

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

There was no signature. None was needed. Ralph Trenholme was desperately angry. He chafed like a caged lion. This woman whom he did not love, whom he married solely to please another, was dishonoring his proud name, and making him merely a tool to play upon with her subtle wit, at her own pleasure. He shut his hand like a vise. Thus would he crush her power to disgrace him further, he said, hoarsely. When she did return, she should give an account to him for these mysterious absences, or he would make her a prisoner to the Rock.

On the night of the third day he found her sewing quietly in her little private sitting room. She looked up coolly as he entered.

"It is a fine evening, Mr. Trenholme," she remarked, indifferently. He laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and bent his dark, fiery eyes upon hers. She met the gaze without flinching.

"Madam, where have you been?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with anger.

She shook herself loose from his grasp.

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, quietly.

"I ask you, where you have been?"

"And I don't choose to tell you."

"You must tell me. I will take no cold evasions! Tell me, or by the heavens above us, you will repent it!"

The red leaped into her cheek.

"Do you command?"

"Ay, I command! and the sooner you obey the better!"

"And I shall not obey. There is the end; I am going down."

She rose, lifted her arm to put her work into a hanging basket. In so doing her sleeve fell away from the wrist and her husband noticed that the heavy garnet bracelet she had always worn was missing.

"I don't see you bracelet?" he said, half inquiringly.

"I have laid it aside. Garnets are not so becoming to me as they were before I lost my color."

He detained her a moment to say, in a voice low and deep with stern determination:

"Imogene, you will consider yourself an inmate of the Rock for the remainder of the winter—all time, until you explain to me this mystery. I leave it with you to decide, whether I shall confine you to a single room with bolts and bars, or give you the liberty of the whole place, and let your word of honor be the chain that keeps you here. Decide!"

She looked up into his hard face, and her own set lines softened. She remembered how she loved him. It made her a simple woman, ready to obey the man she loved.

"I will remain here. I will not go under any way. I give you my word, and it shall be your own, a chain."

"I will remain here," he said, "so be it." Then he turned, and she followed him, as if suddenly recalled to her duty.

It has been decided that she was a woman—"Any business conventions you desire to explain this to me."

The first one, I will listen gladly, for it goes to the heart of the matter."

She was held in Omaha by the convention, for to her chamber. After that, she had her husband's mother urged her to come out of her retirement. She always had some reasonable excuse for her conduct and after a while she was left to herself. Ralph she scarcely saw now, save at meal time. He never came to her; never spoke a soft word to her. He never looked at her, even when she had spent long hours in making herself beautiful, hoping to attract his attention.

Business called him to Boston for a week. He merely announced the fact at table, and went away without any leave-taking. He did not see the ghastly pale face that from her window watched him ride away; he did not know that for hours after his departure his wife lay in a heap upon the floor, not weeping—women like her seldom weep—but breathing great shuddering cries.

"O heaven!" she moaned, "for his love I have risked everything, and behold he hates me!"

Ralph returned home about 11 one cold stormy night. He took his horse to the stable himself, without disturbing the postier, and came to the house by a path through the garden. The sound of his wife's voice from behind a clump of evergreens arrested him. The night was dark and he stopped and listened. He was a man of the strictest sense of honor, but under the circumstances he felt no scruples about hearing what was not intended for his ear.

"I tell you this must never occur again!" she said, in a low, firm tone, "if it does—" The remainder of the sentence was spoken in a whisper.

"Beware how you threaten!" hissed the voice of a man; "I have the power yet, and if you do not deal softly, madam, I will not hesitate to—" "

"Hush!" she said, quickly; "the very air has ears. Do not come if you need more. Write to me. You know the place where letters reach me. Take this, and go."

She put something into his hand.

Ralph pressed forward, and peered through the bushes, but it was so dark he could discern nothing beyond the outlines of a tall, dark figure, heavily bearded and wrapped in an immense shawl. For a moment he was tempted to rush forth and annihilate them both on the spot, but prudence held him back. He would wait and watch. So he stood quietly in the shadow, while Imogene returned to the house, and her companion went down the path leading to the shore. Ralph Trenholme ground his teeth in rage. He was a proud man, and he did not love this woman who was his wife. He had no love to wound, but she hurt his pride. He could not bear a dishonored name.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE close of a boisterous day in March, a travelling carriage stopped before Trenholme house, and a little figure wrapped in furs alighted. She inquired for Miss Trenholme and Agnes went down to find Helen Fulton.

Waiting in the parlor. The girl's embrace cordially.

"Something sent me here, Agnes!" said Helen. "Goodness knows I didn't want to come! for there was Hal Howard just ready to pop the question to me, and Sam Jenkins wanting to awfully and I hadn't my pink Thibid dress half stowed and papa couldn't very well spare me, but I had to come! Letitia was cross. Just between you and me she's half in love with Hal Howard herself, and he's got the sweetest moustache! And how do you do, dear? and how did you get through that awful journey?"

"I am very well, and I was in time," returned Agnes. "Come into the sitting-room now, and let me present you to the family."

"Are there any gentlemen?"

"None except my brother."

Helen made a comical wry face.

"Then I needn't brush my hair, nor put on any of my sweet things, nor any of my nice little smiles, need I? Women never notice such trifles, and as for old married men—bah!"

Agnes conducted her into the sitting-room. Imogene was there with Mrs. Trenholme. She did not look up as they entered. She seemed absorbed in thought. She sat silent a great deal now. Her white hands were crossed on her lap, her great eyes fixed on the snow-covered landscape without. She was dressed in heavy black silk, and wore no ornaments. The elder Mrs. Trenholme kissed the young guest, and bade her welcome. Then Agnes led her up to Imogene and named them to each other.

It was a decided case of mutual antagonism. Both were repelled strongly, though both refused to let it be known by word or gesture. Their hands met, but the touch was like ice and snow.

The moment Helen and Agnes were alone the former said:

"Who is that woman?"

"My mother, and—"

"I mean the one with the eyes."

"She is my brother's wife."

"Does he love her?"

"He married her," replied Agnes, a little proudly. "Men do not usually marry women for whom they do not care."

"O, I don't know about that!" said Helen, gravely. "I think they do. Men are nuisances. Did you know it, dear? But then they are nice to help you out of carriages and put on your shawl and pick up your scissors, and spool cotton, when you drop them on purpose. Sometimes I think I wish there hadn't been any men, but then when I want to talk nonsense to somebody, and have somebody to tell me how pretty I am, I'm right glad there was a masculine gender in Murray's grammar. Where was that queeny Imogene when your brother's first love was murdered?"

"She was here. She was to have been one of the bridesmaids."

"Ah! What a delightful tea rose you have!" she rattled on; and looking at her gay, careless face, an indifferent observer would not have believed that she ever had a serious thought in her life.

Helen had not been long at the Rock before she got a hint of the haunted chamber and she at once made friends with the servant, and obtained the whole story. Instantly she made a resolve. She meant to sleep in that room, and fathom the mystery. She was a girl of strong nerve and undaunted courage, and not by any means inclined to superstition. During the day she made the chamber a visit without the knowledge of any of the household.

It was a large lofty room, with white ceilings and paper hangings of a pale rose color and white. It had been sumptuously furnished, but now the dust lay thick and dark over everything. The great windows were hung with cobwebs and the closed blinds gave admittance to no ray of sunshine. There was a bed, snowy-curtained, where she had last slept. By Ralph's orders it had remained undisturbed ever since.

Helen touched the costly trinkets on the table with something like awe—remembering who had used them last. There was a knot of ribbon that the murdered girl had worn on her bosom; there, too, was the little gold brooch that had fastened her collar. In a closet hung the bridal dress, spotted with blood, side by side with the stiffened and stained veil, to which the dead orange flowers yet clung. Their petals crumbled to dust beneath the touch of Helen, and emitted a faint, sickly sweetness.

"Helen Fulton, are you afraid?" asked the girl of herself, putting her hand on her heart to see if it beat quicker than its wont. "No," she said. "Helen is not afraid. Not at all. Won't it be splendid to tell grandchildren, that their courageous grandmother slept in a genuine haunted chamber? Won't the little darlings creep into bed in a hurry and wrap their heads up under the coverlet?"

When night arrived, Helen excused herself early and went up to her chamber. She dressed herself in a thick, warm dress, put a heavy shawl over her shoulders and making sure that the lamp was full of oil, she made her noiseless way to the haunted chamber, entered, and locking the door behind her, put the key in her pocket. She meant to be secure from all intrusion. Ghosts, she agreed would not need to open the door to get in, if they were orthodox ones. The lamp burned brightly and lighted up every nook and corner of the apartment. Helen did not mean to go to bed; she sat on the sofa and crocheted, laughing a little to herself, at the idea of watching a ghost and crocheting a sonnet at the same time. A dead silence reigned. The wind which had blown through the day subsided and not even a deathwatch ticked in the wainscot. The old clock chimed 10, then 11—Helen's bright eyes began to droop. She was growing decidedly sleepy, and before she knew it her head had sunk to the arm of the sofa and she was asleep!

The consciousness of some presence beside her own woke her suddenly. She started up and rubbed her eyes. A cold current of air swept over her, chilling her from head to foot. The door into the passage stood wide open and her lamp away in the blast of air like a willow tossed by autumn gales; and just behind the great arm chair where Marina had sat when the fatal blow was struck, stood a tall figure enveloped in gauzy white, and upon her head and over her face was the bridal, blood-stained veil—Helen could have sworn it! The right hand of the spectre, the long, delicate, marble-white hand was extended toward the chair; the other was tightly pressed against her heart.

Helen took a step forward, but before she could lay a hand upon the strange presence it returned, dropped the veil upon the floor and vanished through the open door. Helen gave pursuit, but the long corridor was empty—there did not linger behind even so much as the echo of a foot. For this time the girl was baffled. But one thing she remembered. The door of that chamber had been unlocked and the phantom had forgotten to lock it after her; she was unable, it appeared, to pass through keyholes, like the spirits Helen felt acquainted with, through the medium of various novels she had read surreptitiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FALL OF BOGU.

He Used to Be a Divinity, but He Is Plain "Bog" Now.

Contact with the Aryan race has played the mischief with the Indians, but it brought others low, also, says the New York Press. Long ago there was a divinity called Bogu or Boughu, or Bualagos. By and by Bagoths sunk to a spook. He became a pooka, to scare Irish peasantry with, a horrible being that came at night to suck blood from the living. He turned into a bogymen, or, as it is sometimes pronounced in the west, "booger-man." That is nearer to what the original sound must have been. Note also in this connection that fine-tooth combs are used in order to catch "boagers." Poor Bogu took two or three paths, all downward. Not only did he turn into a common terror but he became a sort of bogus in fact. In fact the word "bogus" itself came from his name. He is a scare with nothing back of him, a ghost that turns out to be a white stump. He is a bugaboo, a bugbear, an imaginary difficulty. He degenerates into a sprite that plays tricks on sleepers, knots their hair, upsets the milkpans and the like. He is Puck, the joker, and nobody respects the jester. But worse is yet to follow. In one edition of the bible it reads: "The sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the bug by night." It reads now, "The terror by night," but the word has gone out and now the despair of cleanly housewives, the occasion of the sale of so much stuff warranted death to every clemex, bears the name of the deity in whose honor altars smoked.

As Usual.

St. Peter—Are they all here?

Gabriel—All but New York and Philadelphia.

St. Peter—What's the matter with them?

Gabriel—I couldn't wake Philadelphia and New York had to get her harp out of pawn.—Judge.

Belonged to His Wife.

"Did you see Jabberson last night spending money like a prince?"

"Like a prince? He blew in about \$4. Do you call that like a prince?"

"Sure. The money was his wife's."—Indianapolis Journal.

The dress to be worn by the Empress of Russia at the coronation ceremonies next year has just been ordered in Paris. It is to be decorated with pearls and gold, and will cost \$200,000.

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.

(From Farmers' Review.)

THE average condition of stock in the state is reported as follows, comparison being with stock in good, healthy and thrifty condition: Horses, 82 per cent; sheep, 93 per cent; cattle, 94 per cent; and swine, 97 per cent.

The average prices January 1 of some of the principal farm products in the markets where farmers usually market such products, were as follows:

The average price of wheat was 59 cents per bushel; of corn, 32 cents; and of oats, 21 cents; and the average price of hay was \$13.12 per ton.

The average price of fat cattle was \$23.33 per cwt.; of fat hogs, \$3.19 per cwt.; and of dressed pork, \$4.25 per cwt.

The average price of each class of horses was as follows: Under one year, \$15.70; between one and two years old, \$24.37; between two and three years old, \$36.12; three years old and over, \$52.65.

Milch cows were worth \$26.45 per head. Cattle other than milch cows, under one year old, were worth, per head, \$7.03; between one and two years old, \$12.44; between two and three years, \$19.16; and three years old and over, \$25.70.

The average price of sheep under one year old was \$1.52 and one year old and over, \$1.91; and hogs under one year old were worth \$3.32, and one year old and over, \$7.43.

The prices here given are for the state. For each class of horses, sheep and hogs they are higher, and for milch cows and each class of cattle other than milch cows, lower, than the prices ruling in the southern four tiers of counties.

Compared with January 1, 1895, there has been a decline in the prices of all farm products named in this report except wheat, hay, sheep and cattle. Wheat averages 9 cents a bushel, and hay \$5.17 a ton more now than one year ago. Sheep under one year old have advanced 20 cents, and those one year old and over, 27 cents per head, and the several classes of cattle have advanced from 9 to 26 cents per head.

The loss on corn is 14 cents, and on oats 11 cents per bushel.

The decline in fat cattle is 11 cents; fat hogs, 77 cents; and dressed pork, 72 cents per cwt.

The several classes of horses have declined in value as follows: Under one year old, \$2.49; between one and two years old, \$4.05; between two and three years old, \$6.46; and three years old and over, \$8.12.

Milch cows have declined \$1.46 per head.

Hogs under one year old average 40 cents less, and those one year old and over, \$1.36 less than a year ago.

Horses three years old and over were worth \$118.10 on January 1, 1890. Since that date there has been a decline of \$65.45, or more than 55 per cent. The average price each year since 1890 was as follows: 1891, \$111.16; 1892, \$101.17; 1893, \$91.91; 1894, \$75.83; 1895, \$60.77, and 1896, \$52.65.

Washington Gardner, Secretary of State.

Selecting Seed Corn.

A great many farmers who regard themselves as quite careful in the selection of seed, content themselves with making the selection at husking time or from the crib, being guided by the appearance of the ear. This is not sufficient, however, to secure the best results. Prof. H. J. Waters, dean of the Missouri Agricultural College, narrates a direct experiment on this point. The field was gone through and fine ears were selected from the large, thrifty stalks having an abundant leaf growth. Another lot of ears, equal in size, was gathered from stalks smaller and less thrifty. After the seed had been gathered, the one lot could not be distinguished from the other so far as the appearance of the ears went. The only difference was in the kind of stalk that produced the ears. A field was planted with these two lots of seed. All through the season that portion which had been grown from the seed taken from the thrifty stalks could be distinguished from the planting made from the seed taken from the less thrifty stalks. At harvest time the difference in favor of the seed from the large thrifty stalks with plenty of leaf growth was seven bushels per acre, and Prof. Waters thinks that if this process of selection was carried on for a series of years a variety of corn could be considerably improved on the one hand, or almost entirely run out on the other. It follows, therefore, that the selection of seed ears from the crib, being guided by size and general appearance of the ear simply, is not sufficient, and that it is quite as important to know the kind of stalk that produced the seed ear as it is to know that the ear itself has the size, form, etc., which suits the purpose of the farmer.—Farmers' Review.

Advantages of the Silo.

1. The silo stores away corn more safely and more permanently than any other plan. Silage is practically fireproof, and will keep in the silo indefinitely.

2. Corn can be made into silage at less expense than it can be preserved in any other form.

3. The silo preserves absolutely all but the roots of the corn.

4. Silage can be made in the sunshine or in rain. Unlike hay, it is independent of the weather.

5. When corn is ready for the silo, there is but little farm work pressing.

6. Corn is worth more to the dairy as silage than in any other form.

7. At least one-third more corn per acre may be fed on silage than on dried corn, stalks or fodder.

8. Corn is fed more conveniently as silage than in any other form.

9. Silage is of most value when fed in combination with other food richer in protein. It is not a complete food.

10. Owing to its succulence and bulkiness, silage is the best known substitute for green grass, and is therefore especially valuable as a winter food.—Jersey Bulletin.

A Historic House.

The beautiful castle of Vizille, in which the French revolution of 1788 was planned, and where the conspirators met for a long time, was recently sold by the ex-president of the French republic, Casimir-Perier, to a Lyons brewer for 500,000 francs. It is proposed to turn the historical castle into a large brewery.

the stale berries bought on the market, but fresh and clean directly from the garden, and worth double as much as the stale ones bought in town.

I think I know something of the cost of growing berries, and while I concede that they cannot be grown as cheaply in a small way as the wholesale grower would produce them, yet I will contract to pay the hired man his wages, buy the plants and do all the work connected with them till they are ready for picking at two cents per quart for strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants; blackberries for three cents, and grapes for half a cent per pound, and have them all ready for picking, and the latter work can be done for less trouble than you can go to the grocer for them.

Besides, if purchased you must produce something else to get the money. Then you must pay for picking at least two cents per quart, boxes and commissions to dealers at least three cents more. You buy a crate and carry them home, and before you can eat them or can them up, they are stale and have lost their flavor. You have so many that you are rushed to get rid of them before they spoil, and eat too many at once, often bringing on serious disorders, and then go without for considerable time; in fact, most farmers go without them pretty much altogether. In the eyes of the law it is not a crime to deprive your family of these cheap, God-given, delicious luxuries, but it is an offense against them, and the rush of the boys from the farm to the cities, where they see things in great profusion, bears evidence that it has more to do with the breaking up of families so early in life than any other one thing. A steady diet of "hog and hominy," pork and potatoes makes both boys and girls restless, and they long for a change.

Dr. Vaughan, dean of the medical faculty of the university at Ann Arbor, in a lecture before the State Horticultural Society, pointed out that there were many families seriously affected with a disease closely resembling scurvy, and the only effectual remedy yet found were the rich fruit acids. All such diseases had yielded promptly to this treatment. A careful computation of your bills for medicine during the year will show it to be considerably more than the cost of the fruit garden, and so in many cases you can take your choice at the same price, so unless you really enjoy grunting and sickness you should begin at once to prepare for the spring planting.

Select the highest and best piece of ground you can find, and as near the house as possible, so the good wife and children can step out and pick the berries just before the meal. Have all rows long so the work can be done with the horse, with as little hand work as possible. Draw out at once and spread a coat of well-rotted manure, or if you do not have this use fresh manure and let the winter rains wash the juices down into and incorporate it with the soil. The coarse straw should be raked off and not be plowed under, as it seriously injures the ground in case of drought.

Next to the fence set a row of asparagus. Fifty or a hundred plants will supply all the family can eat, and it is fully equal to green peas. Five feet from this row and three feet apart set 25 Palmer, 50 Older or Concord and 25 Gregg black raspberries. Seven feet further set 25 Hansell, 25 Mariboro and 50 Cuthbert red raspberries. Another row, same distance, put 25 Western Triumph and 25 Taylor blackberries, and then a row of grapes, two Early Ohio, three Moore's Early, five Delaware and a few Agawam for early winter. This is the permanent garden, which should last several years.

Now we set for strawberries 50 Warfield, 25 Bedford, 50 Haverland, 25 Lovett, 50 Greenville and 50 Enhance. Now with this put such vegetables as you need. I am perfectly well aware that I have provided for several times as much as a family of six can eat, but I wanted the children to have something to take to town and sell for their pin money. You will be astonished to see how much money you can pick up from such a garden, to say nothing of interesting the children in the work and the general good cheer it will infuse into the home life.—R. M. Kellogg in Farmers' Review.

Advantages of the Silo.

1. The silo stores away corn more safely and more permanently than any other plan. Silage is practically fireproof, and will keep in the silo indefinitely.

2. Corn can be made into silage at less expense than it can be preserved in any other form.

3. The silo preserves absolutely all but the roots of the corn.

4. Silage can be made in the sunshine or in rain. Unlike hay, it is independent of the weather.

5. When corn is ready for the silo, there is but little farm work pressing.

6. Corn is worth more to the dairy as silage than in any other form.

7. At least one-third more corn per acre may be fed on silage than on dried corn, stalks or fodder.

8. Corn is fed more conveniently as silage than in any other form.

9. Silage is of most value when fed in combination with other food richer in protein. It is not a complete food.

10. Owing to its succulence and bulkiness, silage is the best known substitute for green grass, and is therefore especially valuable as a winter food.—Jersey Bulletin.

Come West for Your Seed. That's what we say, because it's the best. Salzer's Wisconsin grown seeds are bred to earliness and produce the earliest vegetables in the world. Right alongside of other seedsmen's earliest, his are 20 days ahead! Just try his earliest peas, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, etc! He is the largest grower of farm and vegetable seeds, potatoes, grasses, clovers, etc!

If you will eat this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c postage, including above oats, free. w.n.

Scrofula

Manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age. KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them—the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

THE EARLIEST POTATO IN THE WORLD



FOR 5 CENTS.

DO YOU KNOW...

That the finest vegetables in the world are grown from Salzer's seeds? Why? Because they are Northern-grown, bred to earliness, and sprout quickly, grow rapidly and produce enormous crops!

35 Packages Earliest Vegetable Seeds, \$1.

POTATOES IN 28 DAYS!

Just think of that! You can have them by planting Salzer's seed. Try it this year!

LOOK AT THESE YIELDS IN IOWA.

Plifer Mine Oats, 197 bu. per acre.