CHAPTER XII.

IMOGENE'S throat healed slowly, but she would have no physician to attend to it. She was suspicious of doctors she said. They made a living by the deaths of other people. But she made her injury an excuse for keeping her room.

About a week after the affair with the dog, Ralph was lying one night awake in his chamber, the door of which he had left a little ajar for air. For some reason he could not sleep. At last he heard a slight rustling sound in the passage, and directly he thought he heard the bolt of the hall door withdrawn. He sprang up instantly, and, putting on his boots—for he had not undressed—went noiselessly down stairs, and out of the door, which, as he had expected, he found unfastened.

The night was obscure, the faint new moon hidden in clouds. But the low murmur of voices drew him on, and just at the foot of the garden he saw distinctly two figures, standing close together. He crept up near them, and had no difficulty in recognizing his wife—and he was nearly sure that the other was the mysterious stranger with whom he had once before discovered her.

The man turned his face toward the moon, and there was light enough to show Ralph that his complexion was dark, his features irregular, and his chin heavily bearded. And as he lifted up his right hand to enforce something he was saying, the keen observer also saw that the third and fourth fingers were missing.

"It is of no use to beat about the bush, Mrs. Trenholme," the man was saying; "no use, whatever. I have told you my requirements—"

"Hush!" she said, fearfully, looking around her. "I am watched continually. We cannot talk here."

"Well, then we will row out to the Rover's Reef. It will be pleasanter on the water and I have a great deal to say to you. But you must kiss me before we start."

Imogene drew back with a gesture of contempt, but the man put a strong arm around her and held her to his side. She looked at him a moment, then lightly touched his cheek with her lips and said hoarsely:

"Let us go. I am in the mood to be on the water. It is just dark and gloomy enough."

He led her down the rocky path to a little cove where a strange boat, probably the one in which he had reached the Rock, lay moored. She stepped in without hesitation, and he pushed off.

Some terrible purpose had flashed into life in the brain of Ralph Trenholme. He dashed down the rocks after them, unloosened his own boat and, by a circuitous route, made off to the Rover's Reef. The low line of rocks which bore this name formed at ebb tide a barren island, about two miles from the shore, but at high water the waves swept it completely.

Ralph bent every energy to the work before him, and reached the reef some fifteen minutes before those for whom he waited. They came on shore, and the man made fast the boat. They sat down just a little in the shadow of some ragged rocks lying between them and the little indenture in the rock where they had moored their boat, and began to converse together in low, earnest tones. But Ralph did not care to listen. He had not come to pry into secrets. He had come for revenge. This woman whom he had married had dishonored him—that was enough. All mercy for her died out in his heart. He unloosed his own boat and took the other in tow, and allowed himself to drift with the tide, which was just beginning to set landward. The moment he was out of hearing of those on the Reef he bent to the oars and in a little while the boats were beached and he was climbing the steep path to the house.

And in an hour the Rover's Reef would be ten feet under water.

He threw off his hat and sat down on the piazza. The air blew in from the sea, fresh and cold. He heard the rush of the incoming tide. Something in the sound made him shiver. He put his hand to his heart as if the motion might still its wild throbbings. And in doing so, he felt the little tress of hair—the blood-stained, golden tress that he had cut from the head of Marina, the night they had buried her. The simple touch thrilled him with a new sensation. It brought before him the sweet, pitiful blue eyes that were closed under the summer daisies and the winter snows. Good heavens! what was he better than a murderer? He sprang up in wild haste, and dashed down the cliffs to the boats. With a skillful hand he launched the Sea Foam, and though the tide beat him back almost as fast as his strength pushed forward, he did not hesitate. It was better to perish on the rocks striving to save the lives he had put in jeopardy than it was to live—a murderer! The rush of the tide was fierce and strong, but Ralph Trenholme was desperate. He knew well the fearful risk he ran, but he did not flinch from facing the danger. He bent every muscle and sinew to the work. The boat labored on over the billows, the surf breaking over her at almost every lurch. Ralph was drenched to the skin. Rover's Reef had never seemed half so far away. Ages had elapsed, it appeared to him, since he left the harbor.

At last he neared the spot. He heard the swirling roar of the waves over the sunken rocks—saw before him the foam-white breakers, as they dashed wildly upward—saw, and heard with a blank and terrible despair at heart—for the Reef was entirely under water!

"Great God!" he cried, aloud; "I have murdered them!" And dropping the oars he fell upon his face in the bottom of the boat, and drifted at the mercy of the tide.

It bore him rapidly down the shore, but he did not notice whither he was going—the terrible weight of the thing he had done crushed him utterly. A sudden shock aroused him. The boat had stranded on a sandy shore. He crept from the debris and gazed around. He recognized the place at once. It was near Highpoint, a place of considerable shipping interest, about twenty miles from Portlea. The line of East Indiamen terminated here, and even then at the wharf a ship was lying bound for the distant islands of the East. A strong temptation came over Ralph to flee his country—to leave behind him everything he feared; to go away and let the fearful events of the past night remain to him a fearful doubt. His boat would be found, and his friends would believe him drowned, and no living being could ever know how guilty he had been! How guilty! Had he been guilty? He thought it over calmly. It had not been premeditated. He had never for a moment indulged in the thought of taking this kind of revenge, until just as he saw the pair push off in their boat. He had been mad then! Nothing short of insanity could have prompted him to the fearful act. And after all, what had he done? Nothing overt. He had simply removed a boat from the Rover's Reef to the shore. True, but he knew when he did it that for the want of that boat two fellow-creatures must go down into the cruel depths of the sea, for nothing could save them! Yes, he was guilty; fearfully so—this man who had dared to take God's vengeance out of his all-wise hands, who had cast off his only sister because she tried to save the life of Lynde Graham—he, even he, was, in the eye of the law, a murderer! There was one thing that he wanted to do, but something stronger than even his will held him back. He wanted to go before a magistrate and confess the whole and then let them do with him as they saw fit. But anything like this would involve the dishonor and name of his wife!—if a part was told, it must all be told, and he could not bear the terrible scandal! It would be more dreadful than even the recognition of his own guilt.

He turned toward the outward bound vessel. His decision was nearly taken. A feather would have turned the scales either way. And it was turned suddenly.

"Hello, Trenholme!" called a rough voice, which he recognized as that of John Cooper, an old man who lived a little way from the Rock. "It's a nice morning, ain't it? Going back today? If you be, I'll take you right up in the Sally Ann."

Fate had decided. He was to go back. It would be useless to leave the country now, for honest John would tell all the neighbors near and far, that he had spoken to Squire Trenholme at Highport. So he replied, quietly enough:

"Yes, I am going back. Thank you. I'll be glad of a chance in the Sally Ann for my boat has got stove, and if not, it's a long row to Portlea."

So an hour after he stood on the deck of the fishing schooner, the Sally Ann and they were away for Portlea.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUST as Ralph sprang from the wharf he heard a great shout, and glancing up the road he saw a pair of frantic horses attached to a light carriage dashing wildly down toward the sea. The coachman still clung to the box, but he had lost all control over the animals, and had much ado to keep himself from being thrown over. With Ralph, to think was to act. He flung himself before the mad brutes, and seizing the near horse by the bit, was borne along with them. With one hand he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and reaching over, he cut the harness from the off horse, and touching him with the point of his knife, the beast gave a mad snort and cleared himself from the carriage. His strength soon sufficed to stop the other horse, and delivering him up to the care of half a dozen men who had rushed out from their houses upon the scene, he opened the door of the carriage. But at sight of what it contained he grew pale as marble and leaned against the vehicle for support.

No wonder he was agitated, for lying white and still upon the velvet cushions, her long golden locks streaming over her shoulders, was the exact counterpart of his lost Marina. The features the same repose of the face, the scarlet lips, the soft hair, even the delicate, shell-like ears were the same.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, "am I awake or dreaming? Marina, Marina, speak to me!"

"Is she safe? Is Genevieve safe?" cried a strange gentleman, hastening up. "Tell me, sir, if she is injured?"

Ralph turned toward him. The sound of a voice recalled him to himself.

"I do not think she is hurt. She must have fainted."

"Thank Heaven!" cried the stranger, as he lifted the lady out in his arms. "She breathes! Ah, she opens her eyes. Genie, my darling, are you hurt"

She lifted her great violet eyes to his anxious countenance and smiled. The smile made her so much like Marina that Ralph could hardly persuade himself that the dead had not come back to life.

"No, Guy, I am not injured, I think. But fright made me do a very foolish thing, you gentlemen will think. Indeed, I am not in the habit of swooning."

"You certainly had sufficient cause," Ralph said, bowing; then to the gentleman, "Will you not allow me to offer you the hospitality of my house to your wife, until you can get a conveyance? Trenholme is very near, just behind the trees, and I presume you came from the village?"

"We did, sir. We are stopping at the Reef House. I thank you for your courtesy, but at present we will not accept it. That is, if Genevieve feels able to walk the half-mile between us and the hotel. Do you, dear?"

"Certainly. I would not be a true Englishwoman if I could not," she answered, with a bewitching smile.

The gentleman explained.

"We are English. We arrived at Portlea two days ago in the Clifton. My name is Guy St. Cyril, and this is my sister, Genevieve."

Trenholme removed his hat.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," he said, "but allow me to tell you that I am Ralph Trenholme, of the old house yonder on the rocks."

St. Cyril bowed.

"Will you walk with us to the hotel? I have a fancy for becoming better acquainted with you."

Ralph willingly acquiesced, for he wanted to gain time, and he hoped courage, before he should again face the wondering family at the Rock. For by this time they must have missed Imogene and himself, as well as the Sea Foam.

In spite of all the dread he felt within, Ralph Trenholme could not keep his eyes from the beautiful face of Miss St. Cyril Her brother noticed the absorbing gaze.

"Does my sister remind you of any one you have met?" he asked, a little curiously.

Ralph started, conscious of, and ashamed of his rudeness.

"Pardon me, sir, I have been unpardonably rude. But I think Miss St. Cyril will forgive me when I tell her that she is the exact image of the young girl I was once engaged to marry, and who was snatched from me on the day that was to have made her mine."

Miss St. Cyril's face sympathized with his unwonted emotion.

"Did she die?" she asked softly.

"Yes, she did. She was murdered."

The girl shuddered and grew pale.

"It is a sad story," said Ralph, hoarsely. "I seldom speak of it, but I think I would like to tell it to you. You are so like her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

A Recipe That Has Been Tried and Found Good.

A tested recipe for whole wheat bread which we are glad to note is becoming a part of the diet of every well-nourished family, consists of one pint of boiling water poured into a pint of milk. Cool the liquid and when lukewarm add one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in half a cupful of warm water. Add a teaspoonful of salt and enough whole wheat to make to batter that will drop easily from a spoon. Beat thoroughly five minutes, cover, and stand in a place that is moderately warm for three hours. Enough whole wheat to make a dough should then be added gradually. When stiff, knead on your board until the mass is soft and elastic, but not sticky. Make the dough into loaves, put in greased bread-pans, and after covering stand aside one hour. The time for baking will depend on the size of the loaves. If long French loaves, bake thirty minutes in a quick oven. If large square loaves, bake one hour at a moderate heat. When crusty bread is liked the dough may be made in sticks and baked in pans made for that special purpose. Another tested recipe that requires less handling and that is used by Miss Johnson is made in the following way: Scald one cupful of milk, add a teaspoonful of butter, the same quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and one cupful of water. When lukewarm add one-half a yeast cake and enough wheat flour to make a thin batter. This should be done in the morning, as the bread rises quickly. After making a smooth batter let it rise until very light. Add whole wheat gradually and beating continuously until as much has been added as you can stir conveniently. If the flour is not added gradually and well mixed the bread will be coarse-grained. Turn into greased tins, and when light bake one hour on a moderate even.

LOST ON THE PLAINS

By Pinaleon.

Half an hour after sunrise we have broken camp and are riding over the plains at a brisk walk, while the six-mule teams attached to the loaded army wagons settle down to a steady gait. Time and again the men have been cautioned to be careful and leave nothing behind them in camp; but the soldier, though a human machine, is not a perfect one. As we hurry onward, and have put several miles between us and the late camp, Trooper Johnson suddenly misses his knife, and remembers that he left it on the ground after using it to cut a strap. The captain gives him permission to ride back after it. Why not? It is but a dash, and we are at peace with the Indians. He will overtake us within the hour.

Trooper Johnson is a brawny man and a veteran. The arrow and bullet

They Grudgingly Give Way For Him As He Rides By.

wounds proved him a fighter. Men of his company will tell you of seeing him imperil his life a dozen times over, and they can count up at least seven redskins he has wiped out. A grand-looking soldier is Trooper Johnson—every inch a man. Your eye will pick him out of a regiment for his bearing, and when you had looked into his bronzed face you would put him down as game to the death.

The trooper rides back at an easy lope. In half an hour he is at the camp. There are a dozen gaunt wolves prowling about and munching at the bones, and they grudgingly give way for him as he rides up. Yes, the knife is there, and he quickly secures it. A newspaper has been thrown out of one of the wagons. He picks it up and sits down to scan its columns. Some one has thrown away a letter; he picks that up, and becomes interested. Some careless trooper has left a lariat here in the grass. He secures it, walks about for a few minutes, and then remounts to rejoin the column. It is traveling northwest. It will now be about eight miles ahead of him. It must bear to the left after crossing Comanche creek. He will, therefore, take take a short cut, and save time and trouble.

Now, follow the cavalryman and you will witness a curious thing. He rides away, humming the air of a merry tune, and he has not one anxious thought. He passes ridge after ridge, covers mile after mile, and so sure is he of his way that he scarcely looks up. All of a sudden the horse slacks down. He has been taking the ridges at too fast a pace and he is out of breath. A minute later he is pulled up sharp, and Trooper Johnson looks about him with anxious eyes. What is it? Nothing. He has only to keep on and he will intercept the column. He has only to ride back over his trail to strike the plain road left by the wagons. It is only 9 o'clock in the morning and without a cloud.

Curious, isn't it? The trooper stands up in his stirrups to look ahead; then there is more than anxiety in his eyes as he turns and looks back. He glances to the right-to the left—up at the sun. All of a sudden, as he rode gaily on, the terrible loneliness of the great plains struck him like a chill. What if he should lose his way? What if he had already lost it? That is enough. He has let a doubt creep in, and five minutes later that curious palsy of the plains creeps over him. It has claimed its hundreds, and all have been brave men.

He will ride on. He smiles at his fears—he seeks to shake off that feeling of terror which makes his cheeks grow pale. There is no cause for haste; but he shuts his teeth together,

He Glances to The Right—To The Left.

and gives his horse the spur and pushes on as if riding a race. See! He bears to the right! Let a man become rattled in the forest or on the plains and he invariably bears to the right, and thus hastens the disaster.

When the horse falls with exhaustion Trooper Johnson is twenty-five miles from the command. It does not occur to him that he will be searched for, and that his trail can be followed. He now feels sure that he is lost, and he cannot reason. A veteran of three Indian campaigns—a soldier known to be without fear—a man in the prime of life. And yet his face is as white as a dead man's and he trembles like a woman—aye! weeps like a child!

One, two, three days go by. Trooper Johnson is a favorite with all. Every man is anxious that he be found. We go into camp and send out squads to the four points of the compass. One of them strikes the trail and finds the dead horse. Another, returning in the gloom of evening,, starts up a strange animal which runs away, uttering strange sounds like human laughter. On the morning of the fourth day the lost man is discovered, as he sleeps. He is naked; he is bleeding and torn; there is something so wild and beast-like in his looks that we shrink away from him. He is not glad to see us. We call him by name, but he does not remember it. We pity him, but he laughs and gibbers.

"He will soon be himself again," says the colonel, as he turns away from the poor wretch we have brought into camp at last.

"He will never be himself again," solemnly replies the regimental surgeon, who happened to be journeying with us. "He has lost his wits—become an idiot! It was the terror of loneliness that did it."—Detroit Free Press.

DRAMA IN MADAGASCAR.

A European Party Witnesses a Performance Arranged for the Queen.

Only four Europeans were invited to this performance, which took place at the court of the Hova queen in July, that is, in the midst of the Malagasy winter, and a still higher favor was that they were not compelled to pay for the honor, while ordinarily the guests of the queen have to pay a piaster ($1), and besides have to bring with them their chairs. The performance began at 8 o'clock, in a badly kept hall. Most of the windows were broken, and drafts circulated freely. Near the entrance to the hall the premier minister, Rainilairivony, received the invited guests in person. Once inside the hall, the European guests were shown to red plush stalls, placed next to the throne chair. This latter stood upon a slightly raised dias, upon which the queen, with her two little nephews and her niece, the heir presumptive to the throne, had taken their place. Upon the steps of the throne there was the inevitable cuspidor of green glass, which, it seems, must accompany the queen wherever she goes. The stage was a very primitive affair. Four men pulled up the curtain and held it fast by ropes during the entire performance, standing in the background all the while. When the scene was laid in the open air, some real trees and bushes were stuck into holes provided for the purpose in the boards. The male performers were gentlemen of the court in European society dress, around which the "lamba," the wide Malagasy cloak, was thrown; the actresses wore nothing but short, highly colored skirts; they were dancers of the queen.

A number of short pieces were played, all of which related to theft, the national vice of the Hovas. In the first one a chicken was stolen; in the second, a child; in the third, a woman. The queen, who is remarkable for stolidity, and who never smiles in public, seemed to be thoroughly amused. She laughed heartily. The premier minister, who is at the same time the husband of the queen, was also satisfied. He complimented the performers with his raised finger, which with the Hovas is a sign of great courtesy. The performance, however, was shorter than anticipated, the queen left without awaiting the end, and the curtain fell immediately after she rose from her seat and sailed out of the hall, accompanied by the premier minister and followed by her suite.—Paris Figaro.

FATTEST BOY IN THE WORLD.

Anton Mochty Weighs 150 Pounds and Has Six Toes on Each Foot.

The fattest boy in the world is Anton Mochty, and he is a peasant boy living with his parents, well-to-do people, at --aindorf, in Lower Austria. He is ten years old.

This growing Colossus weighs at the present time 150 pounds, his breast measures forty-five inches from armpit to armpit, and his head is twenty-two inches in diameter. He is exactly five feet high.

As a small child he was so phlegmatic that he refused to learn to walk for four years after his birth. With the beginning of his fifth year he began to creep, and after a little while learned to walk. When a baby Anton was thought rather small. His mother nursed him until his fifth year, and he took a little solid food before that time. On his sixth birthday, when there was a party at his father's house, the boy first attracted attention on account of his large features.

During the last two years he has gained over seventy pounds in weight and two feet in height.

Nature gave Anton six fingers and six toes on each hand and foot. All these members are perfectly developed and well shaped, except that the small fingers stand out from the rest. The joints, however, work like those of the other fingers.—New York World.

REFRIGERATOR SCHOONERS.

Freezing Chambers for Fishing Smacks Where the Catch Will Be Kept on Ice.

A syndicate of Fulton Market wholesale fish dealers have united to equip for the next summer season one of the largest vessels of the fishing fleet with a cold-storage plant, which will not only enable the skipper to prolong his cruise until he makes a satisfactory catch, but will render the owners superior to the conditions of the market in case there should be a glut. The apparatus will be of the anhydrous ammonia pattern, operated by a small naptha engine. The hold of the vessel will be practically converted into a refrigerator, upon the inner walls of which will be placed the pipes containing the refrigerating liquid.

The fish, as soon as caught, will be thrown into the freezing chamber, which will have a capacity of fifty barrels daily, and then removed to the storage chamber. Thousands of dollars' worth of fish are annually lost on board becalmed fishing vessels. The success of refrigerator cars suggested the experiment, and refrigerator schooners will soon become just as common, should this experiment be a success.—New York World.

Cake for a Child's Birthday.

The following receipt will tell how to make a nice birthday cake for a child: Cream together one cup of butter and three cups of sugar; the yolks of four eggs beaten thoroughly with one cup of sweet milk; then add slowly four cups of finely-sifted flour, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, a little spice, a cupful of seeded raisins, and lastly, the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Put into a rather shallow cake tin and bake in not too hot an oven. Just before putting in the oven drop in the ring, thimble and the sixpence.