

OUT OF THE SEA

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Let me do it, and save you the trouble!"

"No, no, no! I cannot. I must still live on, and keep the dreadful secret. O, would that I had died before I yielded to that horrible temptation!"

"You made your own bed!" he said, coarsely. "It don't become you to complain if it doesn't lie easy."

"No, I have no one to blame. I risked everything upon a single die, and lost all!"

"And that was rather a lucky day for me that curiosity to see the bride led me to climb the locust tree just under this window, and I saw—"

"Hush!" she cried, fearfully. "The walls have ears sometimes."

The backs of the couple were turned to Helen; she slipped noiselessly from her concealment, and locked the room door, and put the key in her pocket. Then she glided to the window, and placed her back against it, thus confronting the man and woman.

"You just remarked that walls have ears," she said, quietly. "I agree with you. These have a pair of them."

"Who are you?" cried the man, springing to his feet, and looking at her. "The devil!"

"No, thank you. My name is Helen Fulton. No relation to your friend."

He strode toward the window.

"Let me pass here right quickly, or take the consequences!" he said, with brutal determination.

She drew herself up proudly, and her voice was cuttingly firm as his own.

"You do not pass here until you come to my terms."

"Well, I like your pluck! If I was in want of a wife, I'd honor you with my proposals. What are your terms?"

"You must tell me all you know about the murder of Marina Trenholme!"

"Which I will not do!"

"Very well. Then you can stay here until morning, and I will summon some of the family to make you come to terms. I would speak to them to-night, but I never like to disturb people after they are a-bed. It is apt to make them ill-tempered."

"Confound you! Will you stand aside!"

"Not if I know it."

With an oath he sprung upon her. Quick as thought she lifted her right hand, in which she held the loaded pistol.

"An inch nearer," she said, coolly, "and I will blow your brains out! I am sorry to be impolite to a gentleman, but you force me to it!"

The ruffian recoiled. He saw the steady determination in her eye, and knew that he might expect no mercy.

Imogene had sunk to the floor on the first appearance of Helen, and crouched there, staring at vacancy, her rich dress sweeping over the bloody stain on the carpet. She seemed incapable of speech or motion.

"One or the other of you murdered Marina Trenholme," said Helen, speaking in a low, clear voice, "and I will know which. The innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, if it is in my power to prevent it. I want to save Lynde Graham. I am disposed to be gracious with you both. I want your written confession—both of you—in regard to this thing. That is all I ask. It is now the fifteenth of June—ten days to the execution. I will give you eight days in which to escape. Give me what I ask for, and I promise you faithfully I will not show the paper to any living being until just in time to save him from the gallows."

"I will be caught in no such trap," hissed the man. "Get out of my way, you little she devil. I'll show you how to use a pistol!" And he seized the weapon by the muzzle, with the intention of wrenching it from her grasp. But he had not reckoned on the strength in that right arm, and in the struggle it was discharged, and the ball passed into his breast just above the heart.

"I'm done for!" he cried with an oath, and fell to the floor.

Imogene sprang up, and darted toward the window, but Helen was on the alert, and divined her intention instantly. She caught her firmly by the arm, and held her fast.

"The noise of the pistol had alarmed the whole household, and they came rushing to the spot."

"Open the door!" thundered Ralph Trenholme, from without.

"You must burst it in," said Helen.

He put his shoulder against it, and broke the lock instantly. The whole party rushed into the room. St. Cyril's quick eye fell first on the wounded man.

"John Rudolph!" he exclaimed. "The abductor of my sister!"

Imogene turned toward the intruders, her face absolutely livid, her eyes wild as those of a maniac. Ralph put a strong arm around her shoulders and held her quiet. There was something infinitely terrible in the face of this man. Helen lifted up the face of Rudolph.

would establish his innocence, because by so doing he would condemn her to the gallows.

"You may well believe that I was prepared to take advantage of what I knew. I guessed at first that she had murdered Marina because she wanted to be mistress of Trenholme House, and it was not long before I sought her out, and revealed to her my terrible secret. For a moment I thought she would have killed me. I think she would, if she had had the means at hand. After her passion had a little subsided, I made terms with her. Money was what I wanted, and she gladly consented to pay me for keeping dumb. This began before she married Mr. Trenholme. Afterward it continued just the same. You all wondered at her frequent journeys from home; she only went to pay me my allowance at times when I was unable, through illness, to come for it. You, Mr. Trenholme, thought me your wife's paramour! bah! she would sooner have killed herself than submitted to the caresses of one like me. If she was a murderess, she was true to you. I remember once I made her kiss me, and she touched me with just the loathing that she would have touched a toad! But what did I care? I wanted money, not love. It was a dangerous secret to keep, but I have been well paid for it. Thank the powers above and below! I am out of the reach of the law! I defy you all!"

He lifted his hand in wild defiance, and fell back a corpse!

Helen rose from her kneeling posture and faced Imogene, her face pale as that of the dead man before her.

"You have heard the confession of that dead villain," she said, slowly. "Now, we will listen to yours."

Imogene shrank from the steady gaze of those clear eyes, shrank back pitifully, crying out:

"O spare me! spare me! Do with me as you will, but do not force me to a confession!"

Ralph drew her sternly forward, and took in his own hands with which she strove to conceal her face.

"You shall not be spared!" he said, hoarsely. "You did not spare her! But we will not condemn you without a hearing. Clear yourself, if you can."

"I cannot! O, you know I cannot! I did murder her! But it was because I loved you! I could not live to see you the husband of another! With her dangerous face under the sod, I thought my beauty might win you! God will bear me witness that it was pure love alone that influenced me. I never once thought of the power that would be mine as your wife. Wealth and station were nothing to me! It was your love I wanted! O Ralph, only that!"

"O God!" cried Ralph, striking his forehead, "to think that I took to my bosom as my wife the murderer of my poor Marina! It is too much! It maddens me! And but for you, Miss Fulton, I might have lived on to the end in ignorance, and Lynde Graham would have died an innocent man!"

"I did not seek this," Helen said, in a subdued voice. "Heaven knows I did not! But I was obliged to come here, I could not keep away. It was what some call fate, I suppose. After I came here some things were forced upon my knowledge that I did not care to know. But having once become convinced that Lynde Graham was wrongfully accused, I set to work with my whole soul to bring the real culprit to light."

"I think Mrs. Trenholme has a habit of walking in her sleep. The ghost of this chamber is none other than herself. I have watched her for the phantom, and satisfied myself. The last time I tore a piece of silk from her sleeve, and if you will take the trouble to make the examination, you will find that this fragment," drawing it from her pocket, "will fit exactly a rent in the sleeve of the black silk the lady is in the habit of wearing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SLEEPING POWER.

Is It Telegony, Instinct or What?—Ought to be Cultivated.

Within us is a power sleeping. Once in awhile some sensitive soul has felt it stir, but there was no known law that governed it, no logic with which to convince others of its being; so it was buried deep in the inner consciousness, where hide ideas that dare not seek light because they are in advance of their age, says the New Science Review.

Long ago, at the house of a friend, I saw a photograph of a man's head. As I picked it up there came over me a sense of having known the original; it was the face of a "friend." When my hostess entered I asked about the photograph and she told me who it was. The name meant nothing to me but the face meant all things that I knew. Several times in the next week I looked at the photograph, always with the same sense of "having known." Then eight years elapsed, during which no memory of that face came over me. One day at the theater there flashed over me that same curious sense of "having known." Instinctively I turned and caught full the glance of the original of the photograph. What he was doing there I have never found out. Several miles away from me lived a friend. Days would elapse without our meeting but if I sat down and wrote her a note she would come, always crossing the note. I became so certain about it after awhile that I would write the note and tear it up. The thought would stir in her the desire to see me. There was no use in mailing it. The sight of a certain handwriting would always make my heart sink; it was something that I could not resist myself out of, yet the letters were pleasing and the words fair. One dark day I found out that my instinct was right—I trust it now.

A Family Abduction.

Wesley Ayres, of Green Bay, Wis., during the last four years, has lost three sons by drowning. The third son, a lad of eight years, was drowned about a fortnight ago, while fishing.

YOUNG MR HONEYLOVE AND HIS BRIDE.

Young Mrs. Honeylove, the prettiest of youthful brides, in the sweetest of morning toilettes, sat in the most charming of dainty boudoirs, in a highly picturesque attitude, reflectively and appreciatively contemplative of her small, French-slipped foot, idly tapping the polished fender of the glowing grate fire—in a highly-satisfied and righteous frame of mind, as becometh a three-weeks' bride whose uptitials had been attended with more



Just at This Moment She Was Thinking.

than usual elegance and ostentation, and the account of which had occupied nearly five sticks in the leading dailies.

She had the satisfaction of knowing that no bride of the season had more numerous or showy presents; and that, in the vernacular of one of her old-fashioned aunts, whom she had kept as much in the background as possible at her fashionable wedding, "Suey she done well," an expression that referred, of course to the amount of money she had married more than the amount of man "Suey" had gotten safely rid of her old aunt, however, packed her back to the country where she belonged, and the thought of her was stored away in the furthest recesses of that mechanism she was pleased to call her brain, only to be resurrected in case she should feel, at some remote period in the future, that country air would be bracing to her nerves.

The nerves of young Mrs. Honeylove were in good condition, however, on this particular morning. She had adjusted and readjusted to a nicety all the costly bric-a-brac and all the articles on her toilette table—which were perfectly adjusted before—and attended to all other imaginary duties incumbent upon a very new wife in a very new home, with the slightest of servants to attend to her slightest bidding. Still, she felt that she had a great deal of responsibility—an aggravated idea of self-importance to which newly-married people are more or less subject.

Just at this moment she was thinking—if thinking at all—she watched enviously the curling, darting little flames that wrapped themselves meditatively around the log in the grate, that she is very well fixed and has a great deal to be thankful for. She had married—gossip said—one of the best of young men, and, in fact, she had no quarrel with fate on any account, for she felt that she even loved and was loved very dearly. This, if only a pretty fallacy, at least brightened the path of sordid worldliness, so as to seem to her to be the genuine article.

Young Mr. Honeylove, the "best of young men," was, at this particular moment, with a persistent energy worthy of a better cause, engaged in blotting out and painting no less a thing than a checker-board. He was, in all respects, undeniably a "nice" young man, just such a young man as one would have suspected of a capacity to get deeply absorbed in a game of checkers, and just such a smooth-faced, rosy-cheeked, pale-haired youth as anyone knowing the young Mrs. Honeylove's characteristics, or her lack of them, would have expected her to select as the partner of her joys and sorrows.

Young Mr. Honeylove argued that it behooved a young husband to economize in order that the sweet being who has pinned her affections to him might not be denied her luxuries, a theory that he persistently indulged in, not because he had need to practice economy for any other purpose whatsoever than to flatter himself that there was one husband in the world who could be virtuous in spite of his inheritance.

With the consistent logic which



Making a Checker-Board and Whist-ting 'Paradise Alley.'

could reach the point of perfection only in such a masculine mind as his, he, therefore, straightway proceeded to expend three times as much money—not to speak of the time and labor—in producing the article as it would have cost him to buy half a dozen checker boards, or to have employed a competent person to do the work for him. This matter of the checker-board lay very near to his heart, for sentimental as well as economical reasons, for had he not won his wife over a checker board, when another very interesting game was going on, in which he had been the winner? Fred was a modest man.

So he worked away enthusiastically, whistling "Sunshine of Paradise Alley"—a can of red paint on one hand and a can of yellow on the other. He cast expectant glances at the door, for do not modest young wives ever show a delightful expectancy in each other's greeting, leaving no room for suspicion of sordid disposition? Yes; she

would soon come. Her heart was at this moment moved. As she sat idly toasting her toes by the grate she had become conscious of a growing uneasiness, or, as the lady herself would term it, a "feeling in her bones."

DEFINITION—A "feeling in the bones" is a power of prescience; an occult influence to which only delicately organized and supersensitive constitutions are subject. It is a prerogative of femininity. None of coarser mold have ever been known to have experienced this mysterious influence. It has been the scoff and jeer of man from time immemorial. It is usually most potent with those of spiritualistic tendencies, and it has been noticed that those who are most susceptible to this spiritual forewarning are also good subjects for hypnotic and mesmeric influence. The presentiment is usually preceded by a slight, prophetic shiver (or a series of them), vulgarly known as "flesh creep."

It suddenly pops into Mrs. Honeylove's head, without either rhyme or reason apparently, that she heard Fred say at breakfast that he was going to paint the squares on his checker board that day, and it flashed into her mind with the force of conviction that he was doing this in the library with his board and paint cans established on her handsome center table, and—horror of horrors!—on that magnificent embroidered cover—one of her most valued wedding presents which Mrs. M.—had "done" at so much expense of time and material.

Her womanly quick conclusion, more certain than man's, though he had reached it after a process of reasoning, was one of many, which, it should be observed, has never proved to argumentative man that the woman's way is the correct way of arriving at the conclusion for all that, but her way was probably nature's plan to save wear and tear on the intellect.

Yes, "she" is coming. "She" is come. Young Mr. Honeylove, at this juncture, had just taken a brushful of paint, when he heard her approach, and thinking that she had at last come to lend him the encouragement of her inspiring presence in his labors, laid the brush across the can and turned with open arms and a beaming countenance to greet the charming apparition.

A glance confirmed Mrs. Honeylove's worst suspicions.

"Fred," she burst forth, "how can you, how dare you, put that horrid paint can on my best table cover?"

This was Mr. Honeylove's first experience, and he was entirely unprepared.

"Why, dearie," he faltered, in a conciliatory tone, "I won't spill it, and I—wiped off the bottom of the can."

"You will spill it, I know you will," she flashed out. "Oh," with a little shriek and a pounce at the can, "there is a big drop just ready to fall."

She and her husband grabbed for the can simultaneously, and neither of them could tell just how it happened, but not only the drop fell, but the brush as well, and with another shriek from young Mrs. Honeylove and an execration from young Mr. Honeylove, the can itself was deposited upside down on the beautifully embroidered cover.

Then the deluge—of tears.

"I just knew you'd spill it," sobbed she.

"I didn't sully it," said Mr. Honeylove wrathfully; "you did it yourself. If you had let the thing alone, it would not have occurred."

"It would, it would; it was just going to drop. You're a br-b-rite," defiantly shrieked Mrs. Honeylove, now far advanced in a fit of hysterics.

They made it up, of course, after a sufficient period of sulking and pouting, and it is all very trifling and vulgar, I know; but what can be expected of a story of matches that are struck in the shadowy nooks of Belmont, fostered by the faraway strains of music floating in the night air, the mysterious result of impenetrable influences plus over-wrought nerves, over-strained sensibilities, excited imaginations and the Duchess' novels?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

EVEN SILK IS ADULTERATED.

Tannate of Tin and Silica Used to Give It Weight.

Some "improvements" in the treatment of silk are announced. Ordinarily, silk is "weighted" by depositing tannate of tin on the fiber, a repetition of this being made until an increase of the weight amounts to from 15 to 20 per cent, beyond which it is not considered safe to go in the case of silk intended to be dyed light shades or to be bleached. Recently a tannin inventor has brought forward a process in which silica is the weighting agent. In carrying out this method three steps are described. First, the silk, raw or in any stage of manufacture, and either before or after dyeing, is worked for an hour in a bath of perchloride of tin; then, after squeezing and washing, it is worked in a warm solution of water glass or soluble silicate of soda for about an hour, followed by washing, having also been previously passed through a solution of phosphoric acid. The operation may be repeated again and again, with no harmful effect on the fiber or on the subsequent dyeing, and in five operations the silk may be increased in weight some 100 to 120 per cent. The silk is now soaped, and if already dyed, is cleared in an emulsion of olive oil and acid. Detroit News Tribune.

That Tired

Extremetired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

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