

CHAPTER X .- CONTINUEDI.

A second and third attempt Miss Fulton made to solve the mystery of the haunted chamber. On the second night the place was not visited, and the adventurous girl had slept soundly from 2 o'clock until daybreak. But the third night, just as 12 o'clock struck, she heard the rattle of a key in the lock and directly the door swung upon, creakingly, and the tall figure she had once before seen stepped over the threshold. This time the figure was black only, simple black, and the veil that covered her face and shoulders was sable crape. She went forward until she stood upon the blood stain on the carpet and then sinking down to her knees she muttered some unintelligible words that sounded like a denunciation. Then she rose quickly and turned toward the closet where hung the

Helen sprang forward and grasped her firmly by the arm. A hoarse cry broke from under the black vell. With a gigantic strength the arm was torn from Helen's grasp, and, as before, the figure vanished in the shadows of the corridor. But she had left behind her a souvenir. For closely clasped in Telen's hand was a piece of torn cloth, and on carrying it to the light, Helen saw that it was a fragment of heavy, lustreless black silk. The face grew pale as marble and she leaned on a ta-

ble for support.
"My God!" she exclaimed, under her breath, "what if it should be?"
Helen Fuiton said nothing of her ad-

ventiles to any one, but she was watchfolded alert, and very little took place at the Rock of which she was not cogn zan With Ralph she was a great favorite. Her playfulness helped to dispel the gloom which hung constantly over him; he liked to listen to her childish talk and he liked to be surprised by the sudden flashes of wisdom beyond her years that sometimes gleamed through the free carelessness of her convertation. He took her out with Ag-nes and thuself in the little Sea Foam and before she had been a month at the Rock Helen Fulton knew every inch of the coast for miles and would manage a boat as well as the roughest old fishermaa in the violaity. Her father kept writing to recall her home, but she was so happy there among the rocks by the sea, she said, that she could not return until she had seen the coast by the summer sun, and so the ind sentleman ceased to urge

CHAPTER XI.

YNDE GRAHAM table in his cell. He had a pen in his hand, and writing materials upon the He laid down the pen, and thoughtfully in his

His imprisonent had brought upon him a great change. His face was pale and attenuated, his lips had grown thin by constant compression, and his eyes, once so bright and daring, were sad and misty with the tears pride would not let him ed. For as the time drew near when carieve would expire, and the fatal he felt a strange, yearning desire for life. Before, when he had been so near death, he had hardly asked for life: some way, it did not seem so easy to die now. Once, he had loved in a wild, nate way-a little short of mad-Imogene Ireton; he would have given his life to have brought her one hour of happiness. But that flerce passion had died a violent death. It had en very long since he had thought of her with a single thrill, and gradually there had crept into his heart, to be enere in secrecy, the sweet face of Agnes Trenholme, just as he had last of Agnes Trenholme, just as he had last seen it, when she lay senseless in the arms of Dr. Hudson, at the foot of the axilows from which she had saved him. A thriff of exquisite pleasure swept over him, as he thought, if she had not loved him she would not have risked so much to save him! He flushed, his mouth grew hader as a woman's at the thought, he put out his arms as if torough — he put out his arms as if to-rard time imaginary object, but roughed them again with a sad sigh. "A prisoner—condemned to die," he ald hoarsely to himself. "What right save both think a single thought of a

ere woman? And yet at heart, God h. I am as innocent as she is!" fore and paced the narrow limits lates to him with nervous haste.

It can do no harm," he said, thinkher to come to me, but not so soon soft until my nearness to death should atte it my last request. But I am so many for a eight of her face!"

Agres Trenholme—Is it being eyes, and laid his cold nose in her hand. Pessents his bill.

too presumptuous to ask you to make my gloomy prison all bright for a little while with your presence? We were playmates once, you know, and in the memory of the dear old time, before sorrow came, I ask you to visit me here. I shall be unhappy until you come. Will you be kind?

"LYNDE GRAHAM." This little note cost Agnes a sleepless night of weeping and prayer. But when the morning came it found her calm. She said nothing to anyone of her intention, but toward noon she dressed herself in her plainest clothes and walked down to Portlea. The jailer gave her access at once,

She stood alone with Lynde Graham. His face glowed, his breath came quick. If he had followed the dictates of his heart, he would have sprung forward and folded her in his arms. But he remembered that he was a felon, and restrained himself. Agnes went forward, downcast and confused, and put her hand in his. The consciousness of her love, the love he had never asked for, made her timid and shrinking.

You see I have come, Lynde.' "I do. I thank you for it, and also for calling me Lynde. O Agnes, it seems so much like the old times!"

"The dear old times!" she said softly. 'O Lynde, Lynde!" And all the terrible change that had come rushed over her mind, and she burst into tears.

He smoothed the hair on her forehead, his hand trembling, his voice hoarse and unsteady.

"Hush, my child! It is all in God's hands. Cannot we trust him?"

"Yes, I have. I do. But, O Lynde! only three little months, and then-She stopped. She could not finish the "And then I shall have passed away."

he said solemnly. "It will be better, perhaps, but I have just begun to learn how sweet life might be!"

"Lynde, I want you to tell me that you are innocent. I know that you are. I have never felt a doubt of that, but I want to hear you say it. It will be to me a great satisfaction."

"You are good to trust mc, Agnes. am innocent. I would sooner have died than harm should have come to Marina. Is that enough?"

"Yes, your simple word is all I ask.

"I thank you yet again for your trust in me. But I have never expressed to you my gratitude for the little more of life given me through your means. I know all the risk you ran, and all the sacrifice you made, and my heart is full of gratitude."

He leaned his head over hers, and lifted her face-their lips almost touched. The temptation that beset him was almost too strong to be resisted. If he could kiss her once, he thought, the remembrance would be so sweet he should forget all that might come in recalling it. But he would not. He was a man convicted and sentenced to death for the crime of murder-his

very touch was pollution.
"Lynde," she said, "I could not have you die. Why do I not feel the same it in the morning." And taking the know that this time I cannot save you, hurried away. and yet I feel no fear. I seem to cast it all out of my mind."

He looked at her curiously. She seemed like one who saw far away in leaned back the future something so bright and beautiful that its glory pierced even the midnight gloom of the unhappy present. And then, the glow faded. the light went out of her eyes. She saw only the dreary prison cell, and dropping her forehead on her folded arms, she sobbed unrestrainedly. Lynde Graham half lifted his arms to take her into them, but refrained

"O Agnes!" he said, bitterly, "if I only could! if I had a right to comfort you! But you understand what stands between us!

She understood him fully, then. The color leaped into her cheeks-she took her hands gently away from him. "Lynde, I must go now. Sometime I will come again. Good-by."

About this time a very singular circumstance occurred at the Rock. Quito, the great dog that had Marina's, had been absent from home ever since the marriage of Mr. Trenholme. A friend of that gentlemen, a sporting character, had borrowed the dog to take away with him into the wilds of New Hampshire, on a hunting tour he was making with some brother sportsmen; and now having returned, he brought Quite home. From the very first, the dog behaved strangely. Mr. Trenholme thought he had been so long away that he had forgotten his old friends; but that was not the case, for he greeted Agnes and the housekeeper in the most cordial canine manner. But he was restless, and ill at ease. He smelled of the floors and the furniture, and his ears and tail were erect in an instant at the slightest sound. He refused to eat, and would not lie down in his old place on the mat in the library, but sat in a watchful attitude on the threshold of the sitting room. Helen Fulton began to make

advances to him at once. "If he'd only let me pat him," she said to Agnes. "Patting is the finest cure for ill-temper. Lalways pat papa when I ask him for money.'

She put out her hand to the dog. "We'll be friends, won't we, Quito?" The dog winked his great intelligent

She jut her arms around his shaggy neck

"I love you, Quito," she said, enthusiastically. "Helen loves you! And let what will happen she'll stand by

The dog barked understandingly, and looked into her face with eyes that were almost human.

A little afterward, a piercing scream echoed through the house. It came from the hall above the main entrance. Ralph rushed out of the library, where he was writing, and Agnes, Helen and Mrs. Trenholme hurried to the place.
For a moment they all stood petrified with what they behelo.

Quito was holding Imogene pinioned

to the floor with his heavy body, and his terrible teeth were buried in her throat! Every hair on him bristled with rage, and his eyes gleamed like coals. Imogene's face was purple, her eyes starting from their sockets, and the red blood flowing profusely down her white neck to the floor.

Ralph snatched a musket from the bracket in the wall, and struck the dog a terrible blow, and then he lifted Imogene up. Something like a thrill of tenderness went over him as her head sunk helplessly to his shoulder.

"My poor girl," he said, pityinglythen to one of the servants, "William, run quickly for the doctor!"

Imogene heard him, and raised herself quickly. "Stop, William!" she said, impera-tively. "It is not much. Bind it up,

some of you. I want no doctors!" Raiph took her up to the housekeeper's room, and the old woman washed and dressed the wound to the best of her ability. It was severe, but no ser-

ious result need be apprehended. "Now tell me how it happened?" said Ralph, seating himself by the side of his wife.

She replied coldly: "I hardly know. I think the dog must be naturally ill-tempered. 1 brushed against him as I was passing, and instantly he sprang upon me. Don't question me about it, please? It

gives me the terrors to think of it." Ralph left her and sought Quito. Helen had taken him in charge, and with his head in her lap was doing her best to comfort him for the rough treatment he had received at the hands of his master. Ralph took the animal by the collar, and Helen saw the glitter of a revolver in his hand. She sheltered the dog with her body.

"No! no! you must not have him, it you are going to kill him! I won't let vou!"

"He has nearly killed my wife, Miss Fulton; I should not feel safe with him at large. The only way to stop this is to end his life."

"But I tell you, you shall not! Mr. Trenholme, I am your guest, and if I want a dog's life spared, you can't be a gentleman, you know, unless you spare

"Indeed, I regret to deny you-" "But you need not regret, for I will not have you deny me! You can chain the dog. But if you kill him, now mark me, if you kill him-and you shall not -there will come a day when you will be sorry for it!"

Her singular earnestness influenced him strangely. There was something about this girl he did not understand. "Very well," he said, "I will humor The dog shall be chained.

"Thank you," she said. "That's kind. Give me the pistol."

Come, Quito."

"What? Cannot you trust me?" "Pistols are dangerous weapons in careless hands. Give it to me. I'll kill a squirrel for your breakfast with terrible anxiety now, I wonder? I weapon from his unresisting hand, she

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRICKS PLAYED BY PLANTS. Artful Devices of the Calenduls-The Cow Wheat's Joke.

Dr. Lundstrom has recently described some cases of alleged plant mimicry, says London Public Opinion. The cultivated plant known as calendula may, in different conditions, produce at least three different kinds of fruit. Some have sails and are suited for transportation by the wind, while others have hooks and catch hold of passing animals, but the third kind exhibits a more desperate dodge, for it becomes like a caterpillar! Not that the fruit knows anything about it, but if it be sufficiently like a caterpillar, a bird may eat it | by mistake, the indigestible seeds will trick succeeds.

The next case is more marvelous. There is a very graceful wild plant, with beautiful, delicate flowers, known to many as the cow wheat. Ants are fond of visiting the cow wheat to feast on a sweet banquet spread out upon the leaves. Dr. Lundstrom has observed one of these ants and was surprised to see it making off with one of the seeds from an open fruit. The ant took the seed home with it. On exploring some ant nests the explorer saw that this was not the first cow-wheat seed which had been similarly treated. Many seeds were found in the ant nurseries. The ants did not eat them or destroy them; in fact, when the nest was disturbed the ants saved the seeds along with their brood, for in size, form, color and weight, even in minute particulars, the seeds in question resemble ant cocoons. Once placed among the cocoons it requires a better than an ant to distinguish the tares from the wheat. In the excitement of flitting, when the nest is disturbed, the mistake is repeated and the seeds are also saved. The trick is found out some day, for the seeds, like the cocoons, awake out of The awakening displays the fraud. The seeds are thus supposed to be scattered; they germinate and seem to thrive in the ant nests.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

SHOWS THE FAILURE OF DEMO-

CRATIC THEORIES.

Department of Agriculture's Annual Report-An Eye-Opener - Not a Single Market of the World Has Been Cap-

tured-Prices for Farm Products.



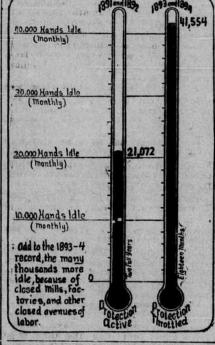
It was with relief that we received the annual report of the secretary of agriculture for 1895. Having hunted in vain, month after month, through our statistics of exports for some indication of the capture of the markets of the world by American farmers, we felt sure that comfort could be gleaned from Secretary Morton's report. We gather the following facts:

During the 1895 fiscal year there was decrease in our exports of cattle of 39,236 head as compared with 1894. On the other hand we imported 63,716 head of cattle from Mexico. But the wonderful stimulus given to our wool growing industry is shown in our exports of 350,808 head of sheep, an increase of 300 per cent over 1894, when only 85,-309 were shipped abroad.

Concerning the foreign markets for American meat products, Mr. Morton says that "prices for bacon averaged considerably lower during the year 1895 than the year 1894." Though there was "a very considerable advance in the price of bacon" in the British market in the summer, "United States bacon did not participate to any appreciable extent in the general advance." During seven months of the year we sold 15,680,000 pounds more bacen, but received \$1,000,000 less money for it. It is with bacon as with other of our farm products, the markets of the world are willing to take them when they need them, not when we want to sell them; and at their price, not our price. Of our live stock trade in the British market Mr. Morton says:

"Up to the present year the United States and Canada have had an unquestioned monopoly in the supply of imported live cattle to the British people; but now there is vigorous and growing competition from Argentina,

> Strikes and Lockouts inthe United States Mands Idle. Monthly average



and also incipient competition from Australia.

Evidently this market of the world cannot be maintained for us, as other countries are trying to effect its capture. Again it is said that "shipments of chilled beef from the United States fell off during the first eight months of the present year 11,000,000 pounds." be subsequently dropped and so the Of our cheese we learn that: "Throughout the year United States cheese has commanded the minimum figure upon the English market. We also shipped to England, in eight months, nearly 117,000 cwts. less than in the 1894 period. We supply that market of the world with only 1 per cent of its total imports of butter. There is a great market for eggs in England, that country paying \$12,280,917 for foreign eggs in a year. But the money goes to Russia, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, France and Canada. The United States gets none of it.

Farmers can, during the winter months, reflect upon the importance of these captures of the markets of the world, to which our free trade secretary of agriculture has drawn their attention.

Senator Blanchard's Situation.

Senator Blanchard has done a great deal of hard work since the adjournment of Congress in behalf of the sugar planters of Louisiana, whom he practically pauperized by his vote in the senate on the passage of the Gorman Tariff act. As Senator of Louisiana, as the creature of the Democratic party, he voted to uphold the view of that party, which maintins that Protection is unconstitutional. As the paid attorney of the poor farmers of Louisiana he appeared before Commissioner Bowler A preferred creditor-one who never and argued in support of the constitutionality of the very principle which he | gold coin.

had so recently before denounced. This is blowing hot and cold with a vengeance, and one can hardly blame Mr. Bowler for attaching so little importance to the argument of the Attorney-Senator. Commissioner Bowler has shown his degree of contempt for a double-dealer. What will the ruined people of Louisiana do when this Senator's term expires in 1897?

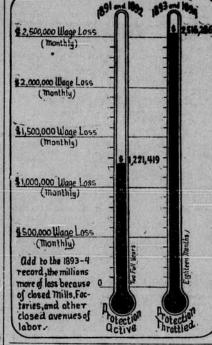
Where the British Buy.

Although our British neighbors have bought from us nearly a milion barrels of flour less than they purchased in the corresponding nine months of 1894, yet it must not be imagined that they are starving. From France they have bought 250,000 barrels more than last year; from Austria 100,000 barrels more; from Canada 300,000 barrels more; from Germany and other countries 20,-000 barrels more. The American farm product is the only one that is seen less in the markets of the world.

South American Cattle Growers.

The Bureau of the American Republics has received information that the cattle raisers of the Argentine Republic are making arrangements to import large numbers of high grade cattle for the purpose of improving the herds in

> Strikes and Lockouts United States Less to Employees.
>
> Monthly Overege



order to compete in the European markets with the live stock shippers from the United States and Australia.

It is useless for them to waste their time and money in attempting to do that. Don't our Southern neighbors know that all the markets of the world have been given to farmers in the United States under our present Free-Trade Tariff? If any doubt exists upon this point, study the object lesson illustrated elsewhere in this issue.

Texas Farmers for Protection.

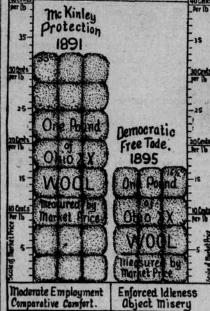
The attention of Senator Mills is drawn to the following resolution passed at the annual meeting of the Texas Wool Growers' Association:

Resolved, That we demand that our Senators and Representatives in Congress cast their votes in favor of restoring wool to the dutiable list at such rate of import duty as the farmers of the United States declare to be necessary in order to enable them to grow wool profitably.

Looking for the "Boom."

There has been a great deal of talk about business revival. The people have been assured that a regular boom of prosperity had started in, that the manufacturers had resumed operations, that all the great mills of the country were running in full blast, that work had been resumed everywhere, that the idle laborers had found employment, and that everybody was doing well, making money and enjoying renewed prosperity. There must, however, be a mistake somewhere. The boom has certainly not set in to a very large and universal extent. It has not reached the West, at least, and upon close investigation it is found that it is not a

> Eventhe Small Wool Protection provided by the McKinley Tariff was better than none for american Wool Growers and the Thousands of Men They Employed



very able-bodied boom in the East, either.-The Hawk-Eye, Burlington,

We Need It. Our import duties should be paid in

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