

## TOO LATE.

"Ah! si la jeunesse avait-elle le plus beau!"

There sat an old man on a rock  
And unceasing bewailed him of Fate—  
That concern where we all must take stock  
Though our vote has no hearing or weight;  
And the old man sang him an old, old song—  
Never sang voice so clear and strong  
That it could drown the old man's long,  
For he sang the song "Too late! Too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains  
The promise that if we but wait  
Till the want has burned out of our brains  
Every means shall be present to save;  
While we send for the napkin the soup gets  
Cold,  
While the bonnet is trimming the face grows  
Old,  
When we've matched our buttons the pattern  
Is sold,  
And everything comes too late—too late!"

"When strawberries seem like red heavens—  
Terrapin stew a wild dream—  
When my brain was at sixes and sevens  
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,  
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger  
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger—  
But oh! how I wished I were younger  
When the goodies all came in a stream—in  
a stream!"

"I've a splendid blood horse, and a liver  
That it jars into torture to trot;  
My row-boat's the gem of the river—  
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!  
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and  
Rome,  
But no palate for menus—no eyes for a  
dome—  
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry  
at home  
When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd  
got."

"How I longed in that loneliest of garrets,  
Where the tiles baked my brains all July,  
For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,  
Two pigs of my own in a sty,  
A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—  
Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage;  
Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—  
With a woman's chair empty close by—close  
by!"

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,  
I have shared one seat with the Great;  
I have sat, knowing naught of the clock,  
On Love's high throne of state;  
But the lips that kissed and the arm that ca-  
ressed  
To a mouth grown stern with delay were  
pressed,  
And circled a breast that their clasp had  
blessed  
Had they only not come too late! too late!"

## A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE EMPLOYER AND THE EMPLOYED.

BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

A few years since, in the pleasant village of H—, there was located an extensive lumber establishment which employed nearly a hundred men. They were paid fair wages, and all appeared contented and happy. Many of them had purchased lots and were building homes for their families. Snug little cottages were springing up on every hand, in every available place, until every vacant lot near the mill was occupied. Then a new plot just outside of the corporation was selected, laid out into lots, and sold very cheap and on easy terms. In a few years this plot was nearly covered with cottages by these men, the fruit of their earnings.

A grocery, a smith shop, a carriage shop, and a bakery were added, when the place presented a complete little village by itself. Soon the main village extended its corporation limits to embrace it, and give them the benefit of its union free school and the protection of the fire department.

In the meantime the lumber business was rapidly growing. Two new mills were started up and manned; a railroad was built to convey logs to the mills and lumber to the piling grounds; large tracts of timber were purchased to secure logs for future use. Everything seemed alive and prosperous.

The proprietor, who we will call Mr. A., had formerly worked at the mill with his men by day and wrote up his accounts by night, but the increasing business now demanded his whole time, consequently a foreman was placed in charge of the mill. Among a lot of new hands secured were two by the names of Kearny and Wellock, who, although they proved to be good workmen, soon began to sow seeds of discontent among the hands. They spent their earnings at public places, in drinking, gambling, and smoking, and, to use their own expressions, were always in the shorts. These men were always harping about the price of labor, and about men getting rich by other people's work. In most towns there are plenty of loungers and loafers who, too lazy to earn an honest living, are ever ready to join in a tirade against business men who are prospering by industry and economy, and more especially those who were classmates in youth with themselves. These two men found plenty of chums of their own stamp. They would visit them at the mill by day and meet them on the street at night. They expressed great sympathy toward the hands, whom they affirmed were working too cheap. Kearny and Wellock were ever bickering and taunting the mill hands, saying that they were working for nothing, were stuffing another man's pockets while their own were always empty. At length some of the men most easily effected were induced to believe that this was true, that they were not receiving as much as they ought to have, and that Mr. A. was making very large profits from their work. They joined these malcontents, and very soon a feeling of dissatisfaction was spread throughout the entire gang. They were led to believe that if they would only strike, Mr. A. would offer them higher wages to induce them to go to work. Says Kearny, "Let us stop the mill and send word to the office, and when old A. comes down I will just tell him that we are not slaves; that we know what a fair price for labor is worth, and that we are not going to work ourselves to death, night and day, for a mere pittance, while he is hoarding up his thousands every year from our toil."

"That's the kind of talk, Kearny," replied Wellock. "We don't get enough to keep one in terbacker, after paying for board, let alone a warm drink, which a man needs now and then to keep his strength to do this kind of work. I say, boys, let us stop now; it's a good time; the foreman is away. I'll give it to him right in his face when he comes round. He's made money enough off of me, I'll tell him that."

"Yes," cried Kearny, "let's shut her down at once. Hurrah for the old mill and good pay!" and down went his gate with the saw in the middle of a log. Wellock also shut his gate, and several others followed suit.

These men then rushed to the other men's gates and shut them down, shouting, "Hurrah for fair wages; who's afraid!" Most of the men felt that it was wrong, and began to expostulate. But others hooted them, saying, "It's no use working night and day, at this rate, just for one's living."

"You know that old A. is piling up money like dirt, while we are just starving," cried Kearny. "Let him come down here; all I want is a chance to just tell him what I think of him." Turning to a lad standing near he says: "Here, boy, is five cents; you go and tell A. that his mill is stopped." The boy started out, and soon Mr. A. was seen coming hurriedly down toward the mill. When he had advanced nearly half way, and the men's faces were turned in that direction, these two cowardly rascals darted around the corner of the mill out of sight, yet near enough to hear what was said.

Mr. A., approaching the men, who were sitting on the wagons and piles of lumber, asks: "What is the trouble, boys?" No one answers. Again he inquires, "What is the matter? Why is the mill stopped?" Still all were silent. At length a small boy speaks up and says: "They have stopped the mill to make you give them more money for working."

This was the first intimation that reached him that there was any dissatisfaction among his men. He turned and surveyed the different groups, his countenance showing more of grief than anger, and asked: "Is this true?" No one answered. He then inwardly asked himself the question: "Can it be true that these men whom I have assisted and cared for as for my own children, upon whom I have bestowed so many favors, are not satisfied?" To many of them he had advanced money to bring their families here. He had helped others to purchase lots; had advanced lumber to build their houses; and several who had come there penniless, he had fed at his own table until they could find a place to live. These thoughts rushed through his mind like electricity as he scanned the various groups.

As he continued to gaze at them,