A SILENT WORSHIP

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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"Oh! Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

"Grant us thy peace.

"Oh! Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world.

"Have mercy on us."

The solemn softness of the voices, chanting the divine words, swelling and rising, filled the groined arches of St. Mary's with floating, low-breathed echoes of the wondrous prayer, and, with the rest, a fresh, pure young voice floated upward—a voice so fresh, and pure, and tender, that it seemed almost in itself divine.

To this young voice one man had listened, through the whole of the previous service. Its first sound had struck him with a strange sense of the sudden thrilling of some subtle, startled chord, touched for the first time in 28 quiet years of life.

Rev. Marcus Nugent, who was then rector, had been absent a few days, and, in his place, Noel Lowther had officiated; and it was, as he led the morning service, that the sweet, young voice broke upon his ear, echoing the responses from the rector's pew. He could not see the face of its owner, clear as the voice was to him. So it was that he was fain to content himself with the listening, which had become so strangely nervous in its

"Oh, Lamb of God!"

eager intensity; and so it was that he was conscious of the listening, in its intensity, being anything but a content.

The service was over at length, and the voluntary pealed forth in parting benediction, the door of the rector's pew opened, and, with the rector's wife, the owner of the voice passed down the broad aisle. She was a fair, pretty school girl looking creature, with one of those rare, purely untouched faces, we see and wonder at, now and then, in some fair girl-woman, before whom lies the world's sad depth of experience, and whose past holds only the innocent memory of childhood. Just such a face as this Noel Lowther singled out of the crowd of onward passing faces. Just such a face as this he saw for a moment—soft-lipped, dove-eyed, and tender, and then she was hidden from his sight. But, as he passed out of the church doors, chance led him by a group of men who were sauntering homeward slowly, and, as he crossed their path, a few words fell upon his ear.

"The fair, innocent-faced girl with the yellow hair? Oh, yes," one of them said. "Nugent's daughter—Lilias Nugent. She has just come from school, I believe. Mere child, though—not more than 16."

The curate passed on, a strange, quick color flooding his sallow face. Lilias! Lilias! The name seemed so purely fitting that it thrilled him, just as her voice had done. Lilias! Lilias! he said to himself again and again, with something like a tremor.

He went home to his dull, respectable lodgings slowly, pondering as he went. His dingy little parlor, in the dull, neat street, was cheerless and silent as usual. Oh! the slow working of the leaden groove, that this small room had seen; the prayers that he had tried to make fervent, and had fancied he failed in, not daring to murmur, so far as to think that the dull, unresponsive life made him low in spirit, and unresponsive also. He was a conscientious man, this curate of St. Mary's. Even the people who liked him were compelled to acknowledge that, and the most reluctant confessed that he neglected no duty. As he sat by the fire in the small grate, he looked over his life with a heavier sadness than he had ever felt before.

A very sad romance was the love story of the curate of St. Mary's. No one dreamed of its quiet life; no one would have comprehended it, if they had guessed at its existence; and all its concentrated hidden force wreaked itself upon the single strength of the man whose secret it was.

But one night the door of the rector's pew opened, and the hand of a girl did not close it, nor the slight, graceful, girlish figure pass out. Lilias was not well, the rector said to his curate, when they met in the vestry. She had not seemed strong of late—he scarcely knew why. Well, the truth was, she never had been strong.

Not strong! This was what he said that night; but the next day there floated to Noel Lowther a darkened cloud. She was ill, dangerously. The long night hours had brought forth this much, that there was no vague anxiety, but a terrible agonizing fear, in the hearts of those who watched about the pillow where the sweet face rested in unresponsive silence.

Among the many who raised the muffled knocker at the rector's house that day, came the methodical figure of the curate, who made his few, stiff inquiries, in his usual constrained manner. He had learned that a member of the family was unwell, and so had stopped on his way home to inquire as to their progress. This was all. But his mediocre face was pale in its sallow way, and when the servant replied to his question, it became paler still. The invalid was not better, indeed, was even worse; and then the woman who gave the answer stood for a moment, looking in uncertain wonder at the odd change which had come over the caller.

"I am—very sorry—to hear this," he faltered hoarsely, at last. "I did not imagine there was any danger. I— She is so young. Perhaps there will be a change for the better tonight. I hope so. I will call again in the morning." And then he turned hurriedly away.

Through the slowly dragging hours of that sad winter night a light burned steadily in one window of the rectory, and inside the room its brightness fell upon a shining, tumbled mass of pretty hair, forming a halo about an innocent face upon the pillow; and the watchers who moved noiselessly to and fro, turned back to this pillow always, whatever might have been the task they left to perform; and their wearied eyes bore a fresh shadow of anxious fear. In this fear and grief not one of them dreamed that there might be near them other watchers than themselves. And yet if one of them had raised the curtain for a moment and glanced down into the cold darkness of the street below, she would have seen another watcher—a watcher, of whose despairing dread they knew nothing, but who watched with them nevertheless. They might have seen this figure any night of the many that the light fell in subdued, prophetic dimness upon the pillow, and they might have seen it any morning of the many that Noel Lowther called to make his methodically worded, constrained inquiries; but their hearts were so bound within the four walls of the dim room, that not one of them had even the slightest shadow of a thought of its nearness, even when the end came to them, and he shared it with them.

There was a knot of crape on the door the next morning, when the staid, respectable figure stood there, and the servant who replied to his summons met his glance with eyes heavy with weeping.

"It is useless to ask," he said, in the strange breathless way the woman had noticed before. "She is—" And he stopped, and pointed with a mute gesture at the crape upon the door.

"Dead!" was the low-spoken answer. "Yes, sir; last night!"

He passed into the house without another word. He had a right there now. They would expect him. Dead! Yes, he had known that hours ago; and yet he had not taught himself to believe it anything but a torturing dream.

He stood in the mysterious dimness before the marble presence at last. The closed blinds shut out all light, it seemed, and the soft gloom was death's shadow. There was only one thing in the room to this man, the slender, black casket, wherein rested the lost jewel—Life's purest pearl in Death's setting of ebony. The pure cheek rested against the softly rising pillow of satin; the bright hair flowed softly over it; fair flowers lay in the fairer hands. He had no right to weep. He had been so far apart from her life, and he was so far apart from her innocent, dead body. He stood at the casket's side and looked down in utter silence of agony. He had never hoped to wake her to a realization of his manlove; but life's despair was not the despair of death, the dumb pang of looking down upon her sweet dead face. There was only for him this silence, and this last look. He passed out of the door and into the fast darkening street. The dull room waited for him beyond, the dingy walls, and the old torture of the leaden groove of labor. And to this he went, with his memory of the fair dead face, in its setting of gold; with the memory of the words the sweet young voice had uttered, and the echoes had caught up, and carried into the vaulted roof.

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"Grant us thy peace."

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Sycophantic Sportsmen.

Napoleon was a deplorably bad shot, and when out on a shooting expedition with others his suite had always to resort to stratagems so that his bag should not compare unfavorably with theirs. One day when shooting driven game, in spite of the enormous number of shots, it was found that he had only registered ten "kills," whereas the king of Westphalia had over 200 and Murat 150 to their credit. General consternation. The emperor must not see this. So Westphalia's number was reduced to 20 and Murat's became 50 and Napoleon's name headed the list with the glorious total of 215.—Bon Vivant.

SHORT HORN BREEDING IN GREAT BRITAIN

Country Where the Dairy Type of That Breed Has Been Highly Developed—By F. N. Webb.

The records of the Shorthorn Society of Great Britain and Ireland show the immense number of animals that have been exported during the year 1906, and the majority of these animals have been sent to South America, more especially to the Argentine republic. Indeed, the great demand for them in that country is the principal cause of the boom in shorthorn cattle. One would imagine that in consequence of the severe drain on the herds of Great Britain, caused by the exportation of so many of their finest animals, a depreciation would be found in the quality of the stock to be seen at shows, sales and on breeders' farms; but, as a matter of fact, such is not the case.

In spite of this increasing demand, the standard of excellence attained by the shorthorn breed is quite as high as, and perhaps higher than, it ever was before. Breeders find that it pays them better to devote a large portion of their time to the improvement of their cattle. As is the case with all stock, the mating of the parents and the rearing and the management of the calves have a great deal to do with the fact that young bulls and heifers arrive at such a state of perfection as is only attained in England.

If shorthorn breeding were unprofitable, one would soon find that owners would turn their attention to some more lucrative branch of farming, and a deterioration in our herds would be the result. The demand, too, in foreign countries is for young animals in the pink of condition; therefore, it is rarely that the exporter will take out shorthorns over a certain age. In consequence of this the older cows and bulls are, generally speaking, left in the old country, and in many cases these latter are the parents of some of the best stock produced.

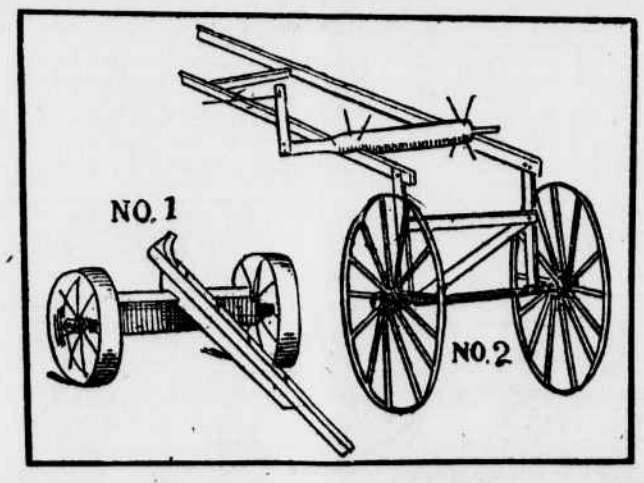
It is an age of early maturity, and a bull or heifer of great excellence at two or three years old will often, after having attained mature age, be surpassed by a stable companion who was probably inferior in appearance when a youngster. Thus many good animals are overlooked by the foreigner, and fortunately remain at home. These I believe to be some of the reasons for the continued supremacy of the British shorthorn; but I am convinced that, in the main, it is due to the common sense of the British breeder. I will endeavor to explain my meaning.

There is always a run on some particular tribe or branch of the great shorthorn family, whether it be Scotch, Booth, Bates or any other line of blood. The owners of the particular strain of cattle in favor for the time being reap a rich harvest, and are tempted to part with many of their best specimens. In this case what happens? Do the breeders of the other descriptions immediately sell out their own stock and rush in trying to buy up and produce the popular strain? No! Knowing that such a policy as this would be fatal, they bide their time. Doubtless they look round to discover the reason why this particular branch of shorthorns is so sought after, and if they discover that it is due to the inferiority of their own strain of cattle in some particular point, although they will not openly acknowledge it, they endeavor to breed so as to make good any deficiency that may exist; and, as is nearly always the case, the swing of the pendulum in due course will bring the trade back to their own variety, which has thus indirectly benefited by its season of adversity.

But the most extraordinary example of the manner in which the British shorthorn breeder looks ahead and endeavors to keep his stock to the front is furnished by the breeders of pedigree dairy shorthorns. There can be no doubt that the highest prices in late years have been given for the most heavily fleshed animals procurable, and it seems absurd that, while there has been an almost unparalleled trade for this class of cattle, a minority of shorthorn men should have embarked on the breeding for milk and not for beef; but these are the reasons which made them calculate on a future for their cattle: (1) They knew that the continued production of animals bred to give the maximum of beef might sooner or later lead to the production of females which would only yield the minimum of milk, and no doubt to a great extent this has been the case in some herds. (2) The dairying industry has enormously increased of late years. The trade in dairy produce now in the United Kingdom is estimated at £70,000,000 sterling, annual value, of which £30,000,000 is imported from abroad, and in consequence of the latter fact dairy cattle are wanted for exportation. (3) Dairy farmers in England were at a loss to know where to procure registered shorthorn bulls from cows of a milking strain. They had bred for several years pedigree shorthorns which could yield a plentiful supply of milk, and which were at the same time capable of laying on flesh when dry, and the next step for them was to prove to home and to foreign dairymen that such was the case, for although the milk supply of our large centers of population in England is mainly obtained from shorthorn cows (not necessarily registered), or their crosses, until lately, I venture to say, few, if any, foreign breeders of dairy cattle had any idea that such was the case, the shorthorn being regarded abroad as a beef brand only.

Attending to Maternal Duties.

Stump Puller and Barb-Wire Reel



A Kentucky farmer sends a suggestion for a machine for pulling sprouts and small stumps, with a little digging. Also one for taking up barb wire, one of the most convenient arrangements on the farm. Grub Puller.—Old binder truck wheels, axle 18 inches between wheels, made of 3x6; lever 12 feet long, reinforced, as shown in cut; wagon tongue; piece of old wagon tire, with short hook, and four feet of short link chain, ring in one end to hook on. Two men can pull a sapling through.

No. 2 is for moving barb wire fencing. Two old buggy wheels, axle four feet long; any old scrap lumber will make frame work; roller two and one-half feet between bearings, and project so crank will work outside of wheel; work crank on either side; tension on wire pulls cart backward. The Home and Farm says there is no patent on these

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF LAND DRAINAGE

Cost of Laying Tiles Soon Pays for Itself in Increased Crops—By A. R. Whitson and E. R. Jones, Wisconsin Agricultural College.

Of all the conditions which influence the growth of crops none is more important than the amount of moisture in the soil. While water is absolutely essential to plants, an excess is as bad as a deficiency.

There are two kinds of conditions which require drainage; first, land which is wet or marshy, because it is too flat to allow surface drainage; second, land which has sufficient slope to give good surface drainage but which, on account of the large amount of vegetable matter or humus it contains and of its impervious clay subsoil, does not have good underdrainage.

The lack of drainage in the first case is readily seen and understood, but the importance of drainage in

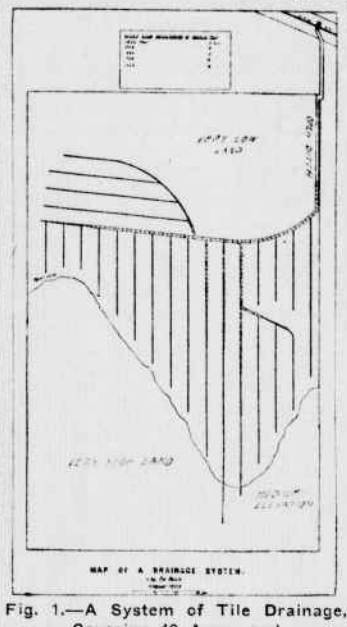


Fig. 1.—A System of Tile Drainage, Covering 40 Acres and Costing $800.

the second case is not generally recognized, although its benefits are as great as in the case of marshes.

In the care of tile drainage of clay land already under cultivation, the in-

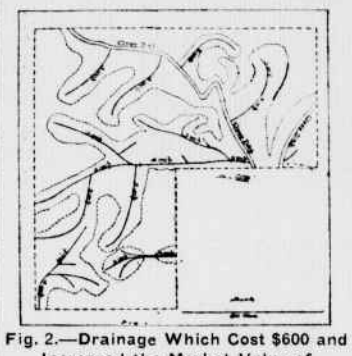


Fig. 2.—Drainage Which Cost $600 and Increased the Market Value of the Farm $2,000.

crease in yield varies from 15 to 50 per cent. This is a net profit on the cost of drainage, since there is no increase in expense of cultivation of the land. In fact it is easier to work drained land than undrained land. Experience shows that drainage usually pays for itself in from two to four years.

The benefits from drainage are as follows:

(a) Allows cultivation of land otherwise not available for farming.

(b) Allows earlier working in spring.

(c) Allows the soil to warm up more rapidly in the spring, thus increasing

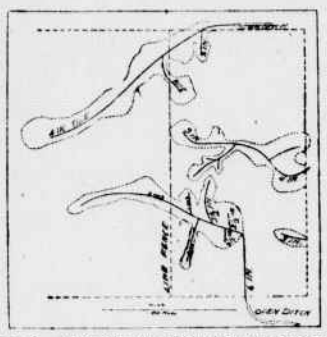


Fig. 3—This Shows How Two Farmers Can Cooperate In Laying Tile.

the length of the season and lessening the danger of frost.

(d) Produces good ventilation and tilth in the soil.

(e) Increases the amount of water available to crops.

(f) Aids nitrification, retards denitrification.

(g) Lessens surface washing.

(h) Allows fields to be made uniform in outline and hence worked to better advantage.

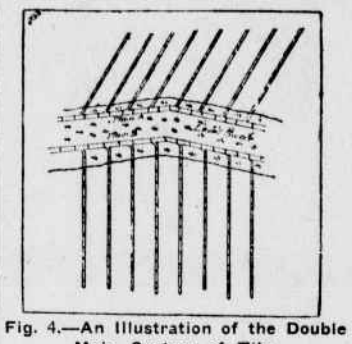


Fig. 4.—An Illustration of the Double Main System of Tile.

Figure 1 represents an example of the gridiron system of laying out drains on broad flat areas. This system is used almost exclusively upon such areas because it provides the straightest and shortest drain that can be planned.

Figures 2 and 3 are types of the natural grouping system of drainage. This plan is followed upon land less uniform in topography than that spoken of in the gridiron system.

It is sometimes necessary to plan a double main system, as is shown in Fig. 4.

Conditions as represented in Fig. 6 also make the double main system preferable. The line AB represents a flat strip between two portions of the low area that are slightly inclined. It is not advisable to decrease the grade of the laterals as they approach the main, hence, with a uniform grade extending from both sides to M, it would necessitate laying the latter very deep. By having two mains, one at A and the other at B, the flat area can be drained by laterals into each.

A drainage system includes both mains and laterals. The laterals are usually three or four inches in diameter and discharge into a main, whose size depends upon the number and length of laterals entering it. Laterals may discharge into submains which finally discharge into the single large main. The under-drainage from a 40-acre field may thus be discharged through a single outlet.

The single line system, shown in Fig. 6, has its advantages and disadvantages. It costs less because no large main is required. Instead of having the five laterals discharging into a main with a single outlet, there are five separate outlets, and the

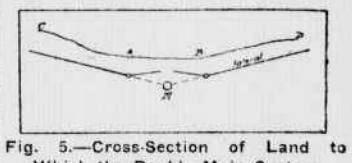


Fig. 5.—Cross-Section of Land to Which the Double Main System Is Adapted.

work of keeping them free from obstruction is multiplied.

Upon marshes that are almost or entirely level, the wettest portion is at the foot of the high land surrounding the basin. This is especially true where the high land rises very abruptly from the edge of the marsh. After Mr. Holman had put in the system shown in Fig. 1, it was found necessary to dig an open ditch at the foot of the very high land shown in

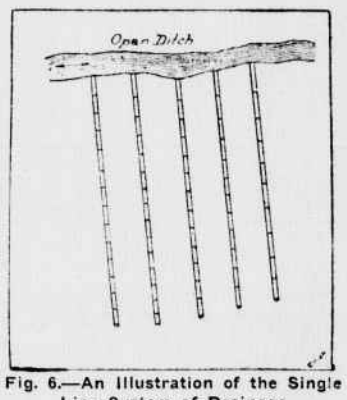


Fig. 6.—An Illustration of the Single Line System of Drainage.

the lower left hand corner of the figure. The ditch is dug down to the blue clay which underlies the muck at a depth of about four feet. It cuts off the seepage from the sponge-like hill above very effectively.

Kill the Caterpillars.—An orchard where the caterpillar is left to build tents, reach maturity and lay eggs will produce a brood sufficiently large to stock the orchards for miles around and to give the fruit grower no end of trouble. The tent caterpillar will thrive on wild cherry bushes and on wild crab apple trees, as well as on the apple trees of the orchard, hence the necessity of keeping all of these wild, worthless trees cleared off the farm.

To Kill Moles.—A Tarkio reader says he has found that the moles and ground mice usually do their worst damage about the time the sweet corn is ready for table use. By cutting off a few grains and soaking them in strychnine and dropping these in the holes, the pests will be quickly destroyed. They eagerly devour sweet corn, even if it is a little bitter from the poison.

To Kill Weeds.—Every farmer knows that the root of a plant can not live if the top is kept cut to the ground. While the top of the plant depends on the root for support, the root also depends on the top for its life and if the top is kept shaved close to the ground the roots will decay. In fighting any weed pest, constant shaving will gnereally eradicate it quicker than any other method.

Thin the Onions.—Do not delay the thinning of onions, carrots and other crops that need it. Plenty of room and plant food will make larger and tenderer plants.