



OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]
The governor's hoyden daughter had a warm heart under all her careless guise, and she soon had Agnes fed, dressed in a suit of her own clothes, and snugly tucked up in bed in her own chamber.

The weary girl fell asleep, and when she woke she found it was past sunset and Helen Fulton was sitting by her pillow.

"Papa has come," she said; "so get up and brush your hair, and let me put this cluster of rosebuds in your curls—papa is not so old that he has lost all taste for beauty."

Agnes submitted quietly, and was led down to the library by her young hostess.

The governor was a tall, well-preserved man of 45, with a pleasing address, a keen gray eye, and a face rather handsome than otherwise. Helen led Agnes up before him.

"Papa, this is Miss Agnes Trenholme of Portlea. She has come here with a special errand to you."

The governor greeted her courteously.

"I am pleased to see Miss Trenholme. I know Mr. Ralph very well. To what am I indebted for this agreeable surprise?"

Agnes swallowed down the sobs that were rising in her throat by a brave effort. She had wondered what she should say to this man when at last she should get an audience, and now that the time had come she had forgotten everything she had intended to urge. Her courage, so brave and strong, had subsided to positive weakness. She slipped down to her knees on the rug before him and burst into tears.

"My child," he said, kindly laying his hand on her head, "what means this emotion? Speak out. Surely you are not afraid of me."

"No, but I feel so tired, and so nearly hopeless! And I dread that you will refuse me. But you must not! Indeed you must not, for I will take no denial! I will stay here at your feet until you grant my request!"

"You forget that you have not made any request."

"I came to ask so much of you! I have traveled nearly 200 miles alone, braving the displeasure of my friends, and the scorn of the world—I have come to ask you to spare his life—the life of Lynde Graham."

The governor's brow grew dark.

"Miss Trenholme, he is a murderer!"

"I tell you he is not! Never call him that! You wrong him. He is innocent. I tell you, before God, that if you let him go to the gallows, some time you will repent in dust and ashes the murder you yourself have committed! He never did that dreadful deed. He would not have harmed a single feather of the lowest bird in the woods. I do not ask you to pardon him—O no, I am content with asking his life—a little respite from death until God sees fit to bring the real assassin to justice!"

"My poor girl," he said, sorrowfully, "I regret that this has happened. I pity you, for I suppose you love this unfortunate young man; but I cannot grant your request. From my soul I believe Lynde Graham guilty!"

"Do not say so. You crush out hope in my heart! O, I cannot, cannot go back over that weary road without the paper I want! Look at me, Governor Fulton. A few little weeks ago I was happy and care free. Now see the change this terrible grief has wrought. Your daughter pities me; her innocent heart feels for me! You do not know to what straits she may yet be reduced. Be merciful to me as you would want mercy shown to her!"

Helen crept into her father's arms, and laid her soft cheek against his.

"Papa, it will not hurt you to let this man live, and it will make her so happy. I'll go without a new bonnet this winter, if you'll do what she wants." And she pinched his cheek.

"Madcap! Helen, how can you trifle so?" asked the governor, trying to frown. "This is too solemn a thing to joke upon. I believe that death should be the fate of all murderers."

The face of Agnes grew stern as his own. Her voice had a steel-like ring.

"And so do I, with my whole soul! If I thought him guilty, I would not speak a word to save him. I loved the murdered girl as fondly as I could have loved an own sister, and I would give half my life to have the real murderer hanged for his crime. But in this case the law has fastened on the wrong person, and a curiously strong chain of circumstantial evidence has so closely wound itself about him, that it is impossible for the jury to do otherwise than convict him. But for all that he is innocent. Oh, sir, give me a reprieve, if you please. Little year! Many things can be revealed in a year."

"It is impossible!"

"Only for one year! O, sir, I will not let you go until you yield!" She looked up at his face, her eyes streaming with tears.

Helen stole an arm around his neck.

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.

BULLETIN FROM the Indiana Experiment station says: Young fruit trees are very apt to be injured during the winter by mice and rabbits gnawing the bark. This is especially true if the orchard has been neglected during the summer season. A heavy growth of grass or weeds about the trees makes excellent nests for mice during the winter, and where rubbish heaps have been allowed to accumulate in the orchard, especially if it is near a forest, rabbits will almost invariably congregate. Under these conditions the young trees will almost certainly suffer from the ravages of one or both of these pests. It is important, therefore, that this matter be attended to at once.

There are various remedies recommended for these evils; the first and most successful of which is clean cultivation. If this has not been followed then remove all loose mulch, dead grass and rubbish of various kinds from the immediate vicinity of the base of the trees. This will destroy the nesting places of mice, and will go far towards protecting the trees from injury. Then, in addition to the above, make a smooth, compact mound of earth, a foot high, about the base of the trees, just before the ground freezes. These two precautions will be all that is necessary to insure protection against mice.

Rabbits are not so liable to injure trees where there are other small plants, such as young grape vines or nursery stock in the immediate vicinity of the orchard, as they seem to delight in cutting off the young tender branches in preference to gnawing the bark of older trees. It is always safe, however, to protect the trees, and a favorite method is to wrap the trunks with closely woven wire screen, such as is used for screen doors. This may be cut into strips eighteen inches to two feet in length and wide enough to completely encase the body of the tree. These may be tacked on or the edges woven together, and if they do not fit too closely may be left on for several years. Instead of the wire screen, ordinary roofing tin is sometimes used. Sheathing paper is also used with good effect, placed on the tree in a similar manner. If one is located near a slaughter house, a very convenient as well as effectual method is to wash the trunks of the trees with blood or rancid grease. This, however, is liable to be washed off by rains, and would need renewal several times during the winter. These and doubtless other remedies will prove effectual if properly applied. By giving this matter immediate attention, much damage to the young orchards may be prevented.

Jas. Troop, Horticulturist.

Education on the Farm. The farmer's profession can be elevated above its present standard only as the children improve upon the methods of their parents. President Chadbourne of the Massachusetts Agricultural college once said that the way for young men to rise in the world was to stand upon the shoulders of their fathers. We miss half the wear and tear in life when we acquire the faculty of profiting by the experience of other men. It proves nothing, that some finely educated man has failed in farming, or that some uneducated man has succeeded. Education will help a man, but it will never make one. When it can be proved that a majority of educated men upon the farm are failures and a majority of the uneducated successful, we shall all begin to question the propriety and value of education for the farmer's profession. But until that is proved we shall believe that the farmer's business stands upon the same basis that supports all other kinds of business, that the general education which is useful to the doctor, the lawyer, the man upon the board of trade is just as valuable to the man who tills the soil, and that professional training in schools of agriculture will have the worth upon the farm that the knowledge and discipline of the law school has in practice before the courts.

One thing more. The circumstances of a farmer's life are such that he is brought into closer, because more constant contact with his family than men engaged in other pursuits. His partnership with the companion of his life is, in a business sense, certainly a very close one. Side by side they often perform the same kinds of labor, and the silent partner not infrequently bears the heaviest burdens. Many of us in the rush and amid the distracting cares of our business, forget that woman's strength is not man's strength, that a ceaseless monotony of toil takes laughter from the lips, roses from the cheeks and health from the body. No sensible man would desire that farmers' wives should be transformed into useless ornaments; but it should be the aim of farmers who would do honor to their profession to make their mothers and wives and daughters something more than mere household drudges, to give them an opportunity, as far as means will permit, to satisfy those fancies and tastes, to cultivate those graces and those talents that are the beauty and the charm of true womanhood.—H. C. Adams.

Farm Ownership. It does not require the compilation of figures to show that there is a change gradually working itself through the

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Clover and Alfalfa for Hogs.—In most of the soils in the Central West red clover must be relied on chiefly for the green food of growth. But where the soil is very deep and porous alfalfa does finely. On such soil alfalfa will supply forage for 15 to 20 hogs per acre for the season. This is especially fine for pigs and growing shoats. It has been found that pigs will gain 100 pounds each during the season from May to September, and 100 pounds of pork cannot be produced so cheaply on any other feed. The pigs will come out of the field in autumn in capital condition to fatten with corn or small grain. The alfalfa in a hog pasture could be mowed once or twice during the summer, or whenever it begins to get hardy and woody. This will provide plenty of young and tender herbage, which is more nutritious, weight for weight, than forage from the older plants, and if the swine are provided with this food in its most nutritious condition, their growth will be most rapid.—Ex.

Blood Tells.—Recently 308 American beavers were sold in London at 7 cents per pound, an average price of \$97.58, the herd bringing the snug sum of \$30,054.64. The Polled Angus in this shipment brought full \$100 each; the Herefords came next, and next the Short-horns. The average weight was 1,360 pounds. These beaves, it is said, reached their destination without loss and actually in better condition than when placed on shipboard. This shows that the cattle were carefully managed up to the day of sale, and that the breeding, and treatment were profitable.

H. B. Gurler thinks the first move for a dairy farmer who has not tested his cows, should be to have them tested, and become acquainted with them individually. Weed out all the unprofitable ones. Then select a bull from some fairly breed.

CHAPTER VII.

GOV. FULTON needed not to have urged Agnes to use expedition; she required no incentive to haste, beyond her own terrible anxiety. The good old gentleman be thought himself of his want of gallantry in permitting her to leave alone on so dangerous a journey, soon after she departed, and he immediately dispatched one of the servants on horseback to escort her. The man was well mounted and he overtook her a few miles on her way and they rode together until the evening of the 24th, when she dismissed him. She preferred to go on alone. She halted until after midnight to rest her horse, and then set forth. She had seventy-five miles to ride before ten in the morning.

Between the hours of ten and two! The fearful words of the sentence rang constantly in her ears. What if she were not in time? O, what if she were not? The thought was agony. She urged on, her jaded horse by every means in her power. Ten miles from Portlea, it seemed as if the animal was about spent. He trembled, staggered and was about to fall, but Agnes sprang off and soothed and encouraged him with voice and hand, and then by-and-by mounted again and went on. O, how heavy her heart was! Despair had almost seized her. If Jove gave out, then all was over. She seemed, even then, to hear the jeers of the cruel crowd, the mocking shouts, the heartless laughter.

Still her horse staggered on, but his breath came hot and thick, and the foam stood upon his flanks like newly-fallen snow.

She looked at her watch. Half past 10! If she should be too late! The world whirled round before her. There was a great roar in her ears, like the rush of the sea upon the rocky coast. It grew so dark she could not see. She grasped the neck of her horse for support, her confused head falling on the pad of the saddle.

Only for a moment. The anxiety within brought her to herself. She looked around her. She was very near Portlea. There were many people moving to and fro. A great crowd filled the streets. She took a road to the jail yard. The crowd was terribly dense, but Agnes saw nothing save that horrible frame work of timber, raised high above the stone walls of the jail, and standing on the platform, a very prince among them all, the tall, erect form of Lynde Graham!

She was in time! Her heart swelled almost to bursting.

"Yet a little more, Jove, and it is done!" she cried; but the poor beast could do no more—he reeled and sank on his knees, with something that sounded like the sigh of a human being in despair.

Agnes sprang from the saddle and dashed through the excited crowd. They parted before her, and she reached at last the foot of the scaffold. The

rope was already adjusted, the carpenter stood ready, waiting the sheriff's word to let the drop fall, and the signal would have been given in another instant.

The voice of Agnes rang out, over and above all the confused noises of the motley gathering:

"A reprieve! A reprieve!" She held aloft the paper—they saw the great seal of the state.

"A reprieve from the governor," she said, and fell senseless, even as she spoke, into the arms of old Dr. Hudson, who rushed forward to receive her.

The sheriff read the reprieve aloud, and then removing the rope, he led the prisoner down the steps of the scaffold. In all his captivity no one had ever heard Lynde ask a single favor, but now he said to the official:

"Grant me this, Miss Trenholme has saved me a little longer to life—allow me to pass near enough to her to touch her clothes."

The sheriff stared, but indulged the wish. Graham went up to where she lay, a great crowd around her, and Dr. Hudson and a brother physician applying restoratives. He stooped down and looked into her face. Oh, how very white and deathly she looked! Graham lifted the soiled mantle she wore, and touched the hem reverently with his lips. Then he turned away, and went back to his dreary prison house.

Agnes was taken to the residence of Dr. Hudson, and cared for as well as could be. But she had endured so much, both mentally and physically, that life hung upon a thread, and for days she lay in a stupor so closely resembling death that at times those who watched her could not tell whether or not the breath still lingered.

Mrs. Trenholme braved the displeasure of her son, and came down at once to nurse her, and when, after ten days of stupor, her disease culminated in brain fever of the most violent type, she wrote thus to her son:

"Ralph, Agnes is sick unto death. If you could sit beside her as I do, and listen to her unconscious ravings, and through them learn how terribly she had suffered, you would forgive her. Oh, Ralph, by the memory of your dead father, I implore you to come to us!"

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