A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

sprang to my feet and opened the asleep, with closed eyes, singing like a bird, only with a heartful of sad meaning in every tone. I stepped tone. I stepped naide, without speaking, and she passed me into the room. I closed the door and followed her, She lay already upon the couch, still and restful-already covered with my plaid. I sat down beside her, wait no, and gazed upon her in wonderment. That she was possessed of very superior intellectual powers, whatever might be the cause of their having lain dormant so long, I had already fully convinced myself; but I was not prepared to find art as well as intellect.

Here was a song, of her own making as to the music, so true and so potent, that, before I knew anything of the words, it had surrounded me with a dream of the place in which the scene of the ballad was laid.

I sat and thought: Some obstruction gateways, outward, prevented her, in her waking hours, from utter-ing herself at all. Their obstruction damming back upon their sources the outgoings of life, threw her into this abnormal sleep. In it the impulse to utterance, still unsatisfied, so wrought within her unable, yet compliant form, walked. And now afresh surge from pressed by the hitherto of the objects of sense, had burst the gates and bars, swept the obstructions from its channel, and poured from her in melodious

And now I had once more the delight of watching a spirit dawn, a soul-rise, in that levely form. The light flushing of its pallid sky was, as before, the first sign. I dreaded the flash of love ly flame, and the outburst of regnant anger, ere I should have time to say that I was not to blame. But when, at length, the full dawn, the slow sunrise came, it was with all the gentle ness of a cloudy summer morn. Never did a more celestial rosy red hang about the skirts of the level sun, than deepened and glowed upon her face, when, opening her eyes, she saw me beside her. She covered her face with her hands; and instead of the words of indignant reproach which I had dreaded to hear, she murmered behind the snowy screen, "I am glad you have broken your promise."

My heart gave a bound and was still. I grew faint with delight. "No," I said, "I have not broken my promise, Lady Alice; I have struggled nearly to madness to keep it—and I have kept

"I have come then of myself. Worse and worse! But it is their fault."

Tears now found their way through the repressing fingers. I could not endure to see her weep. I kneeled be-side her, and, while she still covered her face with her hands, I said-I do not know what I said. They were wild, and, doubtless, foolish words in themselves, but they must have been wise and true in their meaning. When I ceased, I knew that I had ceased only by the great silence about me. I was still looking at her hands. Slowly she withdrew them. It was as when the sun breaks forth on a cloudy day. The winter was over and gone; the time of the singing of birds had come. She smiled on me through her tears, and heart met heart in the light of

She rose to go at once, and I begged

"I dare say I shall come again; I am afraid I cannot help it; only mind you do not wake me.

Before I could reply, I was alone; and I felt that I must not follow her.

CHAPTER IX. QUESTIONING.

It was a week before I saw her again. Her heart had been stilled, and she was able to sleep again.

But seven nights after, she did come.

I waited her awaking, possessed with one painful thought, which I longed to impart to her. She awoke with a smile, covered her face with her hands for a moment, but only for a moment, and then sat up. I stood be-fore her, and the first words I spoke

"Lady Alice, ought I not to go?"
"No," she replied at once. "I

claim some compensation from them for the wrong they have been doing me. Do you know in what relation I stand to Lord and Lady Hilton? They are but my stepmother and her hus-

"Well, I have a fortune of my own, about which I never thought or cared -till--w thin the last few weeks. Lord Hilton is my guardian. Whether they made me the stupid creature I was, I do not know; but I believe they have represented me as far worse than I was, to keep people from making my acquaintance. They prevented my going on with my lessons, because they saw I was getting to understand things, and grow like other people; and that would not suit their purposes. would be false delicacy in you to leave me to them, when you can make up to me for their injustice. Their behavior to me takes away any right they had over me, and frees you from obligation, because I am yours, am I

Once more she covered her face with her hands. I could answer only by withdrawing one of them, which I was now emboldened to keep in my own.

was very willingly persuaded to found in the library to-day." what was so much my own desire. But whether the reasoning was quite just or not, I am not yet sure. Perhaps it might be so for her, and yet not for me. I do not know; I am a poor casu-

She resumed laying her hand on

"It would be to tell the soul which you have called forth, to go back into its dark moaning cavern, and never come out to the light of day." A long pause ensued.

confusion when I find myself here. When I fell myself coming awake, I lie for a little while with my eyes closed wondering and hoping, and afraid to open them, lest I should find "I re myself only in my own chamber; shrinking a little, too-just a little from the first glance into your face."

"But when you awake, do you know nothing of what has taken place in your sleep?

Nothing whatever."

"Have you no vague sensations, no haunting shadows, no dim, ghostly moods, seeming to belong to that condition, left?" "None whatever."

She rose, said "Good-night," and left

It was sitting late one night in my room. I had all but given up hope of her coming. I had, perhaps, deprived her of the somnambulic power. I was brooding over the possibility, when all at once I felt as if I were looking into the haunted room. It seemed to be lighted by the moon, shining through the stained windows. The feeling came and went suddenly, as such vis ions of places usually do; but this had an indescribable something about it more clear and real than such resurrections of the past, whether willed or unwilled, commonly possess, and a divined great longing seized me to look into the room once more. I rose with a "I ha sense of yielding to the irresistible, left the room, groped my way through the hall and up the oak staircase—I had never thought of taking a light with "Nothing is easier. My old n me-and entered the corridor. No sooner had I entered it than the thought sprung up in my mind—"What if she should be there!" My heart stood ed. "But she's no should be there!" My heart stood still for a moment, like a wounded deer of her unknown being, unreand then bounded on, with a pang in with our family almost all her life. and, without erring once, went straight to the haunted chamber. The door stood half open. I entered, and was be-wildered by the dim, mysterious, dreamy loveliness upon which I gazed. The maan shone full upon the windows, and a thousand colored lights and colored lights and clearly find something to do. Men always can there. And when I come and, without erring once, went straight morning." the walls and floor, all so soft, and of age-mingling, and undefied, that the brain "Alice was filled as with a flickering dance of ghostly rainbows. But I had little time to think of these; for out of the only dark corner in the room came a white figure, flitting across the chaos of lights, bedewed, bespangled, bespattered as she passed, with their multitudinous colors. I was speechless with something far beyond joy. With a low moan of delight Lady Alice sank into my arms. Then, looking up, with a light laugh. "The scales are turned dear," she said. "You are in my power now; I brought you here. I thought I could, and I tried, for I wanted so much to see you-and you are come." She led me across the room to the place where she had been seated, and we

sat side by side.
"I thought you had forgotten me,"
I said, "or had grown tired of me." "Did you? That was unkind. You

have made my heart so still, that, body and soul, I sleep at night."

"Then shall I never see you more?"
"We can meet here. This is the best place. No one dares come near the haunted room at night. We might even venture in the evening. Look. now, from where we are sitting, across the air, between the windows and the shadows on the floor. Do you see nothing moving?

I looked, but could see nothing. She resumed:
"I almost fancy, sometimes, that

what old stories say about this room may be true. I could fancy now that I see dim, transparent forms in ancient armor, and in strange antique dresses, men and women moving about, for no delay. I only stood with clasped hands, gazing at her. She turned coming and going. But I was never these afraid of such beings. I am so would not, could not hurt us."

"I could not persuade myself that I too, see them," I replied. "I cannot say that I am afraid of such beings any more than you-if only they will not

"Ah!" she replied, with a lengthened, meaning utterance, expressing sympahy with what I said: "I know what you mean. I, too, am afraid of hear-ing things. And that reminds me, I have never yet asked you about the galloping horse. I, too, hear some-times the sound of a loose horseshoe. It always betokens evil to me; but I do not know what it means. Do you?"

"I will tell you what my old foster-mother told me," I replied. And I began narrating when and where I had first heard the sound; and then gave her, as nearly as could, the legend which the nurse had recounted to me. I did not tell her its association with the events of my birth, for I feared exciting her imagination too much. She listened to it very quietly, however, and when I came to a close, only said

"Of course, we cannot tell how much of it is true, but there may be some-thing in it. I have never heard anything of the sort, and I, too, have an old nurse. She is with me still. You

shall see her some day." She rose to go.

"Will you meet me here again, soon?" 'As soon as you wish," she answered. "Then, to-morrow, at midnight?"

CHAPTER X. THE CLANKING SHOE.

Time passed. We began to feel very secure in that room, watched as it was sleepless sentry, Fear. night I ventured to take a light with

"How nice to have a candle!" she said as I entered. "I hope they are all in bed, though. It will drive some of them into fits if they see the light." "I wanted to show you something I

I opened a book, and showed her a paper inside of it with some verses

written on it.
"Whose writing is that?" I asked.

"Yours, of course. As if I did not know your writing!" "Will you look at the date?" "Seventeen hundred and ninety-three!

"It is strange," she said at length, It belonged to Lord Hilton's brother. "to feel, when I lie down at night, that I may awake in your presence, without knowing how. It is strange, too, that although I should be utterly ashamed to come wittingly, I feel no read them to you, and then show you something else that is strange about them. The poem is called 'Psyche's Sorrow.' Psyche means the soul, them.

"I remember. You told me about her

before, you know."
"Then follows the date, with the words in German underneath it-'How weary I am!' Now, what is strange, Alice, is that this date is the very month and year in which I was born.

She did not reply to this with any-thing beyond a mere assent. Her mind was fixed on the poem itself. She began to talk about it and I was surprised to find how thoroughly she entered into it and understood it. She seemed to have crowded the growth of a lifetime into the last few months. At length I told her how unhappy I had felt for some time, at remaining in Lord Hil ton's house, as matters now were.
"Then you must go," she said, quite

quietly. This troubled me.

"You do not mind it?"
"No. I shall be very glad."
"Will you go with me?" I asked, per-

olexed. "Of course I will."

I did not know what to say to this for I had no money, and of course I should have none of my salary. She divined at once the cause of my hesi

"I have a diamond bracelet in my

"Nothing is easier. My old nurse, whom I mentioned to you before, lives

if she stood d. "He know her very well." I interrupted. "But she's not Scotch."
"Indeed she is. But she has been and then bounded on, with a pang in every bound. The corridor was night itself, with a dim, bluish gray light from the windows, sufficing to mark their own spaces. I stole through it, neither of us will be missed before

and a thousand colored lights and will easily find something to do. Men shadows crossed and intertwined upon always can there. And when I come "Alice, how old are you?" I interrupted.

"Nineteen," she answered. "By the way," he resumed, "when I think of it—how odd!—that"—pointing to the date on the paper—"is the very month in which I, too, was born."

I was too much surprised to inter-

rupt her, an she continued:
"I never think of my age without re calling one thing about my birth, which nurse often refers to. She was going up stairs to my mother's room, when she happened to notice a bright star, not far from the new moon. As she cross ed the room with me in her arms, just after I was born, she saw the same star almost on the tip of the opposite My mother died a week horn. Who knows how different I might have been if she had lived!"

It was long before I spoke. The aw ful and mysterious thoughts roused in my mind by the revelations of the day, held me silent. At length I said, half thing aloud:

"Then you and I, Alice, were born the same hour, and our mothers died

Receiving no answer. I looked at her She was fast asleep, and breathing gentle, full breaths. She had been sitting for some time with her head lying on my shoulder and my arm around her. I could not bear to wake her.

We had been in this position perhaps for half an hour, when suddenly a cold shiver ran through me, and all at once I became aware of the far-off gallop of a horse. It drew nearer. On and oa it came-nearer and nearer. Then came the clank of the broken shoe!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POTATOES HIS WEAPONS.

How a Humorous Kentucky Dominie Brought the Code Into Ridicul

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it ridiculous. It was by this means that deuling was stopped in certain district in Kentucky forty years ago, says the Lexington Transcript. At that time a traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong, muscular man, was conducting a series of religious meetings in Kentucky. At one of them a well known desperate character created a disturbance and, being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight.

The preacher's first thought was to treat the matter with silent contempt Then he reflected that dueling was all too common in that region, and he de cided to accept the challenge.

As the challenged party, Bowman, had the choice of weapons, he selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes, and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged party and threatened to denounce the fellow as a coward if he made further objections. Seeing no way out of the scrape, the desperado at last consented.

The contest took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost every-body in the place turned out see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half-bushel measure filled with

potatoes. Bowman threw the first one. It struck his opponent in a central spot and fell in pieces. A shout of deligit went up from the crowd, which flur-ried the desperado and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his oppon-ent stooped for a potatoe another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet pot on his clothes and then scattering on all sides. The fellow was hit in this way five times; the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs and he lay on the grass doubled up with pain and groaning, "Enough."

The bystanders went wild with de light, but Mr. Bowman looked very sober. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he stayed for more than a week. You are making game of me, Duncan. But the paper does look yellow and old."

He appeared again he was greeted with so many jokes that life was almost a burden to him. That was the end of ld."
burden to him. That was the end of dueling in that region.

FARM AND GARDEN.

OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

ome Up to Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof-Horticulture, Viticulture and Flori-

Culture of Raspberries. I am often asked by letter how I man-

ge Blackcaps in planting, cultivating and pruning. To answer each inquiry it takes much time, and as many that make inquiries are readers of the FARM-ERS' REVIEW, I answer through that medium, and I hope to make the most practical mode of planting and after work so plain that the novice in berry growing will know of a certainty how to proceed from start to finish, and all inquiries may be fully answered. How to plant-We should plant the rows seven feet apart, and set the plants three feet apart in the rows. Plant rows north and south where practicable, but would rather plant east and west than to plant up and down hill. Well grown plants before taken up occupy with their roots a circle of about one foot in diameter. I therefore dig holes for plants at least one foot across and several inches deeper than the plants want to be set.

The setter draws some of the good top soil back into the hole, leaving it higher in the middle, and having it deep enough to allow the sprout of plant to be about two inches below the surface, and let the long, small roots slope downwards around the center and fill fine soil on the roots and press it down firm, but leave soil mellow and rake after rains to prevent crust from forming. Cultivate and hoe often, but the steel rake is more safe to use until plants are well up. When plants have grown to be about one foot high pinch from tips of leading shoots about one and one half inches to make them grow more stocky and they will form better hills and not grow so low and sprawling. After pinching a tip back once, do not touch it again that season, but let it grow at will. Never tie to stakes. If the soil is good, and good cultivation given, and plants were good to start with, you will be surprised at their great growth. It matters not what form your vines may take, do not touch them until the next spring, and especially if you have planted the Older, they will take care of themselves, as far as winter's winds and cold are concerned, as they need no protection, winter or summer, to stand our climate, north or south. The next spring shorten in the canes to make a compact hill, perhaps no larger than a half bushel basket. As soon as pruning is done each spring, keep ground well cultivated, the more often the better, until berries are nearly ripe. Mulching put in at that time will hold moisture and keep fruit clean. The last of May or fore part of June, one year from planting, the young canes will spring up from hills, and when they are from 18 to 24 inches high, according to their strength and uprightness, cut or pinch from their tops about one and one half inches. Go over the patch about every two days (as the canes

grow up very quickly) and pinch off all canes as they get the right height. We usually watch the patch for shoots about ten days after we commence to pinch back. We say again, never pinch a cane but once, and we would about as soon dig up the whole patch and throw it into the brush pile as to neg lect to pinch the canes at the right time. After the pinching back is all done they want no more pruning until the next spring, except cutting out old canes after fruiting. As soon as the crop of fruit is picked, remove all old canes that fruited, cutting them off near the ground, and carry out at once and burn them. As soon as old canes are out cultivate at once, to be out of the way of young canes, and clean out with hoe all weeds and grass that may be among the hills. In after years do as already advised, but pinch back canes somewhat higher, but leave them not over two and a half feet high, to get the greatest crop, and stand winds without supports. As hills get older, perhaps they may throw up too many canes in a hill. In that case, after removing old canes, cut out all surplus ones, leaving the best and strongest. I often leave as many as eight or ten, if even in size. The more left the closer one has to prune. Four strong canes with many laterals are better than more. Shorten in canes every spring to make a good hill and row, and not leave the canes too long. You will be more inclined to leave too much wood rather than not enough. There is no rule to lay down to prune by, but to use our best judgment. After a season or two of careful watching we will learn what they need. Different varieties need somewhat different treatment, as some grow more sprawling than others. The Older will take on a better form of row, of itself, than any other Blackcap that I have can be pruned to make. The Older is the ideal bush, and no other grows in so fine a form, neither can they be pruned to grow like it. and they give me more pleasure, satisfaction and profit, than any other that I ever planted. Pruning-Last spring to guard against wind storms, I pruned shorter than ever before, so the hills looked rather stumpy until the leaves were out. The canes are very short pointed and the fruit stems came out in multitude, from five to ten inches in length. At picking time the rows were even and in good form, being about three and a half feet high and about four feet wide or through, and a mat of berries spread over the whole

surface like a blanket. No picker

could pick over one row, sixteen rods

long, in ten hours; and last season was

a poor one on account of late frosts. high winds and burning drouth. Pickers could not cross over from one row to another, as they were unbroken like a hedge; they usually give us picking from twelve to fourteen days. My oldest rows, some of them 15 years old, produced the most fruit. patch is always pruned and cared for according to the above, and I always succeed in having a heavy crop of fruit. I use no wire or other supports, give no winter protection, although cold reaches thirty-five degrees below zero. I think any novice in fruit growing, by following these instructions practices, with good brains and a willing mind, may do well, as the above is practical and not all theory .--- L. K. Ballard in Farmers' Review.

Handling Manure. Drawing out manure in the spring when the work is pushing and the ground is soft and muddy is always a bother and a bugbear to the new hired man who comes about that time. All this work could be saved, and much more of the fertilizing value of the manure, by drawing it out and spreading it as fast as it is made. Then, too, work is not so pushing and a man has plenty of time to draw out a load every day, or two or three times a week.-Practical Dairyman.

On this National Dairyman comments as follows: All very plausible, and indeed very practical on dead level land, but what about hilly land, where the most valuable part of the manure will be washed away by the heavy rains or as the snow melts? There are two sides to every question, and while hauling a load every day may be economical in one way it means hitching up for every load instead of for half a day's work. But that is the smallest consideration. The main thing is the horrible waste by spreading the green manure and exposing it to alternate sun and rain. We confess to an old fashioned liking for a manure heap under cover and well cared for by pumping the liquid manure over it now and then, increasing its size by leaves, sweepings, etc., and it was with satisfaction that we read in Hoard's Dairyman the following by Mr. J. D. Smith of Delaware county, New York:

"Some nine years ago we built our house and found it necessary to tear down our pig pen. The following season we concluded to build a carriage house and horse barn. This is 30x40; our old house was 27x34. This we placed upon a foundation at the end of the horse barn on a line with the lower side, making the length of the two 74 feet. I removed all flooring and floor joists, and made a sement floor about two feet below the sills. I never expect to live long enough to see the sills rot out. The cement floor is laid on an incline of eight inches in twentyseven feet. (If building again would have as much as twelve inches incline.) At the lowest, or back side, I made a sort of trough or depression to conduct the liquids toward the center. In the wall at this point I left an opening or doorway large enough for a good sized hog to go through. Through this opening all the liquids pass into a vat, the bottom of which is about four feet below the bottom of the main pen. This vat is what I term my 'manure factory.' It is 12 feet wide, 48 feet long and about 10 feet high, a wall laid in cement with water tight cement bottom. In the center of the wall I left a wide doorway which is high enough to back a wagon under the sill to clean out the manure. The manure from the horse stable goes into this vat ery day and is worked up by the pigs, absorbing the liquids. We have never yet worked it to its full capacity, but have taken out 150 good wagon loads as the year's make. I find it more valuable for the production of corn, grass or any farm crops than any cow manure I can get. The liquids from pigs are very rich in potash, and I find no difficulty in growing fine crops of clover on land manured with that taken from this vat.'

"Dark Age of Agriculture." The "dark age of agriculture" in England is said to have been during the civil strife known as the Wars of the Roses. This idea is corroborated by Mr. Corbett in his recently published work on the history of England. He remarks that "during the whole of the years between the revolt of the peasants under Wat Tyler and their revolt in 1549 under Ket hardly a single improvement was introduced. uses of clover, turnips and a tificial grasses still remained unknown, plowing continued to be little more than a scratching of the surface, draining and manuring were neglected; and even marling went somewhat out of fashion. For draft purposes horses were still hardly ever used, oxen being preferred, because they cost less to keep in winter, wanted no shoes, and when dead were man's meat, whereas horses were carrion. And yet the common pastures were in many cases as bare and unsheltered, and the grass so poor, that we are assured it was almost impossible to keep working oxen in condition upon them." The cultivation of "such herbes, fruites, and roots as grow yearly out of the ground of seed," which had been plentiful on the land in the days of the Edwards, "in process of time grew also to be neglected," so that from Henry IV. till the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. there was little or no use of them in England.

GOVERNMENT ROAD BUILDING .- The government of the United States took hand in road building for the first forty years of its existence. The Cumberland pike, crossing the states of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and extending to Illinois, costing over \$6,000,000, was the work of the general government. -J.

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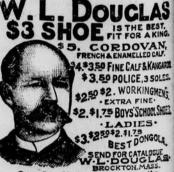
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