

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED]

The ominous word produced not a thrill of surprise in any one who listened. Lynde himself heard it without a single shade of change. His face grew no paler, he did not drop his calm eye from the face of his condemning judge for a moment. He had expected it and was strong to bear it.

But they carried Agnes Trenholme out in a dead faint—for just before the final rendering of the verdict she had crept inside the door, and stood there unobserved. And it was weeks before she came to herself one cold morning in December, when the snow lay thickly without, and the wild winds howled dismally around the old house on the Rock.

The second day after her return to consciousness they had to tell her all that had transpired. Lynde Graham had been remanded to prison for six days, at the end of which time he was again taken before his judge, and there received the sentence of death. He was to die by the hand of the executioner on the 25th day of December, between the hours of ten and two.

It was now the tenth of December, still fifteen days to his death. Agnes astonished every one by the rapidity with which she gained strength. On the fifteenth of the month she went below stairs, and ten days afterward she took a short walk. On the morning of the eighteenth she came into the sitting-room clad in her riding-habit. Ralph and her mother both looked up at her in amazement. The calm resolution on her white face told them both that she was resolved on something from which nothing could turn her.

"Mother, Ralph," she said, in a clear voice, "I am going to beg for the life of Lynde Graham. No, you need not utter one word, for I warn you it will fall upon a deaf ear. No authority shall keep me from saving an innocent man."

"Agnes," said Mrs. Trenholme, "I do not comprehend your strange interest in this dastard son of a rude fisherman."

"Mother," she replied, "I love him, and I know him to be guiltless. It would have been impossible for hands so pure as his to have done this wicked thing."

"Agnes," said Ralph, sternly, "remember you are speaking of a murderer!"

"I am speaking of an innocent man. Some time, Ralph, if I save him—and something tells me I shall—you will thank God that your revenge was not accomplished in the death of one guiltless as yourself. I am going to Governor Fulton. He is a just man—a Christian, I am told. He holds the pardoning power, and he shall save me the life of Lynde Graham!"

Ralph rose from his chair, his face wrought upon by the excess of passion within.

"Agnes," he said, with terrible emphasis, "I might lay the iron hand of authority upon you and force you to give up this mad scheme. But that I will not do. I leave you free. But so surely as you do this thing, I cast you off! You are no sister of mine! And mind you this—never come back to disgrace with your footsteps the threshold of a dishonored home!"

She heard him through without the change of a muscle, and when he had finished she bowed in sad submission.

"So be it. I will never come back until you bid me. Good-by!"

She passed out into the hall. Mrs. Trenholme sprang up to detain her, but Ralph laid his strong hands on her arm.

"Mother, she has chosen. Remember she has disgraced us forever!"

"But she is my child! O, Ralph! this accursed pride!"

"It will help us through," he said, hoarsely, "God knows what would be of me without it!"

Agnes went out to the stables, saddled her own horse Jove, and springing into the saddle, took the road to Madison, the residence of Governor Fulton. Madison was distant nearly 200 miles, and much of the way lay through vast tracts of forest, with here and there a hut in a clearing, to show that the hand of civilization had not entirely vanished from the world. It almost seemed as if Jove understood the im-

portance of the errand upon which he was going, for he gave no sign of weariness, but hurried on, animated perhaps by the spirit of his rider.

About sunset it began to rain heavily, and the horse sank to his fetlocks in mud. Agnes drew rein at the first shelter she reached—a small, rude hut in the heart of a dense pine forest. It was a most forbidding-looking place, and had her mind been less occupied, Agnes might have hesitated about seeking shelter there; but just now she was not thinking of danger to herself.

The inhabitants, an old man and woman, were as rude as their home. They gave her a gruff invitation to walk in, and led Jove off to a shed at the rear of the hut.

She seated herself before the fire to dry her clothes, and the woman brought her a bowl of milk.

The man now came in, and the avaricious eyes of the couple wandered frequently to the costly watch Agnes wore at her girdle. The look in itself would have been very suggestive to an acute observer, but Agnes was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she noticed nothing that was passing around her. Her grim entertainers made a few rough attempts at conversation, but meeting with no encouragement, they soon relapsed into silence, and after a little while they told her she might retire when she chose. She rose quickly, glad of the prospect of being alone, and followed the woman up the rude ladder leading to the chamber above the kitchen.

In one corner there was a sack filled with dried leaves, and covered with a warm quilt. The woman pointed to this meagre bed.

"It is the best we've got," she said; "but it's not such as the like of you have been used to. But I hope ye'll sleep well."

She lay down on the outside of the bed, without undressing, and tried to sleep. But slumber held aloof. The longer she lay, the more wakeful she became. Full two hours passed, and she was still restless.

Just as she was about to rise and walk about a little in the hope that it would bring the sleep she needed, she heard a distinct and ominous whisper coming from the room below. Some secret, unaccountable impulse led her to put her ear to a crack in the flooring and listen. The woman was speaking.

"It can be done in a minute, and it will make us rich. You are a fool to dally!"

"Softly, old woman. She may not be asleep. She looks like a lady in some sort of trouble. Such don't go to sleep as innocent like you and I do." And he gave the woman a nudge intended to be facetious.

She answered, impatiently:

"What I want to know is will you do it or not? Time's passing. She'll die easy. The knife is sharp. And the old well is a safe place to rest in. No danger of ever being rooted out."

"It's a deed I don't like to do," said the man rubbing his grizzled, bald head thoughtfully. "A man I don't mind, but a woman is a different thing. But I won't be a coward. Give me the toothpick. That watch would tempt a speaker in meeting."

Agnes waited to hear no more. She knew that it was her own death she had heard planned, and stepping noiselessly to the window she opened it and looked out. The rain still fell, but it was not so very dark. Somewhere under the clouds there was a nearly full moon. The window looked out on a shed, and within its rude shelter she heard Jove quietly munching his coarse provender. The very sound gave her courage. She did not feel the danger to herself; she was only thinking that if she perished there, Lynde Graham would be sacrificed.

She sprang lightly upon the shed, slipped to the ground, and, untying her horse, mounted and dashed away. All the night she kept on, never daring to stop, and when the sun rose in the morning, red and cheerful after the storm, it showed her the glittering spires of the city of Madison.

People stared at her in blank amazement as she rode along the yet quiet streets. Her habit was splashed with mud, her riding cap soiled, and its white feather ruined by the rain of the night before; her horse was jaded and travel-stained, and her pallid face and eager eyes, above all—it was no wonder she excited a wondering attention.

She asked for the residence of Gov. Fulton, and a stately stone mansion in a shaded square was pointed out to her. The goal was reached at last.

She slipped from her horse, left him at the great gate, and, ascending the marble steps, put a tremulous hand upon the silver bell-knob.

CHAPTER VI.

HE liveried servant stared at Agnes almost rudely. The governor was not at home, he said, in answer to her eager question—he was absent at Freeport, and would not be at home until ten that evening. Perhaps not until morning, if the roads were bad.

"Is his wife at home?"

"He is a widower, madam," answered the man.

"His daughter, then? I am sure I have heard that he had a daughter. Is she here?"

"Miss Fulton is in the parlor."

"Take me to her at once. Let me see Miss Fulton!"

"What name shall I take to her?"

"None. She does not know me. I will explain everything to her, and bear the blame, if any falls."

He opened a door leading into a spacious room, shadowy with the soft gloom of crimson curtains, but wonderfully brightened by the gleam of a wood fire on a wide hearth. Before the fire, curled up on a lounge, a kitten purred in her lap, and a book in her hand, was a little golden-haired girl of 16 or 18.

She startled up at sight of the visitor, and opened her wide, brown eyes in amazement.

"Get down, Juno," she said to the kitten—then to Agnes, "Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"Are you Miss Fulton?" tremblingly asked Agnes.

"Yes."

Agnes caught her hand in hers.

"You look good and kind—your father must love you. Will you help me?"

"To be sure, if I can. What shall I do first? Clean the mud from your habit, or comb your hair? Both are shocking."

"I know I am in wretched array, but, my dear girl, I have ridden on horseback from Portlea, almost 200 miles, and only halted when my poor horse could go no further. I have been too miserable to think of my appearance. I have come on an errand of life and death. Miss Fulton, let me tell you very briefly my sad story, and then judge whether I have any chance with your father. You have heard of the murder at Portlea?"

"Yes. The beautiful young bride was murdered almost at the altar?"

"She was. And you know, perhaps, that there is a man under sentence of death for this murder?"

"Yes; papa told me."

"Well, I have come to ask this man's life of your father. Not his pardon—that were too much to plead for—but his life. The life of this man, falsely accused, wrongfully convicted!"

Miss Fulton gave a little incredulous stare.

"I think he deserves to be hung!"

"No; because he is innocent. If he had done the base deed—though he were dearer to me than my own soul, I would not lift a finger to save him. The girl they said he murdered was my adopted sister—she was to have been the wife of my only brother."

"And what is this Lynde Graham to you?"

Agnes blushed scarlet, and stood trembling and abashed before the governor's daughter. But Helen Fulton was quick-witted; she understood it all, and put her hand on the drooping head caressingly, as she said, softly:

"He was your lover?"

"No; not that. But he has been my companion from my earliest childhood—and—and—you can guess the rest."

"You loved him? Poor girl! No wonder you are wretched. But what if he did murder her?"

"He did not! Never think it for a moment. I would stake the salvation of my soul on his innocence! The real murderer is yet to be brought to justice. Will you take my word? Will you help me?"

"Yes, I think I will," said Helen, thoughtfully—"that is, I will go to papa with you, if he don't happen to be bearish. I asked him for the money to buy a new bonnet, this morning, and he told me to go to Flanders—just as if they made Parisian bonnets in that Dutch place!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

How He Acts in the Cab of an Engine Drawing a Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not so bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

The Bicycle Path.

If it is true that the road to perdition is paved with good intentions, while the way to the other place is strait and narrow, besides being a rough and thorny path, it does not require much skill in guessing to predict which path the bicyclers will select.

There is nothing more serious than what some people consider a joke.

John Bull's Happy New Year.



John Bull: Well done, Bradford. One year's Yankee Free-Trade 'as done over £17,000,000 better for you than their blasted Protection. If Grover hadn't gone back hon us haltogether, and don't sign their New Tariff Bill, you'll 'ave this snap for two years more.

OUR NEW STATE.

UTAH'S NATURAL WEALTH AND RESOURCES REVIEWED.

Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mineral Interests in Abundance—Banks, Stores and Active Public Improvements—Bright Politician.

The admission of Utah as a State of the Union suggests a brief review of its agricultural, mineral and industrial conditions, which we are able to compile from the annual report of the governor of the territory, Hon. Caleb W. West.

The population of Utah increased 44.4 per cent between 1880 and 1890, and 14.15 per cent between 1890 and 1895. It now stands at a total of 247,324 persons, of whom 126,803 are males and 120,521 females. The assessed valuation of real and personal property and improvements was \$97,942,152; the revenue from taxes was \$497,516. Almost \$2,750,000 were expended last year on private and public buildings and in public works, and 440,000 acres of land were surveyed.

The report upon the farming interests of Utah are very extensive. There are 467,000 acres under cultivation, 417,455 acres irrigated, 294,725 acres of pasture fenced in, 306,650 acres of improved land and 979,182 acres of unimproved land. There are 20,581 farms, of which only 2,128 were mortgaged for \$1,971,352, and \$720,000 were expended on farm buildings during the year, \$226,879 in repairs, and over \$1,000,000 were paid out for farm labor. We have condensed the principal crop areas and products for 1894 as follows:

Crop.	Acres.	Bushels.	Value.
Wheat	144,717	3,113,073	\$1,440,096
Corn	13,843	282,557	151,433
Rye	3,791	42,352	20,094
Barley	8,754	271,826	100,297
Oats	43,334	1,387,710	470,658
Potatoes	13,526	1,649,239	522,855
Beets	3,066	938,015	196,714
Hay	89,155	*123,616	691,399
Lucerne	163,541	*462,459	1,851,639
Apples	6,638	377,935	143,704
Peaches	1,636	154,772	75,152
Apricots	351	21,254	10,372
Plums	852	37,810	19,355
Pears	594	27,261	18,832
Grapes	578	*621	37,233
Small fruits	747	*609	62,444
Sheep	12,422,802	12,119,763	\$1,551,294

*Tons. †Number of sheep. ‡Value of sheep and wool clip.

Besides the above there were produced \$66,322 pounds of dried fruits, 200,000 gallons of cider, vinegar and sorghum, 3,441,732 pounds of butter, \$20,747 pounds of cheese and 1,102,121 pounds of honey. Of live stock, other than sheep, Utah has 300,000 head of cattle, including 60,595 milch cows, 47,703 hogs and 5,000 head of mules and other animals.

The industrial condition of Utah shows 880 manufacturing concerns, employing 5,054 hands, who earn \$2,027,118 a year. The amount of capital invested is \$5,476,246, the value of the plants is \$5,986,215, the value of the raw material used is \$2,610,038 and the value of the product of the factories is \$6,678,118. For commercial purposes, Utah has 1,974 stores, employing 5,023 hands, who earn \$2,685,794. The capital invested in the stores amounts to \$14,551,345, and the sales aggregate \$32,865,611. The capital of the banks exceeds \$5,000,000, and the amount of the deposits was \$9,689,267 this year, an increase of \$423,000 over the deposits in 1894. There are 1,380 miles of railroad in the State, and 84 miles of electric roads.

The mineral interests of Utah are important. Briefly summarized they are as follows:

Number of mines.	Coal.	Gold and Silver.
Employees	1,290	566
Wages paid	\$29,776	\$2,789,817
Output, tons	62,101	251,324
Cost of plant	\$65,708	\$1,892,396
Cost of development	\$3,000	7,991,185

The entire mineral product of Utah is next given:

1,065,160 pounds copper, at 5 cents per pound	\$53,208.00
202,500 pounds refined lead, at \$2.11 per 100 pounds	62,977.50
55,561,665 pounds unrefined lead, at \$32 per ton	888,826.90
6,859,788 ounces fine silver, at 62 1/2-100 cents per ounce	4,193,674.90
56,427 ounces fine gold, at \$20 per ounce	1,128,540.00
Total export value	\$6,327,326.90

Computing the gold and silver at their mint valuation, and other metals at their value at the seaboard, it would increase the value of the product to \$11,631,402.72.

The last delegate sent to Congress from the territory of Utah was Hon. Frank J. Cannon. Upon the admission of Utah to Statehood, it is believed that he will be elected the first United States senator. Mr. Cannon is a young man, bright, energetic and progressive. He has already made many friends in congress, and gained the respect of the older members by his diligence and intelligence. He is expected to make a name for himself in national politics. So large and diversified are the industrial interests of Utah that he is a firm believer in the policy of protection for the United States.

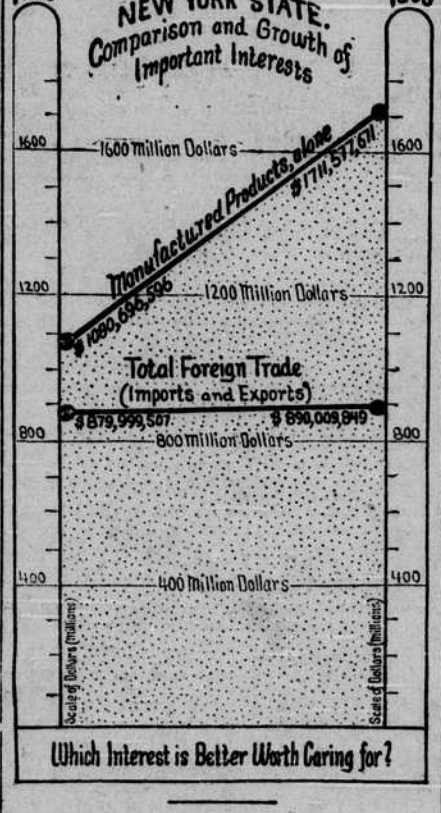
Warning to Republican Editors.

The New York Press recently gave the values of some of the principal articles that we imported during ten months ending Oct. 31, of 1894 and 1895, also the total values of all imports. That paper said it was:

"Comparing the imports of leading commodities with those of the corresponding period in the preceding year (under the McKinley tariff)."

This is wrong, very wrong. It is surprising to see the Press fall into such an error. The McKinley tariff was not in force for ten months in 1894. It was not in force even for eight months. The Gorman tariff was allowed to become the law of the land before the end of August, 1894. Last year's import figures to the end of October include imports under the Gorman law for two months and some days, hence a comparison between this year and last, if extended beyond August, does not compare the workings of the two tariffs except in the case of woolen manufactures.

New York's Greatest Interest.



Which Interest is Better Worth Caring for?

Tell the Whole Truth.

Mr. Caffery submitted the following resolution in the United States Senate on Dec. 16. It was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

"Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to report to the Senate what action has been taken in regard to the payment of the appropriation contained in the sundry civil bill, section 1, amendment 107, approved March 2, 1895, for the bounty on sugar. And if no payment has been made of said appropriation, and if the law granting said bounty has not been executed, to give to the Senate the reasons therefor."

We trust that the report, when received, will explain why this one item was selected from among all the appropriations made by Congress to be especially approved by Comptroller Bowler.

Necessity for Protection.

The safety of our American institutions against foreign invasion lies not only in a patriotic citizenship which at a moment's notice would create a volunteer army of defense, but it also consists in the great natural resources we enjoy. Destroy the wool industry and what would be the result in case of a foreign war, with our ports blockaded and dependent upon foreign wool to clothe our army and our people? This is, in my opinion, one of the strongest reasons for protecting and fostering the productions of wool.—J. W. Babcock, M. C. from Wisconsin.

Want Another Message.

We have been waiting for a ringing message from the president on the subject of protection for the United States. If Mr. Cleveland is willing to fight John Bull on behalf of the Venezuelans, why not on our own account? If he objects to John Bull's invasion there, why not object to his invasion here, at home, in our own markets? If there is to be a lock-out of Mr. Bull from Venezuela, why not also from the United States?

that the figures were false and backed his opinion to the extent of \$25. The republican promptly covered the money and the disputed point was referred for settlement to a democratic paper in Chicago. The decision, naturally, was in favor of the "Tariff Facts," which uses nothing but official figures, unless otherwise stated. Congressman Dolliver was an eye-witness of the discussion, and he subsequently heard from the republican commercial traveler that he had received his money. Undoubtedly the democrat will begin to realize that everything he reads in democratic papers is not gospel.

How "Tariff Reform" Worked.

In 1893 we imported 13,057,642 lines of pearl buttons. In 1895 we imported 18,537,049 lines. Americans, under the Gorman tariff, were deprived of the work that could have been utilized in making 5,500,000 lines of pearl buttons. The amount of duty collected on foreign pearl buttons in 1893 was \$395,245. In 1895 it was \$241,193. By the Gorman law, the American government lost \$150,000 of revenue, while American labor lost the work of making 5,500,000 lines of buttons. Who derived any benefit from this species of "tariff reform?" Not the government, not our workers; but foreign manufacturers and foreign labor.

A Sure Thing to Bet On.

A commercial traveler, during the late political campaign in Iowa, got into a heated argument with another knight of the road in regard to the accuracy of some figures in the document, "Tariff Facts," published by the American Protective Tariff League. The two gentlemen were of opposite beliefs and both were acquainted with this paper. The democrat, of course, said