

CLOVER.

Bessie Moore was out in her father's pasture, back of the barn, picking blackberries, when she was startled by the blast of the horn. A look of anxiety came over her sweet face as she ran quickly and climbed the fence to see if Mr. Thyson, the "meat-man," who blew his horn twice a week to announce his coming, was to stop. She watched the horse climbing the hill; and when she saw her mother come to the back-door and swing a towel she threw herself on the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break. She knew full well that it was not to buy meat that her mother had signaled for Mr. Thyson to stop, for, although she was but ten years old, she was aware of the fact that there was no money with which to buy it. Oh no! She realized that the event she had been dreading so long was to happen now—that her pet calf, Clover, her only playmate, so white and so fond of her, was to be sold. Week after week she had heard her parents discuss the subject of selling Clover, but week after week they had heard the butcher's horn blow and had let the wagon go by. But affairs had been coming to a crisis lately. Her father, who had been sick all summer, was too feeble to work, and the small stock of money he had saved was rapidly going. She knew that he could not afford to feed the calf through the winter, and she knew that Mr. Thyson wanted her and offered a large price for her.

Mr. Thyson was a man who wanted to possess all the rarest specimens of cattle, and he had been very anxious to buy this calf, which was to be the handsomest creature, in color and shape, ever seen in Loudoun county. He was a selfish man, withal, and was very ready to take advantage of Mr. Moore's misfortunes to get her. He was known throughout the country as a man who always got the best of a bargain, who thought more of making money than of anything else, and who never worried himself about his neighbors' troubles or felt it is duty to share or relieve them. He had one child, a boy about fourteen years old, named Tom, and he was determined, if possible, to teach him to be as shrewd in business matters as himself; but so far Tom had not shown much progress in that direction. He often went with his father as he rode through the country with his meat, and was advised by him to "watch sharp," for he would soon be old enough to take the business himself. And Tom did "watch sharp," and his large brown eyes grew moist with tears to see his father take Bessie's calf away, for he knew how Bessie loved Clover, and that it was only necessity that made Mr. Moore sell her. Meantime Bessie had climbed the pasture fence and crept quietly behind the barn, where, through a big crack, she saw and heard all that passed. Then, as the wagon turned to go out of the yard, she went back, and, running across the pasture with all her might, climbed the fence on the other side, ran along the road to the corner which she knew the wagon must pass, and waited for it. As she saw it coming she waved her hand for it to stop, and, in a trembling voice said:

"Oh, please stop a minute. I want to ask you something."

Mr. Thyson drew up his horses, wondering what child it was in such apparent distress, for he didn't recognize Bessie at first, as, in her haste to reach the turn in the road before the wagon came along, she had fallen down in the dust, and then, wiping her tears with her stained hands, had smeared her face so as to be hardly recognizable. Her long flaxen hair was blowing in every direction, and her hat was lying on the other side of the pasture fence, where it had fallen when she climbed over.

"Oh, please, please, Mr. Thyson," she screamed, "you won't kill my calf, will you?"

"Father," said Tom, "that's Bessie Moore. Why, Bessie, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I am so afraid your father will kill my Clover. You don't know how I love her and I can't help crying," and here the poor child broke down and sobbed bitterly. Then, as she saw Mr. Thyson draw up the reins to start, she continued:

"Perhaps if papa gets well he can buy her back, you know. So you won't kill her, will you?"

"No, no, child; I won't kill her. She's too pretty too kill. I will take good care of her, and you can come and see her whenever you want to."

"Then I guess I can stand it better. I came out here so that papa could not see me cry, for that would make him worse. I knew I should cry when I said good-by to Clover." And sure enough, when the horses started her tears started again too, and there she stood in the dusty road weeping and watching the wagon until it disappeared behind the next hill.

"Queer, said Mr. Thyson, as they drove along, "that she should feel so. Well, I can't help it. If I hadn't bought her somebody else would. It's the way of the world. It don't do to give way to little things like this you know, Tom. If you do you will never get ahead. They couldn't afford to keep her and had to sell her, and that's all there is about it."

But if it was "all there was about it" it made him very uncomfortable. In spite of all his reasoning he couldn't help thinking how easily he could spare feed enough from the leads of hay and stacks of grain with which his barns would soon be overflowing to keep the calf for a time. How happy that would make Bessie, and how it would lighten her parents' hearts! He couldn't get the sick countenance of Mr. Moore out of his mind, or the tired, worn face of his wife, or more than all, little Bessie standing alone, in the dusty turpicks, watching him as he took away the only pet and playmate she had.

It annoyed him, and it was something new for him to be annoyed in this way.

He was glad when he found himself approaching another farmhouse, and if he blew a louder blast than usual on his horn nobody but himself knew that it was to give vent, if possible, to emotions that were getting too strong for him to manage.

Tom was very quiet all the way home. He seemed to be thinking very deeply about something, but when occasionally he did speak it was sure to be some innocent remark about Bessie or her father, which only gave his father's conscience a fresh prick and served to irritate him still more. So by the time they got home he was, as his wife said, "dreadful grouchy."

As they were sitting at supper that evening Tom burst out suddenly:

"Father would you sell that calf?"

"Yes, and be glad to get rid of her, if I can get my price."

"Well, I'd like to buy her if I've got money enough in my bank."

"You! What do you want of her?"

"Oh, something. Will you sell her to me?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes, you may have her for ten dollars—just what I paid."

"And do exactly as I please with her father?"

His father hesitated. He suspected what Tom was going to do, and he saw a difficulty in it for him. However, he replied at last:

"Yes, Tom, you may buy her and do exactly as you please with her upon one condition; and that is, if by buying her you get yourself into a hard scrape you will work yourself out of it without help."

Mr. Thyson thought by binding Tom to that promise that he should have a good chance to teach him a valuable lesson in shrewdness and foresight in making a bargain.

Tom readily promised, for he could not imagine what scrape he possibly could get into by buying Clover. So the bargain was soon concluded and the money paid.

Meantime, Bessie had dried her tears and gone home, trying very hard to be cheerful; but as soon as she had eaten her supper she crept up to her little bed and sobbed herself to sleep. The next morning she felt braver, and though she would try very hard to forget Clover. Her father usually lay on a lounge by the sitting-room window through the day, and for several mornings Clover had been in the habit of coming there and putting her head in to be caressed. So Bessie made a point of getting a basket of fresh clover-blossoms, with which her father would feed the calf while Bessie and her mother were at breakfast. But the morning after Clover left Bessie sat down to the table with a heavy heart, for she missed Clover then more than ever. She had hardly taken a mouthful, though, before her father called out:

"Bessie, just bring me a basket of clovers, won't you? Clover wants her breakfast."

Bessie sprang from her chair with a bound, exclaiming: "Why, papa, you've forgotten! Clover's gone!"

But no! there was the sweet face peering in at the window, and there, holding her by a cord, stood Tom Thyson, his face covered with smiles.

"Why, Tom!" screamed Bessie, "did she run away?"

"No I bought her of father, and I'm going to give her back to you. She's yours again now. Good-by;" and before Bessie could express her thanks Tom was gone.

Now, although the return of the calf brought great joy to Bessie, it brought equal concern to her parents, for the question arose how Clover could be fed. Mr. Thyson had foreseen the difficulty from the first, but Tom in his eagerness to get the calf back to Bessie, had not thought of it. He thought he would see how Tom would manage.

Toward night Bessie's father called her to him and told her that, although Tom was very kind and thoughtful to bring Clover back, she couldn't stay, for he had not feed enough to keep her through the winter, and no money to buy any. So the next morning Bessie started to take her back to Tom. It was two miles away, but it was a lovely morning, and Bessie enjoyed the walk very much. Tom saw her before she reached the house and ran to meet her.

"I know you've brought her back," said he, laughing healthily, "because you haven't any feed for her. I forgot she would have to eat, but do not worry, Bess. You shall have this calf for yours, if you have to wait till she's a cow," and then they both laughed to think she wouldn't be much of a calf by that time. "But, you see," he added, "I'm in a scrape, whether I give her to you or keep her myself, for I haven't any feed for her, either, and it never will do to ask father for any. I'll go to bed soon after supper and think it out." So Bessie left the calf, and Tom took part of what money he had and went to his father to buy some feed for her. He was determined not to ask him to give him any, and his father was pleased to see that Tom was sticking to his promise not to ask his help.

The next morning he said to his father: "Father, have you anything you could hire me to do this winter? I am going to carry the calf back again this morning. I am not going to give this job up, now that I've started. So I am going to earn enough to feed her this winter myself."

"Ah! So you are going to work for the calf's board, are you? Well, if you want to take Jim's place here you can earn her board and something beside. You could do his work before and after school if you were smart and got up early."

"Well, I'll take it and try. I'd like to buy feed enough now to keep her this week, and after this I can earn it and carry it over."

His father smiled at Tom's business-like way, and thought to himself: "Well, I am teaching Tom a good lesson, that's a fact. He'll get sick enough of his bargain before spring, but it will do him good."

Tom filled his hand-cart with the feed, and, tying the rope around Clover's neck, started again to take her back. I don't know what the people along the road thought to see the calf going back and forth so often. But Tom didn't care. He kept straight on and carried the calf to Bessie's door.

"Here she is, Bess, and here's enough to feed her one week, anyway, and I'll see that she has enough all winter, unless I get sick, and I don't feel very sick now. Don't catch me backing out of this scrape! No, sir-ee!"

All winter Tom was up betimes in the morning, fed and watered the cattle, groomed the horses, and did whatever was required. He carried Clover's feed over every week or two, and never once complained. His father watched him curiously, and every week congratulated himself on the good lesson he was teaching him.

At last spring came. The tender grass began to sprout, and Clover could keep herself, from the pastures and meadows. The farmers were all plowing and barrowing, and getting the ground ready for planting. Everybody was busy and in a hurry, as usual. Mr. Moore was improving, but was still very weak. His affairs looked very discouraging to him, and his depressed state of mind did much to retard his recovery.

He had bought the farm where he was living only the spring before, after the planting season was over, expecting to earn enough by his trade, that of a carpenter, through the following season to enable him to buy seed and to thoroughly plant the whole place in the spring. Instead of that he was taken sick soon after he bought it, and had been obliged to sell his stock to get money to live upon. And now, right in the busy season, when every hour seemed worth a day at any other time, he was taken sick, with no money to buy seed or the necessary farming implements, or to hire the needed help. With his mind overwhelmed with discouragement he sat one evening in the doorway of his house, and looked hopelessly on his still unemployed land. At the same time Mr. Thyson was riding slowly along, having made an unusually good trip with his meat, and was reviewing in his mind with great satisfaction the prosperous condition of his affairs. As he passed he saw Mr. Moore sitting there, and noticed that he looked very pale and worried. A feeling of sympathy took strong hold of him, and he was tempted to stop and have a talk with him, but those fields waiting to be plowed and sown, spoke to him so plainly and reproachfully that he concluded he would better bow and go along.

"I'm sorry for Moore," he said to himself; "that's a fact I'd be glad to give him a lift, but I've got my own family to look out for. If I had always given away to my feelings I wonder where I should be now. O no! no; it never will do. No!"

But as he drew up to his own house the sight of his broad acres so carefully planted, and the neat, thrifty appearance of all the surroundings, did not give him the feeling of satisfaction he was enjoying before he met Mr. Moore. As he went into the kitchen where his wife was busy getting supper, he said, glancing out of the window at Tom, who was having a grant frolic with his dogs:

"It does me good to see Tom playing. He has had a hard winter of it. But I'm glad I let him go through it. It has taught him a lesson he will never forget, I guess."

"Yes I think very likely," gently answered his wife; "but I have thought many times, father, that Tom was teaching a more important lesson than the one he was learning. But come, supper's ready." She then stepped to the door and called Tom, and the subject was not continued. As Tom came in breathless from play, his father remarked:

"That's better fun than working Clover's board and carrying it over to her, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm afraid, if Mr. Moore doesn't hurry up and plant, Clover will be marching back here in spite of me, next fall. I wish I was a rich man. I'll bet I'd make things look different over there in no time."

Mr. Thyson made no reply, but finished his supper and went out into the yard, where he stood leaning on the fence, apparently in deep thought. As Bill, his head man on the farm, came along, he stopped him, and they had a quiet talk together.

Meantime Mr. Moore had gone into his house, utterly unable to throw off the gloomy thoughts which filled his mind. He saw no way out of his difficulties. The faith and hope which had kept him up till now seemed gone. He went to bed early, but did not sleep for hours. Toward morning, however, he fell into a deep sleep. His wife quietly darkened the room and left him. The sun was several hours high when he drew aside the curtain to look out. What a sight met his eyes! Men were plowing, harrowing, and shouting to their horses. Part of the ground was already prepared for planting, and there, in the barn door-way, sat Tom and Bessie, cutting potatoes, and chattering like blackbirds.

"What does it mean, mother? What does it mean?" said he, as he opened the kitchen door.

"It means, father, that the dawn has come. 'Twas very dark, you know, last night. Those are Mr. Thyson's men!"

"Thyson's men! Thyson's men! Why! I don't understand."

"Well, nor I, and the men say that they don't know what has come over him, either. But he told Bill to take men and horses and come over here and plant whatever you wanted, and he'd provide the seed; and they are working like beavers, I tell you."

The next afternoon, when the horn was

blown, Mr. Moore was waiting at his gate. As the wagon came along Mr. Thyson saw him, and didn't feel at all like just bowing and passing on. No! he felt like stopping, shaking hands and getting out to see how his men were doing.

"God bless you, sir!" said Mr. Moore. "You have given me the best medicine I've had. I believe it's going to save my life. I don't know how to thank you, but I know that I feel like a new man."

"So do I, Friend Moore. So do I. But don't thank me. It's all Tom's doings. I thought I was teaching him a great lesson, but, bless you! he was teaching me a greater one, all the time. Well, the Lord has great surprises in store for us sometimes, hasn't He?" And with a fervent shake of the hand, Mr. Thyson got back into his wagon and drove home.

From that time Mr. Moore's health steadily improved, and from that time, also, Mr. Thyson was another man. It was the beginning, but not the end, of his kind deeds.

A few years later, when Tom and Bessie commenced housekeeping on their own account, and Clover loved contentedly in her new home, Tom remarked with a merry laugh:

"You see, father, I was longer-headed than you thought. 'Twas all in the family, after all."—*Christian Union.*

An Easter Poem.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

Bursting from earth in air of early spring,
I found a lily growing sweet and wild;
And plucked the blossom, snowy fair, to bring,
As a type of resurrection, to my child;
With it to show
How out of death divinest life might grow.

I told her then what Easter meant, and why
There seemed such gladness in the world to reign;
Why clear-voiced choirs sang so exultantly
The joyful anthem "Christ is risen again!"
That, dying, He
Had taken from the grave its victory.

"Because 'He died and rose again,'" I said,
"The dark and shadowy valley none need fear;
The little brother that to you seemed dead
Was only on Christ's bosom heavenly near;
There is no tomb
Can prison or hide the soul's immortal bloom."

O! impotence of words! Who can explain
This wondrous mystery? And yet, perchance,
Through one white lily on God's altar laid
My child may grasp the flower's significance,
And, kneeling, say,
"A little child doth yield her heart to-day!"
—*Wide Awake.*

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

I do not say the husband is always to blame. The wife often makes home unhappy; too often both are in fault. Yet I think the husband is more apt to become careless and neglectful of little attentions soon after marriage than the wife is. A trusting, loving girl gives up her freedom forever and goes out from under the sheltering roof of the old home, to bless and brighten the new. Goes to be his own in sickness or health, for "better or worse," until one of the twain shall rest from all earthly labors.

Before marriage he was all attention as to his personal appearance; eager to gratify her every wish. He admired the rosebud she selected to wear on her bosom, but thought his own chosen rosebud much lovelier. He admired the dress she wore, the ribbon in her hair, truly she could do nothing to please him that failed of its objects. And he told all his love and admiration in actions, and what was still pleasanter, in words.

Now they are wedded, both sure of the other's love. The days are full of light and joy, she knows a shadow can never darken their home for is she not his darling; his own happy little wife and does he not tell her so every day? She does not believe any change will come after marriage unless it is greater and more perfect love and trust. Years pass. Have they carried the bloom of life with them? He has business to look after, but he loves his wife just the same, she will not believe otherwise. Yet, sometimes when he goes to his work, with only a hasty kiss and never once noticing the lily buds in her hair, or that she has on his favorite jewels sometimes, I say, a feeling of disappointment clouds the joy in her heart. The full glory is dimmed. He continues to grow more neglectful. She wears the colors that used to please him; she strives to beautify his home in every possible manner, but he speaks no word of praise. He even finds fault with her once in a while; but what pains her most is his constant indifference, and he has too, a habit of putting her second instead of first in nearly everything. Occasionally, when he does happen to notice her he wonders at the worn face and quiet manners; and doubtless thereby, she has become very careless of home enjoyments and love. Does he never remember the many times a gentle woman stood beside him, lifting the hair from his brow or parting it with soft fingers, or caressingly laying a white hand on his head. He used to kiss that same hand; holding it in both his own, and say many kindly things. Now she lingers near him, but he never lifts his eyes from his book to the face beside him, or finds one little word of endearment for his wife.

Oh, if the walls of her room could speak, would they not echo the words that had so often been spoken to them: "Oh! God, what have I done? What have I failed to do, that life is not as it once was? Oh! have I frightened away all the tender words; all the caresses that once were mine? Oh! why did I not die when every word and action were full of love? Better—far better, to have gone away from earth ere the bridal roses faded; than to have lived until my heart calls out vainly, day and night for the glory of departed days!"

How a Boy Goes on an Errand.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live life over again; I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is something astonishing how slow he can go on an errand—he who leads the school a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off when he is sent to do anything. Perhaps he could not explain himself, why, when he is sent to a neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stoke the frogs; he is not exactly cruel; but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. No other living thing can go so slow as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seem to be lead, unless he happens to spy a woodchuck in an adjoining lot, when he gives chase to it like a deer; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower about doing anything than one, and that the more you have to help you on a piece of work the less is accomplished. Boys have a great power of helping each other to do nothing; and they are so innocent about it, and unconscious. "I went as quick as ever I could," says the boy. His father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he has been absent three hours on a ten minutes errand. The sarcasm has no effect on the boy.

Going after cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to climb a hill which was covered with wild strawberries in the season. Could any boy pass by those ripe berries? And then, in the fragrant hill pasture there were beds of wintergreen with red berries, tufts of columbine, roots of saffras to be dug, and dozens of things good to eat or smell, that I could not resist. It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, and to try if I could see the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see that steeple, and in the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farm-house which would send a cold stream down my back in the hottest days. I knew what it meant. It had a fruitfully impatient quaver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the hayfield. It said: "Why on earth doesn't that boy come home, it is almost dark, and the cows ain't milked?" And that was the time the cows had to start into a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late who did not say that the cows were at the further end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle" was hidden in the woods and he couldn't find her for ever so long! The brindle cow is the boy's escape goat many a time.

A Nice Wedding Present.

Another Jew's daughter and her ducats have been transferred to Christian hands. The strict member of the synagogue don't like to see this continual transformation of the daughters of Judah into Christian wives, the more so when they carry in their hands gifts "so rich and rare" as those which a Rothschild can command. Hannah de Rothschild, the wealthiest daughter of her race, is now Lady Roseberry. It was remarked by a friend of mine who was present that the Jews were only represented by one prominent personage at the breakfast, and he was Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. The only speech on the occasion was made by the Prince of Wales, who proposed "health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom," to which Lord Rosebery briefly replied. "My friend, who was 'behind the scenes,' tells me of one little present which was made to the bridegroom that has no mention in the long lists of diamonds, silver, jewelry, and other treasures printed in the newspapers. On the evening of the wedding Lord Rosebery received a package from the bride-elect. It contained a small gold box, and in a separate envelope a pretty gold key. No letter accompanied the gift, nor instructions of any kind. My Lord, however, did not hesitate as to the use of the key. He opened the box. It contained the last check which Hannah de Rothschild would ever sign as a spinster. Beautifully written in her own fair hand, it was drawn in favor of Lord Rosebery—\$1,000,000, payable to his order.—*London Cor. N. Y. Times.*

The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

Norman Macleod.
How long has that bell been ringing its fragrant music, and swinging forth its unheard melodies among brackens and briers, and primroses and woodroofs, and that world of poetical wild scents and forms—so many—so beautiful—which a tangled bank over a trotting burn among the leafy wood discloses? Spirits more beautiful than fairies behold these scenes, or they would waste. That bell was ringing merrily when Adam and Eve were married. It chimed its dirge over Abel, and has died and sprung up again while Ninevah and Babylon have come and gone, and empires have lived and died forever! Solomon, in all his glory, was not like these.

What an evidence have I in this blue drooping flower of the regularity and endurance of God's will since creation's dawn. Amidst all the revolutions of heaven and earth; hurricanes and earthquakes; floods and fires; invasions and dispersions; signs in the sun, moon, and stars; perplexity and distress of nations nothing has happened to injure this fragile blue bell. This is the "central piece subsisting at the heart of the ead-ess agitation."

The blue-bell swung in breezes tempered to its strength centuries before the children of Japheth spied the chalky cliffs of Dover. It has been called by many a name from the days of the painted warrior to the days of Burns; but it has ever been the same. It will sing on with the spirit-song until time shall be no more. The blue-bell may sing the funeral knell of the human race.