

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)
"Oh, if you would?" she said, timidly.

"You have roused my interest," said Mr. St. Cyril, "and here we are at the Reef House. The service you have rendered us makes us like old friends; come in and let us hear your story." Seated in the parlor, Ralph began: "I will not make it a long story. It can just as well be told briefly. And now that I come to think of it, I greatly wonder that I should speak of it at all. Perhaps there may be a fate in it. Years ago, there was a ship wrecked in a great storm, off the harbor of Portland. No living thing came ashore from it but a little child—a girl of six or seven years. I was standing close down by the water, and the waves cast her up at my feet. She was unconscious, but by proper treatment soon recovered her faculties, with the exception of her memory. That never returned to her. We questioned her vainly with regard to her previous life. She remembered nothing. Even her name had flown from her. My mother decided to adopt her, and she called her Marina, because she came to us out of the sea. I loved her from the moment the waves had cast her up to me, and when she was of suitable age, I told her my love, and won from her the sweet confession that it was returned. The marriage day was set, the guests were all in waiting. The bridesmaids went up to her chamber to call the bride, and she found her sitting in her chair, stabbed to the heart.

A sharp spasm of pain stopped his utterance, but he rallied directly and went on:

"Circumstances led to the discovery of the murderer, though his motive we have never known. He lies in the jail a few rods from here, under the sentence of death.

Genevieve had listened to Mr. Trenholme's narrative with strangely eager interest, and her brother seemed none the less intent.

When Ralph paused, St. Cyril said: "Was there no clew, no possible mark, by which this child, this Marina, might have been identified by her friends if she survived?"

"Upon the right arm, just above the elbow, there was a small scarlet cross. It might have been made there by some indelible substance, or it might have been a birthmark."

Miss St. Cyril drew the sleeve away from her snowy arm, and held it out to Mr. Trenholme. And he saw, faintly glowing through the white skin, the very fac-simile of the cross that had marked the whiteness of Marina's arm. He started back, pale and trembling.

"What am I to think?" he said. "You see the same! It is my Marina come up from the grave, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," said Miss St. Cyril. "We were twin sisters, I and your Marina."

He looked at her in silent amazement. Mr. St. Cyril spoke:

"Think Gene is right. It is all so strange. Our search is ended, then? But how different from what I had hoped! We know her fate; but she is dead—gone from us beyond recall."

"He bowed his head upon the table while Gene laid her arm over his neck. "Brother, we are left to each other. And the fault was none of ours."

"True. I have much to be thankful for. Mr. Trenholme, you are wonderful over much that you do not understand. My sister and myself came to this country, not on a pleasure trip, but in obedience to a sacred promise given to the dying. If you have time to spare I will make you acquainted with the saddest part of our family history. I will tell you why Evangeline St. Cyril was on the ship which was wrecked."

"Thank you," responded Ralph. "I am all attention. I have longed all my life that the mystery might be solved. Would to God that she could have lived to see this day!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOU must know," began Mr. St. Cyril, "that my mother was the second daughter of Lord Charles Hillland, an Englishman of large estates and unbounded pride. She was possessed of uncommon beauty, and early in life developed remarkable powers of fascination. She was educated with great care, and no pains were spared to make her as accomplished as she was lovely. She had two sisters and one brother.

"When Regina, for that was my mother's name, was about sixteen, there came to Hillland Manor a young man named John Rudolph. He came as a sort of tutor to an orphan nephew of Lord Hillland's, whom he had adopted into the family. Rudolph was just the sort of person to attract the fancy of a romantic young girl, whose only glimpse of life had been through the

highly-drawn novels she had read. He was gloomy and stern enough for a hero. He had suffered much in his short life, and had struggled hard with poverty, and by his own indomitable perseverance had worked his way through college. His pride was strong even as Lord Hillland's, and his cunning craft unqualified. Far back for some generations his ancestors had belonged to the gypsy race, and perhaps to this fact he owed his dark complexion, and his great, passionate, black eyes.

"His gloomy melancholy touched the sensitive heart of Regina, and she began to be kind to him in various little ways. She gave him books from the rare old library, she showed him choice engravings, she asked his assistance sometimes in her little flower garden, and by and by she learned to love him. I think he, also, in his cold, rude fashion, loved her, but he was too selfishly calculating ever to feel a genuine passion. At one time he so wrought upon her innocent heart with his pitiful story of wrong and desolation, and his ardent profession of love, that she gave him her promise to be his when she became of age. No sooner had he obtained this promise than he began to persecute her. His calls for money were incessant, and she, poor girl, was obliged to supply them, or to be denounced to her father. It is doubtful if the rascal would have risked going to Lord Hillland, but he held this terror up constantly before Regina. And she, from loving him, grew to loathe him.

"By some means unknown to me Lord Hillland discovered the situation of things, and his wrath was terrible. Rudolph was kicked from the house like a dog, and Regina was sent to the continent under the care of a paternal aunt. While in Paris, my mother first met Pierre St. Cyril, a young Frenchman of noble family and fascinating personal appearance. The beauty of Regina attracted him powerfully, and when he became acquainted with her, his admiration rapidly deepened into love. There seemed, for once, no impediment to the marriage. They were of equal birth, both were possessed of a strict sense of honor, and both were strikingly handsome.

"St. Cyril's only fault—if fault it can be reckoned—was a severely stern sense of honor, that could not tolerate for a moment the semblance of deception. Although he had been brought up in the frivolous French capital, his heart was as pure as that of a little child.

"My mother's first error lay in the decision which she took by the advice of her aunt, not to make St. Cyril acquainted with the episode touching John Rudolph. She, to do her justice, was anxious to speak of it to him, but her aunt, who was a fashionable, worldly woman, treated the idea with contempt, and won from Regina a promise never to mention the affair to her lover. The ambitious woman knew something of St. Cyril's sensitive temperament, and feared that he might object to taking one whom he knew had at some time fancied she loved another.

"They were married, and St. Cyril took his wife to his chateau near Auvergne. They were very happy. St. Cyril was the most devoted of husbands; they had abundance of wealth, and there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete their content. At the end of two years I was there. I think it was about this time that my mother's real trouble began. Rudolph sought her out. By some means he had managed to ascertain that Mr. St. Cyril had been kept in ignorance of their old love affair, and rightly judging that my mother would sacrifice much before she would now have it revealed, he came to her, and threatened her with exposure, if she did not at once deliver over to him a certain sum of money. My mother was terribly frightened, and she gave Rudolph all the ready money she possessed. For a while he left her in peace—but not for long. The dissipated life he led demanded large sums of money, and he was too indolent to work, when it could be obtained in any way. His calls upon my mother became very frequent. She did her best to satisfy them. She sold all her jewels, and little trinkets which would turn for money, and gave him the proceeds. But the more she sacrificed for him, the more grasping and arrogant he became. He asked her twice for money when she had nothing to give. He suggested her husband's desk. He knew St. Cyril kept by him large sums of money, and she could easily abstract what he wanted without being mistrusted. This my mother preemptorily refused to do. She would run all risks rather than steal from this man who loved and trusted her. Rudolph went away in fierce anger, vowing vengeance.

"About this time twins were born to my parents—two girls. They were named Evangeline and Genevieve, and upon the arms of each of them there was a faint scarlet cross—a birth mark. When these children were four months old, the nurse took them out for their first day, in a little carriage, and while she left them a moment to speak to a friend, Evangeline was stolen from the side of her sister. The terrified nurse knew nothing beyond the fact that she had left them for a moment by the side of a fountain in the public gardens, and on returning to take them away, had found only Genevieve—Evangeline was gone!

"My mother was distracted! The shock threw her into a fever, and in her delirious ravings my father learned the whole story. Nothing was kept back. He knew that she had loved Rudolph—that she had deceived him every day since their marriage, and that this unscrupulous man had visited her several times since their residence at Auvergne. He was a proud and painfully sensitive man, and his whole soul was outraged. He fancied himself the most bitterly wronged of all the human race. He grew cruel and relentless toward the woman he had so loved. When at last she returned to consciousness, she found herself deserted by her husband. He had gone to the east, he said in a brief epistle which he left behind him; he knew everything. He never wished to look upon her face again. He had left ample provision for her, and begged her to bring up her children in the paths of virtue and honor.

"This was a terrible blow to my mother, but her affection for her children, and the care she was obliged to bestow on them, kept her up. She made every effort in her power to ascertain the fate of her lost Evangeline, but vainly. She never heard from or saw John Rudolph for ten years. She wrote to her husband, putting aside all her pride for her child's sake—wrote to entreat him to try and find the lost girl; but if the letter ever reached him he gave it no heed. It was never replied to. Then she applied to her father in England. But he was a stern old man, and he fancied his pride injured, and his house dishonored by the fact that his daughter had been deserted by her husband, and he refused to take any step in the matter. So my poor mother was left desolate. Nothing, I think, but her strong love for Gene and myself kept her alive.

"Ten years after Eva was stolen, late one evening there came to our house a tall, dark man, whom I now know was John Rudolph. He was closeted a long time with my mother, and when she came out her face was paler than its wont, and her eyes were red with weeping. Then I did not know wherefore, but now I know that he had come to tell her that Eva still lived; that she was in America, and that if she would raise him a certain sum he would reveal the child's exact whereabouts. This condition she could not comply with, and he left her in a rage.

"I think the constant worry about this missing child wore out my mother's life. Her days were shortened by it. Two years ago she received a letter from my father. He was lying on his death-bed, in an obscure Russian village. He confessed how much he had wronged her, expressed a sincere repentance, and begged her to come to him. He longed so inexpressibly for a sight of her face. She was not really able to undertake the journey, but could not be dissuaded from attempting it. I went with her. We found my father just on the borders of the mystic river, but waiting to see her ere he crossed over.

"It was a solemn scene. He lay on a great bed, heavily curtained, in a lofty room, gloomy with shadows; his face as white as marble, but for the hectic flushes in his cheeks. His great, eager eyes were fastened upon the door by which we entered—he was watching for her to come. He started up at the sound of her footstep, and extended his feeble arms.

"O Regina! O Regina!" he cried, pitifully, "you have come at last!"

"She went forward, and lifted his head to her bosom, and put her face against his. She did not weep, but shook like an aspen, and grew so very white that I feared it would be too much for her.

"Will you forgive me?" he cried. "O, I have wronged you so deeply! If you had only told me all that at the very first!"

"I know, Pierre, I sinned then; but they persuaded me it would be best. And afterward, I feared to lose your love. We have both erred; let us mutually forgive."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS WIFE WAS BALKY.

When She Was Hitched to a Plow She Failed to Pull.

A young man with a long, worn out Prince Albert coat and a pair of purple pants tucked into his boots that were incased in mud, walked into central station this morning, says the Louisville Post, and asked:

"Are there any reporters here?"

"Yes," answered Captain Basler, "there's about four here."

"Well, I'm the fellow what bought a wife for \$7 last week, and she wouldn't work," replied the Rube, "and I got er divorce to get. These here papers have writ me up wrong, an' I want er correction."

"All right," replied the Post reporter. "I'll make you a correction. Let's have your statement."

"Now, you write it down just as I say it," replied the countryman.

His statement was as follows: "The balky wife, the wife of Johnnie Snawder, the daughter of A. J. Childers, has sued for a divorce. Her father recommended her as a good worker when I bought her, and when I hitched her to the plow she failed to pull and balked. Her father came over where we was at and offered his mule, but I objected, as the mule looked thin. I thought I would try her a little longer, but she still failed. I offered to take the old man's wife, as she was the best trained.

"The old woman is 52 years old. You could not expect my wife to work as good as a woman with seventeen years' training. The old man would not trade, so I made him take his girl back. We parted good friends and I will take her back trained in a few weeks and pay double price for her. The old man's place on the Preston street pike is good and he has thirty-nine acres."

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.

BLUE grass belongs to a large family of grasses known as the "Poa" family. Its botanical, scientific name is "Poa pratensis," which is the only thing I have got against it.

It makes a thick, close turf, and if grazed closely will run out all other grasses with which it may be growing.

It is propagated in two ways: by its seed and by its creeping underground root stalks. It is among the first, if not the first, grass to start in spring, and if the fall be moist will grow until from the 1st to the 15th of October. If not too dry, the climate can hardly be too cold for it to flourish, as it can perpetuate itself by means of its creeping root stalks where the summer is too frosty to ripen its seeds, and is known to do well near the Arctic Circle in British America. It cannot endure great and long continued heat and its southern limit may be roughly defined as the latitude of Cairo, Ill., though it grows well in the elevated limestone lands of middle Tennessee.

Blue grass is rather difficult to get started and a good seed is hard to get in less than four years from the seed sown, but under constant grazing it improves for years. Many of the best pastures in Illinois and Kentucky are on land never as yet insulated by the plowshare. It is very difficult to get a stand from imported seed as its germinating qualities are quickly ruined by mold after it is cut. In Illinois the safest way to sow it, is to cut it stalk and all, scatter it over the ground to be seeded. It can be sown at any time not later than August during the growing season.

Blue grass in Wisconsin will do well on either clay or sandy lands, but of course will thrive best in limestone districts. To get the greatest benefit, pasture it rather closely. If it grows up tall and falls down, it is apt to become weedy. This grass is without question in its green state the most nutritious grass known. Illinois farmers consider clover to be "washy" and infinitely prefer blue grass to it for both milk and beef.—D. R. McGinnis.

Composting Manure in Winter.

A good deal will be gained if the winter-made manure is piled in heaps and subjected to partial fermentation, so as to make its fertility soluble. It is a fact that cannot be too frequently remembered that fresh animal excrement is never immediately beneficial to the plants to which it is applied. We see this in the killing of herbage in pastures where animals have voided their excrement while pasturing. The following year surrounding this excrement will be found a rank growth of grass, which will generally be left uneaten, because smelling and tasting too much of the partly-decomposed manure. But let this same excrement be composted to a fine powder, and it will enrich several square feet, and the grass will be of better quality for it.

The composted manure has all the ammonia that the fresh excrement had, and in available form for use. This is especially true if either gypsum or German potash salts are put on the heap to absorb the ammonia. Most stable manure is deficient in potash. The German potash salts, known to the trade as kainit, is the best thing to apply to the compost heap. It is not caustic, like wood ashes, and therefore will not hasten decomposition. Neither will the kainit delay it. The ammonia of the fermenting manure and the potash will unite, forming nitrate of ammonia or saltpetre, which is one of the most powerful fertilizers known. It is very soluble, and all compost heaps should be kept from exposure to rains, which will speedily leach out their most valuable properties.—Am. Cultivator.

Preparing Strawberry Beds.

Fine berries and large crops depend so much upon the treatment the plants receive the spring of fruiting that no one can afford to neglect them. Where the soil is free from weed seed the matter is vastly simplified. But such soil is not always to be had; and the richer the soil the more apt it is to be infested with weeds.

Subdue the weeds by running shallow cultivator down middle as early in spring as practicable. Scrape around and between plants with small, well-sharpened weeding hoes, which will remove all weeds and not cut deep enough to injure roots.

Then apply over rows, plants and all, about 500 pounds an acre of highly soluble commercial fertilizer rich in potash. Stable manure and unleached wood ashes, if to be had in sufficient quantities, are excellent. Ten good loads of manure and 50 bushels of ashes an acre will do, scattered over and around the plants; the ashes on top, as they hasten the action of the manure.

Remember that almost anything can be safely scattered over and on strawberry plants while in a dormant state—while not growing. Should the application be unavoidably delayed till growth begins, it should be applied just before a rain, which will wash it off the leaves into the ground; or it can be scattered around and between the plants. Where the soil is not so infested with weeds as to need much scratching, the manure and ashes are best applied late the previous fall.

If weeds appear after the fertilizer is applied, they must be dug out, or

removed by hand, so as not to draw the fertilizer or manure from the plants. The weeds well overcome, apply mulching. It is best to scatter it over and let the plants grow up through it. The berries then form above the mulch and keep perfectly clean. Pine needles (ten loads an acre) are best. But any straw or hay chopped small enough not to blow off will answer. With plenty manure no mulch is needed.

Take the advice of an old grower of strawberries: Keep your fields clean, manure them well and, unless your varieties are worthless, you will not fall of your reward.—O. W. Blackhall in Farmers' Review.

Forest and Nut Trees.

Another point of difference between forest and nut trees is this: in the case of the nut trees, according as you gather the fruit you remove from the soil just such elements as are contained in the fruit. And it so happens in the economy of nature that the tree will store up more of the mineral elements which are assimilated in the fruit than it does in any other of its parts. And in removing the fruit you really deteriorate your soil. Hence you must put your nut trees upon strong soil, and if you want the best nuts you must follow the line of orcharding.

In the case of a forest, you plant your forest upon the poorest soil—soil which you cannot use for agricultural purposes—and you depend upon the forest itself to enrich that soil. Here again is a very great contrast between the two classes of trees. You depend upon the forest to enrich the soil. Why? Because the mineral elements and the carbon and oxygen which the forest tree takes are secured from the atmosphere, and it transforms those elements, assimilates them, and puts them into an organic condition. With each recurring autumn the forest drops its leaves and these lie on the ground beneath the tree. In time they decay and make a rich manure—humus, we call it, ordinarily. So your forest really enriches the soil, while your nut tree impoverishes it. This, then, is the second contrast between those two classes of trees.—Chas. A. Keffer.

Negro Farmers.

A great many of the negroes in the South, who, thirty odd years ago, were slaves, had prospered since they became free men. Probably their greatest success has been in farming, to which most of them were accustomed in their days of slavery. There are 549,642 farms owned or occupied by negroes, and of the 1,329,564 who work at farming, 510,619 are independent farmers and employers of others. It is not likely that the Southern negroes will ever become largely engaged in manufactures, transportation or commerce, though there is a better field for them in the South and less prejudice in their association with the negro socially, but in business matters he treats the colored man just as he would any other.—Ex.

Mistletoe.

A writer in Popular Science News says: "The mistletoe grows most commonly in the apple tree." This is quite correct, but the English (?) mistletoe that comes to this country in such quantities for Christmas comes from Normandy and other sections of northern France, and grows almost exclusively on the black poplar, the principal roadside tree on the military roads of France. These trees yield a large revenue to the commune; about two-thirds of the limbs are cut close to the trunk, once in six years, tied in small bunches, say four inches in diameter, and sold as fagots, and is the wood mostly used by bakers. From these limbs the mistletoe is taken about the 20th of November and shipped in crates to England, and from thence to this country as English mistletoe—of poetic history.

The Bunch Sweet Potato—Few plants could be more interesting than this. Here at the North we have not succeeded in getting a good crop of tubers from it. At the South it seems a very valuable thing. "Perhaps no other vegetable novelty which has been introduced in the South in recent years," says a bulletin recently published by the Texas Experiment Station, "has caused more comment than the vineless sweet potato. The experimental stage has been passed, and the value of this variety, like that of the bunch lima bean, has been established beyond question. With nearly a level culture, we have grown over three hundred bushels per acre of this variety, and all the tops could have been easily cut with a mower. The high value of the tops for feed has been proven, but it is best to feed them green, as they do not cure well. Frequently it is a good practice to mow off the heavy tops and leave the gritty runners on the ground."

Examine Stock Salt.—It is not always best to buy a cheap quality of salt, or having bought what is supposed to be a good quality and finding it not up to expectation, to feed it to stock. Several weeks ago we mentioned an unaccountable case of death of a number of head of cattle. Upon questioning the gentleman who lost the cattle, this week, we learn that by comparing notes with others who had sustained similar losses, he ascertained the cause. A sack of salt which had been fed to the cattle consisted of the clearings of the evaporating vat, and contained so much gypsum and other harmful substances that the cattle died of scours as though they were afflicted with an acid poison.—Amarilla Champion.

Three Litters a Year.—Three litters a year keeps the sow pretty busy, but the American Cultivator thinks it is better for one that has attained her growth and is two or three years old. It checks the tendency to fatten, which spoils the breeding faculty in most sows after they have stopped growing. Ex.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, over-eating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

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