### The Coming of the Snow.

The clouds were copper-dyed all day,
And struggled in each other's way,
Until the darkness drifted down
To the summer-forsaken town.

Said people, passing in the lane,
"It will be snow," or "'Twill be rain;"
And school-bairns, laughing in a row,
Looked through the panes and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall
But gath'ring gloom, that covered all;
Then came the wind and shook his wings,
And curled the dead leaves into rings.

He made the shutters move and crack,
And hurtled round the chimney-stack;
Then he swept on to shake the trees,
Until they moaned like winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,
And all the trees again stood still;
Then, through the dark, the snow came down,
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,
And flecked the boughs with flakes of light;
And moving clouds revealed the moon,
To make on earth a fairy noon.

Then winter went unto his throne,
That with a million diamonds shone;
A crown of stars was on his head,
And round him his rich robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with deligh
To see the fields and hedges white;
And folks said, as they hurried past,
"Good morning—winter's come at last."

## A Rescue From Cannibals.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Hulda came down into the bowels of the earth to find me, as she usually was compelled to do. There was no necessity for her remaining amid the rust and roaches, the gloom and interminable steam, of that cavernous kitchen floor of ours on Brooklyn Heights. We had kept boarders now for years and years, or perhaps the boarders had kept us, or it might have been a mutual eking out of existence. But I took care of the cooking, because in that the main strength of success lay, and I didn't want to keep boarders all my life.

When we began it was to please Brother Bob. He was a well-to-do salesman then in the city, and used to come down to the dear old homestead with so many airs and graces about him that we grew to look upon him with a sort of awe, and wondered if this prinky gentleman in the high hat and linen duster could be our Bob that used to kick all the bottoms out of the chairs, and never had a whole knee in his breeches; that robbed the birds' nests, worried the schoolmaster, was nearly drowned in the millrace and had his leg broken by a fall from the hay-rick. Nobody would dream he had ever a kink in his leg, now that he had got to be a commercial man. He was as straight and tall as the finest of our scarlet-runner poles, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, he was that smooth and sleek and soft-spoken. How surprised we were when he proposed himself to go and hear David Devine's first sermon, holding the hymn book all the way, and carrying Hulda's best shawl on his arm! I used to be his favorite in the good old days when he didn't know a snub nose from a Grecian one, and Bob found my carroty hair and freckles much finer than the silken locks and delicate complexion of Hulda. He used to call Hulda a milk-and-water baby, and I was the one he came to in all his scrapes and short-comings. But, somehow, after he got to the city I never could find much favor in his sight, and had no relish for a dead delight. The boy was gone from me as utterly as if he lay in the old church-yard by Sister Betty's side. The memory of him was far sweeter than any present delight in his prosperity.

I was always opposed to giving up the homestead when father and mother died, and going to the city to keep house for Bob. But Bob persisted, and won over Hulda, as he always did. I think he had a sneaking design from the first that Hulda should win the admiration of one of his employers—the bachelor member of the firm of Marley & Brothers. He came out with Bob in one of the vacations, and certainly seemed to admire Hulda, as one might say, ravenously. He ate more in a quiet way than any person I ever saw; and it seemed a very high compliment, in Bob's eyes, that while he was eating, his grave, owl-like eyes were fixed upon Hulda, though why I can't say, as I always did the cooking. I used to tell our young preacher, Davy Devine, that he couldn't expect the hot place would have the terror for me it had for others, seeing that I was used to the hottest corner, and rather liked it. David made some kind little reply in his pleasant way; and I must say my choice for Hulda had always been this handsome, fair-worded, pure-hearted, God-loving young neighbor of ours. He had always cared for her since they were children together; and I knew father and mother would have been well content to have Hulda the parson's wife in the old Dutch church where they had gone together year in and year out, and now lay resting close by.

Hulda was little more than a child, but was taking kindly to the wonderfully pleasant ways of Providence just then; and after mother died she clung more and more to me and David. He and I used to talk the matter over, even to the furnishing up of the old parsonage, never dreaming but that all would be right. It seemed as natural to me as seed-time and harvest that Hulda should marry David, and walk up the aisle in her plain silk gown and close bonnet, and everybody should say what a sweet wife was the young pastor's.

But in the meantime Bob married a fashionable city girl, and in the hot seasons he brought his wife and children home. I couldn't find much fault with the girl, though I tried to hard enough; she spent too much time distorting her pretty hair out of its natural comeliness, and put as many queer artificial humps about her as a camel; but she had a winsome, cheery way with her, and I always had a weakness for beauty, be it in man, woman or beast; and, besides, she always had a good word for the young parson, often luring Marley away with her coquetry and wiles, so that David could have a word with Hulda.

"He's worth a dozen of that bald, blinking Marley," she would say, "and I'll do what I can Magda, to foil Bob's plans."

She was such a good-natured creature I wish it had been God's will to spare her to her young brood, of which she was over-fond; but while they were three manikins the gay young mother got cold and died, and nothing would do but we must go to the city to keep house for Bob. Hulda's tender heart was wrung for Bob's widowed and lonely condition, but I could see under his stiff, hard melancholy a bitter quantity of worldly forethought and speculation.

I knew what was coming, and, indeed, was prepared for anything. What did it matter now that the blessed old homestead was out of our hold? I had kept some of the mahogany furniture, much to Bob's disgust, who seemed to cheapen the richest acres we had, and spoke slightingly of the knots and gnarls in our dear old apple trees that every body knew made the fruit all the sweeter. Bob sniffed with disdain at my holding the mortgage for my share of the estate.

"Ready money would be much better, Magda," he said; but I had my way, thank God! And I told Bob up and down I wanted it understood that there was to be no obligation on either side—Hulda and I would take the city house, and he and the three children should board with us. To help along with the expenses I took a few more boarders, and still a few more, for one brought another. I had a sort of faculty for cooking, and if there's one weakness in the human race more prevailing and besetting than another, it's gluttony. I used to do my best to tempt the jaded yet voracious palate of that yellow dyspeptic Marley, and gave him many a grim hobgoblin for company after he'd left my sweet Hulda, for I couldn't forgive his winning her consent to marry him, when he knew the core of her heart was another's. The coming to the city and finding out how pretty she was had turned Hulda's head.

Bob's will and cunning were strong and untiring, and anyway Hulda gave up poor David Devine, and agreed to marry that grim and greedy Marley. I lay awake at night worrying about it—my heart was so sore perplexed for poor David, and wrathful against Bob, and distrustful of Providence. I grew desperate and wicked, but David stuck to his faith, dear fellow, though he hadn't strength to stick to the old spot where he had been so happy and so miserable. He went out as a missionary to some of those cannibal islands, where I wonder the women didn't eat him—he was so handsome and so good.

The very name of Marley became an abomination to me, and I forced a promise from Hulda that she wouldn't marry for a couple of years, during which time I hoped for heaven knows what that was strange or remarkable. I had small doubt but that poor David was food for the fishes or the cannibals, for I had heard no word from him; but I kept on praying and hoping for a hurricane that might sweep every Marley off the face of the earth. Whenever Marley took Hulda out he brought a carriage, and as it wasn't Bob's way to waste any luxury, he used very often to occupy the spare seat—he and a sister of Marley's, a high-nosed, high-colored, big-toothed young woman called Judith. I saw what was coming, and I told Bob he'd regret it to his dying day, but he married Judith Marley within that year. She disliked the trouble of housekeeping, so he brought her to board with me. They took a suite of rooms on the second floor, and before she had been in the house a month she began to raise Cain, as I knew she would. Of which I was very glad. I should have been sorely disappointed if she had forced me to love her, as did the fond, flighty first wife of Bob; for to hate the Marleys had become my soul strength and tonic during the days of endless labor and weariness of body and soul. The spite I had against the whole Marley race, that had spoiled my Bob for me, and wheedled my sister into a perfidy that broke the manly heart of David Devine—the spite I held for them one and all kept life in me when I should otherwise have fainted by the way. Bob saw that we couldn't live together, and took a furnished house down the street; for Bob was a big man now, and one of the partners of Marley & Brothers; but before Judith went away she gave me what she called a piece of her mind. By the grace of heaven it so happened that Hulda said one little word or two in my defense, when the termagant turned upon her, and, among other insults, accused her of entrapping her brother into a marriage. Hulda did not reply, but there was something in her face that frightened Judith. She tried to eat the mischievous words, but I knew that the Marley link was broken. Poor Bob took up his wife's quarrel, though one could see this second honeymoon of his had rather a bitter flavor. I felt sorry for him and the three poor little step-children as they went soberly down to their fine new house.

I had Hulda to myself now, and will confess that I left no stone unturned to accomplish my purpose. I spared neither her suitor's age nor his infirmities, and repeated, with many a shy exaggeration, the taunt of Judith. So all poor Marley's entreaties, and the threats and wrath of Bob, were unable to mend the mischief of one woman's tongue. Hulda gave up Marley, and settled down with me to old-maidenhood and the dreary monotony of keeping boarders. Even Hulda was past middle-age when she came down to me that morning on the kitchen floor. As I said, there was no necessity for Hulda's remaining among the rust and roaches, the clatter of the dishes, and the bustle of the black serving-maids. I had kept Hulda the lady manager of the house. Her laces were real, while mine were any twopenny cheatery that came to hand; she rustled in her silks, while I got about in a gingham gown; but we worked together, Hulda and I, and the time had come now when we could shake the dust and ashes of this drudgery from our feet. It was growing hot for that season of the year. I had been thinking all the morning of the budding larches out on the old homestead, and the tender green of the willow slips down by the meadow. It seemed to me I could hear the young lambs bleat, and catch the milky breath of the cows as they chewed their early cud. It might have been the steam of the boarding-house breakfast that dimmed my eyes as I whispered to Hulda:

"It's all settled. The boarders must be told to-day. We're rid of all this din and drudgery. I've paid the last cent on the homestead, and it's ours, dearie, to have and hold forever."

"And shall we live there alone, Magda?" she said—"only you and I?"

"I shall take Chloe to help about the house," I said; "but as to living alone, that's what I thought we'd been working and praying for. You certainly don't want to take any boarders along? Mrs. Post wants to bring her sick baby out for the summer, and that young student on the second floor back is pestering me to spend his vacation with us; but surely, Hulda, you would not begin our new life with boarders?"

"No, Magda, no," she said, with that little melancholy, deprecatory, exasperating smile of hers; and as she went away she left the germ after her of rather a bitter misgiving, which ripened into full maturity when we got settled in the old homestead, with all our household gods about us. These deities wore a rueful and rusty air. There was something out of joint. It was Time himself, no doubt. The tall clock in the corner didn't tick in the old cheery way, but put Hulda in mind of some weary jingle she had read, with the one refrain of "Never, forever—forever, never." I never could see, myself, the use of reading rhymes—either they are too silly or too grave—but Hulda had always been what they called romantic. I began to hate the approach of a moonlight night, for she would sit out-of-doors and run the risk of the ague; and when the air grew chill enough to have a comfortable fire on the hearth, Hulda spoiled it all by begging me not to light the lamps, and there she would sit in a blindman's holiday. I began to get the rickets myself; and though I wouldn't have owned to it for the world, was sorry I hadn't brought out with me Mrs. Post and her baby, and the young student on the second floor back. For one thing, I hadn't enough to do. Chloe did all the kitchen work, Hulda attended to the bedrooms, and the cooking that was left to me wasn't worth mentioning. It was enough to break one's heart to see the dishes come and go untouched and untasted. I would almost have been glad to see that greedy Marley come in for one hearty meal. There was nobody to brew or bake for; nobody to mend or make for; and, ah me! what a bitter cry I had one day when I stupidly stumbled into Bob's snuggery up under the eaves of the garret, and saw there the broken fishing rods, the old rabbit hutches, the bird traps, kites, marbles, and heaven knows what and all! I couldn't get the boy out of my mind, and began, now that I had plenty of time, to think that I might have been a little hard myself, and grew to wondering about the children of Bob's first wife that I'd given over to the clutch of Judith Marley without one word to cheer or comfort.

The hard northern winter came on apace. All the little brooks froze tight, the tender green of the larches and willows had given way to red and gold, and at last there was no color or substance left them but their skeleton branches against a leaden sky. The snow came down in whirling drifts, and day in, day out, the clock ticked the doleful refrain. I got out some patchwork, but put it away again—for who would inherit my handiwork?—and made up my mind we'd have no Christmas dainties that year to stare us dolefully out of countenance. Poor Chloe was getting dyspeptic already with overfeeding, and even her wool didn't tighten up in the old vigorous way.

It was the third day before Christmas, when a storm set in of hail and snow and sleet, so that it was all we could do to get the dumb creatures about the place housed and fed. When all was done, I set the logs to blazing upon the hearth, and happily kept a warm drink in the ashes for Chloe, who was still fussing about the kitchen. The wind roared around the house, swinging the branches of the trees against the weather-boarding; and said I, "Hulda, God save any poor creatures at the mercy of this storm to-night!"

"Amen!" said Hulda.

At that moment we both heard something like a human voice strained to the utmost, and Hulda started to her feet.

"Be quiet, Hulda," I said, myself far from easy; "it's only the shrieking of the wind."

But again we heard the voice, and again we heard my name. I reached for my cloak and hat, and buckled on my rubbers, while Hulda stood trembling by, when suddenly the door flew open, and a great gust of storm and sleet came pelting in, driving before it a man and some young children he was huddling before him like sheep in a tempest. They were blinded with the storm and half frozen, but the boy dragged his sister by the hand, and poor Bob held the youngest child in his arms.

"Don't you us, Aunt Mag?" said the little fellow. "I'm Bob, you know. The wagon all broke down, and we're jolly glad to get ho-ome." Here the little man began to cry, for his brave heart was over-burdened, and the child in Bob's arms took up the refrain. Bob himself was white as the snow outside, and seemed dazed and bewildered.

"See here, Mag," he stammered out, "I've brought the children to you to board for awhile. Everything's at sixes and sevens in the city; Marley & Brothers have gone to smash; but I'll get something in the way of a clerkship again, and pay the children's board, you know; they shan't be a burden to you, Mag."

A burden! It didn't seem much like a burden. Such a glad commotion as those little ones created, Hulda and Chloe putting dry clothes on them, and tricking them out as if for a baby masquerade. The hot posset was poured down their little throats, and a bountiful supper was given them of hot milk and buns.

"There'll be something grand for breakfast," I said, looking upon them as greedily as ever poor Marley did upon Hulda. How the old kitchen echoed with their romps and capers! They were all handsome, every one of them, with Bob's fine make and build, and beautiful eyes like their pretty dead mother's.

"Bob," I said, choking yearningly over the thought, "if you'll give them to me, the whole three, I'll spend my whole life in making them happy; and after I'm gone, they shall have the homestead and every penny I've got in the world."

"Yes, yes," said Bob, who had never ceased shivering, and was now as hot and red as he had been white and cold, "I'll pay their board, Magda; this is only a temporary trouble. I hope to get a clerkship, quite a lucrative clerkship; but little Bob will never get through the storm—never! Keep hold of your sister, Bob," cried my poor brother, in a loud voice, "and keep the tail of my coat firm in your other hand; don't let go, my son, for God's sake, Bobby—don't let go!"

He got upon his feet, and seemed to be plodding through the storm, and as he made his way to the kitchen door I coaxed him on up to bed in his own old room, that I had kept aired and comfortable to lighten my own aching heart. When the morning dawned and the doctor could get to us, poor Bob was wild in delirium; the only words he muttered or called aloud were about bonds and bills, dollars and fractions of dollars. His long white fingers seemed to hold a pen, and scratch, scratch the weary figures upon the counterpane till my eyes and brain ached for very pity.

For two wretched days and nights he struggled with this sordid misery, the fiend of commercial fret and disaster never letting go his grip; but Christmas morning dawned clear and bright, and before the eastern sky had quite lost its glory Bob fell into a deep, untroubled sleep. How white and wan he looked! How thin and bloodless were the once busy fingers that now lay limp and still!

At noon-time the sky was all one blaze of cloudless sunny blue, and to keep the room dark I strove to fasten an extra shawl over the window. Suddenly I heard Bob whispering my name in such a strange voice that I got down quickly and went over to the bedside, and was puzzled to hear a low laugh from his trembling lips.

"Say Mag," he whispered, "don't let mother know. I crept in through the window, and left some of my pants on the gooseberry bushes below; you'll patch 'em up, won't you, Mag? And keep mum about it. Such a lark as we had last night! Dave Devine and I painted the deacon's horse white and red; but keep mum, Mag—not a word for your life!"

I kept mum. God knows I couldn't speak. I had got my boy Bob back again, but there was a sore tugging at my heart-strings. The doctor came and lingered long, then he turned to me—"My work is done," he said. "I was afraid from the first it would be useless; a higher and better work has begun. There is some one down stairs—a stranger in these parts, but no stranger to you or me, or this dear lad lying here. I wouldn't like to bring a new face among you just now, but this one will do. Bob," he said, leaning over my poor brother—"Bob, here is an old friend to pray with us on this dear day that Christ was born."

Then there came into the room a man with brown skin and lusty growth—his hair was almost white, but his eyes had a familiar loving glow dear to the olden time. I did not care to question who he was or whence he came, but knelt silently at the bedside while he prayed.

Bob's lips moved, but only with some boyish memory, and hour after hour went by. The day was at last waning; I was alone with my brother. I heard the light breathing of his children, and mine now, in the room close by; the low voices of David and Hulda reached me once in a while from the lower floor. I might have been a hard and bitter woman, but as at last the day went out and took Bob with it, I felt a grim delight in my sore and aching heart that he was beyond the reach of the Marleys.
—*Harper's Magazine.*

### The Home Circle.

The long winter evenings are here, and the question of family amusement and recreation is therefore a practical one. There are many ideas and opinions what games it is wise and morally right for children to play; and on these and kindred points, people of equal intelligence and goodness will differ. But upon one point there need be no difference, and that is each family there should be some sort of an entertainment provided for the children. Books, music, cards, checkers, puzzles, not to forget nut-cracking and apple-eating; take your pick, friends, according to your conscience and the degree of ignorance God has left you in; but pick some of them or invent something equally good as a duty you owe to your children.

One of the very best games that can be introduced into a family of children is chess playing. As a source of mental discipline it belongs to the higher branches of mathematics. The slowness with which it must needs be played, if it is played well, makes it a game that lasts the evening out, and often several evenings. The chess-board and chessmen are comparatively inexpensive. Nearly every family can afford them. And the best of all, perhaps, is the fact that it can be played in concert in a family of four children; father and two of the children taking one side, mother and the other two children taking the other side. After the tea things are cleared away they can gather to the table feeling that before them is a whole evening's entertainment, of the highest order. We have known a single game played thus between six people—three against three—where both sides were equally matched, and as a result the game was played cautiously, to last three successive evenings, and the excitement and pleasure to grow stronger and keener still, to the culminating checkmate.

One of the good things in connection with chess playing is, that it must be played with the help of all the deliberative faculties. Haste, impatience, reckless smartness will easily be brought to recognize themselves in their true light at the chess-table. The reckless and hot-headed player will soon be taught to realize what a fool his impatience makes of him. If there is anything that can put the brakes on feverishness, and teach a wagging tongue the admirable art of reticence, it is the discipline of this magnificent game. The game is readily understood in its rudiments, and has this further excellent quality about it, that it never "wears out," as the saying is.—*Golden Rule.*

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

### Small Fruits for Country Homes.

Complaints are made that our farmers isolate their families from many enjoyments of city or village life, and neglect to provide those luxuries of the garden that lighten the heart and invigorate the stomach; a choice collection of which delicacies one might well travel some distance to partake at the home of a friend, as some writer has intimated. Such complaints are well founded, and farmers are to be censured, if, as some imagine, our farmers are independent and burdened with leisure hours. But this happy condition being simply a dream of the poet or a burlesque on struggles for existence, let us not berate the patient husbandman; for no class is so badgered, harassed and driven, nor so poorly paid for their toil. The care of farm fences, buildings and live stock, long journeys to market over horrible roads; relentless storms, the fickle seasons, and countless never-ending drudgeries, assail the farmer at every turn; and lo and behold! it is discovered that his fruit garden, his flowers, his lawns, do not compare favorably with those of his city brothers. The homes of many of our farmers are indeed barren of the choice varieties and species of small fruits; but the farmer's heart beats kindly toward those dependent upon his efforts, and as he becomes more familiar with the better varieties, and appreciates their value for home use, and learns how easily they may be grown, he will produce them. In fact, our well-to-do farmers are, of late, introducing these comforts quite liberally.

Small fruits are a great attraction to any place, but no country home is complete without them in abundance from June to January. They are not only toothsome and healthful, but are possessed of great beauty. Downing says that "fine fruit is the most perfect union of the useful and beautiful that the earth knows." As much pleasure may be obtained by wandering through a garden of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries and grapes under good culture and treatment, when in bloom and fruit, as from many flower gardens. We are apt to overlook the beauty of these useful plants, and bestow our admiration indiscriminately on those that have their being for beauty alone. If we desire we may train most of the small fruits in forms of beauty, greatly enhanced when bearing their luscious burdens. For instance, the Black Cap raspberry may be made to cover a trellis, or may be trained low, and as round-headed as a hay-cock, or transformed into a uniform and trusty hedge-row. Should we see the currant in fruit when strolling for wild flowers, we should feel that we had discovered berries of great beauty. Like blades of grass, apple blossoms and sunsets, currants are too familiar to receive general admiration.

Few vines are more ornamental for home grounds than the grapes; and when the "bloom-dusted" clusters swell and ripen in the autumn sun, we may rest with content beneath their shadows. Hundreds of dollars expended in architectural display may not add so much attraction to a country home as will the old grapevine, trailing from a rustic arbor about the gables. How well we remember the vines that twined their tendrils about the homes of our childhood. Familiar scenes and former acquaintance may have been forgotten, but the old vines cling to our memory in all their beauty and fruitfulness. Let us plant the small fruits about our homes. They will promote health and contentment, and do much to brighten life's toilsome journey.—*Ex.*

### How to Do the Family Washing.

The clothing for the week's washing being duly assorted, it is well to place coarse and badly-soiled articles by themselves in warm suds to soak until you are ready for them. Then take the colored clothes, wash, rinse and starch, and hang them out to dry; flannels, also, should be disposed of in the early part of the day. These done, proceed to the white clothes. A little soaking in as warm suds as can be conveniently managed is undoubtedly a help, and with that and the washing through two suds, kept as clean by renewing as your supply of water will admit of, brings them ready for scalding (not boiling). One should never have less than three tubs to use in a family washing, and four are better. Into the deepest tub you have throw the garments as they are washed from the second suds, shaking them loosely, and rubbing a little soap where there is any indication of its being needed. When the tub is nearly full, or you have all the clothing of that class in, pour over it boiling water in which a little soap has been dissolved, until they are well covered with the water; then cover the tub with a blanket or whatever will hold the steam until you can bear the hand in to wash the clothes out of this water. As this is the last of the washing every part should be carefully examined and have whatever rubbing may be necessary; wring lightly, as the suds helps the bleaching, and spread on the grass, where the sun will fall on them the rest of the day, and keep them wet by an occasional sprinkling from a garden watering-pot. This scalding has to be repeated if you have more than one tub-ful of clothes. With the coarsest and most soiled articles there is no objection to boiling for a few moments, but I would advise taking from the boiling water into fresh, clean suds before putting out on the grass. This part of the washing can be accomplished and everything cleared up by one or two o'clock where there is a good large wash. As the clothes should be left out to bleach all the afternoon, this part of the day can be utilized, if you are hiring by the day, in having the calicoes ironed. As late as you can conveniently do so, have the clothes taken from the grass, still keeping the coarse and fine ones separated, and put to soak in a liberal supply of clear water. The next morning have them rinsed from this water, or one slightly blued after. If dried under favorable circumstances they will look so white and smell so delightfully pure and fresh it will be a pleasure to wear them, and you will have the comfort of knowing your clothes wear out instead of washing out—a much slower but more satisfactory process.—*American Agriculturist.*

### How Farmers Lose Money.

By not taking one or more good papers.

Keeping no account of farm operations, paying no attention to the maxim that "a stitch in time saves nine," in regard to sowing grain and planting seed at the proper time.

Leaving reapers, plows, cultivators, etc., unsheltered from the rain and the heat of the sun. More money is lost in this way annually than most persons would be willing to believe.

Permitting broken implements to be scattered over the farm until they are irreparable. By repairing broken implements at the proper time, many dollars may be saved—a proof of the assertion that time is money.

Attending auction sales and purchasing all kinds of trumpery, because, in the words of the vendor, the articles are very cheap.

Disbelieving the principle of rotation of crops, before making a single experiment.

Allowing fences to remain unrepaired until strange cattle are found grazing in the meadow, grain fields, or browsing on the fruit trees.

Planting fruit trees without giving the trees half the attention required to make them profitable. — *Colman's Rural World.*

### An Artful Rascal.

A unique and thorough rascal has lately been on trial in a Brussels court. His name is Eugene T'Kindt Roodebecke, a young man who a few years ago started in life as a clerk in the Bank of Belgium. The crime he is charged with is having embezzled or stolen no less than $4,600,000. He had not been long in the bank before he found a weak spot in its system. When securities were deposited there no accurate note was taken so as to enable them in each case to be exactly identified with the names of the owners. It is related in the *Telegraph* (London) that this young man, with a salary of $800 a year, had sole charge of these securities, amounting in value to many million pounds sterling. When he wanted money, he merely took scrip or any valuable security deposited in the bank. When a depositor asked for the delivery of scrip, he blandly handed him scrip similar in kind and amount that had been deposited by somebody else. As nobody took note of the numbers of their shares, and as the bank kept no record of anything but their amounts, nobody knew on withdrawing his property that what he got was not identical with what he had lodged. One day the bank was startled by an eminent financier who complained that 1,358 shares of railroad stock belonging to him, the numbers of which he had noted, had, without his knowledge, been taken from the bank and deposited in another establishment of which he was a director. But the young clerk managed to recover the shares and return them to the financier as if nothing had been wrong in the transaction. So well did he defend himself before the directors and so artfully dwell on the record of the bank, that instead of having his accounts examined he was accorded a vote of thanks. But he did not deem it wise to remain in the bank, and took flight, intending to come to New York. At Liverpool he was captured with $1,600,000 of other people's money in his carpet bag. It never occurred to his worthy chief, remarks the *Telegraph*, as odd that a clerk with $800 a year could live like a lord and enjoy life with the prodigality of a prince; that he could have a town house, a rural villa, a picture gallery, a box at the opera, a racing stable, and all sorts of expensive luxuries. Belgium is a cheap place to live in, and his chief seems to have thought that his clerk had a genius for thrift, and could make the income of a beggar go as far as the revenue of a king.

### A Touching Scene in a New York Court

In these days of frequent marital disturbance and conjugal infelicity, when the course of married life seems to have been transferred from a paved street to a corduroy road with very disagreeable holes in it, it is pleasant to read of instances in which affection triumphs over the worst obstacles, and forgiveth all, and endurethingsth the worst. A case of this sort occurred in one of our courts last Saturday night. A young and pretty woman was brought before the judge for being found helplessly intoxicated in the street. The judge hesitated to send such a woman to the island, and asked if any one in the court knew her. A young man thereupon came forward, and, in a voice low and hoarse with emotion, said: "She is my wife, sir. It is not her first offense, and, God forgive me, I had determined to let her suffer this time. I find my love for her will not allow of my quietly seeing her punished, however much she may deserve it. Forgive her, your honor, as I now do. She has been, and will perhaps again be, as good a wife as ever man was blessed with." The judge pronounced the woman free, and turned his face to conceal his emotion. The two went their way, with blessings following them, a hundred times happier than most people who parade their domestic miseries in the divorce courts. Such episodes do something to keep our faith in human nature. Love is a good thing to have in a family after all.—*New York Express.*

### How He Got the Sermon.

The *Watchman* tells this sermon-stealing story of a young man who stood before a presbytery in Scotland asking ordination. Principal Robinson was moderator. The young man was rigidly examined, and asked to preach. The examination and the sermon were both satisfactory. The candidate retired, and the moderator said: "I feel compelled to say that the sermon which the young man has preached is not his own. It is taken from an old volume of sermons long out of print. Where he found it I do not know. I supposed the only copy of the volume to be found was in my library, and the candidate has had no access to that." The young man was called in and asked if the sermon he had preached was his own. "No," he frankly said. "I was pressed for time, and could not make a sermon in season. The sermon I preached was one which I heard Principal Robinson preach some time ago. I took notes of it, and liked it so well that I wrote it out from memory, and have preached it to-day." Nothing was said; there was nothing to be said!