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AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

And so once more we are gliding on through the still, wooded landscape; and the larks are filling all the wide spaces of the air with their singing; and the sunlight lies warm on the hedges and fields. And this is Miss Peggy, who is perched up here astern, with more or less complete control of the tiller; although, as she seems rather absent-eyed, one has to exercise a general sort of surveillance over her.

"Why, what's that?" she exclaims, suddenly, catching sight of something ahead.

"It looks like a series of gigantic steps and stairs, doesn't it? But it is really a succession of locks. We have got to climb a hill, that's about all. And it will be a very tedious process. You'd better go inside and tell them we will have luncheon now, and send Murdoch out to take the tiller."

By the time luncheon was over Miss Peggy discovered that we were in the last of the locks, and her proposal that we should seize the opportunity to get ashore was unanimously and immediately adopted.

We now found ourselves on a considerable height, and all around us lay a richly wooded country, the abundant foliage of which kept shimmering or darkening as the slow-moving sun rays and wide shadows trailed across the landscape. Miss Peggy, as we walked along, spoke but little; perhaps she was peopling those woods and open spaces and darker glades with mysterious phantoms. Her eyes, at any rate, had no mischief in them now.

But as we drew near to Wootton Wawen she turned her attention to the wild flowers we were passing, and from time to time she stooped to add to the little nosegay in her hand. We knew her purpose. We knew whither was going that variegated little collection of red campions, blue hyacinths, yellow bed-straw, purple, self-heal, golden cowslips and the like simple blossoms.

"It is a very little trouble," she says, "and think of the gratitude I shall reap when they get them over there! I suppose I may honestly say, 'From the Forests of Arden,' in the letter?"

Overhead the silvery gray heavens were now mottled with soft lilac; toward the west were long bands of purple cloud, their lower edges fringed with crimson fire; beneath these, and behind the various clumps of foliage in front of us, were breadths of golden yellow, that only reached us through the darkened branches in mild flashes of light. We had been seriously delayed by one or two difficult bridges. It was resolved to call a halt for the night. We were to be up betimes in the morning, for there was a long day before us, to say nothing of the wild peril and adventure of getting through the King's Norton and West Hill Tunnels. So we chose out a meadow bank where there were some convenient willow stumps and alder bushes, and there we made fast; and then Murdoch—now in the Forest of Arden, and probably wishing he were at home in a better place, though his courtesy would not allow him to say so—was besought to prepare some food for his comrades and brothers in exile.

CHAPTER X.

This is Sunday morning, still and beautiful, the sunlight lying warmly over the wide Worcestershire landscape, with its far-stretching valleys and copse-crowned hills, its smiling farms and mansions half hidden among woods. The perfect silence is hardly lessened, rather it seems heightened, by the universal singing of the birds—a multitudinous and joyous din that almost drowns the velvet-soft note of the cuckoo.

"Good morning!" says Miss Peggy, coming out into the white light with her cheeks fresh-tinted as the rose, and her speedwell-blue eyes shining. "This is a surprise! I made sure it was raining hard—there was such a pattering on the roof——"

"And didn't you know what the pattering was?"

"Since it wasn't rain, I suppose it was rats."

"Not at all. It was birds. They were hopping about in search of crumbs among all that rubbish that we scraped off in the tunnel. Murdoch must get a brush and sweep the roof; it isn't like him to be so neglectful."

"I know why," she says. "He can hardly take his eyes off Col. Cameron; and he listens to no one else. I suppose Col. Cameron is a great hero in Murdoch's eyes."

"Well, you see, the Highlanders have a strong regard for these old families, although the clans and clanship have long been abolished. There isn't much that a Highlander wouldn't do for Lochiel, or Cluny, or Lord Lovat, or some of those; and you must remember that Ewen Cameron's name is known—slightly—to other people besides the Highlanders."

"I think he is almost too gentle for a soldier, don't you?" she says. "No, I won't say that, for I like him very much, and I'm not the least bit afraid of him now. Yes, I like him very much indeed; and that's honest now; and I don't see how anyone can help liking him. There is a kind of proud simplicity about him that is so different from—well, from the kind of mock gallantry that young men think so fine. Oh, I wish girls could talk!"

"Can't they?"

"I wish they were allowed to speak their minds—some people would be surprised! Why, they'll come to you—a perfect stranger—and they'll profess to be so complaisant, and give themselves such fascinating airs, and pretend to be charmed, too, by your superior accomplishments; and they think you're such a fool as not to see through it all! And of course a girl can't say, 'Oh, go away and don't make a simpleton of yourself!'"

"It certainly would not be usual for a well brought up young lady to speak in that way."

"It's only their vanity," continues Miss Peggy, with contemptuous vehemence. "And what they say to you they say to the next, and to the next dozen, and to the next hundred; and they think that girls are so simple as not to know. Well, we're simple enough, but we've ceased to be infants, I suppose——"

How far her indignation might have carried her, it is impossible to guess; but at this moment the door was again opened and out came a tall figure with another "Good morning!" while Miss Peggy was instantly struck silent, and that with some obvious embarrassment. She even flushed slightly; and, to cover her not quite intelligible confusion, one had to say, quickly:

"Here is Miss Rosslyn, Cameron, who wants to know all about the Highland clans, and the clansmen, and their relations to the chiefs. And about the '45 rising, too; she is to be a partisan of Prince Charlie; she must be turned into a Jacobite if there's going to be any peace and quietude on board this boat. And who can do that better than yourself?"

"Oh, no," he said, with a smile, "no, no, no; all that is past and gone now. Chiefs and clansmen are alike loyal nowadays; we are the queen's 'loyal Highlanders,' and proud to wear the title."

"Yes, but don't you understand," one says to him, "how interesting it must be to an ingenuous young student from America, where all the institutions and habits and customs are comparatively new, to hear of this very old-world state of society; yes, and to hear of it from one related to the people who were 'out' in the '45?"

"Well, when you think of it," says Inverfask, "it does seem strange that the clan system was actually in existence in the last century, and within a couple of days' ride—or a single day's ride, you might almost say—from the city of Edinburgh. And very little the good people of Edinburgh knew about the Highlanders and their ways. I suppose you never heard the story of what happened to Lord Kilmarnock at Falkirk? Lord Kilmarnock had raised a troop of horses for the prince, and had been with him all through the expedition into England, and all through the retreat, and so must have got some knowledge of the clansmen and their customs. But what happened at Falkirk no doubt puzzled him. The day after the battle the prince and he were looking down from the window of a house in town, and, to their surprise, they saw a soldier coming along in the English uniform and wearing a black cockade in his hat. Lord Kilmarnock immediately went down stairs and into the street, went up to the man, struck off his hat, and put his foot on the black cockade. The next moment one of the Highlanders standing by had rushed on Lord Kilmarnock and shoved him away; Kilmarnock instantly pulled out his pistol and presented it at his assailant; the Highlander drew his dirk; and goodness only knows what would have happened if a number of the Highlander's companions had not interposed on behalf of their comrade and driven Lord Kilmarnock off. And what was it all about? Why, the man with the black cockade was a Cameron who had been in an English regiment, and who, of course, deserted to join the standard of his chief as soon as he got the chance; and, being a Cameron, the other Camerons standing around would not have him interfered with by anyone, whatever his rank."

Breakfast over Captain Columbus makes his appearance without, and presently Murdoch is standing at the door of the saloon, awaiting orders.

Now, this being Sunday, Queen Tita would rather have given our gay young mariners and their diligent horse a rest; but, as appeared from our noble captain's report, there were ominous rumors abroad among the canal-folk of intended repairs somewhere or other; and he himself was distinctly of opinion that we should at least push forward and get through the two tunnels. So we assented to that, poled the boat across to the towpath, had the line affixed to the harness, and were once more gliding along.

But when we came to the first of the tunnels, we found we had just missed the steam launch, which had disappeared with its long convoy into that black hole in the earth; and as there was now a considerable time for us to wait, we all got ashore, and proceeded to explore the neighboring wood, which is known as Shortwood Dingle. We wandered along through the picturesque dingle, and up to a height from which there is a wide view over the adjacent country, and eventually back to the canal, where there were now several boats besides our own awaiting the arrival of the steam launch.

When that far from gay vessel arrived, we were all water-proofed and ready for the ordeal—all except Mrs. Threepenny bit, who preferred to sit by herself in the saloon, awaiting events, and consoling herself with the reflection that these two Tardebigg tunnels were shorter than the West Hill one. Shorter we found them, but also much darker; indeed, absolutely dark, for the bargemen did not seem to consider it necessary to light their lamps on this occasion. We scraped and tore our way along first the one tunnel, and then—with an interval of smooth sailing in the white day—through its rock-hewn successor, until, ahead of us in the dark, there grew up and waxed brighter and brighter a sort of fuliginous, confused, opalescent glare; then finally we plunged into that bewildering glory—bronze-hued or saffron-hued it appeared as we approached it—and suddenly emerged into a sunlighted greenness of foliage and the quietude of the outer world.

"How many more of these tunnels shall we have to go through?" asks Queen Tita.

"Not another one; that is the last. The next possible danger we have to face is going down the Severn, and I dare say we shall be able to manage somehow. 'We'll warlse through.'"

"Oh, I don't mind what it is, so long as there is daylight," she says, and then she adds, looking back to the low archway of the tunnel, "but I confess I am not anxious for any more experiences of that kind."

"But just think of the story you will have to tell when you go back to London!" says Miss Peggy, putting her arm round her friend's neck for a moment, as she is passing along to her cabin, to get the sand and wet out of her pretty brown hair.

CHAPTER XI.

The approach to Worcester by way of the canal is extremely pleasant; there are suburban villas on sloping banks and surrounded with gardens, which, at this time of the year, were a mass of bloom. The wharves, when we got to them, were not so captivating, of course; yet we had little reason to complain; for we found the people very good natured.

What a wild Maelstrom of a place this was into which we now plunged! The pavements were impassable with crowds of people; our eyes were bewildered with the staring shop windows and signs; our ears distracted with the rattle of innumerable wheels. Our faint recollection of Worcester had been that it was rather an old-fashioned and sleepy town; now we found ourselves suddenly transferred from the remoteness and the silence of those pastoral wanderings into the full roaring blast of nineteenth-century life.

"I expected moats and battlements—gates, portcullises, draw bridges, and so on," said Miss Peggy, as we sat at lunch at the Unicorn, "but it is quite a modern city."

"It is not a warlike town any longer," her hostess admitted; "it is more of an ecclesiastical town; wait till we take you to the cathedral, and show you all the quaint old buildings attached to it—with their pretty gardens and ivied walls, and their look of learned repose."

Late that night the miniature manageress of this wandering party was in her own room, engaged in overhauling her millinery purchases of the day, and disposing them so as to admit of their being packed on the morrow. She seemed a little thoughtful, and was mostly silent; but at length she said, in a cautious sort of way:

"Do you know what Peggy told me before we went to the theater this evening?"

"I do not."

"She told me that Col. Cameron had promised to give her some relic from Fassiefern House—a little mirror, I believe."

"I was aware of it."

She looked up quickly.

"Oh, you knew?" And then she said, rather slowly, and with no great air of conviction—indeed, she seemed questioning instead of assenting—"I suppose it is nothing. Oh, of course not. It is an interesting thing for an American girl to take home with her, especially when coming from Inverfask; a souvenir, that is all."

And yet, somehow, she does not seem quite satisfied in her own mind. The millinery does not receive much of her attention. Finally she turns from the table altogether.

"Do be frank now! tell me!" she says, in a half-pleading, half-frightened way. "Have you noticed anything? Don't you think that Col. Cameron's admiration for Peggy is just a little too marked? And she herself, too—have you noticed the way in which she speaks of him? Oh, good gracious, I have been trying to shut my eyes and ears; but if anything were to happen between those two, and me responsible!"

"But how are you responsible?" one says to this incoherent person.

"We brought them together; isn't that enough?" she exclaims. "And there he is, a widower, twice her age at least, with an encumbered estate; and I suppose hardly anything beyond his pay. Think what her people would say of it! They wouldn't see any romance in it; they wouldn't find any fascination in her becoming Lady Cameron of Inverfask, and living up there in the north and winning the affection and gratitude of those poor people, which is quite clearly what Sir Ewen was talking about to-day. What do you suppose they care for the traditions of the Highland clans, or for Col. Cameron's reputation as a soldier, either? Why, it's madness! He ought to marry a rich woman, if he marries at all, and get Inverfask cleared of its burdens, and live there. And she must marry someone with money."

"I think you will find that Peggy will marry the man she wants to marry without taking your advice or the advice of anyone else."

(To be continued.)

—A bug flew into the ear of John Monspeld, a farmer, of Muncie, Ind., causing pain and inflammation which resulted in death two weeks later.

—The sides of a bedstead sometimes draw apart, causing the slats and the occupants to drop to the floor. To prevent such accidents, two cords are attached to the sides, about three feet apart, with a turn-buckle in the centre, to keep the sides and slats in place.

—In Philadelphia the other day, a man fell down a flight of steps and fractured his skull from tripping on a dangling shoe-string. Never was there a more striking illustration of the necessity of doing small things well.

PRIZE SEEKERS AT THE NATIONAL TURN FEST

Fifteen Hundred Men, Women, Boys and Girls will Participate in the Contests Held Week of June 18-23

Within the past week the entries for the various championship contests of America at the National Turn Fest, which takes place in Philadelphia the week of June 18-23, have been coming in at a rate hitherto unknown. There are now 905 entries enrolled in the various competitions. These encompass the best athletes and gymnasts, both male and female, of the leading turning societies of America.

The entries for the various championship contests show the following societies with the number of men, women, boys and girls as herewith appended:

New York Circuit: New York Turnverein, Bloomingdale, 16; Central Turnverein, New York, 16; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," New York, 12; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," Brooklyn, 22; Brooklyn Turnverein, Brooklyn, 12; Turnverein "Columbia," Brooklyn, 10; Brooklyn (E. D.) Turnverein, 20. Total: 108.

Indiana Circuit: (Including some Chicago Societies). Louisville, Kentucky Turnverein, 12; Socialer Turnverein of Indianapolis, 20; South Bend Turnverein, South Bend, Ind., 14; Chicago Turngemeinde, 24; Central Turnverein, Chicago, Ill., 24; Suedseite Turngemeinde, Chicago, Ill., 12; Suedseite Turnverein, Indianapolis, 10; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," Fort Wayne, Ind., 12. Total: 128.

St. Louis Circuit: Sued St. Louis Turnverein, St. Louis, 48; Socialer Turnverein, St. Louis, 52; Turnverein "Concordia," St. Louis, 50; West St. Louis Turnverein, 34; Nord St. Louis Turnverein, 48; Little Rock Turnverein, Little Rock, Ark., 12; Mount Olive Turnverein, Mount Olive, Ill., 12; Turnverein "Humboldt," St. Louis, 2. Total: 258.

New England Circuit: Boston Turnverein, 16; Manchester Turnverein, Manchester, N. H., 16; Springfield Turnverein, Springfield, Mass., 14; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," Holyoke, Mass., 12; Deutscher Arbeiterverein, Boston, 12; East Hampton Turnverein, East Hampton, Mass., 11. Total: 81.

Wisconsin Circuit: Turnverein Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wis., 16; Nordseite Turnverein, Milwaukee, 10; Fond du Lac Turnverein, Fond du Lac, Wis., 8; Sheboygan Turnverein, Sheboygan, Wis., 14. Total: 48.

Chicago Circuit: Turnverein "Aurora," Chicago, Ill., 24; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," Chicago, 32; La Salle Turnverein, La Salle, Ill., 10; Grand Crossing, Ill., 8; Turnverein "Fortschritt," Chicago, Ill., 8; Socialer Turnverein, Chicago, Ill., 27; Turnverein "Eiche," Chicago, 18; Turnverein "Voran," Chicago, 8; Westseite Turnverein, Chicago, 10; Sued-Chicago Turnverein, 8; Deutscher Turnverein, Grand Rapids, Mich., 10. Total: 171.

Philadelphia Circuit: Philadelphia Turngemeinde, 36; Southwark Turn und Sonntagsschulverein, Philadelphia, 24; Columbia Turnverein, Philadelphia, 12; Germania Turnverein von Roxborough, Philadelphia, 8. Total: 80.

New Jersey Circuit: Newark Turnverein, 44; Paterson Turnverein, Paterson, 30; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," Elizabeth, 8; Union Hill Turnverein, Meehawken, 20; Greenville Turnverein, Jersey City, 10. Total: 102.

Central New York Circuit: Troy Turnverein, Troy, N. Y., 10; Schenectady Turnverein, Schenectady, N. Y., 10. Total: 20.

Pittsburg Circuit: Allegheny Turnverein, 12; Johnstown Turnverein, Johnstown, Pa., 12; Central Turnverein, Pittsburg, 40; McKeesport Turn und Gesangverein, 20; Suedseite Turnverein, Pittsburg, 12; Allentown Turnverein, Pittsburg, S.S., 10; Lawrenceville Turnverein, Pittsburg, 13; Turn und Gesangverein "Eintracht," Homestead, Pa., 9; Monaca Turnverein, Monaca, Beaver County, 8; Central Turn und Gesangverein, Braddock, Pa., 10. Total 151.

Missouri Valley Circuit: Kansas City Socialer Turnverein, 12.

Upper Mississippi Circuit: Davenport Turngemeinde, 18; N. W. Davenport Turnverein, 8. Total 26.

Rocky Mountain Circuit: Ost-Denver Turnverein, 24; West-Denver Turnverein, 9; Leadville Turnverein, 8. Total: 41.

Central Illinois Circuit: Concordia-Germania Turnverein, Moline, Ill., 8.

Connecticut Circuit: Meriden Turnverein, 8; Socialer Turnverein, New Britain, Conn., 12; Waterbury Turnverein, Waterbury, 9; Holyoke Turnverein, Holyoke, Mass., 16. Total: 45.

Lake Erie Circuit: Turnverein "Germania," Cleveland, O., 12; Socialer Turnverein, Detroit, 28; Turnverein "Germania," Canton, O., 18; Turnverein "Stern," Cleveland, O., 14; Akron Turnverein, Akron, O., 12; Turnverein "Vorwaerts," Cleveland, O., 10. Total: 94.

West New York Circuit: Syracuse Turnverein, 12; Buffalo Turnverein, 12. Total: 24.

Ohio Circuit: Dayton Turngemeinde, 34; West Cincinnati Turnverein, 12; Nord Cincinnati Turnverein, 18. Total: 64.

Besides the eighty-nine societies who have entered their prize seekers from among thier classes there have been entered 160 individual gymnasts for the personal prizes in apparatus work. In addition to these will be presented the novelty of ten Old Men's classes with a total of 118 men over the ages of fifty years, who will also turn for prizes allotted to this department in particular. Some of these have become grey in the service of athletics and gymnastics and promise to give their younger competitors an interesting battle for the honors.

The participants in the mass exhibition of calisthenics at the Philadelphia Base Ball Park on the afternoon of Saturday, June 23, have been selected from the men and women classes and the boys and girls from the following cities and circuits: Newark and the New Jersey circuit; St. Louis, Mo.; Union Hill, N. J.; Denver, Colorado; New York circuit; Milwaukee, Wis., Philadelphia, and several from Ohio and the Middle and Western States. In this exhibition there will take part 5,000 of the most adept of the entire United States and these will present a gymnastic display far superior to anything that has ever been seen at a Turn Fest in America or Europe. The different classifications of sports to take place on that occasion will be more varied than at any previous time. The Technical Committee promises to the public that the exercises at the Base Ball Park will exceed those hitherto presented at a Turn Fest of the North American Turner Bund.

Household Recipes.

RECIPES.

Eggs with Crabs.—Beat five eggs, season with half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper; add the chopped meat of one-half-dozen hard-shell crabs, boiled, and the tips of one bunch of cooked asparagus cut into small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a hot frying pan, and when hot turn in the egg mixture; stir gently for three minutes; when done turn on a hot plate; garnish with parsley.

Veal Kidneys and Mushrooms (Polish)—Trim all the fat from twelve kidneys, slice them lengthwise into strips, dust with salt and pepper, flour them, dip in egg, crumb them, fry in butter, browning both sides. Place one dozen stewed spring mushrooms in the centre of the dish; place the kidneys around, and over all pour a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of mustard worked into a gill of oil and two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar.

Violet Vinegar.—Put into a large glass jar one pint of violet blossoms, pour one quart of good vinegar over them, cover, and set in the sun for fourteen days; then strain through a cheesecloth; pour into small bottles and seal. Use for salad dressings, with salt and pepper added as seasoning.

Preserved Strawberries.—Add to one pound well cleaned and washed strawberries half cupful of sugar, boil five minutes, put them in jars, close and turn the jars upside down every two minutes till cold. They will soak up a great deal of the juice and look fine.

Strawberry Flummery.—One quart of strawberries will be sufficient for six people. Hull them and cut each berry in half; cook to a syrup one pint of water, one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice; as soon as boiling add three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in one-half cupful of cold water, and stir until thick and smooth; add the berries, set over boiling water and cook ten minutes; then turn into a dish. Serve cold, with cream.

Lamb and Rice Cutlets.—Wash two ounces of best Patna rice and boil until tender in about a pint of weak stock; also boil one small onion separately and chop it fine. Add a quarter of a pound of minced cold lamb, an ounce of chopped beef suet, one ounce of bread crumbs, the cooked onion and a seasoning of salt, pepper and chopped parsley to the rice and stock; mix well by stirring and cook together for a few minutes; then turn out on an open dish to cool. When cool form into small cutlets, egg and bread crumb each and fry in hot fat. Serve with fried parsley.

Salad of Greens.—Select any suitable green vegetables, such as romaine, chicory, escarole, taking care to have as many different shades of green as possible. Marinate each of the vegetables separately in a French dressing and arrange on a salad dish. To make the French dressing: Mix one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and two of vinegar; stir well together.

Strawberry Marmalade.—Weigh the berries that are to be used and allow for every pound three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Free the fruit from the green hulls, put them in a colander, rinse off with cold water, drain and put them in a preserving kettle; boil twenty minutes without a cover; add the sugar and boil five minutes. Put in fruit jars, close and keep in a cool place.

—The earliest specimen of printing in existence is a Chinese bank note, which is now in the British Museum. It was printed in China in the year 1368, thirty-two years before the birth of Johann Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing.

—Dr. Jameson, who led the famous raid upon the Transvaal, must think queer things when he reflects that he once imagined that he could conquer the Boers with a force of 500 men. Events have shown him to have been the prize mis-calculator of the age.

—Mr. Cecil Rhodes must beware. The Southern Presbyterian intimates that if it were on a jury to try him for murder it would hang him forthwith and that it would not regret very much the opportunity to sit on such a jury.

Field and Farm.

Where the cool nights of May have caused such tender plants as lima beans to come up sparingly and also have a yellow color, the best thing to do is to plant seed in all the vacant spaces and the probability is that the later plants will overtake the earlier ones due to warmer weather and more favorable conditions.

Less difficulty would be experienced with sheep if they were taught to come into the barnyard every night and be protected from storms. A trough in which salt has been sprinkled, with hay in racks, will get them into the habit of expecting such, and they will not be slow in showing that they are willing to accept of the delicacies. As a rule sheep graze in the cool of the day sometimes traveling over a distance of ground, but they will always appear regularly for salt or a mess of hay or ground oats.

Variety of food is essential to rapid growth of young stock. Experiments made in feeding pigs for four months on potatoes alone caused rickets, or softening of the bone. Other pigs, from the same litter, fed upon potatoes, oatmeal and phosphates, had normal skeletons, but there was a difference, according to the phosphates added. Those fed upon phosphate of potash had porous bones. The pigs that were given phosphate and carbonate of lime (as food ingredients) were healthy, thrifty and grew rapidly.

An excellent method of destroying asparagus beetles is to cut the shoots as they are just appearing above the surface, and such shoots are tender from tips to butts. If preferred the beetles may be kept in check by going over the rows as soon as the stalks are a few inches above ground and rub off the eggs. Do this twice a week for several weeks. It can be done very quickly.

Alfalfa seeded on light sandy soil in New Jersey during the month of August three years ago has given several crops of hay per year, and the fall sowing is declared a success, although the recommendation has been to sow the seed in the spring.

The planting of waste land to trees for timber is receiving more attention than formerly. Farmers who planted trees twenty years ago now find that they then made good investments. It is claimed that cherry and hickory trees require about thirty years before they are valuable for timber; maple trees twenty years, and black walnut fifteen years. A black walnut tree is said to attain from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter in fifteen years from the seed. Nuts are also a source of profit with some growers of timber.

The land for late potatoes should be plowed deep and harrowed fine. The land should never be allowed to form a crust before the plants are up. Run a harrow over the field, both before and after the potatoes are up. The seed may be planted about five inches deep and given level culture instead of hilling. Clover sod land is excellent for potatoes, and to avoid disease it is best not to plant potatoes on the same land twice in succession. Frequent and shallow cultivation rather than deep should be given.

The season for mowing will cause farmers to be busy, and it seems that just as this work is to be hurried some accident occurs. This does not always happen, but many such drawbacks might be avoided if farmers will clear their fields of stones, sticks and other obstructions to the machines before the grass is too high to see them. An injury to a mower knife may cause costly delay.

Broom corn is scarce and high. The main crop is grown in Illinois. The brush is the salable portion, but some farmers also value the seed as an important crop. The labor required for broom corn is about the same as for corn.

—In three months the school attendance in Cuba has been increased from 4,000 to 80,000. This tells a story of advancement that needs no emphasizing. The American public school will do the work of modernizing the Queen of the Antilles quickly and thoroughly.

—India has a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Life's Stormy Way—It is Rough Sailing Without Christ in the Ship—He Smooths the Pathway For Those Who Trust in Him.

(Copyright 1900.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is now in Europe preaching to immense congregations in the great cities, sends this sermon, in which he describes the rough places of life and indicates the best means of getting over them and shows how many people fail to understand their best blessings; text, Mark iv, 39, "And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

Here in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of His life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! I can understand the feeling of th immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea,
But, ah, far more the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can easily understand from the con tour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. This lake in Christ's time lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, groved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fishing smacks coming down to drop their nets pass each other with nod and shout and laughter or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret. But there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, the boat would rock and, by the gentleness of the motion, putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate and His head touched the pillow than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen and in the strong wind crack like pistols; the smaller boats, like petrels, pose on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto Him, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward, He cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, He says, "Be still!" The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are baling out the boats and while they are trying to untangle the cordage the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of a man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship, for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul you are bound to do, but, oh, have Christ in every enterprise!

There are men who look God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the longboat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for a time; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said, "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it.

Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in a fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say? A young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad and say, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution. If you do not find it in one way you will get it in another way. But be not disheartened! Take courage. You are in a glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials, and He will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures. Look at the various errors going over the church of God. We are going to founder. The church is going to perish. She is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text! Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping. He rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight. He does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his roar he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ. He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord. He will never come forth again upon the nation. Christ is overcome forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there broke out a revival at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "You are going to bring too many people into the church at once," and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival. They wanted him to stop it. He stood in his pulpit on the Lord's day and looked over the solemn auditory and he said: "This brethren, is in reality the work of God. Beware how you stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff and took hold of the small end of the staff and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane," and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home. He is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and the storm crouches at His feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempest! You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Or all your property swept away, you said: "I had so much bank stock; I had so many Government securities; I had so many houses; I had so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in My keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world, and try to take hold of the next we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death. All the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swir