabling ships to communicate with the shore. In all 2,000 competitors entered for the prize, and the award has just been given to Messrs. Thomson and Noble, of Southampton. The best means of communication is considered by the judges to be a rocket, and the prize winners' rocket has almost the novelty which has been proved to work admirably. It is fitted with a strong grapnel, and carries of course a rope, single or double, according to distance.

The grapnel remains closely shut while the rocket is in flight, but the moment the ground is reached it opens and clings on to whatever it touches. The rope may then be made fast from the ship, and the passengers and crew landed in the ordinary way. The advantage of this arrangement is that the work of rescue can be performed in the absence of assistance from the shore end.—London Tit-Bits.

Crops After the Recent Floods.

It seemed impossible two months ago for any corn to be raised on the flooded bottomlands of the Mississippi valley, but the indications now point to a very fair crop. As soon as the water receded most of the farmers took no time to securing seed, and the extreme moisture in the soil is bringing on this corn very rapidly. Had the drought predicted for July set in early in the month, the gloomy predictions of the early part of June would have been more than fulfilled, but the very moderate weather has come to the rescue of the flooded farmer, for in many cases will be able to realize nearly as much from his crop as he could have hoped for had the river not left its channel at all.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

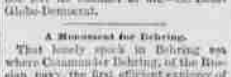
A Monument for Behring.

That lonely spot in Behring sea where Commander Behring, of the Russian navy, the first efficient explorer of those waters, lies buried beneath a rude cairn, will presently have a monument to the navigator's memory. The Russian transport war Alexei recently visited the spot, and will return with a metal cross inscribed to the memory of Behring and his followers and proclaimed as the tribute of the Alexei. Behring was wrecked on the island in 1741.—New York Sun.

Employment for the Mongoose.

It is proposed to introduce a new species of vermin into this country. The people of California are plagued with gophers, and they propose to bring the mongoose to war on the gopher.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.



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