The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.

AT TWO DOLLARS per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits will not be given.

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The Columbian.

J. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1884.

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SELECT POETRY.

AT SUNRISE.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

It is the last dark hour, and from their cars,
That wheel them down through glimmering voids of light,
Leaning reluctantly, the hearkening stars
Hear the faint and final music of the night
Blend with the far, sweet voice of coming day,
And, with the moon, low riding, wane away.

Like some soft-footed maiden, bearing high
A silver lamp above her timorous head,
The dawn mounts up the stairways of the sky,
Pluming the ashen east with lambent red,
Till from the topmost tower she looketh down,
Smiling through cloudy tresses wildly blown.

The world awakens; hark! from glen and copse
Music and many voices of delight,
The splendor on the purple mountain-tops
Descends, and all the summer plains are bright
And all the luminous, pure sky above
Is calm and tender as the smile of love.

SEECT STORY.

AN EMBEZZLER'S REVENGE.

It was ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. I had already been at the office a couple of hours hard at work over ledgers and day-books. They had been my constant companions for many days past. I was beginning to tire of their company. But at last I had discovered that of which I was in search.

I whistled down my speaking tube for Mr. Jenkin, the head clerk of the firm.

"Is Mr. Macfarlane come yet?"

"No, sir," was the reply

I felt annoyed. He ought to have arrived half an hour ago. Was it possible he had taken fright?

I gave orders that he should be sent to me directly he came.

I had been engaged on an important affair, but I believed I had carried it through successfully. So far as I knew my examination of the books had been made without exciting suspicion, but it was difficult to be quite sure.

Half an hour passed before Macfarlane made his appearance. When he entered the room it was evident he thought he was about to be reprimanded for his tardy arrival, for he began to apologize.

I listened to his excuses, which I happened to know were pure inventions, and then turned to the matter in hand.

"Can you explain these figures?" I asked him quietly, opening the ledger at a certain page.

He gave a slight start, and then moved slowly forward to inspect the entry.

"What is it that requires explanation?" he asked.

"According to the returns which I have received from Frodsham & Walker," I replied, "the amount of alloy in their last consignment does not tally with that stated in your entry. Moreover, they do not seem to have been allowed the usual discount, though you have deducted it from the sums for which you have acounted."

The evidence was as clear as day. He could give no explanation.

"It must have been a mistake," he said. "We used not to allow the discount, and I suppose I must have overlooked the recent change in my instructions.

"It's a curious mistake," I observed. "It has occurred in the only case in which, in the ordinary course of business, we should have no check on your transactions. Pure accident rendered me suspicious, and I resolved to see if there were any grounds for my suspicions."

He made no reply.

"Have you anything to say?" I demanded.

"Only that it was a mistake," he reiterated.

"I am afraid that excuse will hardly be sufficient. A mistake which results in a loss to the firm of a hundred and seventy-five pounds is not one that can be passed over."

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"Naturally, I shall put the whole affair before my partners. In the meantime you will remain here till they decide what steps to take."

He moved a step toward the door, but I had my hand on the bell, and he stepped.

"I have told you it was a mistake," he repeated; "but I am ready to suffer the consequences of it. It will ruin me to replace the money, but I can give you half of it, and you can retain the balance by degrees from my salary."

"That is not the usual method in which embezzlement is treated," I replied, coldly.

"Do you mean that you will prosecute me?"

"I have no doubt whatever that the firm will."

"It's no good putting it on the firm," he said angrily. "It is you who have discovered it all. No one will know a word of it if you do not speak."

"You confess it then?" I asked.

"I confess to nothing except a mistake. It is for you to undertake the responsibility of treating it as anything more. Are you going to ruin me? Don't you know that if I am arrested my life is wrecked?"

I hesitated. It is a serious thing to blast a man's prospects forever, however much he may deserve punishment. He saw my hesitation and took advantage of it.

"Why do you want to injure me? What good will it do you? You know I am the best man in the whole place. Is it wise to lose me? I will work as hard as a dozen of them if you let me off. You will always have a hold over me in the future, and if you see me shirking you will always be able to keep me up to my work. If only you will keep silent! No one else knows!"

His argument was the worst he could have used; it determined me finally. I saw that if I consented to hold my tongue I should be as much at his mercy as he at mine—we should be accomplices.

"It is too late," I said. "You should have thought of all this before. I have no choice."

"You will send me to prison, then?"

"I shall report what I have discovered."

"Very well, then," he said in a whisper, "if you do, I swear I'll have my revenge! Another couple of years, and I should make my fortune; now you are destroying everything. Take care!"

"I am not to be hindered from doing my duty by idle threats," I retorted as I rose.

"You will find they are not idle," he turned. "I'll make you repent this day, if I have to wait half my life for it."

I disdained to hear more. I left the room, locking the door behind me. Macfarlane made no resistance; he knew escape was impossible. To reach the street he would have to traverse a room full of men, even supposing I could not have prevented him from leaving the room.

An hour afterward he was given into custody. When the trial came on there was no difficulty in proving his guilt; it also came out that he had squandered the money he had appropriated in dissipation, and that he was even a more worthless character than I had believed. I felt no compunction for the part I had played. I had only fulfilled my duty. Nor did I anticipate that his threats were anything more than the expressions of the hate which he naturally felt toward me.

He was condemned to two years imprisonment with hard labor

—

The two years passed swiftly by. I had nearly forgotten Macfarlane. The only result of the affair as regards me had been that my partners conceived an exaggerated notion of my ability and tact, and reposed greater confidence in me than before.

The firm of which I was a junior partner was an old-established one. Our business was that of manufacturing goldsmiths, and was a profitable one. However, trade was by no means so prosperous as it had been; in spite of unremitting efforts the income of the firm gradually sank. Our only consolation was the knowledge that our rivals suffered even more than we did.

Personally I spared no pains. I was not by nature a business man, preferring the professions to manufactures, but circumstances having led me to embark in business I determined to make the best of it at all events.

Naturally I was dissatisfied with the recent course of things, and cast my eyes round in every direction for a fresh field of activity. At the same time it behooved us to be careful; more than one firm had recently come to grief, driven into dangerous speculations by the necessity of doing something.

I was in the refreshment room at Euston one day, taking a hasty lunch on my return from a journey to Birmingham, when I was conscious of some on looking at me.

I turned round and faced a man who seemed familiar to me. A moment's reflection and I recognized him—Macfarlane.

He hesitated a moment and then lifted his hat to me. Almost unconsciously I gave him a sign of recognition. He at once came forward.

"How do you do, sir?" he asked. "I was afraid you would not care to recognize me."

"I am scarcely sure I do," was my reply. I wanted to let him see that I was not anxious to renew our acquaintance. At the same time the meeting had taken me so by surprise that I had not made up my mind to cut him dead.

"You've every excuse for not recognizing me," he said. "My face is a little altered, isn't it?"

It certainly was. He wore a beard and moustache instead of being clean shaved. His hair was differently arranged, his whole dress and appearance were quieter and more gentlemanly than formerly. He had immensely improved in every respect.

"It is some time since we met," he continued.

"Yes, I suppose it is," I replied, wishing he had avoided the subject, for I felt very uncomfortable.

"It is nearly four years," he said "Four years make a good deal of difference to a man, especially when two of them have been spent in prison."

What could I say? It would have been insulting, even cruel, to say that I was sorry.

"You don't mind talking to a jail-bird, I hope?" he said with a smile. "You need not be afraid of my being recognized; no one but you has recognized me, yet I don't think you would have done so if I hadn't fixed my eyes on you."

"I should have thought that it would have been you who would have been the first to object to our meeting," I said. "The sight of me can't be very pleasant to you, I'm afraid."

He almost laughed.

"You're mistaken, I'm glad to say," he replied. "My one hope lately has been to meet you. We can't talk quietly here," he added; "there is such a crew. Could you spare me a half an hour? I think I can promise you won't regret it."

"I wanted to get back to my work, but Macfarlane interested me. I had been severe perhaps with him in old days. I might at all events grant him the small favor of an interview now.

We took a cab to his hotel—a quiet one in a street off the Strand. He had a private room, and he ordered up some coffee. Evidently he was in different circumstances than when a junior clerk and traveler in our firm.

"Try one of these," he said.

He produced some cigars. I took one; it was in the green condition that Americans love.

"Not dry enough for you?" he asked.

"It will suit me admirably," I replied. "Didn't you get these in America?"

"Yes; I only crossed a week ago. I've been there for the last two years or so—ever since—you know what."

"I am glad to see that you have not been so utterly ruined as you anticipated," I said, conscious that the remark was in bad taste. But I was in a false position, and everything I said must be either stupid or awkward.

"Do you remember," he asked, "the day when you had me up in your room?"

I remembered it as well as he, probably.

"Do you remember what I said when you wouldn't let me off?"

I nodded. Was he going to spring trap of mine on me? Was all this a preparation for a deadly revenge? Impossible. He was as harmless looking a companion as one could wish for.

"I said that I'd be revenged on you if I had to wait years. Well, I have waited years, and here is my revenge. I'm treating you to coffee and cigars, and talking away to you just as if I were the senior partner, and you a clerk. That's a better revenge than trying to put a bullet through you, and then hanged for it, isn't it? Upon my word though sir, when I made that threat I meant doing you a mischief, if ever I got the chance."

"I am very glad you have thought better of it," I remarked, truthfully enough.

"So am I," he said. "So far from wanting to serve you out for the part you took in that wretched business, I am thankful to the last degree for what you did. I was on the way to ruin when you stopped me; you cut me adrift from all my old temptations and companions, and when I left prison I was free in more senses than one. I went to America, and there I got on. You know I have a certain sort of talent—even you must acknowledge that?"

"I know you were the best man in the place," I said, "and we were sorry to lose your services."

"I think it was fortunate for you that you did," he said with a laugh, "or in a few years I should have appropriated a good proportion of your profits. I saw where the chances lay. However, I've lately been turning my energies into a more legitimate channel, and find it pays better, as well as being more comfortable to my conscience. I've no longer a constant dread of a policeman, and can look every man in the face."

We continued talking some time longer; he was an amusing companion and regaled me with the most entertaining stories of his life in America. At last my business compelled me to leave him, so I rose and excused my unwilling departure.

He held out his hand as I went and I shook it. I did so with considerable satisfaction. I felt an immense relief in finding that the man whom I feared I had irreparably injured had become a changed character, and had actually profited through the very experience that might have been expected to ruin him.

"I'm glad you'll shake hands with me," he said, warmly; "it shows that you, at all events, no longer despise me."

"Every one must respect a man who has done as you have," I said.

"I'm afraid not—at all events, I don't mean to risk it. If you should happen ever to talk of me to anyone at your place, I wish you would not mention that you have seen me."

"I am sure no one would wish to rake up the past," I said.

"Perhaps not, but I don't want any one to be reminded of it. I don't object to your speaking about it, but no one else shall. I've even changed my name; here is my card."

I took it—Mr. Charles Farebrother.

"If I can be of any assistance to you I hope you will say so," I remarked as I put on my hat. "I should be glad of an opportunity of making you forget, as far as possible, that we once were on bad terms."

"You are very good; I should scarcely have ventured to ask you to do me a favor. You are in a hurry now I see; will you honor me by dining with me some night this week? I should very much like a talk with you; perhaps it might result in advantage to both of us."

I consented, partly through curiosity. A few minutes afterward I was on my way to the office.

I was careful not to mention that I had seen Macfarlane; his wishes were entitled to respect.

At the appointed hour I met him at his hotel. He gave me an admirable little dinner, and supplemented it with some of his choice cigars. Not a word did he say which could have reference to our past connection; he was simply an agreeable host.

I was curious to learn now it was he had changed so marvelously in his circumstances, but he seemed in no hurry to enlighten me. However, as we sat chatting after dessert, he gradually led the talk up to the reason of his invitation.

To condense his story, it appeared that on leaving prison he managed to scrape together fifty pounds, which took him to America. He obtained employment in a small jeweler's store or shop, but soon managed to find a better position. Instrumental in saving the place from a burglary, he was handsomely rewarded—a timely investment of his gift turned out successfully, and he found himself in possession of ten thousand dollars.

All this time he had been on the lookout, and he thought he saw an opening for making money. The knowledge which he had acquired as traveler for our firm showed him that the goldsmith's art was not in a high state of perfection in America, especially in the Western States. He conceived the idea of buying the raw material and sending it across to England for manufacture—the smaller cost and greater finish of workmanship in this country amply repaying the comparatively small charges for freight and duty.

The business prospered; he took two partners, who brought considerable capital into the firm, and he was now the head of a flourishing concern.

Of course, all this was intensely interesting to me. There was evidently a field for further enterprise, of which I knew but little. I had made inquiries about the American market, but had failed to secure an opening.

"I'm over about it now," said Macfarlane, "and one of my partners, Richardson, will be over next week. Now, what we want to find is a firm over here who will do the manufacturing for us at fixed and moderate rates—a firm we can trust for good workmanship, and so save the cost of a London agent and place of business. Richardson recommended Jackson's, but they have served us rather badly, and we have come over to make fresh arrangements."

My mouth watered. If only our firm could only get hold of such a splendid job it would go far to revive our sinking prosperity. My business energy got the upper hand of me, and I dropped a hint that possibly we might come to some arrangement.

"I confess that is just what I should like," he said, "but I was afraid to propose it. You are not likely to want to do business with me, considering what has happened in the past."

I did not know what to say, so I kept silent.

"However, you would keep your eyes open this time, no doubt," he continued with a laugh. "Seriously, though, nothing would please me more than to have you as our manufacturers; I know your style of work, and I am sure you would treat us generously. Only I must insist on one thing, should we come to any understanding. There are to be no running accounts between us; we pay on the nail for all work done, not in bills or checks, but in cash. Unless you consent to that proviso, I decline to carry the matter a step further.

I protested against his want of belief in my change of convictions regarding him. But he was firm; he would not feel comfortable unless he put all possibility of doubt on our part out of the question.

After all, the advantage was on my side.

The upshot of it was that it appeared there was an immediate demand for certain work—a demand so pressing that there was no time to manufacture to meet it—it must be supplied from stock. This, of course, was agreed to. Raw gold was to be supplied at varying intervals to be made up as directed, and when the metal was not forthcoming orders were to be executed in the usual manner from metal stock.

The only proviso of importance was that neither firm was to deal with another as regarded the American agency. To this I had no objection.

About 11 o'clock we sallied forth together; he offered to walk with me part of the way. Happening to pass an American bar, he said he would show me what American drinks were like. We had two or three, for which he paid.

We then had a cab to Paddington, from which station I had to start for home. He wanted some fresh air, so came with me to walk back to the park. He insisted on paying for everything that evening, so produced a five pound note for the fare, having no change left.

Naturally the cabman had none. Macfarlane would not hear of my paying, but consented to my changing his note for him.

I made an appointment with him for next day, and returned home immensely pleased with my evening's work. If things went well, it meant a clear profit of many hundreds a year to the firm.

When I was in bed, however, an unpleasant idea came into my head. Was it possible? But no! I dismissed the thought, which, however, would not be dismissed finally. Was the note I had changed for Macfarlane a good one?

I had heard of tricks of a similar kind often enough. Macfarlane had not made a bad thing out of me if I had palmed off a bogus note in exchange for my five sovereigns.

I got out of bed and examined it carefully. It appeared all right. I was ashamed of myself for doubting him.

Nevertheless, I went to the Bank of England next day and had it examined. It was pronounced genuine.

Judge how ashamed I felt! What, then, were my feelings when I caught sight of Macfarlane standing at the counter not two yards from me, filling a stout pocket-book with notes.

I tried to slip out unobserved, fearful lest he had seen the transaction I had been engaged in. But he happened to look up, and caught sight of me. My only consolation was the hope that he had not seen the business upon which I had been engaged. I responded to his greeting, and we walked away together.

He had received a telegram that morning from America to the effect that his partner had started for England. So it was too late to instruct him to bring the gold with him; for the present Macfarlane would be obliged to give his orders to us to be executed from our own stock. Fortunately, he observed, his capital was large enough to enable him to do so.

The one point on which he insisted, which I thought unnecessary, if not foolish, was that, no mention of his former name should be made to my partners. It was a moot point with me for some time whether I had any right to embark in transactions with him without informing the members of my firm of all I knew, but the security was so good, and the transactions so profitable, that I yielded to his condition.

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In the course of the next few weeks we executed a valuable series of orders for him. He always paid me himself on the delivery of the goods. The payment was invariably in notes or gold. Only once did he offer me a check. I took it, and it was honored without question.

His partner arrived in the course of ten days or so, and Macfarlane introduced me, apologizing first for the want of refinement observable in him.

"He's a rough diamond, a self made man. But he has money and honesty, and knows his business."

As I had scarcely any transactions with him personally, I could not object to his appearance and manners; but I should have put him down as a villain of considerably deep dye had not Macfarlane given him so good a character.

Business became even more brisk between Macfarlane and our firm. At the end of a fortnight the former showed me a large consignment of metal which he had just received. He promised to send it to us next morning. The same day we took for the second time a check from him. The reason of his offering it was that he had been obliged to pay on the spot for duties, &c., of the gold. I received it without a misgiving.

"I wish you would come and spend a quiet evening with me and a few others," he said, as he handed me the check. "I have been making some arrangements which I think may open up a new field for both of us. Will you come?"

I assented. He gave me an address—a new one. He warned me that it was not a swell affair, that the men I should meet were of the type of Richardson.

Having plenty of time on my hands, I walked to the rendezvous at the time appointed, but was overtaken by Macfarlane a few yards from the door.

"I'm rather late," he said, "I've had a little business to see to. Come along."

He took my arm, and led the way "by a short-cut," as he said, to a house in a street not far from Soho-square. A latchkey gave him admittance to a passage, at the end of which we clambered.

"Brutal hole this is," he explained; "but it contains more money than you would believe. Here we are."

He pushed open a door and ushered me into a large room, almost bare of furniture and half filled with tobacco smoke. Macfarlane was greeted with words from most of the men, some of whom did not appear to me to be very well disposed toward him.

"You're late," said one with an oath.

"Yes, I know," was the answer. "Richardson, you know this gentleman, I believe; will you introduce him?"

"Why don't you do it yourself?" was his reply.

"I want to look out some samples from the next room," said Macfarlane. "I shall be back in half a minute."

He slid out of the room, leaving me rather uneasy. The company was an ill looking one. Even making allowance for the fact that they were miners, perhaps, and self-made men, their appearance was unprepossessing.

"This is the gentleman that helps to distribute," said Richardson to the company generally.

"I wonder how much sticks to him," said one speaker.

"Not so much as that fellow in the next room," muttered another, with a glance toward the door out of which Macfarlane had departed.

A vague fear fell on me. What did these strange remarks mean?

"I don't quite understand you," I said to Richardson. "Mr. Farebrother asked me to meet you to-night on a matter of business."

"Exactly, and the sooner we get to work the better. How much have you to account for?"

One thing was plain by this time—that I had been deceived. I was in a nest of hornets, and I doubted if I could escape without being stung.

"If you will wait till Mr. Farebrother comes back, he will, no doubt, explain why I have come here," I said as I could. "I am at a loss to understand to what you refer."

"No, no," said a tall, cadaverous man, eyeing me suspiciously. "We should like a settlement of this job without Farebrother's putting his nose in it. The less we see of him the better till we have done with you. How much did you get for that last packet of flimsies?"

The word was a revelation. I knew it was used to denote forged notes. Like a flash, the whole thing became clear. I had been skillfully trapped into being an accomplice of note forgers. My friend Macfarlane, instead of being a reformed character, was the villian he always had been. He had kept his word. This had been his revenge.

Fortunately I did not lose my head. I could see that I was among a desperate set of men. If countenances told anything, they were an unmitigated lot of scoundrels. Should I cross them I would repent it.

I resolved that the safest thing to do was to pretend that I was the accomplice they supposed me; then, when I was safely out of their hands, the police should be on their track.

I temporized. I said that Macfarlane—known to them as Farebrother—had the accounts of what I had received. I would step into the next room and ask him for them.

This was prevented by a man locking the door and swearing I should not leave the room till their demands were satisfied.

I listened patiently to the confused uproar of voices. As far as I could gather, Macfarlane, who seemed the chief of the coiners, had taken considerable quantities of notes, stating that a friend of his was passing them very successfully. After some time had elapsed and he had produced very small amounts for distribution pressure was put on him, and he promised that his agent should come and himself clear up the balance due.

I was the agent, and now they demanded, in no measured terms, sums amounting to several hundred pounds.

I explained that Macfarlane had deceived them; that I had never received the sums. I was rudely searched, and several notes and Macfarlane's check were found on me. The threats became more violent. I began to fear for my safety, when their was a sudden hush.

Steps we heard on the stairs; the door was rudely shaken and then burst in, and a file of police marched into the room.

Never had I seen a policemen with such gratitude. I leaped toward them for protection. I was only just in time; there was a loud report and I felt a bullet whiz past my ear. I almost suffered the reward of a traitor, for the gang evidently thought that I had betrayed them.

So agitated and overcome was I that it was some time before I realized that I, too, was a prisoner. However, it was so; but I had no anxiety on that score; explanation would be sufficient to restore me to liberty. I yielded without a protest, thankful enough to find myself under the careful guard of the stern policemen.

Little did I think then of what was about to happen me. I had not reckoned on the calculating villainy of my old enemy. He had so entangled me in his transactions, so carefully put on me personally the responsibilities of his nefarious transactions, that when I heard my solicitor unfold the evidence against me as an accomplice I was horror-struck. I was a known companion of Macfarlane. I had concealed his identity with an embezzler I had passed numerous raise notes, taking advantage of my secure business reputation. I had even acknowledged to the gang that I had been a partner in their swindling transactions.

Worst of all, Macfarlane was free. He had given information to the authorities of the meeting of the forgers, and then quietly absconded, whither no one knew. I furnished every particular about him, but all attempts to track him failed.

Now that his scheme of revenge and profit had succeeded, it was easy for me to see how it had been accomplished, and to wonder at my own blindness in never suspecting that I was being made a victim. Having once put me off my guard by professing his gratitude for my prosecution of him, he gave me the note to change, with the idea of my making it a test of his honesty. He was waiting for me at the bank next morning with his pocket-book open to display the magnitude of his transactions. He came to my firm because we could supply him with easily convertible goods which, when melted, could not be traced. The gold he showed me was bogus. The check he gave me on the morning of my arrest was dishonored. Everything was managed to get as much as possible out of me first, and then involve me in rum.

I had almost resigned myself to being found guilty. Judge then of my joy when my solicitor brought me the news one morning of the capture of Macfarlane.

I had been affected in the most unexpected way. So far as we knew, all the members of the gang had assembled on that memorable night. There was, however, one exception—a man named Barkeg was delayed. He arrived at the house an hour or two late, thought that things looked strange, and found the police in possession.

He naturally withdrew. He heard full details of the capture, and then went to find Macfarlane, who owed him personally a considerable sum. Macfarlane was not to be found. But Barker persevered; tracked him at last, and demanded his money. Macfarlane refused it; Barker went the same day to inform the authorities of Macfarlane's whereabouts, offering to turn Queen's evidence, an offer that was accepted.

The result of the evidence that he produced was that the jury inclined to the belief that I had been a victim, and I was adjudged not guilty. But though I left the court proclaimed to be an innocent man, none the less was I aware that Macfarlane had kept to the letter the vow he made to be revenged on me.—*All the Year Round.*

Winter on the Farm.

While the summer has its many beauties and comforts, it also has a multitude of cares calling for wearisome labor week after week, month after month; from the coming of the springtime until the harvest is all garnered and the doors are firmly shut to shield the precious store from the destroying elements. Summer is the season of especial care and labor to the husbandman, and the winter should be a comparative time of rest.

The watchful farmer finds but little if any time when his cares are not numerous, but he may so completely master his position as to be enabled to let the physical nature rest and regain its wonted vigor. But little more should require his attention in winter than the care of the stock; this is a pleasant task, and one that pays well for close observance, and brings heavy loss if neglected. This work should be so systematized that the flock master and herd keeper finds himself at liberty between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon, and with his family or at some social gathering where matters of general interest may be discussed.

We look upon it as being a positive sin for any man to make a slave of himself, taxing and wearing out his strength through avarice, and crippling and stultifying his mental faculties until he hardly represents the species to which he belongs. There is no economy, no gain and no comfort obtained in such a life unless it be in satisfying the cravings of a morbid nature. The man who thinks, is the man who finds the avenues that lead to fortune, and finds those most agreeable to travel. The self-made sluggard and the self-made slave should almost go hand in hand, so far as their moral worth is concerned, and the latter is no better than the first, unless something of a credit may be drawn from a mistaken ambition.

Now, we do not decry labor, for nothing is more noble, and our picture is for the being who closes his ear against intelligence, and leaves all the propensities of his nature that makes man manly undeveloped, causing himself to be a serf and a blot upon the world of rational activity.

As we before hinted, the summer has such a multiplicity of cares and pressing duties to be performed that the husbandman finds really but little time for amusement and thorough culture, but the winter may, and should be his season of rest, culture and mental enjoyment. A well conducted farmers' club opens up a wide field for vigorous thought, and through the interchange of experiences and ideas a profitable store of useful information may be gathered in. Good agricultural papers do the same, for in them is always found some new idea, and their columns are ever open to the person who has an experience to give, either in the management of his crops or stock, or anything pertaining to the interests of his fellow farmers. The social meetings from house to house; the evening games at the fireside with the children also tend to shake up and renew the system, to give new life to the body, and take the wrinkles out of the face.

Music, both vocal and instrumental in the home circle, when the family is gathered around the lamp, and the chilling blasts are whistling without, has an elevating influence that makes one better satisfied with life and firmer in purpose. If the parents cannot sing or play themselves, they should be none the less anxious to have their children learn. It is a false idea that an accomplishment in musical arts unfits a person for the more rugged pathways of life; music refines and elevates the same as a classical education, and because city belles and exquisities play the piano and do but little else—indeed, are fit for little else—is nothing more against the power, beauty and usefulness of music than it is against reading, because these worthless butterflies spend half their hours pouring over sensational novels.

Show us the farmer's home where books, papers and music enliven the winter fireside, and we will show you one of the happiest spots on earth.—*Tribune & Farmer.*

A man has been arrested in London for simply laying something by for a rainy day. In his room over nine hundred umbrellas were discovered.

'Another cool wave,' as the young man said when his two sisters and three cousins standing in front of an ice cream saloon beckoned him to come over.