

from the garden, the roots should be pruned by running a spade down in the ground all around the plants, about four inches from the stem. A little weak manure should then be run into the crevice made by the spade, and the new roots that will start from the stem will be small enough to go into the pot. If the plant needs pruning, cut off the older stems, and leave the young shoots, for they are better calculated to carry forward the growth of the plant than the older ones.

If the plants were bought from a greenhouse in the spring, and planted in the garden, the large central root will be found to be more or less dead when dug up. All of this dead wood should be removed before the plant is repotted. New, rich soil should be put in the pots before the plants are taken up, the soil being compounded of loam, leaf-mold, manure, and sand in sufficient quantities to make it porous enough for the water to filter through it gradually. Too much sand will make the soil so open that water will pass through it rapidly, without doing the roots of the plants any good.

Geraniums with large, trailing roots can be hung on nails, or placed on shelves, in the cellar, during the winter months, where they will keep all right until needed in the spring again, provided the temperature of the cellar never descends to the freezing-point. It is always better to carry the standard plants over from winter to winter than to buy them fresh from the florist in the spring. Many plants that thrive and bloom well in the greenhouse do very poorly when transplanted to your garden; but the flower plants that you have carried over will be hardy enough to grow thriving in their old bed in the garden. One should take up only strong, healthy plants, selected from the best stock in the garden. If frost holds off, or protection from it can be had in the garden, it is better to leave the geraniums that are to be hung in the cellar in the ground until after the middle of October.

Out of the Sea

A True Story

By Annie A. Preston

In Two Parts—II.

Little by little, when neither land nor sea gave occupation for the men of Westbeach, loafing, story-telling, and general gossiping were held in abeyance while they gathered together on the bluff, grading the ground and laying the foundations for the new church. As yet there were no funds in the hands of the building committee, but their faith was so strong in ultimate pecuniary ability that they had dispatched a barge to Maine for lumber, and were prayerfully expecting that before its return they would know how the bill was to be met.

At this juncture, the mellow, purple October haze that for days had skirted the horizon turned gray and forbidding. Great banks of fog blew over from the northwest and sank down behind the moaning sea, until it seemed that an inexhaustible supply of rain-clouds had been garnered and hoarded as mighty auxiliaries when the storm king should be ready for action.

"This hain't no common preparation," said one old skipper to another, as they were gazing knowingly at the black, ominous clouds. "It's a cold wind even for October; it comes from off the ice-fields up in Hudson Bay territory. Them clouds jest move like great armies—don't you see? I've heard old Cap'n Miner tell of such a wind when he was a boy, and all to once it whiffled to the nor'east and nussed up a gale that lasted a week. The hull coast line erlong here was changed, and the gre't rock, near where they've laid the underpinnin' of that air new meetin'-house, was never seen by mortal man afore that storm. Whether it had allers ben thar an' the sands was washed away from 't, or whether 'twas whooshed up from the depths o' the sea, no man can tell to this day. There! the wind is veerin' now! Don't ye see that air rain-scud rushin' from the nor'east?"

For hours it came in scuds and fitful blasts, and then it

settled down in a fierce, steady blow that made the most weather-toughened of the Westbeach fishermen deeply thankful that they were on terra firma. For three days and three nights the wind kept up its mighty force, through Sunday and all through Monday, until at sunset it dropped. One gleam of yellow light shot through a rift in the clouds, and suddenly all the purple blackness lifted and vanished, revealing a blue, cold, shining sky. There was a hard freeze that night.

"I lay so pesky cold last night I couldn't sleep," said Deacon Slocum. "At this rate, Margaret Ann, you'll have to git the winter bed-coverin's down from the loft. But I was goin' on to tell ye that all night long, as I turned over an' turned over, tryin' to find a warm place, somethin' kep' sayin' to me, 'Go to the cove! Go to the cove!' I heard it a hundred times. I don't know whether 'twas a dream, or a vision, or a impression like, but there it was, all night long. At last I answered, 'What for? Why should I go to the cove? I never *do* go to the cove this time o' year; there's nothin' to go there *for*.' But it kep' on dinnin' away at me, 'Go to the cove! Go to the cove!' Dear me! my head ain't got done achin' yit."

Before they had finished breakfast, Captain Ben came in. "I am floating around," said he, "to see how things look after the storm, and thought I wouldn't pass you by."

The Deacon was glad to listen as he told what news he had gathered, and almost immediately, to Margaret Ann's great chagrin, confided to Captain Ben his singular "impression" of the night. Straightway the younger man laughed:

"Go to the cove now, by all means. No doubt you'll find Margaret Ann's new church there. Ring the bell as soon as you get there, so that we may all run over to see and admire. I'll take you around in my boat, Margaret Ann, if you will go."

"Well, I won't go. I have a dozen or more things to do this morning." But before the words had left her lips even, Captain Ben was out of the house and out of the yard. He had seen the sharp refusal in the curl of her lip, and did not wait for it to reach his ear.

"He didn't mean it," she said to herself, as she cleared the table and folded the snowy cloth. "He never has been in earnest in anything he has said to me." She glanced out of the low window to watch the retreating boat as it rose and fell on the waves, for the swell of the sea was still heavy, and exclaimed:

"Well, well! there is father now, half-way across the headland on his way to the cove. That 'impression' did take fast hold of him, but he had no need to tell it all over to Captain Ben, and so give him a chance to get a fling at me. I should certainly hate him if I did not care more for him than for any one else in the world. How silly in me to stand here watching his boat out of sight, when there is so much for me to do this morning!—Why, what! Can that be father, so quick, running back?"

It was indeed the good old Deacon. He came hurrying over the shingle, beating the air with his hands in curious resemblance of a huge turtle. Margaret Ann opened the door and called:

"Why, what's the matter, father? Where's your staff?"

"Staff, child? Did I have a staff? What for? Was I lame? So I was. Well, I'm cured—'sprised straight out of my rheumatiz. I've heerd o' such things. The new meetin'-house ain't really there at the cove, but, land o' plenty! there's great, lungin' black striped bass enough there to pay for 't to the last nail. The cove is full on 'em—ton on ton! Put on your bunnit, child, an' run straight over to your Uncle Joe's an' ask him an' the boys to come as quick as they can an' help me to take 'em out."

"Uncle Joe will ask, the first thing, how many there are," said the excited young woman, as she wrapped herself in her Rob Roy shawl. "What shall I say?"

"Tell him there's no less than twenty ton—twenty ton! They was drove in by that rippin' wind. The tide went out, an' the ice jest reached across the mouth o' the cove an' locked 'em in. Such a thing *never* happened afore!"

Margaret Ann sped with a light step across the brown

pasture to her uncle's cottage and told the story, and gave her father's message.

"*Twenty tons!*" repeated her uncle. "It is impossible! And yet your father is an old fisherman, and a man of slow but good judgment; he ought to know. It is really a miracle—such a thing was never known to happen before. It is the way the Lord has taken to help us build the church. He has heard our prayers and rewarded our obedient faith in going right on and laying the foundations. Go through the neighborhood, Margaret Ann, and get all the help you can."

Women and children straightway rushed out of every dwelling and repaired to the deep, land-locked cove. Thither also went every fisherman along the entire line of beach.

Margaret Ann, after her rapid walk, sat down to rest, and to watch proceedings in the clear sunshine, on a huge, square rock, overlooking the cove, known as Satan's Chimney. There was a fissure on the top, through which, it was said, smoke had been seen to issue, and pebbles dropped down the opening could be heard falling at a great depth.

Among the men who were industriously at work taking out the great mass of fishes she saw Captain Ben. How the news had reached him she did not know, but he had been on hand as promptly as any one, and was the most vigorous at his work. He waved his hand to her once, and soon afterwards raised his cap. But she did not respond; she only elevated her pretty, rounded chin a little and turned her face towards the sea. "Should I signal him in return, he would only laugh at me in his tantalizing way," she thought, "and I feel such a solemn joy in my heart over God's wonderful goodness that I could not endure a careless laugh." All the men shared her feeling, without doubt, for, although each one made cheerful haste, there was no show of levity of any kind.

Some of the boys were clearing away the drift and sedge on the high beach near her perch, to get ready for the men who were coming that way with their wagon-loads of fish. Captain Ben was in advance. He came toward her, leaned his elbow on the "Chimney," and said softly:

"I have never been to this old rock, Margaret, since you and I were here together."

"Neither have I," replied the young woman, curtly.

Determined not to be thus repulsed, Captain Ben went on, gently: "This rock seems to be the scene of wonderful surprises to me. But I am no more astonished at this ship's cargo of fish than I was on our last meeting here, when you rejected my honest love, and scornfully threw my love-token into the ocean—"

"Oh, boys! just look at this!" shouted one of the lads. "See what I have turned up here!"—dropping his iron rake. "It's a go-old ring with a big pearl set into it!"

Margaret Ann made a little spring from the top of the high rock to the white sand, landing deftly on her feet, and almost snatched the jewel from the surprised child's hand.

"It is mine!" she cried. "See, there is my name inside. I lost it here," and, slipping it on her finger, she held up her hand and looked at it admiringly like a young girl.

Captain Ben's firm lips quivered, and a moist film dimmed his handsome brown eyes at the awakening of a tender memory. Margaret Ann's alert glance quickly noted this.

"Do you mean it, Margaret? Will you wear it?"

"Yes, Ben. I was a simpleton to toss it into the water that day; but when I held up my hand to see how pretty it was, your laugh nettled me. I never could endure to have you tease me as you were in the habit of teasing everybody else."

"I will never laugh at you again in the way you mean. I have been cruel to tease you so."

"And you will believe in miracles after this?"

"How could I doubt after to-day's wonderful developments?"

The building of the new church at Westbeach now progressed apace, all pecuniary hindrance being removed. At the dedication, just one year from the spring day when Captain Ben called at the long red house with his subscrip-

tion paper, one of the ministers, who came from some distance inland to assist, said:

"I have been told that at this point the most interesting part of the exercises will take place. I presume that means that a collection will be taken to raise funds for the complete payment for this tasteful, convenient, and commodious house of worship—"

"The church is entirely paid for, my good brother," said the old pastor from the Street. "The Lord sent the means to these prayerful, trustful souls from yonder sea. It remains now for me to unite in holy wedlock our brother, Captain Benjamin Kelley, and our sister, Margaret Ann Slocum, whose marriage at this time and place seems to them and to their friends eminently appropriate."



From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

Being a very delicate person, I am desirous of increasing my weight, and should think that cod-liver oil would benefit me. Kindly advise me how to make it palatable, as I could not drink it without destroying the strong taste and smell in some way; also state when to take it.

READER.

You probably would find that you could take a teaspoonful without much difficulty. A physician whose practice is largely among nervous women says that he has found that the most delicate women can take and digest a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil, who cannot take the usual quantity ordered—a tablespoonful. Rest, you will find, will also increase your weight. Undress as completely as though for bed at night, and lie down for an hour each day. Do not read; darken the room, and relax every muscle. Read Miss Anna C. Brackett's "Technique of Rest," and "Power Through Repose," by Anna Payson Call. No physician can accomplish a cure without the intelligent co-operation of the patient. It was startling to us to hear a physician who has a prominent place in his profession say that more than half of the women of this country were starving to death, and the other half were wearing themselves out—working without giving proper attention to food and rest.

Dear Outlook:

While peaches are still plentiful, here is a recipe, which I think is not generally known, for a delicious dessert:

Peach Dumplings.—Prepare peaches in a syrup, as for canning, and when cooked tender take them out of the syrup and put on a platter. Then place small round bits of dough (as prepared for baking-powder biscuit) in the syrup, and cook twenty minutes. Lay them on the platter with the peaches, and pour the hot syrup over the whole. It is better not to make the syrup very sweet, and use a hard sauce. Eat a very light dinner when this dessert is to be served.

A. W. P.

Dear Outlook:

I would like to inquire if any correspondent of this department can suggest some new games to amuse an invalid who cannot read all the time and is unable to use her hands. Halma, letters, "13," and chess are familiar, but we need a novelty. The long twilights of winter are approaching; it is hard to select a game combining skill and some fascination from merely a study of the gayly decorated boxes. A suggestion would be gratefully received.

B. W. L.



Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,054 93
Collection taken up at service held in parlor, Owl's Head Hotel, Newport, Vt.....	11 17
Collection at a Sunday Afternoon Service, Silver Lake, Wis..	1 53
A. S. K., Waterbury, Conn.....	5 00
From a Friend, Hartford, Conn.....	2 00
Popee, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	11 30
A Friend, New Britain, Conn.....	2 00
L. E. S. and Friends, Ithaca, N. Y.....	4 00

Total..... \$1,091 93

We have also received from J. and B., Le Roy, N. Y., \$25 for the sufferers from the South Carolina cyclone. We have forwarded it to Mr. G. F. Lawrence, 486 Broadway, New York City, to whom other contributions may be sent.