

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

"From the very first moment I saw Imogene Trenholme, I was repelled! I had suspicions of her before I had been here a week, and her conduct in this chamber, somnolent though she was, confirmed me. This afternoon I saw her put a slip of paper in the hollow of the old tree at the end of the garden, and I took the liberty to examine it. I found it was an appointment to meet some one in this room at eleven o'clock. I kept the tryst. So did the others. I did not intend to kill this Rudolph, but he made me, or rather, he saved me the trouble, he killed himself. And five days ago, anticipating a denouement of some kind, I sent for my father. He will be here to-day, I think."

Ralph's mother crept timidly to his side.

"My son, what will you do with her?" she said, looking at Imogene.

"The law shall take its course!" he answered sternly.

"But remember, O Ralph! remember she is a woman!"

"And Marina whom she murdered was a woman, also! Mother, do not talk to me! My heart is changed to stone!"

He took Imogene by the arm as he spoke, and led her up stairs to a room on the third story, which had once been used as a chemical laboratory, but which had long since been given up to the rats and spiders. Into this he thrust her, and drew the bolt on the outside.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS DECIDED to await the arrival of Governor Fulton before taking any further steps in the sad affair at the Rock, and they did not have long to wait. The Governor arrived before noon, full of terrible anxiety, for he felt sure that something must have happened to Helen, or she would not have sent for him in such hot haste. He was reassured almost immediately by the sight of her face. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him cordially.

"You are a nice papa to come!" she said, "and I've lots and lots to tell you. The real criminal is discovered, and it turns out that no less a person than Mrs. Imogene Trenholme did the horrible deed! Papa, it makes me shudder to think of it. A woman's hand stained with blood!"

"Helen, I do not credit you. Go out and bring me somebody that knows."

She slipped away and returned with the magistrate and Mr. St. Cyril. They gave the Governor a full statement of affairs, and last of all displayed to him the confession of John Rudolph.

"Now, papa, for the pardon!" cried Helen. "We can't wait for any long legal process to set Lynde Graham free—we want it done at once!"

Governor Fulton complied. He wrote first an order to the jailer, commanding him to let Lynde Graham go free; and then he made out the pardon in due form.

Helen kissed him rapturously; and with the papers in her hand, bounded away. She found Agnes weeping softly, alone in her chamber.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed, gleefully, "and you shall carry it to him yourself, you dear old darling!" And she held up the paper.

Agnes threw her arms around the girl's neck, but Helen shook her off with a pretty petulance.

"There, don't! You'll muss my collar, and get my curls all in a snarl! Take the papers and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

Agnes reached the jail, and gave to the old warden the order for the prisoner's release. He read it over carefully, his hard old face softening with a smile of genuine delight.

"Thank the Lord!" he ejaculated. "I've allers thought it would come! I've never had an idea that that man was made to be hung!"

Agnes entered the cell softly, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Lynde was lying across the foot of his cot asleep. How very worn and haggard he looked! The tears came into the eyes of Agnes as she gazed at him, and dropped upon his face. He stirred uneasily, and muttered:

"Ah, so it is time? Well, I am ready." Agnes touched his cheek lightly. He sprang up, and on seeing her, smiled brightly.

"I thought my time had come," he said. "I dreamed they came to call me. But what is it, Agnes? Your face is a perfect glory!"

"O, Lynde, Lynde!" she cried, her voice broken with sobs. "You have borne bravely the prospect of death; can you bear the thought of life as well?"

He looked at her wonderingly, but as such of hope mounted to his pale

forehead. The sadness did not go out of his eyes.

"I have ceased to think of that as among the possibilities."

"But I tell you it is possible!" she answered, radiant with the words—"O, Lynde, they have discovered the real murderer!"

"It cannot be! Agnes, tell me!"

"Lynde, there was an eye-witness of that murder! He died last night at the Rock, and with his last breath he made a confession which clears you from all stain, and fixes the guilt upon the wife of my brother!"

"God's ways are not our ways!" he said reverently. "I would have spared her. When she did this deed I loved her. Her beauty had intoxicated me. I would have died for her, and counted it bliss. And then she asked me to keep her secret. Worlds would not have tempted me to betray her. But Agnes, the moment I knew what she had done, all the absorbing passion I felt for her melted away—I shuddered at the thought of her! But she was a noble born, beautiful woman, and I had loved her. And because of this, I could not speak the words that would free me and bind her. When I knew that your brother married her, then for the first time I was convinced that I had done wrong; but it was then too late to remedy my error, and I would go silently to the grave, carrying her dreadful secret with me!"

"Will you not read the pardon? It is written in the governor's own hand. Helen would not let them wait to go through with a formal process of releasing you, but she must have the pardon at once."

She held it up before him. He took it, but the letters swam before his eyes. He could not read a single line. He dropped his forehead on the shoulder of Agnes in sheer weakness.

"O, Agnes! Agnes!" he said, in a choked voice, "God is too good!"

She stroked his hair tenderly.

"We want you up at the Rock, Lynde. My mother and brother both sent for you. Will you not come?"

His joyous face grew sad.

"Not today, Agnes. I will wait a little. I cannot forget that your brother is smitten by the blow which opens my prison doors. I will go to my desolate home first. By-and-by I will come to the Rock. You understand me, Agnes?"

"I think I do. O, my poor Ralph! My heart aches for him!"

They passed out of the prison together. The warden shook Lynde's hand heartily.

"God bless you, lad!" he cried, with a suspicious moisture in his gray eye. "I never thought you did it, and I'm glad it's all found out. There be bright days in store for you yet!"

Lynde wrung the honest hand, but he was too full for speech. He walked on with Agnes until they reached the great pine by the shore. There their paths diverged. He took her hands in his and looked into her eyes. No word was spoken. He stood thus a moment, then he stooped and touched the shining hair above her forehead with his lips. And then turning his back upon her, he walked in the direction of the deserted cottage he had once called home.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the proper authorities were informed of the guilt of Imogene Trenholme, they sent up a sheriff and a couple of constables to take her in charge. Ralph had expected them. His face had undergone a terrible change within the past twenty-four hours. He had aged a score of years, and there were white hairs mingling with the brown on his temples. He received them with sad, stern gravity, and led the way up to the apartment where he had left Imogene. He opened the door and they entered.

Crouched in the further corner of the room was the object of their search, but she looked more like a wild beast than a beautiful woman. One glance was sufficient to show them that reason had fled from her brain. Her face was livid, save a purple line beneath each eye, her long, glossy hair had been torn from her head in handfuls, and lay scattered on the floor. Her dress was fearfully disordered, and her delicate hands were bloody where she had beat against the door in trying to escape.

The sheriff advanced toward her, and spoke gently, but the sound of his voice filled her with new madness. With a wild, fearful cry, she sprang upon him, hurling him to the floor, while her slender fingers tightened so closely round his throat, that in a moment he would have been strangled, had not Ralph and one of the constables interfered. She snapped at them fiercely with her glittering white teeth, and brandished her arms high above her head.

"Off! off! every fiend of you!" she cried. "I am empress of the world! I reign queen and king! The nations are glad to bow down in the dust and worship me! What ho, there! Guards, bring hither my crown and sceptre and hurry these base varlets to the chopping block!"

The scene was terrible. Those men, hardened as they were by the sight of suffering, turned away from this with averted faces. The law did not med-

dle with insanity. They had no power to arrest a raving maniac. So they left her and went their way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RETURNED JUST IN TIME.

Man Supposed to Have Been Murdered Stops a Hanging.

From the Washington Star: Ex-Sheriff Blakeslee of Comanche county, Nebraska, told a story of his experience in office to a Star writer the other day. "I never hanged a man," he said. "The vigilance committee usually settled hanging offenses outside of the courts. Then we were not fixed for taking care of many prisoners. When I was sheriff there were only three rooms to the jail, and all of them small. One I slept in, another I used for an office and the other I kept my prisoners in when I had any."

"One time I received a man charged with murdering his partner. There was a little doubt about his guilt, so the vigilance committee turned him over to me. The prisoner and the murdered man had left together, and somebody found the partner's body in the bushes. A few miles farther on they caught the prisoner, who had a gun and other property known to have belonged to the murdered man. It was a bad case, the body being mutilated as to be almost unrecognizable, but the prisoner said he was innocent, and I never had a more sociable fellow or better card player in the jail. He was the only one there, and after I really got acquainted with him we would play old sledge until late at night and then bunk together."

"He was tried and convicted, but it made no difference with him. It was my first hanging, and we got the gallows built, the prisoner watching the work and making comments on it. The rope came and he saw it. 'Bill,' said he, 'yo' ain't no good as a sheriff. Don't yo' know that 'ere rope ought ter be soaked? I don't want this affair of ours to go off any other way than smooth. Yo' go soak that rope.' So I soaked the rope, the prisoner helping me, and the night before the hanging we sat down to play old sledge. He said: 'Bill, I ain't goin' to interfere none, an' I don't blame yo', an' no man kin say that I tried ter run or didn't die game, but I want yo' to promise me, if yo' ever meet that partner of mine, yo' will surely shoot 'im fer gettin' me hung. He's alive all right, and it's his shore mean fer 'im to vamoose an' git me in trouble.'"

"I promised him, and we went on with the game. About 10 o'clock a man came to the window and shouted for me, then he tried the door of the office, and it wasn't locked. He walked right in and said: 'Hello, Jim! Hello, Bill!' It was the man we thought was murdered. Jim stood up and said: 'You're a purty pardner to leave me byar to be hanged. They don't allow no shootin' irons byar, so we kin't settle but one way, Shuck! Then there was the prettiest fight I ever saw, Jim pounding his partner until he called for quits. We all went to see the judge that night and called off the hanging, knowing the man who we thought had been murdered. Then the two men went away and we never saw them again, neither did we ever find out who the corpse was that we picked up in the bushes.'"

BICYCLE BUILT FOR THREE.

It Traverses the Water and Is Pronounced an Ingenious Conveyance.

While in Paris inventors concentrate their energy on rapid locomotion on terra firma in the shape of horseless carriages, their colleagues in Germany devote their best efforts to reaching the acme of speed in navigation. On the lakes and rivers of the Spreewald may now be seen what the Germans call a tretmotor boat, of which "treadmill boat" and "bicycle boat" are equally imperfect translations. In this case neither steam, electricity, petroleum nor naphtha is the factor of speed, but muscle aided by ingeniously contrived machinery. The tretmotor can be set in motion by one, two or three riders. The more riders, of course, the greater the speed. The wheel back of the last rider conveys the power to the screw. At the rate of sixty treads per minute the screw makes 500 revolutions in the same time. The last rider can also steer the boat. One advantage of this craft is that it can also be propelled with oars and sails. As the simple machine can be adjusted in any other wide boat, it is not necessary to build a specially shaped vessel for it. In order to maintain the equilibrium, which seems difficult, as the riders are seated very high, a counterweight of 200 pounds is adjusted to the stern.

A Memorial to Girard.

When the yellow fever epidemic swept over Philadelphia in 1793, carrying off 4,031 people out of a population of 25,000, Stephen Girard offered his services to the public and was appointed overseer at the Bush Hill hospital. He devoted his time to visiting the sick at the peril of his life. His heroism has just been commemorated by the unveiling of a marble tablet to his memory in the chapel of Girard college. It is proposed also to erect a statue of him in the plaza in front of the Philadelphia city hall on the one hundred and forty-sixth anniversary of his birth in 1797. The alumni of Girard college will attempt to raise \$10,000 for this object.

He Took One.

Timothy McShane had been arrested on the charge of stealing a costly gilt chair from the residence of Mrs. Hightone. On being arraigned before the judge, his honor asked Tim what he had to say for himself, to which Tim replied: "Shure, yer honor, O' will I explain th' bull t'ing to yes. I want to say Mrs. Hightone on business fer me boss; O' rang th' bell an' a sarvat kin to th' dure, and while O' axed to say Mrs. Hightone, the sarvat told me to go into the parlor an' take a chair. "Well!" said the judge. "Well, O' tuk this was."

MEXICAN CEMETERY.

Where Graves Are Rented at the Rate of \$1 Per Month.

A correspondent describes the queer cemetery of the Mexican city of Guanajuato. There is hardly room in Guanajuato for the living, so it behooves her people to exercise rigid economy in the disposition of her dead. The burial place is on the top of a steep hill which overlooks the city, and consists of an area inclosed by what appears from the outside to be a high wall, but which discovers itself from within to be a receptacle for bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the confines of their native valleys compel them to live. Each apartment in the wall is large enough to admit one coffin, and is rented for \$1 per month. The poor people are buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually rented, in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go around, whenever a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance. The body is then removed from its place in the mausoleum, or exhumed, as the case may be, and the bones are thrown into the basement below.—Boston Traveller.

THE MODERN HEROINE.

A Literal Portraiture From the Description of a Popular Novel.

As many readers of fiction have had cause to complain, authors and artists often work at cross purposes, and the novelist's eloquent conception of the heroine's personal attributes is but faintly shadowed forth in the artist's lines. To show how a heroine of romantic fiction actually looks, our esteemed contemporary, the Pathfinder, handed to a realistic artist a chapter from a popular novel with instructions to make a literal portrait of the heroine.

Here are the eloquent words of the author from which the faithful portrait was drawn:

"Belinda was the fairest of earth's daughters. Her shapely head was moulded in the form of a perfect oval, poised gracefully on a swan-like neck. Her delicate shell-like ears looked fragile as the thinnest porcelain. Over her alabaster forehead rested an aureole of golden locks that fell like a shower all down her temples. Her brows were perfect arches and underneath them, like windows to her soul, shone eyes the brightest blue e'er looked upon, a pair of stars gleaming forth resplendent. Her nose was her only commonplace feature—slightly retroussé, but redeemed a hundred times by the roses of her cheeks. Her chin was a dimpled peach; her lips, like twin cherries, opened to reveal a row of teeth that had the semblance of a



string of milk-white pearls. What wonder, then, that with these varied charms of face, she should have had the easy, confident gait of one that knew the irresistible power of her own beauty?"

If artists generally were more literal, perhaps authors would be less free in their use of fanciful metaphors.

Electricity and Hypnotism.

That the mind can so influence the body as to produce organic changes is well illustrated by a case detailed by Tuke, where a woman saw a heavy weight falling and crushing a child's hand. She fainted, and when restored to consciousness was found to have an injury on her own hand similarly located to that sustained by the child. Not only was there a wound, but it went through the various stages of suppuration and healed by granulation. Other well attested proofs of this power of the mind over the body are afforded in the fact that a blister can be raised by mental suggestion, and that stigmata undoubtedly occasionally appears on the hands and feet, and in the side of certain religious ecstatics who vividly see the crucifixion. Dr. J. W. Robertson says that more patients are cured by the firm and tactful influence and suggestiveness of the physician than by the drugs which they prescribe, in the majority of cases, to stimulate the imagination of the patient. He has found that electricity, more than anything else, appeals to the imagination of the patient, and very often the effects obtained by an electric application are purely psychological. It has frequently happened to him that, through a failure to properly connect his circuits, or some other slight mischance, the supply of current was cut off; and yet his patient would exhibit all the symptoms heretofore experienced when really receiving large quantities. Dr. Robertson has frequently, at a word of suggestion, caused the suggestion of burning at the electrode to be felt, the limb to contract or relax, and many other phenomena to assert themselves which were usually associated with the application of electric current. Another surgical procedure which has suggestion of the so-called painless extraction of teeth by using an electric shock at the moment of pulling, and thus diverting the patient's attention.

A Novel Plot Anticipated.

Turning back to old London books and plays to verify the titles of "True Blue" and "The Post Captain," I have unearthed the fact that the plot of "East Lynne" has existed on the English stage for nearly sixty years. The strong incident of the "Post Captain" is that of a wife leaving her husband, who fights a duel with the man who ruined her, and, from the effects of the duel, loses his sight. In the third act the wife returns to her home, and is engaged as governess to look after her own children and husband, and dies penitent and forgiven. Here we have "East Lynne" as well as "Miss Multon," and the 147 dates back to 1820.—London Telegraph.

The Origin of "Peach."

Few people are aware that the term "peach," as applied to girls of more than ordinary attractiveness, and considered atrocious slang by the ultra cultured class, can trace its ancestry back to a poem of perhaps America's most famous poet. He was writing about Philadelphia, and the line in question would seem to indicate that in his judgment Philadelphia's girls were all "peaches." At any rate, such a meaning can be extracted without the slightest assistance of the imagination. Henry W. Longfellow is the poet in question, and the line occurs in his celebrated poem "Evangeline." In the opening lines of the fifth stanza of Part Second the poet says:

In that dell-like land which is washed by the Leisware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn. the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream
The city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty.

—Philadelphia Record.

English is Fond of Spoke.

The meaning doesn't matter, so the words are long, as this absolutely true story will testify:

On the M—'s plantation in Mississippi lives an old "before the war" darky, too old to do any work harder than throwing feed to the poultry. She has known no other home and is a character. Visitors to the plantation always go to her cabin, and to their question, "How are you this morning, Aunt Chris?" never failing to receive the following reply, "Well, honey, I'm kinder uncomplacated. De superfluity ob de mornin' done taken do vivacity outen de air and left me de consequence ob comprehension."—From the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Magazine for April.

The Whole Teaching of Life.

The whole teaching of his life, indeed, is to leave us free and to make us reasonable, and the supreme lesson of his life is voluntary brotherhood, fraternity. If you will do something for another, if you will help him or serve him, you will at once begin to love him. I know there are some casuists who distinguish here, and say that you may love such an one, and that, in fact you must love every one, and if you are good you will love every one; but that you are not expected to like every one. This, however, seems to be a distinction without a difference. If you do not like a person you do not love him, and if you do not love him you loathe him. The curious thing in doing kindness is that it makes you love people even in this sublimated sense of liking. When you love another you have made him your brother; and by the same means you can be a brother to all men.—W. D. Howells, in the April Century.

Soap Plants.

There are several trees and plants in the world whose berries, juice or bark are as good to wash with as real soap. In the West India islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather and is used to wash clothes. The bark of the tree which grows in Peru and of another which grows in Malay islands yields a fine soap. The common soap-wort, which is indigenous to England, and is found nearly everywhere in Europe, is so full of saponine that simply rubbing the leaves together in water produces a soapy lather.

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