

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XII.

IMOGENE'S threat healed slowly, but she would have no physician to attend to it. She was suspicious of doctors she said. They made a living by the deaths of other people. But she made her injury an excuse for keeping her room.

About a week after the affair with the dog, Ralph was lying one night awake in his chamber, the door of which he had left a little ajar for air. For some reason he could not sleep. At last he heard a slight rustling sound in the passage, and directly he thought he heard the belt of the hall door withdrawn. He sprang up instantly, and, putting on his boots—fer he had not undressed—went noiselessly down stairs and out of the door, which, as he had expected, he found unfastened. The night was obscure, the faint moon hidden in clouds. But the low murmur of voices drew him on, and just at the foot of the garden he saw distinctly two figures, standing close together. He crept up near them, and had no difficulty in recognizing his wife—and he was nearly sure that the other was the mysterious stranger with whom he had once before discovered her.

The man turned his face toward the moon, and there was light enough to show Ralph that his complexion was dark, his features irregular, and his chin heavily bearded. And as he lifted up his right hand to enforce something he was saying, the keen observer also saw that the third and fourth fingers were missing.

"I, in, of no use to beat about the bush, Mrs. Trenholme," the man was saying; "no use, whatever. I have told you my requirements."

"Hush!" she said, fearfully, looking around her. "I am watched continually. We cannot talk here."

"Well, then we will row out to the Rover's Reef. It will be pleasant on the water and I have a great deal to say to you. But you must kiss me before we start."

Imogene drew back with a gesture of contempt, but the man put a strong arm around her and held her to his side. She looked at him a moment, then lightly touched his cheek with her lips and said hoarsely:

"Let us go. I am in the mood to be on the water. It is just dark and gloomy enough."

He led her down the rocky path to a little cove where a strange boat, probably the one in which he had reached the Rock, lay moored. She stepped in without hesitation, and he pushed off.

Some terrible purpose had flashed into life in the brain of Ralph Trenholme. He dashed down the rocks after them, unloosed his own boat and, by a circuitous route, made off to the Rover's Reef. The low line of rocks which bore this name formed at ebb tide a barren island, about two miles from the shore, but at high water the waves swept it completely.

Ralph bent every energy to the work before him, and reached the reef some fifteen minutes before those for whom he waited. They came on shore, and the man made fast the boat. They sat down just a little in the shadow of some jagged rocks lying between them and the little indenture in the rock where they had moored their boat, and began to converse together in low, earnest tones. But Ralph did not care to listen. He had not come to pry into secrets. He had come for revenge. This woman whom he had married had dishonored him—that was enough. All mercy for her died out in his heart. He unloosed his own boat and took the other in tow, and allowed himself to drift with the tide, which was just beginning to set landward.

The moment he was out of hearing of those on the Reef he bent to the oars and in a little while the boats were beached and he was climbing the steep path to the house.

And in an hour the Rover's Reef would be ten feet under water. He threw off his hat and sat down on the piazza. The air blew in from the sea, fresh and cold. He heard the rush of the incoming tide. Something in the sound made him shiver. He put his hand to his heart as if the motion might still his wild throbbings. And in doing so, he felt the little tress of hair—the blood-stained, golden tress that he had cut from the head of Marina, the night she had buried her. The simple touch thrilled him with a new sensation. It brought before him the sweet, pitiful blue eyes that were closed under the summer daisies and the winter snows. Good heavens! what was he better than a murderer? He sprang up in wild haste, and dashed down the cliffs to the boats. With a skillful hand he launched the Sea Foam, and though the tide beat him back almost as fast as his strength pushed forward, he did not hesitate. It

was better to perish on the rocks striving to save the lives he had put in jeopardy than it was to live—a murderer! The rush of the tide was fierce and strong, but Ralph Trenholme was desperate. He knew well the fearful risk he ran, but he did not flinch from facing the danger. He bent every muscle and sinew to the work. The boat labored on over the billows, the surf breaking over her at almost every lurch. Ralph was drenched to the skin. Rover's Reef had never seemed half so far away. Ages had elapsed, it appeared to him, since he left the harbor. At last he neared the spot. He heard the swirling roar of the waves over the sunken rocks—saw before him the foam-white breakers, as they dashed wildly upward—saw, and heard with a blank and terrible despair at heart—for the Reef was entirely under water!

"Great God!" he cried, aloud; "I have murdered them!" And dropping the oars he fell upon his face in the bottom of the boat, and drifted at the mercy of the tide.

It bore him rapidly down the shore, but he did not notice whether he was going—the terrible weight of the thing he had done crushed him utterly. A sudden shock aroused him. The boat had stranded on a sandy shore. He crept from the debris and gazed around. He recognized the place at once. It was near Highpoint, a place of considerable shipping interest, about twenty miles from Porticia. The line of East Indiamen terminated here, and even then at the wharf a ship was lying bound for the distant islands of the East. A strong temptation came over Ralph to flee his country—to leave behind him everything he feared; to go away and let the fearful events of the past night remain to him a fearful doubt. His boat would be found, and his friends would believe him drowned, and no living being could ever know how guilty he had been! How guilty! Had he been guilty? He thought it over calmly. It had not been premeditated. He had never for a moment indulged in the thought of taking this kind of revenge, until just as he saw the pair push off in their boat. He had been mad then! Nothing short of insanity could have prompted him to the fearful act. And after all, what had he done? Nothing overt. He had simply removed a boat from the Rover's Reef to the shore. True, but he knew when he did it that for the want of that boat two fellow-creatures must go down into the cruel depths of the sea, for nothing could save them! Yes, he was guilty; fearfully so—this man who had dared to take God's vengeance out of his all-wise hands, who had cast off his only sister because she tried to save the life of Lynde Graham—he, even he, was, in the eye of the law, a murderer! There was one thing that he wanted to do, but something stronger than even his own will held him back. He wanted to go before a magistrate and confess the whole and then let them do with him as they saw fit. But anything like this would involve the dishonor and name of his wife!—if a part was told, it must all be told, and he could not bear the terrible scandal! It would be more dreadful than even the recognition of his own guilt.

He turned toward the outward bound vessel. His decision was nearly taken. A feather would have turned the scales either way. And it was turned suddenly.

"Hello, Trenholme!" called a rough voice, which he recognized as that of John Cooper, an old man who lived a little way from the Rock. "It's a nice morning, ain't it? Going back today? If you be, I'll take you right up in the Sally Ann."

Fate had decided. He was to go back. It would be useless to leave the country now, for honest John would tell all the neighbors near and far, that he had spoken to Squire Trenholme at Highpoint. So he replied, quietly enough:

"Yes, I am going back. Thank you, I'll be glad of a chance in the Sally Ann for my boat has got stove, and if not, it's a long row to Porticia."

So an hour after he stood on the deck of the fishing schooner, the Sally Ann, and they were away for Porticia.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUST as Ralph sprang from the wharf he heard a great shout, and glancing up the road he saw a pair of frantic horses attached to a light carriage dashing wildly down toward the sea. The coachman still clinging to the box, but he had lost all control over the animals, and had much ado to keep himself from being thrown over. With Ralph, to think was to act. He swung himself before the mad brutes, and seizing the near horse by the bit, was borne along with them. With one hand he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and reaching over, he cut the harness from the off horse, and touching him with the point of his knife, the beast gave a mad snort and cleared himself from the carriage. His strength soon sufficed to stop the other horse, and delivering him up to the care of half a dozen men who had rushed out from their houses upon the

scene, he opened the door of the carriage. But at sight of what it contained he grew pale as marble, and leaned against the vehicle for support. No wonder he was agitated, for lying white and still upon the velvet cushions, her long golden locks streaming over her shoulders, was the exact counterpart of his lost Marina. The features the same repose of the face, the scarlet lips, the soft hair, even the delicate, shell-like ears were the same.

"God Heaven!" he cried, "am I awake or dreaming? Marina, Marina, speak to me!"

"Is she safe? Is Genevieve safe?" cried a strange gentleman, hastening up. "Tell me, sir, if she is injured?"

Ralph turned toward him. The sound of a voice recalled him to himself.

"I do not think she is hurt. She must have fainted."

"Thank Heaven!" cried the stranger, as he lifted the lady out in his arms. "She breathes! Ah, she opens her eyes. Genie, my darling, are you hurt?"

She lifted her great violet eyes to his anxious countenance and smiled. The smile made her so much like Marina, that Ralph could hardly persuade himself that the dead had not come back to life.

"No, Guy, I am not injured, I think. But fright made me do a very foolish thing, you gentlemen will think. Indeed, I am not in the habit of swooning."

"You certainly had sufficient cause," Ralph said, bowing; then to the gentleman, "Will you not allow me to offer you the hospitality of my house to your wife, until you can get a conveyance? Trenholme is very near, just behind the trees, and I presume you came from the village?"

"We did, sir. We are stopping at the Reef House. I thank you for your courtesy, but at present we will not accept it. That is, if Genevieve feels able to walk the half-mile between us and the hotel. Do you, dear?"

"Certainly. I would not be a true Englishwoman if I could not," she answered, with a bewitching smile.

The gentleman explained.

"We are English. We arrived at Porticia two days ago in the Clifton. My name is Guy St. Cyril, and this is my sister, Genevieve."

Trenholme removed his hat.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," he said, "but allow me to tell you that I am Ralph Trenholme, of the old house yonder on the rocks."

St. Cyril bowed.

"Will you walk with us to the hotel? I have a fancy for becoming better acquainted with you."

Ralph willingly acquiesced, for he wanted to gain time, and he hoped courage, before he should again face the wondering family at the Rock. For by this time they must have missed Imogene and himself, as well as the Sea Foam.

In spite of all the dread he felt within, Ralph Trenholme could not keep his eyes from the beautiful face of Miss St. Cyril. Her brother noticed the absorbing gaze.

"Does my sister remind you of any one you have met?" he asked, a little curiously.

Ralph started, conscious of, and ashamed of his rudeness.

"Pardon me, sir, I have been unparadoxically rude. But I think Miss St. Cyril will forgive me when I tell her that she is the exact image of the young girl I was once engaged to marry, and who was snatched from me on the day that was to have made her mine."

Miss St. Cyril's face sympathized with his unwonted emotion.

"Did she die?" she asked softly.

"Yes, she did. She was murdered."

The girl shuddered and grew pale.

"It is a sad story," said Ralph, hoarsely. "I seldom speak of it, but I think I would like to tell it to you. You are so like her."

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

A Recipe That Has Been Tried and Found Good.

A tested recipe for whole wheat bread which we are glad to note is becoming a part of the diet of every well-nourished family, consists of one pint of boiling water poured into a pint of milk. Cool the liquid and when lukewarm add one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in half a cupful of warm water. Add a teaspoonful of salt and enough whole wheat to make to batter that will drop easily from a spoon. Beat thoroughly five minutes, cover, and stand in a place that is moderately warm for three hours. Enough whole wheat to make a dough should then be added gradually. When stiff, knead on your board until the mass is soft and elastic, but not sticky. Make the dough into loaves, put in greased bread-pans, and after covering stand aside one hour. The time for baking will depend on the size of the loaves. If long French loaves, bake thirty minutes in a quick oven. If large square loaves, bake one hour at a moderate heat. When crusty bread is liked the dough may be made in sticks and baked in pans made for that special purpose. Another tested recipe that requires less handling and that is used by Miss Johnson is made in the following way: Scald one cupful of milk, add a teaspoonful of butter, the same quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and one cupful of water. When lukewarm add one-half a yeast cake and enough wheat flour to make a thin batter. This should be done in the morning, as the bread rises quickly. After making a smooth batter let it rise until very light. Add whole wheat gradually and beating continuously until as much has been added as you can stir conveniently. If the flour is not added gradually and well mixed the bread will be coarse-grained. Turn into greased tins, and when light bake one hour on a moderate oven.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



I HAVE raised some poultry for thirteen years, and have had considerable experience with a number of breeds. We began in 1865 with common mixed chickens. Then we tried Black Spanish, Partridge Cochins, White and Brown Leghorns, Light Brahmas, and lastly Plymouth Rocks. For continuous egg production and for table use the Plymouth Rocks suit me the best, but for egg production alone the White and Brown Leghorns lead.

While on the farm we had a comfortable frame building 24x8 feet and one story high. A glass front faced the south. A part of the house was floored. In summer our chickens shifted for themselves without any regular feeding. During the winter they received mixed oats and corn and table scraps and occasionally boiled potatoes, fed warm and at times seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt.

For markets we depended mostly on the local dealers, but sometimes shipped to Chicago. It is best to ship, if a good commission house can be secured, and the express can be used at reasonable rates. The White and Buff Leghorns continued laying pretty regularly during the entire winter.

And now, living here in the city for a year past, we have had an average of twelve hens, Plymouth Rocks, and they keep us supplied with all the eggs needed for a family of four. About 25 per cent have been lost from lice, animals, and disease. The young broods suffer most. For the care we have been able to give, our success in raising broods has been very satisfactory, but from the causes above stated losses have occurred among the young broods. Especially have we had some losses from year to year from the disease called cholera. We have doctored only to a limited extent.

The three breeds named above lead all others that we have tried in egg production. But the Plymouth Rocks that we now have lead all others in the continuity of egg production. They even lay during the moulting period. I think our experience goes to show that they mature quite as early as any other breeds. Our experience here in the city convinces us that there is nothing that pays better than a few hens, kept for supplying the family table. No attempt should be made to raise chickens unless more space is at command than is usually the case on a town or city lot. The scraps and waste from the table will furnish nearly all the food required for twelve or fifteen hens, and, if properly housed and cared for, no family need go to market for their supply of eggs.—T. H. Barr, in Farmers' Review.

Five Weeks Old Chickens.

At a large stock farm in Maryland, where a specialty is made of poultry, it is stated that 20,000 young chickens have been marketed in the year past, and that a single hotel in New York city would be glad to make a contract for the entire production. A "baby white" Plymouth Rock "broiler" is said to be the especial favorite, and one explanation of the manner in which they have come to be so popular is thus given by the Rural New Yorker: "A few years ago the family of one of our American millionaires went to Paris and ate a dinner at which little birds were served—one for each guest. They were smaller than ordinary broilers, one whole one providing about meat enough for each person. This seemed like an agreeable fad, and when they returned to America this family demanded these little birds in place of broilers. This fashion has spread among the rich until a plump chicken five weeks old will often sell for as much as a large broiler. Of course this means a gain to the feeder of at least a month's feeding. It just illustrates how changes in fashion strike below the surface into the production of articles of food. The rich and fastidious demand delicacies—fruits, vegetables and meats out of their natural season. This demand stimulates inventive genius and men are found who invent the appliances needed to produce the artificial conditions required to grow plants and animals out of their seasons. These appliances are improved and extended until what was once a luxury becomes cheapened to a necessity, and rich and poor alike enjoy it. That is the history of forced fruits and vegetables, broilers, hothouse lambs," etc.—Ex.

Experience with Plymouth Rocks.

The only breed of fowls I raise is the Plymouth Rocks. I have not tried any other breed, but am told that the Buff Cochins is superior. My poultry house is constructed of pipe boards and has a small glass window. The house is ten feet long and five feet wide. I feed the fowls three times a day, warm coarse corn in the morning, corn and oats noon and evening. There is a fair market for poultry and eggs at the store. I get very few eggs in winter. I lose no fowls from animals or any other cause. Plymouth Rocks in spring, summer and fall are fair egg producers, but not in winter. The old hens in cold weather are rather lazy, but willing to eat all the time. They are generally good sitters and take good care of the young broods. My advice is: Better sell out all hens over two years old.—L. Nowland, in Farmers' Review.

Teaching Boys to Milk.

A writer in Grange Homes says: Boys cannot learn to milk without practicing on a real cow, and these efforts naturally result in drying off the yield. Every dairyman owes it to his sons, if he is so fortunate as to possess any, to teach them the rudiments of milking when they are at least 10 or 12 years old. As such teaching necessarily injures the milk yield, it should never be practiced on animals when the object is to maintain the yield. Teach the boys how to milk on cows that you want to dry off. At this season of the year you have such cows, animals that are approaching their time of calving. Let the youngsters practice on these, impressing on them from the start the true principles of milking. Teach them to approach a cow gently; brush the udder and clean the teats before the milk pail is brought near; to sit squarely up to the cow, instead of at arm's length, and to not practice violent "see-sawing" in pressing out the milk. From personal experience I know the value of this matter of learning first principles right. A boy will until taught better continue to practice milking in the way he first learned it, be that right or wrong. At least, I did.

The Calf.

For the first four weeks I give the calf new milk; after that I remove a part of the cream, that is, I give it morning's milk at night and night's milk in the morning. When I begin to take off the cream I give the little fellow a fresh raw egg once a day, and soon I begin to add a little well-cooked corn meal mush, and at four or five months of age I wean it if I have pigs that need the milk, and I then have a fine calf ready to keep for a good cow or to sell to the buyers. If the calf is a male I have it attended to as soon as possible, paying no attention whatever to the "sign," as I find, if the flies do not trouble, the "sign" is right at any time. I think, also, that I know how to have a good, gentle, nice cow. When I have occasion to sell a cow I can do so easily and at a good price. Given a reasonably good stock, and having raised the calf as aforesaid, I turn my attention to the heifer with an eye to the future. I handle them every day; I halter break them; I give them a name and teach them to know it, and to come to me when I call them by their name.—Cor. Agricultural Epitomist.

Dairying in France.

The butter industry in France is not satisfactory, and the co-operative creameries can alone help to remedy the undesired situation. The chief cause of the complaints is the low cost of butter, due to Australian and American shipments to England, which has hitherto been the main outlet for French butter. During 1894 there has been a drop in the exportation of butter, amounting to about \$10,600,000. The president of the customs asserts that the diminution has been going on quietly from year to year, and promises to continue; he deplores, this state of things, the more so as France has in Normandy the finest pasture lands in the world, and an admirable race of dairy cattle; he is of opinion that the Normandy farmers have been relying too much on their historical reputation, while new competitors have been coming to the front, instead of remaining in an up-to-date position. The president is very severe on the unscrupulous intermediaries who have adulterated French butter with margarine.—Rural Canadian.

How to Develop Dairying.

Out on the big prairies of western Minnesota the farmers of Graceville, without the aid of a "promoter," organized and built a most complete and combined creamery and cheese factory with cold storage for \$2,800, quite as good or better than the \$5,000 or \$6,000 ones. The creamery has been a success from the start, the butter bringing top prices in cash from the beginning. Then, to further their industry, the patrons of this creamery, to improve their cows, hired an expert, who purchased twelve finely bred bulls from the best dairy lines possible, and the patrons are now to see what blood will do in securing better stock than they now possess. In this is the hint. Why cannot other patrons do the same? The dairying of the future must be done with a better cow. Who is to breed her? Why not the patron who knows his wants or should? And these men are in one sense pioneers in a wholesale attempt to solve the question of better dairying, by bringing in the best attainable blood for that purpose.—Dairy World.

Need of Good Cows.

There are a great many makes of steam engines, pumps, bicycles, etc., and there are also a great many makes of cows. This is a most important point that a vast proportion of dairymen in the state overlook. They get the idea that "a cow is a cow," whereas there are thousands of cows which do not pay for their keep, to say nothing of the labor required to attend them. The individuals of different breeds vary, of course, but blood will tell in a very marked degree when the returns for butter come in. Any one, by a system of careful selection—that is, breeding only first-class bulls, and constantly selecting the best calves from the best cows—can, in the course of years, build up a herd of splendid producers from a very scrubby commencement, but it takes a long time to do so, and a still longer one to make the type of large producers a permanent one. This building-up process was gone through with years ago in founding all the great breeds of fine cattle that we have at the present day.—Joseph Maillard.

The man who never made a fool of himself about a woman never happened to meet the right one.—Uncle Dick.

A tool may have been first suggested to man by a stone used to crack nuts.

Cake for a Child's Birthday.

The following receipt will tell how to make a nice birthday cake for a child: Cream together one cup of butter and three cups of sugar; the yolks of four eggs beaten thoroughly with one cup of sweet milk; then add slowly four cups of finely-sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little spice, a cupful of seeded raisins, and lastly, the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Put into a rather shallow cake tin and bake in not too hot an oven. Just before putting in the oven drop in the ring, thimble and the sixpence.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me. This and other similar cures prove that

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