



PART II. Told by Richard Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, Esquire.

My old friend Phil Brand had asked me to do this, I suppose I must—Brand is a right good fellow and a clever fellow, but has plenty of crotchets of his own. The worst I know of him is that he insists upon having his own way with people.

With those who differ from him he is as obstinate as a mule. Anyhow, he has insisted as his own way with me. This custom, so far as I am concerned, commenced years ago, when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to shake off the bad habit of giving it to him.

What freak took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter, is entirely between myself and my conscience.

How I would willingly have dispensed with. However, I made the best selection I could, and followed it for some two miles. Then I began to grow doubtful, and soon persuading myself that I was on the wrong track, retraced my steps.

I was by this time something like a huge white plaster-of-paris figure, and the snow which had accumulated on the old dog-cart made it run heavier by half-a-ton, more or less. By the time I came to that unlucky junction of roads at which my misfortune began, it was almost dark; the sky as black as tar-paulin, yet sending down the white feathery flakes thicker and faster than ever. I felt inclined to curse my folly in attempting such a drive, at any rate I blamed myself for not having started two or three hours earlier.

Well, I took the other road; went on some way; came to a turning which I seemed to remember; and, not without misgivings, followed it. My misgivings increased when, after a little while, I found the road grew full of ruts, which the snow and the darkness quite concealed from me until the wheels got into them. Evidently I was wrong again. I was just thinking of making the best of my way out of this rough and unfrequented road, when—there, I don't know how it happened, and such things seldom occur to me—a stumble, a fall on the part of my tired horse sent me flying over the dashboard, with the only consolation thought that the reins were still in my hand.

Luckily the snow had made the falling pretty soft. I picked myself up and set about estimating damages. With some difficulty I got the horse out of the harness and then felt free to inspect the dog-cart. Alas! for the manner of the two-wheel kind whenever a horse thinks fit to fall, one shaft had snapped off like a carrot; so here was I, five males apparently from anywhere, in the thick of a blinding snow-storm, left standing helpless beside a jaded horse and a broken cart—I should like to know what Brand would have done under the circumstances.

As for me, I reflected for some minutes—reflection in a snowstorm is weary work. I reasoned, I believe, logically, and at last came to this decision: I would follow the road. If, as I suspected, it was but a cart track, it would probably soon lead to a habitation of some kind. Anyway, I had better try a bit farther. I took hold of the weary horse and with snow under my feet, snowflakes whirling round me, and a wind blowing right into my teeth, struggled on.

It was a journey! I think I must have been three-quarters of an hour going about a quarter of a mile. I was just beginning to despair, when I saw a welcome gleam of light. I steered toward it, fondly hoping that my troubles were at an end. I found the light stole through the ill-fitting window shutters of what seemed, so far as I could make out in the darkness, to be a small farm-house. Trying to a gate the knotted reins by which I had been leading the horse, I staggered up to the door and knocked loudly. Upon my honor, until I leant against that doorpost I had no idea how tired I was—until that moment I never suspected that the finding of speedy shelter meant absolutely saving my life. Covered from head to foot with snow, my hat crushed in, I must have been a pitiable object.

No answer came to my first summons. It was only after a second and more imperative application of my heel that the door yielded to give way a few inches. Through the aperture a woman's voice asked who was there? "Let me in," I said. "I have misadventured my way to Midcombe. My horse has fallen. You must give me shelter for the night. Open the door, and let me in." "Shelter! You can't get shelter here."

until the violence of the snow-storm was over; for coming down it was now, and no mistake!

And it kept on coming down. About half-past three, when I sorrowfully decided I was bound to make a move, it was snowing faster than ever. I harnessed my horse, and laughing at the old woman's dismal prophecy that I should never get to Midcombe in such weather, gathered up the reins, and away I went along the white road.

I thought I knew the way well enough. In fact, I had always prided myself upon remembering any road once driven over by me; but does anyone who has not tried it really know how a heavy fall of snow changes the aspect of the country, and makes landmarks snares and delusions? I learnt all about it then, and once for all. I found, also, that the snow lay much deeper than I thought could possibly be in so short a time, and it still fell in a manner almost undying. Yet I went on bravely and merrily for some miles. Then came a bit of uncertainty—

Which of those two roads was the right one? This one, of course—no, the other.

There was no house near; no one was likely to be passing in such weather, so I was left to exercise my free, unbiased choice, a privilege

of the room before the man and woman emerged from behind the door, where my successful assault had thrown them. I stood up and faced them. They were a couple of ordinary, respectable, tired country people. The man, a sturdy, strong-built, bull-necked rascal, stood scowling at me, and I concluded, making up his mind as to what course to pursue.

"My good people," I said, "you are behaving in the most unheard-of manner. Can't you understand that I mean to pay you well for any trouble I give you? But whether you like it or not, here I stay to-night. To turn me out would be sheer murder."

So saying I pulled off my overcoat, and began shaking the snow out of my whiskers.

I dare say my determined attitude, my respectable, as well as my muscular appearance, impressed my unwilling hosts. Any way, they gave in without any more ado. Whilst the woman shut the door through which the snowflakes were whirling, the man said suddenly:

"Well, you'll have to spend the night on a chair. We've no beds here for strangers. Specially those as ain't wanted."

"Very well, my friend. Having settled the matter you may as well make yourself pleasant. Go out and put my horse under cover, and give him a feed of some sort—make a mash if you can."

After giving the woman a quick glance as of warning, my scowling host lit a horn lantern, and went on the errand I suggested. I gladly sunk into a chair, and warmed myself before a cheerful fire. The prospect of spending the night amid such discomfort was not alluring, but I had, at least, a roof over my head.

mister," said a man's gruff voice. "This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off, and go elsewhere."

"But I must come in," I said, astounded at such inhospitality. "I can't go a step farther. Open the door at once!"

"You be hanged," said the man. "Tis my house, not yours." "But, you fool, I mean to pay you well for your trouble. Don't you know it means death wandering about on such a night as this? Let me in!"

"You won't come in here," was the brutal and boorish reply. The door closed.

That I was enraged at such incivility may be easily imagined; but if I said I was thoroughly frightened I believe no one would be surprised. As getting into that house meant simply life or death to me, into that house I determined to get, by door or window, by fair means or by foul. So, as the door closed, I hurried myself against it with all the might I could muster.

Although I ride much heavier now than I did then, all my weight at that time was bone and muscle. The violence of my attack tore from the lintel the staple which held the chain; the door went back with a bang, and I fell forward into the house, fully resolved to stay there whether welcome or unwelcome.

CHAPTER III. THE door through which I had burst like a battering ram opened straight into a sort of kitchen, so although I entered in a most undignified way, in fact on my hands and knees, I was well-established in the center

of the room before the man and woman emerged from behind the door, where my successful assault had thrown them. I stood up and faced them. They were a couple of ordinary, respectable, tired country people. The man, a sturdy, strong-built, bull-necked rascal, stood scowling at me, and I concluded, making up his mind as to what course to pursue.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints about Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof.—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



THE numerous inquiries which are being received, relative to the outlook for profitable beet sugar production in this state, indicate that there is at present a widespread interest in this industry in Ohio.

The Ohio Experiment Station has repeatedly cultivated sugar beets for stock feeding purposes, and we have had no difficulty in producing twelve to twenty tons per acre under favorable conditions. The cost of production is considerably greater than in the case of the field crops ordinarily grown in Ohio, but as with any other crop, the lowest cost is only attained by experience. The chief difficulty the Ohio farmer will experience in the culture of sugar beets will be found in the thinning, but by care in planting the labor of thinning may be considerably reduced.

In 1891 the U. S. Department of Agriculture determined the percentage of sugar in large numbers of samples of sugar beets, received from twenty counties in Ohio, and since that time the Ohio Experiment Station has analyzed a considerable additional number of samples. The results of this work indicate that beets may be so grown as to contain a sufficient percentage of sugar for profitable working, throughout the northern half of the state, wherever soil conditions are suitable. The cost of buildings and machinery and the working capital required to start a factory equipped for the most economical manufacture of beet sugar amount to a total not far short of a quarter of a million dollars, and such a factory will require the produce of at least a thousand acres in beets for successful operation.

The production of beet sugar in Europe has been stimulated by a system of export bounties, until the total product now exceeds that of the cane sugar product of the world. Under this increase of product the price of refined sugar in New York has fallen from an average of ten and a quarter cents per pound in 1878 to four and a half cents for 1894.

At present, sugar imported into the United States, except from the Hawaiian Islands, pays an import duty of 40 per cent ad valorem, with one-tenth cent per pound additional on raw sugar, and nearly one-fourth cent on refined sugar, which has received an export bounty. Notwithstanding this heavy duty, the importation of beet sugar seems to be on the increase.

Because of the possible great importance of this industry to the farmers of Ohio, a bulletin is now being compiled by the Experiment Station at Wooster, which will give the experience of other states in the production of beet sugar, and the probable outlook for beet culture in Ohio.

Indiana horticulturalists must be on guard against the San Jose scale, which has now appeared in that state. The following from Prof. James Troop, of the Indiana experiment station, is of interest:

There are many species of scale insects which infest fruit and ornamental plants to a greater or less extent, but of all those known to the entomologist at the present time, the San Jose scale is the most to be dreaded on account of its destructive character, the rapidity with which it increases and the difficulty with which it may be eradicated when once it has become established. It has been only a few years since this pest was introduced into some of the nurseries of the eastern states from California through the carelessness of one or two nurserymen in not thoroughly disinfecting the stock sent out. From these nurseries it has been widely scattered, and recent investigations have shown that it is already present in a number of orchards in Ohio and Illinois, brought there by shipments of trees from these infested nurseries; and we have no reason to suppose that these shipments of trees have been any less frequent in Indiana than in these adjacent states. In fact it has already been found in some of the southern Indiana counties, and unless vigorous measures are adopted very soon the loss to the fruit growers of this state from this cause must necessarily be very great. Judging from the many specimens of scale-infested branches received by the experiment station during the past season, it is very evident that but little is known concerning this scale by the fruit growers of Indiana in general. The San Jose scale is much smaller and of a different shape, the female being nearly circular in outline, that the oyster shell or bark louse, while the others mentioned are readily distinguished by the naked eye. As already stated this pest becomes distributed by means of nursery stock which is sent from one state or locality to another. It is also spread locally by being carried by the wind and on the feet of birds, etc., so that if but a single tree is infested at the time of planting, so great is its reproductive power, it may soon spread until the entire orchard is infested. It has been ascertained that the progeny of a single female, during a single season, may amount to more than three billions of individuals. Thus it will be seen that the greatest care should be exercised in this matter, not only by the nurserymen, but by each individual planter. As a further precaution and as a matter of self-protection, Indiana should follow the example of Ohio and Illinois

in passing a law making the sale or offering for sale, or harboring trees or plants infested with this or other noxious insects a misdemeanor punishable by a suitable fine. It should then be placed in the hands of a competent entomologist who will see that the law is enforced.

James Troop, Horticulturist.

Drying Out of Soil.

Last season (1895) was one of exceptional drought. The aggregate rainfall for the central part of Pennsylvania was far below the average. In October the shortage was not less than twenty inches, writes a correspondent of Forest Leaves. Of course to restore the ground to its normal condition of moisture, considerable time and a large rainfall would be required. Indeed, it is by no means certain that this desirable condition has been attained yet.

This may be regarded as a partial answer to the question which attends this brief communication. It is not, however, the whole answer. Observing farmers have noted that years ago their mature grass and grain could stand much longer than now without becoming dead ripe. Harvesting could be postponed if required longer than now without injury to the crop. This they tell us has changed. The crop now must be cut at once when ripe, or a serious loss follows. We can only account for this on the supposition that evaporation is more rapid. If the average temperature is unchanged there remains but one explanation, i. e., that there is less moisture in the air over the country at large. Meteorological statistics, if they reach over a sufficiently long period, might give a positive answer as to whether or not this is the case. In the absence of such data it may be allowed to seek the explanation from another direction.

Accordingly we may call to mind the observations of Dr. Evermeyer for the Bavarian government, where it is declared that over areas of similar size the "evaporation of moisture from a forest area, including transpiration, exceeds by 51 per cent the evaporation from a water surface in the open." There is a peculiar significance in this statement when it is remembered that from water surfaces, including the ocean, we have thought the water supply, by evaporation, of the earth was mainly derived.

In the light of this revelation as to the activity of forests in giving off moisture to the atmosphere, when we consider also the vast area once timbered, but now denuded of trees, the conclusion forces itself upon us that this must inevitably have surrounded us by a less humid atmosphere. If this conclusion be correct, an explanation of the great greater rapidity with which our cleared surfaces dry out must appear. Evaporation is of necessity more rapid. This manifests itself at once by the greater rapidity with which the moisture disappears from the soil, and it also explains partly why, in spite of rains which are apparently copious, the volume of water carried by our streams so soon diminishes.

Methods of Plowing.—Very deep plowing is not necessary or even advisable to rot sod. Three or four-inch furrow, turned while moist in early spring, will rot more quickly and perfectly than the same furrow turned deeper. But an Iowa farmer thinks he has found a still better way. That is to plow two furrows, first throwing the sod to a depth of four inches, and following the same furrow with a stirring plow, which thoroughly breaks up the soil below the sod, and then throws five or six inches of this soil over it. On land thus prepared he got a large crop of corn without a weed, and the next year the furrow to the entire depth of the soil stirred was as mellow as an ash heap, and without a trace of sod. In this case probably the under soil was vegetable mould and rich, and the season was also a moist one. We have seen many heavy sods made unproductive by turning up too much clay subsoil with the sod. Some-times in a dry season a spring-turned sod will be found unrotted at the bottom of a deep furrow, when clayey subsoil has been thrown over it. In such cases no crop could be grown until the old sod, entirely killed, though not rotted, was turned to the surface and exposed to air. It then decomposes very rapidly, but the deep plowing means a year's loss of time.—Ex.

Fattening Cattle.—For fattening cattle I find the best results to be obtained are by feeding a mixture of: Wheat bran, two bushels; middlings, one bushel; corn meal, two bushels, and oil meal one-half bushel. This mixture will give nearly as good results without the middlings as with them. Always give rough feed in connection with rations like the above. The amount to be fed must be governed entirely by good judgment. Always feed lightly at first and increase gradually until the animals are getting all they can eat, but never give them more than they will eat up clean. Half of the secret in feeding is to have your animals come into the stables hungry at feeding time. I mean with good, healthy appetites, not starved.—Ex.

Hog Cholera in Iowa.—The Iowa hog bureau has issued a statement showing that during the current year 50 per cent of the hogs in the state have died of cholera. In the northwest district the loss is 11 per cent; north central, 40 per cent; northwest, 22 per cent; central, 52 per cent; south central, 30 1/2 per cent; west central, 27 per cent; southwest, 24 per cent. The total loss is estimated at 1,500,000 hogs and the loss, direct and indirect, at \$15,000,000. The indirect loss includes the shipment of millions of young hogs, which the owners feared to keep, but they should be attacked by the disease. It is the worst cholera scourge the state has ever experienced.

Bad milk will make bad butter, no matter how it is handled.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 21.—CHRISTIAN SELF RESTRAINT.

Golden Text: "Every Man That Striveth for the Mastery Is Temperate in All Things"—1. Cor. 9:25—How the Epistle Was Born.



TODAY'S lesson includes 1 Cor. 9:19-27. Time and place—The First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians was written about Easter, A. D. 57, from Ephesus. Compare this with 1 Cor. 16:8. How this epistle came to be written.—The "subscriptio" which follows 1 Cor. 16:24 is worthless and misleading. It is not in any sense part of the sacred record, having been added by a late copyist. Church at Corinth was mostly Gentile, and was exposed to peculiar temptations. It is probable that Paul had written an earlier epistle to it (see 1 Cor. 5), which is lost. For all events he was now called upon by the leading Christians of Corinth to advise concerning certain questions of moral and general deportment which had arisen. The apostle replies to these questions, and has complaints of his own moral and general deportment, which the Epistle—Dr. Alexander divides the epistle into four parts, as follows: the first (chapters 1-4) is designed to reclaim the Corinthians from schismatic contentions; the second (chapters 5, 6) is directed against the immoralities of the Corinthians; the third (chapter 7-14) contains replies to the queries addressed to the apostle by the Corinthians, and stimulates them upon the disorders which prevailed in their worship; and the fourth (chapters 15, 16) contains an elaborate defense of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection, followed in the close of the epistle by some general instructions, intimations, and greetings. Our lesson is taken from the third part.

19 For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. 20 And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them; to them who are without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them. 21 To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that by all means I might save some. 22 And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I might partake thereof with you. 23 Yea, and that which they desire, that I may accept, that I have accepted, that I may partake thereof with you. 24 And I do all this for the sake of the gospel, that I may partake thereof with you. 25 And I do all this for the sake of the gospel, that I may partake thereof with you. 26 I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. 27 I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. 28 I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. 29 I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.

Concerning "the Weak."—There is a reference in these verses, under the term "the weak," to a certain Christian in Paul's day who was not wholly free from either the trammels of Jewish ceremonialism or of Gentile idolatry. At every sacrifice in the heathen temples a portion of the offering was reserved for the priest, and another portion was returned to the worshiper to be eaten in a feast in honor of the god. All who partook of these feasts would thereby sanction idolatry; hence the weak, who occasionally refused to sit at these banquets. But sometimes such meat would be placed upon the table as ordinary food, and sometimes the priest's share would be sent to the market for sale. Some Christians, however, were so scrupulous that they would eat only when sure that it had formed no part of a heathen offering, and were often in great distress, they might unconsciously countenance idolatry, thereby showing that its chain around them was not entirely broken. Others were called "weak brethren." Others, as Paul himself, felt that an idol was not eating and the meat was neither better nor worse for the ordinary Christian. The idol ailing; and some partook of it without scruple or thought of idolatry, and thereby gave offense to the consciences of the weaker brethren. Paul here declares his willingness to give up even that which was harmless to him, if his example would lead any weak brother to give up that which was necessary to the salvation of souls.

HINTS TO THE TEACHER. We turn aside from the chronological order of events to study a lesson designed to apply to the present day the principle of temperance. The entire chapter should be read as explanatory of these verses. Paul is giving the principle under which he labors in the Gospel. We may outline our outline Five Laws for Gospel Workers.

I. The law of liberty. Verse 19. The apostle declares that he is free, and calls no man master. Such is the disciple of Christ, free from the law of ceremonialism, free from the slavery of sin, and free from that total abstinence is in bondage to a law; but he is a thousand times freer than the drinking man, who is a slave to appetite.

II. The law of service. Verse 19. The pasture may enjoy himself; but if he is to be of any use to the world he must put his neck into a collar and submit to rule. So the Christian who would do good must serve his fellow-men. We must seek not what we enjoy most, but what will best serve the cause of Christ. The noblest freedom is found in the humblest service.

III. The law of self-denial. Verse 20-23. He who would win Jews must meet them on the Jewish platform. He who would save Gentiles must meet them on the Gentile platform. Paul adapted his methods to each class, but kept steadily in view the one aim of winning and saving men. If Paul were living to-day, and should find that his influence for good required him to avoid strong drink, he would not abstain from it. Can moderate drink do any good? Should not every Christian, who would make the doing of good to others his leading pursuit, abstain from that which will weaken his own influence?

IV. The law of aspiration. Verse 24, 25. No man shall attain an incorruptible crown, unless he will make such sacrifices for the rewards of earth, how much more we, who have a heaven to strive for.

V. The law of self-discipline. Verse 26, 27. "I beat myself black and blue," says the apostle. He points to the corporal living of the athlete, who is training for the games, and he bids us to keep the body under. The body, with its powers and its passions, is a horse on which the soulman rides. Let us use the body as a horse, allow the body to run away with us, and destroy the soul.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

It costs Illinois \$2,000,000 annually to punish criminals.

The school children of Sweden plant about 400,000 trees every year.

A ton of sea water is supposed to contain about fourteen grains of gold.

Every year a layer of the sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds.

Louisiana claims to have the largest farm in the world; it is one hundred miles long by twenty-five miles broad.