

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED]

"It is time. Go up and call Miss Trenholme. Where is Imogene?"

Even as she spoke Imogene Ireton stole among them, her eyes flashing, her cheeks scarlet with some unwonted excitement; yet Mrs. Trenholme noticed that when she touched her hand it was cold as ice.

"My dear Imogene, you must go up and summon Marina."

Imogene put her hand to her forehead in a half-dazed way, then, instantly recovering, bowed slightly and passed up the stairs, followed by the three other bridesmaids, of whom Agnes was one.

They stopped before the door of Marina's chamber. Agnes knocked. There was no reply. She repeated the summons again and again, with a like result. Then she turned the knob, and the door swung open partially. Something lay behind it. Agnes stooped to remove it, and started back pale as death, her hand dripping with blood. For the obstacle was the bleeding body of Quito, the great black dog that for years had been Marina's faithful guardian in all her walks.

The four girls stepped into the room, and it was no wonder that they were pallid as ashes, no wonder their limbs shook under them, and their frantic shrieks rent the air.

There, in her arm-chair, midway in the apartment, clad in her bridal robes, sat Marina, the white, glistening silk spotted with crimson, the long, sweeping veil stained blood-red, and over and about all, the sweet fragrance of orange blossoms. Marina's head was a little drooped, the blue eyes closed, the face white as marble, the hands lightly clasped above her heart, from which the blood still came slowly. She was dead! foully murdered!

The cries of the bridesmaids brought every guest to the fatal chamber—Ralph first of all. He gave one look, then flew to the side of the dead bride, lifted her in his arms, pressed his lips to hers, and called on her wildly to awake and speak to him once more. But in vain. No human voice could ever reach her more.

He laid her down on the couch at last, and raised her face slowly toward the awe-stricken spectators. Then, lifting up his right hand to heaven, he said solemnly:

"Hear me swear it, here before God, and in the presence of my murdered bride, that I will spare no pains to bring the guilty to account, and once discovered, I will hunt him to the death! Though the law may make him free, I never will; but to the latest hour of his existence he shall feel the weight of my vengeance!"

Investigations were at once commenced. A strict guard was placed over the premises, and none of the guests were permitted to leave the house. A shrewd detective was brought up from the city, and the case left in his hands. And in the five hours he had satisfied himself with the facts he had discovered.

There was the mark of two bloody fingers upon the window sill—two very slender fingers, and just beneath the window on the carpet were several little globules of blood. A grapevine climbed nearly to the window on a strong trellis outside, and the bark was stripped from this vine in several places, indicating that the assassin had escaped by that means. In the soft earth, just under the trellis, were the marks of a man—very small tracks indeed for those of a man, yet such tracks evidently were. And still further, among the leaves of the vine, was found a blood-stained kid glove, and on the inside of the wrist was written the name of Lynde Graham!

Mr. Strickland, the detective, announced his discovery quietly in the library, in the presence of the whole wedding party.

Lynde Graham felt the charge—he knew then that he should be accused of the crime of murder. For a moment the scarlet flush of wounded pride dyed his face, and then he was himself again, calm and erect as usual.

Imogene Ireton had bent forward, and listened with quick breath and flushed cheeks to the report of the detective, and when it was given she drew back and the color faded out of her face, leaving it like wax.

Further facts were developed before midnight. The boots of Lynde Graham showed tracks in the garden, and just about the garden gate was found a Ferguson's knife blood-stained and bearing on the handle the initials "L. G." Evidently the murderer had stood behind the girl and stabbed her as she sat in her chair, and then being attacked by the dog had plunged the knife into him.

Perhaps the brute might be able to do something toward bringing the guilty to justice. He was not dead, though severely hurt, and every care was taken to save his life. He was an animal of

wonderful sagacity, and Ralph felt certain that if he could be brought back to health he could make him instrumental in discovering the real murderer.

The chain of circumstances was so strong that it fully warranted Mr. Strickland in arresting Dr. Graham upon the charge of the assassination of Marina Trenholme. At his examination before a justice, Graham refused to offer any plea whatever; he simply said he was innocent of the crime. Two of the old servants testified to having met the prisoner about half-past 9 on the morning of the murder in the garden, on the eastern side of the house. He was pale and singularly agitated, and when one of them asked him if anything had gone wrong, he had pushed by him and hurried on.

Graham was committed to the county jail to await the convening of the Assizes on the first of November, when his final trial would take place.

Marina was laid in the shady graveyard where the Trenholmes had for generations been buried, and after the funeral was over, the guests departed and left Ralph and Agnes and their mother alone at the Rock.

His poor old father and mother were nearly frantic with the dreadful turn affairs had taken, and before her boy had lain a week in prison, the feeble mother was dressed for the grave. His father, the honest old fisherman, went about slowly, his tall form bowed, his eyes vacant, his voice broken, and his intellect verging fast upon imbecility.

A large part of Ralph's time was spent away, collecting any evidence which might tell at the approaching trial—indeed his every energy seemed to be devoted to the work of bringing condemnation on Lynde Graham, the man he had once loved as a brother. He believed him guilty, and, believing this, he said, sternly, to himself, he would not hesitate to bring his own father to the gallows! No, when he thought of Marina, so beautiful, so foully murdered, he forgot there was such a word as mercy—he only remembered vengeance.

Since the terrible tragedy Agnes Trenholme had not been herself. She was restless, nervous—given to long fits of passionate weeping, at which times nothing could comfort her. Mrs. Trenholme attributed it to grief for the fearful death of her adopted sister, and though she herself mourned the gentle girl, and was horrified beyond measure at her tragic death, yet as the time passed, and Agnes only grew more and more depressed, she could not resist a little feeling of impatience at her conduct. A few days before the first of November, on which day Lynde Graham would be brought to trial, Agnes sought Ralph in the library.

He started at the sight of Agnes in her white robes, and her face as white as her dress, with the dark circles around the great dilated, gray eyes. He had never noticed before how terribly she had changed.

"My dear Agnes, tell me what troubles you."

She came slowly forward, and sinking at his feet, buried her face in his bosom and burst into sobs.

He lifted up her face and looked into her troubled eyes.

"My dear sister, tell me what it means! I do not understand you. I did not know your love for—for her was so intense."

"O, yes; I loved Marina. I did love her! Ralph, God knows she was dear to me as an own sister could have been. But it is not her death that is wearing me to the grave. No, no—not that!"

"Not that? Then tell me, and let me comfort you."

"I must tell some one! I shall go mad if I do not! Some women would suffer it in silence—would die before they would breathe the secret. But I am made of weaker stuff. I cannot bear it alone. I must have help!"

"And I will give it to you, if it lies in my power, my poor Agnes," he said, stroking her hair.

"Oh, thank you! bless you! if you only mean it. Will you promise to help me in my own way?"

"Tell me the circumstances. It would be wrong to promise without knowing to what I pledged myself."

"I want you to promise to spare the life of Lynde Graham!"

His face grew black, he opened his mouth to speak, but she covered it with her two hands.

"Only her me out, Ralph. You shall not deny me yet. I will hope a little longer. It is shame for me to confess it, but his death upon the gallows will kill me! I could not live and know that while I breathed he was yielding up his precious life at the end of the terrible rope! the spectacle of a jeering crowd. He, the noblest, the purest, the best man that ever lived! You can save him! You can refuse to appear against him—I know there are ways by which men prevent the conviction of even the basest criminals! And he is not guilty! He never had such a thought. He is innocent as the angels! Ralph, promise me that you will save him!"

He rose to his feet, lifting her up also, and looking down into her face coldly and sternly.

despise me utterly! I love him!" she moaned, sinking to the floor and clasping his knees.

"Love him!" he exclaimed, hoarsely; "you love a murderer! a cowardly assassin! Agnes Trenholme, why did not God let you die before you sank so low? The son of a common fisherman—and—"

"Hush!" she said, sternly. "Do not speak of rank! You dared to love a woman without a name, and I honored you for ignoring birth and position. I love Lynde Graham because he is worthier of a woman's love than any man I ever saw! I have loved him for years. I cannot remember when every sweet thought of my heart was not interwoven with him. Love is not the child of wealth alone. It goes whither it is sent. And to me Lynde Graham is as royal as a prince of the realm!"

"And did he dare?—has he dared to ask your love?"

Her face grew scarlet, but she held up her head proudly.

"He has dared nothing. He is blameless. He does not love me—does not even dream I care for him. He never even touched my hand unless his duty called him to render me assistance. I think his heart is Imogene Ireton's. But I have lived only in his presence—"

"I only asked to be allowed to worship him afar off. O Ralph, save him! and in saving him, give peace to your wretched sister!"

"Agnes," he said, slowly and sternly, "by the side of the dead body of my murdered Marina I swore vengeance! That will I have! Neither men nor devils shall prevent me! I believe Lynde Graham is guilty. And he shall be proved so, and at the last shall swing higher than Haman! There—leave me!"

He put her forcibly into the corridor and bolted the door upon her.

CHAPTER V.

LYNDE GRAHAM was brought before a jury of his countrymen to be tried for his life. The great courtroom was crowded. People had come from near and far to look upon the countenance of the man who had dared

offend the majesty of the law by taking the life of a fellow creature.

The details of the trial we do not propose to enter upon; they would be too tedious. The counsel on both sides was the best the state afforded, and the pleas were able and eloquent. But the defense amounted to very little. The simple plea of a lawyer, be he ever so eloquent, will not change the minds of men upon whom such a chain of startling facts had been impressed. The evidence was sufficient to commit any man, and those whom the sight of Graham's handsome face had prejudiced in his favor felt their prepossession yielding gradually, and settling down at last upon the inevitable conclusion that he was guilty. The only defense his counsel urged was the unblemished character of the prisoner and the lack of a motive to the crime. He had nothing to gain by the death of Marina Trenholme. He was not the lady's lover that he should seek revenge, and he could have no personally private animosity to indulge, for the two families had always been the best of friends. Where, then, was the motive?

The trial was virtually closed and the jury went out to agree upon a verdict. One could see by their hard-set faces that they were agreed already, but they felt some form necessary. They were absent only a few moments, and when the usual question was put, "Mr. Foreman of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" there was not a moment's hesitation. The man announced instantly, "Guilty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE IN LONDON.

An Observing American Paints a Pen Picture of a Great City.

A New York business man, who is in England, has written a letter from London to one of his friends, which is quoted by the Philadelphia Record.

"I was in parliament when the liberal ministers threw up the sponge. There are many curious-looking Englishmen in the house of commons, and I never saw a more motley crowd. There were solemn-looking personages, wearing wigs; there were strange beings with bald heads and whiskers; there were red-haired and yellow-haired men; there were 100 faces which Sig. Lombroso ought to put in a book. Three-fourths of the members wore their hats in the house, mostly stove-pipes and derbies. Nearly all of them were clumsily clad. Some wore ill-fitting dress suits, others cutaways; many had sack coats of all colors, and but few had stylish clothes. Lots of them had trousers that were too short or were too long or very slouchy, while some wore clothes that looked so grotesque as to suggest Baxter street in New York or Petticoat lane in London. So much for my first impression of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world. I used to think that the house of representatives at Washington was badly dressed, but I had not seen the British House of Commons. As for brains of parliament, it seems to me that every man whom I have heard speak during my four visits to it had a hatful of them, closely packed, whether he was a Tory, a Unionist or a Gladstonian. The speeches in the House of Commons are not in the nature of rant, but are rather plain and direct statements."

A man never thinks but once that a woman's temper isn't loaded.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



DISCUSSING recently the relative profit of grain and grass in England, the Live Stock Journal states as a fact that the land in question—a part of Lord Leicester's estate—is valued at an annual rental of "no more than 7 shillings an acre tithed free, at the present time." This would be only \$1.75 an acre, with local taxes paid by the landlord. If this is anything near a fair sample of English rents for averaging farming, it would seem to leave a fair margin for the renter. It would be considered a very low rent for good land in this part of Ontario; and our best land, well cultivated, on shares, will pay the owner several times that much.

One trouble with English farming is that the methods are antiquated and it expenses too great. The results are good, so far as yield is concerned—much better than the average in Ontario—but the labor bill is proportionally higher. While labor is cheaper there, the labor cost of a bushel of wheat, or a ton of hay, or a pound of butter is more in England than in this country. We don't produce so much per acre; but we produce more—probably two or three times as much per hand. Here is where the English farmer is handicapped much more than in the rent he pays. It is a matter of regret that it is so. English farming should be a very attractive business, with a reasonable margin of profit. It gives employment and support to a much larger population proportionately than ours; and a better support to or at least a more dignified and more leisurely life for the farmer himself than in any other country. It will be a matter of profound regret if he is forced by competition to adopt the high pressure system of work, and the low scale of living which is too common here. But apparently he must do that or abandon the business, at the present price of agricultural produce, to pay the present labor bill, support the manager, or farmer, in his present style of living, and leave any thing at all for rent.—Farm and Home.

Setting Apoptrees.

(From the Farmers' Review.)
In reading your issue of December 11 I struck a very interesting article on "Planting Orchards" signed "William Gray." While his article contains many excellent points which I most freely endorse, it contains one that I would most seriously condemn, viz., "The tree top should incline to the west several inches." He further states that the prevailing winds are from the west and that nearly all the orchard trees are found leaning east. This may be the case with him, but in all this great northwest the prevailing winds are from the northwest and our trees lean, not to the east, but to the northeast. I have examined thousands of orchards in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa and have almost invariably found the older trees leaning and growing to the northeast. He says they lean east by west winds. I claim to have any amount of evidence in our township that they lean northeast and not from the force of wind from the southwest, but from the direct rays of the sun. This I reported in our book report of 1878. When everybody claimed this leaning was caused by the southwest winds I took a bold stand then and was considered much beside myself by my best friends, who tried then to keep me from arguing the question there, as it would be sure to expose my ignorance. It is impossible with the limited space I am given to branch off and reason all these points in one short article, but if objected to by any I will try to make my position as clear as sunshine. We have eight orchards in our grove here on the east side, open on the east, closely shut in on the south and west by tall timber. All these trees lean seriously to the northeast except the row that stands near the grove on the south side of the field. The trees in the west side row, too, are found nearly upright, caused by the shade they receive from the sun by the grove. If anyone doubts my position let him go about and examine and he will be most thoroughly convinced by his own convictions. I do not say the southwest winds never set the trees over to the northeast. The wind does this sometimes, but not any oftener than they are set over to the southeast by the northwest wind. These are exceptions to the general rule.

I have found trees leaning in every conceivable direction. But as a rule they lean and grow to the northeast. The time was when this talk was called Gaylor's theory and weighed little. At this time (in 1879) I wrote to a noted professor in Michigan to learn what caused our trees to lean or grow over to the northeast. His reply was then it was caused by the heavy southwest winds. This was about seventeen years ago, but I venture to say now that not a professor in the northwest could be found to utter such a conclusion. If there are any we hope they will come to the rescue, as this old-fogy notion is now most thoroughly exploded.

The best I can do in this short article is to state a few facts very briefly and defer the rest till some future reply. A tree standing erect and in the open sun without anything to prevent the direct rays from striking its trunk will be injured and barked at just half past one.

No time-piece could show more truly. But if a tree leans from the sun, from any time from sunrise till sunset, the dead line will appear on top or facing the sun. There are unnumbered amounts of evidence, even in our own township, to prove this beyond all possible doubt. These being facts, then how shall we set our trees so as to best make them self-protecting? We all set our trees here (now) leaning to the sun at about 1 o'clock—not later. Up till quite recently we have been setting and advising setting at half-past 1. This is a little too much, we think, as we now find here and there trees that have been set over as far as 2 and 3, and in almost every case trees thus grown will show injury, even as far east as sunrise or from 8 in the morning. There were a few trees in a small plat I found years ago leaning, one northwest barked on southeast, one leaning north barked on south, one leaning southeast barked on southwest; one stood close to the north side of the fence, stood upright and sound. This gave me evidence in a nutshell; and since I have examined thousands of trees and universally find the same conditions, producing the same effect. Set leaning to 1—no later—and don't you forget it. —Edson Gaylor.

Rennet.

The most important factors in cheese manufacture are the preparation and use of rennet; next that rennet be of the proper sort. Ten or twelve years ago rennets brought as high as 50 cents apiece. Today the majority of them sell for only ten cents apiece. What has caused such a decline in prices? Because home made rennets, generally far superior to those of which I am about to treat, figuratively speaking, are going out of date.

American farmers are acquiring the habit of using a great many imported rennets. They are especially used in large factories. They are generally marked "Bavarian," whether they came from Bavaria or not, for not all of them came from that country any more than they do from the requisite kind of animals. Swine, sheep and goats furnish not a small number of the cheap rennets on the market. These being often poorly packed and then neglected so that they become both wormy and mouldy, cannot help affecting the quality of the cheese.

An experienced cheese-maker, of course, may have had luck occasionally, just the same as the farmer's wife with her butter. Pure milk and good rennet, however, are the principal things to commence with. The chief difficulty lies in what is termed alkaline bacteria, which possesses the power to melt the caseine, and thus deprives a considerable amount of the solids from entering into the composition of the cheese.—Albany Journal.

"Small Farmers."—I find this is a phrase which is disliked by many, but it is better to be a good and successful small farmer than an unthrifty and unsuccessful large farmer. We often see business men begin in a limited way and do well until they get aspiring. No sooner have they made a little money than they spread out, buy a larger stock of goods, partly or chiefly on credit, and indulge in "great expectations" which fall of realization. Many a man can manage a smaller business who gets out of his depth when he tries to conduct a larger one. Or, in the fluctuations of trade, the times are not so good, he cannot sell the larger stock he has got together; before times improved many articles become unfashionable and go down in value, and the issue is bankruptcy. In like manner, many farmers who succeed in a small way, go into this, that, and the other thing until they get a bigger burden on their shoulders than they can carry.

A Gas Tree.—A gas tree was discovered in the southern part of Washington county, Pa., in a very curious way. Hunley Gooch and his son were chopping down an old hollow tree, when they thought as they struck into the hollow that they smelled the odor of gas. The son struck a match and applied it to the hollow, which the ax had opened. Instantly there was an explosion and the young man had difficulty in escaping without serious injury. The tree continued to burn until its bark was burned off. The ax, which was left in the tree, had its handle burned. It is likely that digging near where the tree stood will show a large and valuable supply of gas. It is likely that the gas in the tree had been slowly accumulated through apertures in the soil not big enough to release a large quantity at a time.—Ex.

Roots of Clover.—A German authority says that the root and stubble of a good crop of red clover weigh over three tons per acre when air dry and contain 180 pounds of nitrogen, 7 pounds of phosphoric acid and 77 pounds of potash, all of which is placed, when turned under, in the most available form for growing crops. We call attention particularly to the large demand which clover makes on the soil for potash and phosphoric acid. If the resulting crops are removed from the soil one can easily see how clover can be used for soil robbing as well as restoring fertility. It is this fact that has given rise to the English proverb, "Clover without manure makes the father rich and the children poor."

Forest and Prairie Fires.—A great menace to farming in the west are the forest and prairie fires. Farmers have got to learn that every big fire does immense damage to their growing crops; it heats the air, and dries up the surface so that water will roll off it and not be absorbed by it. Burning the straw and cornstalks on the field is one of the worst practices that farmers can adopt, and they reap the evil results of it every time. Vegetable matter burnt is lost, but when turned under the soil it is not only saved, but it makes the soil more porous so that water can sink down into it. Ex-

DAY OF PUBLIC OBJURGATION.

Some Observations Suggested by Thanksgiving Festivals.

From the New York Tribune: According to an experienced observer of life in this and other cities it is high time that the state and national government took up for consideration the question of appointing an annual day after the fashion of Thanksgiving, but devoted to exactly opposite purposes. He proposes that this day shall be called the day of public objurgation and blame.

"I have no objection to Thanksgiving," remarked this philosopher the other day. "I appreciate it, and, if I do say it, I think I observe it probably more nearly in accordance with its original purpose than most of my fellow citizens. I have a lot to be thankful for, and give thanks for it on Thanksgiving day. That is perfectly right and proper. But what I say is this, that I have also a lot of things to objurgate and blame, and so, doubtless, has everybody else. Now, why not appoint a day upon which the citizens shall suspend their usual vocations and all repair to convenient halls and assembly rooms and there hold public indignation meetings to denounce the most important and crying evils of the year? I have no doubt that the day could be developed into one of great interest, at least, and probably one of great power for good, though I doubt if it would ever attain the beauty and loveliness of Thanksgiving day or gain such a tenacious hold upon the affections of a whole people. At any rate, wouldn't it tend to sweeten the general atmosphere of society by affording a well recognized vent for the fumings and frettings, the pent-up wrath of a nation. Why, I tell you that it would relieve the tension so that life would be lifted to a sensibly higher plane during the rest of the year. Yes, sir; I am working as a missionary for the adoption of the day of public objurgation and blame, and shall expect better times when it comes."

BEAT THE COMPANY.

Clever Use of a Philadelphia Woman to Escape the Payment of Fare.

From the Philadelphia Record: One of the street car companies in Philadelphia recently increased its fares. The move is anything but popular, and there are many attempts to beat the company. A woman with much silver in her hair and a determined expression of face boarded a Spring Garden street car at Twentieth street. The conductor came in and reached out his hand for her fare. She gave him a nickel and asked for a pass up Sixteenth street. The conductor, with a weary inflection of voice, because he had to make the demand so often before in the past two days, said, shortly: "Three cents more if you want a transfer."

"Yes, up Sixteenth street," said the old lady, nodding her head at him.

"I want 8 cents," bawled the conductor.

"Hey?" said the passenger.

"Eight cents!" yelled the poor man at the top of his voice.

"I can't understand," said the old lady; "I'm very deaf."

The conductor tried it again until he was blue in the face, but the old lady shook her head. Then he handed her nickel back, and, taking a piece of paper, wrote on it:

"Eight cents for a transfer." The old lady took the paper and squinted at it a moment.

"I can't read," she said; "I ain't got me glasses with me. Here, stop the car. I get off here."

The conductor pulled the bell, and the old lady, with her nickel in her hand, stepped off the platform. As the car started on again she yelled to the conductor: "I ain't deaf, at all. You didn't git me to pay ye 3 cents extra, did ye?"

THEATRICAL NEWS.

Julia Arthur recently signed for another season with Henry Irving.

F. Elliott Paget has joined Robert Hillard's company, replacing Madeline Bouton.

Rejane is to have a salary of \$20,000 for playing in the Varieties of Paris next year.

Lolie Fuller recently began an engagement at the Palace Variety theater in London.

TRUE RELIGION.

God's promises are heaven's bank notes.

Affection is trying to make brass pass for gold.

The devil is not doing all his work in the slums.

A lie never stops running when truth is on its track.

It is still as safe to trust in God as it was in the days of Job.

When we measure others we make ourselves the standard.

When the world can't understand a man it calls him a crank.

Truth often knocks at the door of him who has ears to hear.

It costs about as much to be stingy as it does to be extravagant.

Character is something that stays when everything else is gone.