# AT SEA IN A STORM.

## TALMAGE ON THE STILLING OF THE WAVES AT GENNESARET.

**He Tells the Familiar Bible Story with Dramatic Interest and Power—Life's Stormy Voyage and How Shipwreck May Be Avoided.**

**Our Weekly Sermon.**

This sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage will be of great solace to people who are finding their life a rough voyage. Text, Mark iv., 36: "And there were also with him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind. And the wind ceased and there was a great calm."

Tiberias, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty; the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of a 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 the lake and countrymen in fish 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 wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

**The Storm.**

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked 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 or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life and light and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. 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 one side, from the starboard to the larboard or from the larboard to the starboard, 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 touching 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 long stride, with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay trembling among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessels loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliff 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 word for the waves. Looking upward, he cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, he says, "Be still!"

**Stilling the Waves.**

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 bailing 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 of the Saviour's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of 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. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a brigade. You have no right to be engineer of a boat on river banks or near the coast if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do, with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but, oh, have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage, Christ in every ship!

There are men who ask God to help them at the start 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 and tosses off the masts of the ship. He puts out his lifeboat. 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! Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunships 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 will be well.

You may seem to get along without the presence 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 bowsprit is shivered, and the halyards are swept into the sea, and the gangway is crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you then do without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

**Look Out for Breakers.**

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! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky 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 that 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 the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing?

But why go to history when I can find all around me a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject? That young man in the 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, saying: "You're a pretty Christian!" Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is 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.

The question was asked, "Who are those nearest the throne?" and the answer came back, "These are they who came up out of great tribulation"—great flailing as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—"and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened. O child of God, take courage! You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all these trials, and he will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much 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 spiritualistic societies. 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 triumphant iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ and the cause of righteousness are going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as the disciples of my text were affrighted. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

**The Religious Gale.**

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 is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' 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 spiders' web is spun, and with his voice 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 captured, and captured 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 is a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects. They are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh, this is a strong religious gale. We are afraid the church of God is going to upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it." And they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches.

As though a ship captain with 5,000 bushels of wheat for a cargo should say, some day, coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all the cargo," and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this 5,000 bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who have been brought in through great awakenings. Throw all overboard because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day. The Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

**No Danger in Revivals.**

Oh, that these 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 a revival broke out in Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said, "Oh, 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 up. He looked at the revival. They wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God. Beware how you try to 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 very slowly through, between the finger and the thumb, and he said, "O thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling very 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 the gales from heaven and Christ on board the ship. The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired he looks, what sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance; he must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him, he is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat. I hear him say, "Peace, be still," and I see the storm kneeling at his feet, and the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say, "O Christ, weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat and I kneel down and I say, "O Lord Jesus Christ, thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin." A man, a man; a God, a God.

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 he puts his foot on the storm and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempest.

**The Safe Harbor.**

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 falling rafters and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket did not look as well as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said, "I have so much bank stock; I have so many government securities; I have so many houses; I have so many farms;" all gone, all gone.

Why, 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 hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. Christ says, "I have that little one. I can take care of him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother." Hushing the tempest! When your property went away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break."

There is one storm into which we will all have to run the moment when we let go of this life and try to take hold of the next, when we will want all the grace we can have. We will want it all. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death. All the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the screaming wind, all seem to unite together, but that soul is not troubled. There is no sighing, there are no tears. Plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears, calm, satisfied, peaceful. All is well. Jesus hushing the tempest. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead and you are making for that harbor. Strike eight bells. All is well.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright, silvery tide
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er.
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God, we will shout evermore.
We're home at last, home at last.

**Short Sermons.**

Good Living.—The real object of life is living, and all may obtain their prize just as all may lose it. Money, fame social position, power of any sort what ever, in fact, may be the specific goal of a particular man. The real object is the same—to fill one's life full, to get that which gives satisfaction.—Rev. Minot J. Savage, Unitarian, New York City.

Schemers.—The selfish manipulator is ever defenseless. Though he operates with subtlety and becomes a past master in scheming to carry out his personal plans, he finds that the eye of the world sees pretty keenly and clearly and though he has worked and fought behind a shield which he thought obscured his real motives, that shield, after all, has not been impenetrable.—Rev. Stephen H. Roblin, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

## THE TALE OF A KISS.

And "Shall I kiss you?" then he asked,
And "Oh, I guess not," she replied;
For rather than have said him yes,
This maiden would have died.

For modest was this maiden fair,
And sweet, and witching, too, was she.
He might have known she would not grant
The boon he craved, oh, foolish he!

For, had he kissed her on the sly,
She'd not have more than killed him there;
And, oh, 'twere heaven to die for her,
The maiden with the nut-brown hair.

And sweetest is the stolen kiss.
Methinks the maiden had not wept,
But would have made that young man give
Her back that kiss before he slept.

And now I've told this little tale,
Ye fellows all, take heed of this:
Don't ask a maiden if you may,
But if you want to—take a kiss.
—Utica Globe.

# THE HONORABLE ANNE

Ah Ging's welcome when I came, a bride, to the ranch was not of the warmest. The dusky adobe wall, throwing him into picturesque relief, he stood on the ranch house veranda, his face full of suppressed excitement.

"You telle me," he muttered, "who boss, now Mr. Allandale get mallied?"

"All same as before," was my ready rejoinder.

The crafty features relaxed and Ah Ging disappeared kitchenward, his pigtail having struck the dominant note in my first impressions of Vaquero Water.

Cedric smiled at me approvingly. "Glad you were so diplomatic, else he'd have left by the morning stage. It's awfully unromantic, but the drive has made me beastly hungry. Let's see what the old chap has for us."

We dined in a long, low room, hung with spurs and sporting prints, souvenirs of English days, the happiest couple in California.

In its lack of excitement, ranch life proved disappointing. Lynchings were unknown—bandits and desperadoes conspicuous by their absence.

So life flowed on, smoothly, monotonously, till after the birth of Billikins. Ah Ging then announced his departure. "Better girl cook," he declared. "No likee baby. Heap tlouble. Alle time cly."

The next celestial left after a hasty glance at the kitchen wall. "Me flaid," he exclaimed, pointing to a red hieroglyphic unfortunately unnoticed by us. "Ah Ging he write, 'Debbil in this house.'"

"He meant the baby," suggested Cedric.

"He say debbil. Me go. No China boy stay here. Heap scared of debbil."

"Try a girl," implored Cedric. "It's no joke driving ten miles a day to the station."

We tried, in turn: Gretchen, who left within a week to "learn religion;" Bridget, who declined working under an Englishman; the widow, whose tears, as she recounted her woes, sizzled over the stove; Dicie, who disliked low wages, though she found no fault with me; and Samantha, who objected to the lack of "scenery." Useless to point out the Brush Hills' mellow charm, distant mountains, oak-dotted meadows, Samantha remained obdurate. "It may suit you, Mrs. Allandale," she commented pityingly, "to see nothing but land. I like it like it was in Tulare. There you kin see houses as peas in a pod an' people passin' all day. That's the scenery for me, so I guess I'll pack my freight."

Which she proceeded to do, and had barely driven out of sight when a young girl, tall, slim and neatly dressed, stepped on the veranda.

"If you please, ma'am," she quietly said, "I heard that you wanted a girl. Can I have the place?"

I heard her history, which was simple. The previous year she had come from England to join her brother on a claim, had fallen ill, had gone to the county hospital at La Huerta, and had come thence to me. While hearing these details Cedric returned. But one conclusion could be drawn from his utter dejection. "No girl" was stamped on every feature. Samantha had recommended me to Odessa Green, who, less exacting in regard to scenery, was willing to leave the family pig pen for a month's charge, provided the washing was put out, Mrs. Allandale helped with the dishes, the afternoons were free and a horse every Sunday was at her disposal. I knew the type—ignorant, slatternly, familiar. Contrasting with it the new comer, my resolution was taken. "No, Cedric, I have a servant already."

"Where did she come from?"

"La Huerta, where she has been in the hospital."

"Is she pretty?"

"That is an irrelevant question. Yes, rather—blue eyes, and short, curly yellow hair."

"You know nothing about her."

"But I know that Billikins has the whooping cough. I must nurse him, and you cannot cook. Help is needed, and behold Anne."

"So that's her name."

"Yes; Anne James."

He still demurred.

"Prudence is an admirable virtue, Cedric, but you carry it to an extreme."

Cedric yielded, still holding to his own opinion. "Keep her! Keep her!" he cried; "but remember, if anything happens, be it on your head."

Since the days of Ah Ging life had not been worth living. Anne came, and comfort followed her. Capable, retiring, a vague sense of mystery pervading her, she proved in our monotonous existence a source of inexhaustible interest.

"Scent a romance," Cedric declared. "When Anne draws near find out about her."

"She is so reticent—a contrast to Samantha."

"Teach her something. Learning unlocks a woman's tongue."

So Anne was instructed in note housewifety mysteries, and grew more communicative. But Cedric received all details of her past with scornful incredulity. "Papa" was a barrister. Anne herself had been born in the sacred precincts of the Temple. Their crest figured as a dove. "Fancy one's parlor maid having a crest!" he ejaculated. For a brieflless barrister he had done singularly well, marrying a niece of the celebrated Countess of Melligan. Many a torrid afternoon was whiled away with descriptions of the Irish castle where the wedding took place, the beauty of the bride, the eccentricities of the noble aunt. Cedric scoffed, still crying for more.

One languorous September day, ensconced in the veranda's shadiest nook, we gazed on the Brush hills and sighed vainly for a breeze. Cedric broke the stillness. "What about Anne? No news of late?"

"She has a sister who lives in France and is possessed of independent means."

A look of reproach shot from his dark-blue eye. "You told me that last week," he murmured.

"And did not tell you that she goes by the name of Lady Emily Brown."

"Brown! Why, she married a Frenchman."

"True."

"Why, lady? What title has he?"

"None. I particularly asked Anne."

"Absurd! He could not be 'Brown' or she 'lady' unless, indeed, the title is in her own right. In that case your pearl of a handmaiden is an 'honorable!' The Honorable Anne brings out the tray," he added, as she approached our corner. "No, it's all false, you may depend upon it. Ask McPherson what he thinks of it; he is coming up the drive."

Fergus McPherson—caution personified—opined that Anne had lied. He put it plainly: "Deceitful in speech, deceitful in deed. Better watch her, Mrs. Allandale."

My suspicions were not excited. In California nothing is impossible. Had not a scion of a lordly house died on a neighboring ranch—a lonely, neglected sheep herder? No. It was the uneasy air and restless look increasing day by day. I heartily wished for some pretext whereby Cedric, dispatched into La Huerta, might inquire into the antecedents of the Honorable Anne. Chance favored me.

"McPherson has been telling me," began my spouse, a few days later, "about some bloodhounds in town that belong to the sheriff. They are A1 at tracking criminals—borrow them all over the State. Beastly shame it's such a journey—it would be rather jolly to see them."

"Why not go? A change would do you good."

"Go! And who would milk the cow?"

"I, myself."

"You? Nonsense!"

"Who is the sheriff?" I idly asked, meditating my next move the while.

"Waite—Hiram Waite."

"Our Honorable," who had entered, bearing that ranch stand-by, a smoking bowl of "mush," started, growing visibly pale—fresh food for uneasiness. Clearly to learn the art of milking was imperative. The woman won, as usual, and Cedric, before the week was over, started for La Huerta, with strict injunctions to interview both hospital superintendent and sheriff.

In charge of the ranch were myself, Billikins, and the Honorable Anne. Uneventfully passed the first few days; but on Monday, from the veranda, I espied a band of men, who, leaving the county road, came slowly up the drive.

Anne, perceiving them, grew white to the lips, and, bearing Billikins, precipitately fled.

"Good evening," the leader began, as he lifted his sombrero. "We're kinder rough sight for a lady. You see, we're a posse over from Tulare, trying to find a man named Smith. His tracks, they seemed to p'int this way. Ain't seen any stranger round here lately?"

"No, indeed."

"No woodchopper nor nothing?"

"No, none. What has this man done? What does he look like?"

"Real nice and young and kind. Not more'n a boy. Murdered a man over there. Here's his description," and he handed me a coarsely printed "reward." "Well, boys, get a move on. We're on our way to La Huerta," he added, "to borrow Waite's dogs. Well, good day, ma'am. Better not harbor any strangers."

A moment more, and, left alone, I thought over the situation. Cedric gone, no neighbor near, a murderer at large whose steps "p'inted this way." Suddenly it was borne in upon me that Anne was the fugitive!

A firm believer in woman's intuitions, yet hoping desperately that mine was at fault, I unfolded the paper the sheriff gave me. It tallied well. Moroseness, agitation, all were explained.

Did Anne guess that her identity was known, my life, I feared, would pay the penalty. To ignore the situation, live through the night if possible, and trust to someone turning up in the morning was all that could be done.

Milking time brought fresh terrors. How guard one's self, with both hands engaged letting down floods of warm, innocent milk! Dinner was eaten hurriedly, with the same feeling of uneasiness. Billikins tucked in his crib, Anne retired early, and, every sense on the alert, I was left alone to watch the nursery door.

It fascinated me. Who would open it? Anne, to hide among the canyons till the posse had returned to its Tulare home? Or Henry Smith, to make an end of me and flee? Truly, the ranch monotony was broken at last. Solemnly the clock ticked, slowly the hands went round, an hour passed. A movement in the adjoining room, and literally my blood ran cold. That had hitherto seemed a mere figure of speech. The sound ceased, and still I watched the nursery door. At last, when my brain would have turned with more, I heard a sound which, faint at first, grew louder and louder.

"Oh, heaven," I cried, "the bloodhounds!" and fell senseless to the ground.

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Slowly returned to consciousness, my gaze fell on Cedric, the La Huerta sheriff, and Anne—Anne anxiously applying restoratives!

"Take him away," I gasped; "he will murder us."

"You are raving!" cried Cedric; "that is Anne."

"No; Smith, the murderer. The bloodhounds tracked him to the very door."

Here Hiram Waite thought fit to interpose.

"Guess I can straighten out this kink, Mrs. Allandale. You did hear the hounds; they're up at the barn now. Your husband, he heard at La Huerta we was beatin' up this part of the country, so he lit out for home, thinkin' you'd be scared. We caught our man hidin' by the 'Dobe hill, and the Tulare boys took him back to town. Your husband and me was tired, so we made tracks for here. Sorry 'bout the dogs. Might ha' known they'd scare you."

Anne next day gave warning. "If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allandale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Billikins like my own, but I can't stay where I've been so misjudged."

"More candor on your part would have prevented your being misjudged."

She blushed. "I often wanted to tell you, ma'am—what I first said wasn't true. I came from England when I was a baby. I haven't any brother, and I never went to La Huerta."

"Ah!"

"The kinder you was, ma'am, the meaner I felt, and I was afraid Mr. Allandale would go to the hospital, and, worst of all, my heart stood still when he spoke of Mr. Waite. For he and my stepfather are cousins, and I was afraid he would guess who I was."

"Your stepfather?"

"Yes, ma'am; mother married Jim Waite the second time, and it was him that came with the posse and frightened me. He was such a bad, cruel man that I couldn't stand it, so I ran away."

"How did you happen to reach Vaquero Water?"

"With some friends in one of those big wagons they call 'prairie schooners.' Tulare folks go to the coast every year, but they don't go there straight; it's too much change. They always stop at the Iron springs to cool off first."

To cool off at 90 in the shade!

"So we came to the spring. I heard about you and thought I'd try for the place."

"But how much better to have told me the truth."

"I knew Mr. Allandale was English, ma'am, and they are that particular I was afraid he'd send me home."

"Surely the story of Lady Emily Brown was unnecessary."

Anne's eyes flashed. "It's every word true, ma'am. Not that I ever saw her; she was by father's first marriage, but it's true. Why, they lived in a beautiful house in St. John's Wood, and the night before they went to Paris the Prince of Wales dined with them."

"And do you believe it, my dear?" asked Cedric, on hearing the last version.

"She believes in the family traditions, but she will care less about such nonsense when she is Mrs. Hiram Waite."

"Why, she met the man only last night."

"Something will come of it, trust a woman's intuition."

"Thanks, no!" he retorted, with a cheerful grin. "No telling into what mare's nest I might be led. Never mind, darling, you did your best. We can't all be born detectives."

Cedric to the contrary, my prophecy came to pass, and our honorable Anne was transformed into Mrs. Hiram Waite. At last accounts she was well and happy, supplying the boarders at Waite's Hotel with meals at "four-bits a head." While we on the ranch are still wondering whether the Countess of Melligan and the Lady Emily Brown are myths.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**The Electro-Magnet.**

It is of much scientific interest and of not a little practical importance to determine the conditions resulting in the maximum attractive power of the electro-magnet. From a note extracted from the "Proceedings" of the Royal Society of London, we learn that "H. Wilde has exceeded his own estimated limit of 400 pounds per square inch for magnetic tractions by means of annealed charcoal-iron wire 0.57 inch in diameter. The electro-magnet was excited by a current of 40 amperes. With a piece of wire 1.2 inches long the unprecedented tractive force of 422 pounds per square inch was obtained. That the magnetization limit was virtually arrived at was shown from the fact that, when the current transmitted round the electro-magnet was reduced from 40 to 26 amperes, the amount of the tractive force remained constant. The determinations were made with a single-pole electro-magnet." These details are meager, but the result obtained is certainly extraordinary.—Western Electrician.

**Bet's Innocence.**

Bet Flint, a humble friend of Dr. Johnson, was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane. She was tried at the Old Bailey, and Chief Justice Willes, who had a kindness for her sex, summed up favorably, and she was acquitted. After which Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air: "Now that the counterpane is my own I shall make a petticoat of it."

**An Unfortunate Phrase.**

Politician—I always hold up American industries.

Sinnick—For how much?—Puck.