

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"But I ruined all your happiness! O Regina! my wife! It has been this accursed pride that has wrought it all! If we but had our lives to live over again!"

"Hush!" she said softly. "Let it be as God wills! He knows best. And there is a hereafter where all these broken golden threads can be taken up, and joined again together. In that we find our compensation."

"She remained with him until he died. Two days of watching passed, and one morning he quietly breathed his last in her arms. We took his remains home to Anvergne, and there we buried him beneath a tree that he had planted on the day of his marriage."

"On an examination of my father's affairs, it was found that he had left his whole vast possessions, without reserve, to his wife; and counselled me as the son and heir prospective, to make every exertion to discover my lost sister."

"My mother survived him only about six months; she had been failing gradually, but we did not think her in any immediate danger. One day she called us to her and made me promise that when she was dead I would dispose of the estate in France, and go home to my grandfather in England. And then, having seen Gene provided with a suitable home, she desired me to cross the Atlantic, and ascertain if possible the fate of my sister Evangeline. I promised her faithfully to attend to her requests, and then I left her—she wanted to sleep, she said. When we returned to her room she was sleeping the sleep eternal!"

St. Cyril bowed his face in his hands for a moment, then mastering his emotion, continued:

"I had little to guide me in my search, but I determined to undertake it at once. I disposed of my estates in France, and took my sister to England. We were greeted warmly by our grandfather, who had sincerely repented his cruelty towards my mother, and after remaining with him a few months, I made arrangements to come to this country. Gene insisted on accompanying me. We could not persuade her to stay behind. We took passage in the *Alsamo*, and ten days out she encountered a gale which made her unseaworthy, and the captain was about to return to the nearest port, when we fell in with a merchant vessel, bound to Portlea. The captain of this vessel very kindly offered to take us on board, and those of us who were anxious to reach the States accepted his proposal, my sister and myself being among the number. I think providence must have directed us to the very spot where we know that our search is ended. Now that I know the fate of Evangeline, it only remains for me to discover the villain who abducted her. I would give half my life this moment for the privilege of putting a pistol shot through his heart!"

"By what means can you trace him? how identify him?" asked Ralph.

"I have seen him once. I remember his face distinctly. It was dark, strongly marked, heavily bearded and lit up by eyes that gleamed like fire."

Some sudden thought seemed to strike Ralph rather forcibly. He started up and paced the floor with hurried strides.

"Was there no peculiarity? Nothing by which this man could be distinguished from all other men with heavy beards and dark complexions?"

"There was. He had lost the third and fourth fingers of his right hand."

Ralph gave a sudden start. St. Cyril noticed it.

"You have seen him?" he said. "You know of him! Only give me a clew to his hiding place, and my life shall be at your service!"

"I think I have seen him," said Ralph guardedly, "but I am not sure. Mr. St. Cyril I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me. I will help you to bring this man to justice, if he still lives. I must go home now. I will see you again before night."

The two gentlemen shook hands cordially. Ralph bowed to Miss St. Cyril, and left the house. All of his terrible dread of the past night came over him the moment he stepped out into the sunshine and saw the glitter of the sea. He shuddered as he passed the little cove where last night they had embarked in the boat. He felt like one suddenly bereft of all power over his body as he turned into the path leading to the Rock. What should he find there? Had the body of Imogene been tossed upon the shore, or had she made a request for the fishes? God help him! His brow felt as if an iron band bound it round, the world was dark as night, his head whirled so that he had to steady himself by the door knob before he lifted the latch.

He heard voices in the sitting room. With a desperate courage he approached the door. He might as well face the worst at once. He entered the room; all was bright and cheerful. His mother was sewing in her great chair

before the fire, and there sitting quietly by the south window, with some fancy knitting in her hand, was Imogene Trenholme!

CHAPTER XV.

ALPH stood like one thunderstruck. He was tempted to pinch himself to make sure that he was not dreaming. "Come in, Ralph," said his mother; "we have been anxious about you. Where did you go so early?"

"I—I was called away," he answered, with some agitation, looking into the pale face of his wife. But she betrayed no conscious sign that she knew anything—perhaps she did not. He could not tell. Just then he could not bear to go in to listen to his mother's kindly gossip. He wanted to be let alone to collect his scattered faculties.

He started to go up to the library. On the upper landing he met Helen Fulton. She was singing gaily a stanza from "Comin' thro' the Rye," but something in her face made Ralph Trenholme lay a strong hand upon her arm.

"Miss Helen, where were you last night?" he asked abruptly.

"In the body, at your service, Mr. Trenholme," dropping him a curtsy.

"Don't trifle, if you please. Answer me truly. Did you save me from the commission of a crime the remembrance of which must have embittered my whole life?"

"I? Fie! Mr. Trenholme! What did you intend to do? Kiss the scullery maid? She's rather good looking, and her hair would be auburn if it wasn't red."

"I do not want to jest, Miss Fulton. I am in earnest."

"Lord bless us! How solemn the man looks. Did you ever hear about the toad?"

"I do not know to what you refer."

"Well, once upon a time, a very good man, a member of the church, I guess, became so disturbed in his mind that sleep forsook his pillow. He grew pale and haggard. His anxious wife inquired the cause, and after a great deal of hesitation he informed her that he had committed a murder, and buried his victim under an apple tree in the garden. The good woman got a couple of men to dig for the unfortunate remains, and after a hard two hours' work they turned up the skeleton of a toad. Now I would respectfully inquire if you have killed a toad?"

"You are incorrigible! But you shall not evade my question. Were you out in the boat last night?"

"Don't! You hurt my arm! And you'll break my bracelet. And it cost a heap of money. Yes, I was out in the boat."

"Did you go to the Rover's Reef?"

"I did."

"For what?"

"To see the Rover, of course."

"Pshaw! Did you see me when I went there?"

"I did; but unfortunately you were not the Rover. You are not dark enough, and you don't wear a moustache. Why don't you?"

"Will you be serious and tell me who you found on the reef?"

"You are inquisitive, Mr. Trenholme. If I were speaking to a third person, I should say you were impertinent. Can't I go to meet my true love all by the shining sea without giving an account of it to you?"

"Who did you find there?"

"I found Mrs. Imogene Trenholme and a man black as Othello, Moor of Venice. Only I did not know that the Moor had cut off two of his fingers."

"How came you to go to the reef?"

"I saw that my lady and her gallant had lost their boat, and thought it almost too cold a night for salt sea bathing."

"And you took them off?"

"I did. And they offered me untold gold if I would keep it a secret. I told them I'd never tell of it unless I changed my mind. But I'm in a great habit of changing my mind. I've done it several times in my life."

"I should think so. Well, Helen Fulton, you know something about me that no one else knows; you can keep it to yourself or not, as you choose. I will tell you something more. That man has ruined my peace; he has destroyed my confidence in my wife. A terrible temptation to leave them there to perish beset me last night, and but for you I should have been a murderer. You do not know how deeply grateful I am for my salvation!"

"Thank you. And if you will allow me to offer you a bit of advice, keep quiet on this matter; the boat drifted away from the reef, you know."

"But this man—this Moor, as you call him—what became of him?"

"Ah! You want a little more vengeance, do you?"

"I want to know whether he went?"

"He went in the direction of Portlea. I know no more. Don't tease me further. I must dress for dinner." And she danced away.

Ralph went to his room, and sinking in his knees he thanked God from a full heart that he had been saved from this terrible sin. By and by he returned to the parlor, and sitting down

beside his mother he told her the story of the St. Cyrils. Mrs. Trenholme listened with interest, and was delighted when he had closed.

"Then Marina was of noble birth!" she cried, delightedly; "and it was no mesalliance for you to love her, Ralph. Poor child! We must have her brother and sister up here at once."

"Just my own thought, mother," then turning to Imogene, "Have you any objection to offer?"

"None," she answered coldly; "Mr. Trenholme's friends will always be welcome at this house."

So after dinner the Trenholme carriage and Ralph went down to the Reef House and brought up Mr. and Miss St. Cyril. They met with a cordial welcome from Mrs. Trenholme and Agnes. But when Imogene was brought face to face with Genevieve, the agitation of the haughty woman was something almost appalling to witness. She turned white as marble, her eyes glowed with feverish fire. But in a moment she recovered herself and bade Miss St. Cyril welcome with a grace that few could equal.

Time passed. Still the St. Cyrils lingered at the Rock. They were pleased with America, and Ralph would not listen to them when they spoke of going away. His mother was delighted with the brother and sister; it was very pleasant to have such distinguished persons for guests. It gratified the pride of the good lady.

Before a fortnight had elapsed Guy St. Cyril was in love with Helen Fulton. And such a life as the gay girl led him! His tenderest speeches she laughed at; his flowers she made into wreaths to deck Quito, and when he asked her to walk or ride she said she must stay at home and finish a pair of stockings she was knitting for her papa.

But one day, by some stratagem, he beguiled her out to ride. They had not gone a mile from the Rock before she challenged to a race. She rode Agnes' horse Jove, and Guy was mounted on a stout but by no means agile beast that he had taken at random from the stables.

The road was smooth and a little descending. Helen gave the word, and off they started. She did not put Jove up to his best pace, for she wanted to be near enough to witness Guy's discomfiture when he should discover that his horse was not built for speed. They swept down the hill at an easy canter, down to where the highway was crossed by a brook that was spanned by a stone bridge. Helen was looking back laughing at the sorry figure Guy cut with his heavy going horse, and did not perceive that the late rains had torn the bridge away, until she was on the very brink of the gorge. It was too late to wheel her horse; she gave him the bridle, closed her eyes, and he leaped the chasm. Guy came up on the other side and hesitated. Helen felt reckless.

"Ha!" she called out to him, "so you are afraid! There is a ford a few rods above, where you can come through and not get drowned. The water isn't more than two inches deep. I'll warrant you that!"

Her tone stung him. He knew the inferiority of his horse, but he could not endure to be dared thus by a woman. He struck his beast a sharp blow. The animal reared and plunged over. The water was deep and the current rapid, but the horse was strong and reached the opposite shore, but not before he had cast his rider headlong upon the rocks in the bed of the brook.

Helen looked back pale and startled. Her heart felt cold. She turned Jove and plunged into the water. Guy had been partially stunned by the fall, but the coldness of the water had brought him to consciousness. She reached out her hand to him.

"Come," she said; "let me help you out of this. I suppose they will all say I got you in."

"Do you want to help me, Helen?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Identified by His Halo.

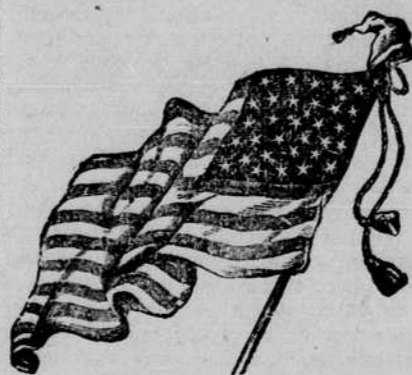
Signor Luigi Arditi, the famous conductor of opera, and the composer of much delightful music, is entering the fiftieth year of his public career, and on its completion will publish his reminiscences. The conductor of an operatic orchestra soon learns more about great singers than they themselves could tell him. He knows their moods, can understand their temperaments, and is probably the only person to accurately gauge the limitations of their art. Hence Signor Arditi's book will throw a new and interesting light on many favorites of the operatic stage. To all opera goers the halo surrounding Signor Arditi's head is familiar, and the maestro tells a good story about it, at his own expense. It was in the days when the Mapleson opera company, from Her Majesty's, was in America, and at one of the towns Arditi went to cash an open check payable to himself and made out by the impresario. He reached the bank and presented the paper to the cashier, who looked first at the check, then at him, and said, "I must have some proof of identity. This is an open check; you may be Mr. Arditi or you may not." This was awkward for the musician had no card or papers with him, whereby to set the question of identity at rest, and he did not want to have a journey back to his hotel. At last a bright idea struck him. "Do you ever go to opera?" he asked the cashier. "Yes, I have been several times," replied the cashier. "Then," cried the musician, turning round suddenly and lifting his hat, "do you mean to tell me you don't know Arditi?" The familiar back-view at once convinced the cashier, and with many apologies, the money was paid.—From the Sketch.

A boa constrictor in Indianapolis has diphtheria. Think of the amount of throat his snappiness has to gargle.—Chicago News.

FIGURES NEVER LIE.

PLAIN INDICTMENT OF CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATION.

Our Export Trade "Going to the Dogs"—Will Any Sensible Man Vote the Democratic Ticket This Year?—We Think Not.



How those fellows who paraded for Grover Cleveland in 1892 are gathering in their reward is a sight to contemplate. Imagine them rushing early to office, staying late to count up their increased orders, employing more hands, paying more wages, lending out money and not borrowing it, noting with satisfaction the daily growing credit balance in their ledgers. These are some of the thoughts that must have flitted through their minds as the Broadway squad rode past Grover for review. The foreign commerce of New York had been growing larger and larger year by year. But it was not enough. The importers had visions of capturing the markets of the world. A petty annual increase of twenty-five, fifty or eighty millions of dollars in our foreign commerce was a bagatelle. A gain of more than \$200,000,000 in five years was too

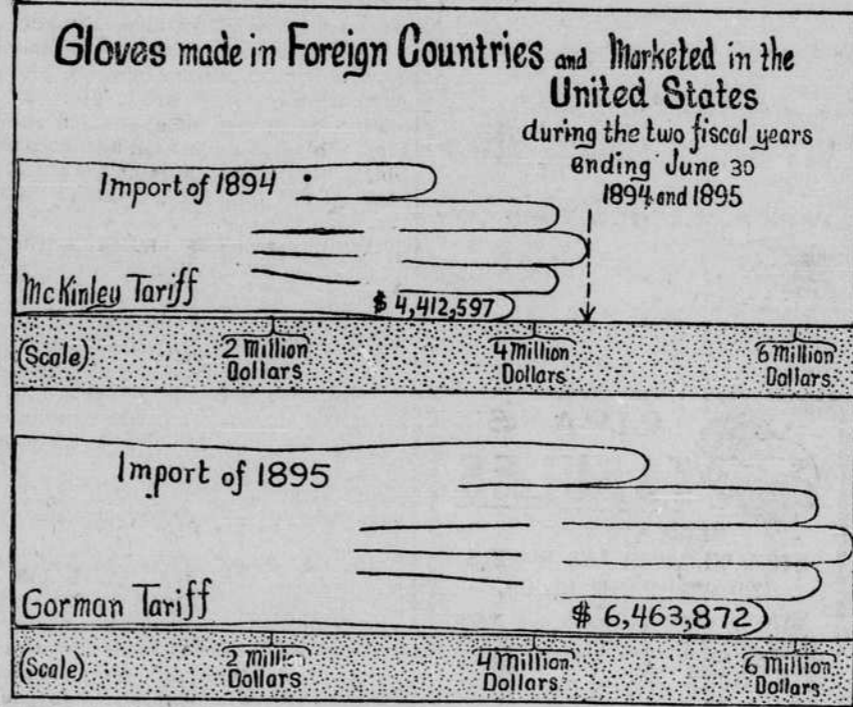
317,360, against \$8,165,267 last year and \$14,758,263 in 1894. Failures this week have been 404 in the United States, against 354 last year.

The Free Trader's Fabrications. We no longer hear the free-trader glibly asserting that the importation of European manufactures will benefit the American farmer by increasing the demand for his products, and thus raising the price of them. Nor do we hear him assuring the American workman that the decrease of his wages will be more than compensated by the cheapness of what his wages purchase. Nor do we hear him telling the American manufacturer that what he loses in the home market will be made up for by opening "the markets of the world." All these fictions have crumbled under touch of the harsh finger of experience.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Price of Lambs. As evidence of the threatened extinction of the sheep industry, I have but to call your attention to the fact that in the world's greatest live stock market, Chicago, this season there has been such a deluge of lambs that the price declined 50 per cent. in less than ninety days, and lambs sold at a price less per hundred pounds than sheep, something never before known in the history of that market.—Hon. J. W. Babcock, M. C., of Wisconsin.

Democratic Reciprocity. The democrats were forever prating about the sham reciprocity of the McKinley bill. "Just wait till we pass a tariff bill, and we'll show you what real reciprocity is," they said. They have demonstrated what real democratic reciprocity is. It consists in closing markets that were upon to American products so tight that a sheet of paper cannot slip through them. The abrogation of the reciprocity treaties by the

CAPTURING OUR MARKETS.



insignificant. They wanted more. Note what they got. Study each year's increase in foreign commerce from 1886 to 1892 inclusive. Then note each year's decrease in foreign commerce for 1893 to 1895 inclusive:

| PORT OF NEW YORK. | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| | Total foreign commerce. | Increase. | Decrease. |
| 1884 | \$ 334,290,314 | \$..... | \$27,028,077 |
| 1885 | 361,318,391 | | 27,028,077 |
| 1886 | 1,024,395,404 | | 663,077,013 |
| 1887 | 1,061,220,878 | | 36,825,474 |
| 1888 | 999,892,635 | | 61,328,243 |
| 1889 | 915,965,090 | | 83,927,065 |
| 1890 | 876,808,119 | | 38,857,490 |
| 1891 | 852,165,691 | | 24,642,411 |
| 1892 | 832,447,728 | | 19,717,963 |
| 1893 | 802,585,015 | | 29,862,713 |
| 1894 | 802,585,015 | | 28,732,250 |

It was unkind of Secretary Wilson of the Chamber of Commerce to prepare such an exhibit as this and give it to the papers. But he was not responsible for the results. The free-trade paraders must study that point for themselves. They really wanted too much. They wanted Grover and they wanted to capture the markets of the world. They got Grover. They got left on the markets. Was the parade worth it?

Congressman Gamble's Facts. For thirteen years succeeding July 1, 1879, the total withdrawal of gold from the treasury only amounted to \$43,310,896, while the country was enjoying the security and confidence of Republican administrations, and under its legislation undisturbed by the prospect of a reversal of its tariff legislation by the Democratic party. But from July 1, 1892, up to December 1, 1895, the withdrawals of gold amounted to upward of \$360,000,000, and of this vast sum over \$305,000,000 during that time was exported—found lodgment in foreign countries. It can thus be understood that the demand for gold is not from the American people, but it is necessary to supply the deficiency in our trade relations consequent upon tariff agitation by the Democratic party, commencing with its threat of the enactment of free-trade in 1892, and afterward by its legislation upon the subject.—Hon. Robert J. Gamble, M. C., of South Dakota.

The New Year's Record. (Bradstreet's, February 1, 1896.) Business failures throughout the United States this week, as reported by Bradstreet's, show another large increase, not only as compared with last week, but as contrasted with the total for the fourth week in January, 1895, 1894 and 1893. The total is 393; last week it was 341; last year, 312; in 1894, 340; in 1893, 271, and in 1892 it was 279.

(Dun's Review, February 1, 1896.) Failures in three weeks of January show liabilities of \$17,836,511, against \$10,685,060 last year and \$25,811,840 in 1894; in manufacturing \$6,661,123 this year, against \$2,479,193 last year and \$9,124,562 in 1894; and in trading \$10,

democrats was a crime for which the democrats must answer to the American people. It deprived the country of millions of dollars of foreign trade, though the "markets of the world" were what the democrats pretended to be after.—Daily Telegram, Worcester, Mass.

The Value of Wheat. On January 1, 1892, the market price of wheat was \$1.05½ per bushel. Granulated sugar was then worth 4 cents a pound. A bushel of wheat bought nearly 26½ pounds of sugar. On January 1,



1896, wheat was worth 60 cents and sugar 5 cents, a bushel of wheat buying less than 14 pounds of sugar. Under McKinley Protection the farmer's bushel of wheat bought over 12 pounds more sugar than it did this year under our democratic free-trade tariff.

The Rounds of Revenue. When manufacturers get revenue, workers get revenue. When the manufacturers close, and the work is done in Europe, as under present rules, the workingman goes hungry and ragged, it matters not how cheap things are in the market. These are bottom facts.—Vidette, Va'paraiso, Ind.

A Palm Needs Fresh Air. The air where a palm is kept must be moistened by the evaporation of water about the plant, or by the application of it to its foliage. Fresh air must be admitted to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out by too intense heat. The plant must have a place near the window, where direct light can exert its beneficial effect on the soil. Care must be taken to give only enough water to keep the soil moist. Good drainage must be provided also.—Washington Star.

Antidote for Carbolic Acid. There seems to be no restrictions to the sale or use of carbolic acid, one of the most powerful and dangerous poisons known, and the result is a large number of cases of accidental poisoning are reported. Dr. Edmund Carlton recommends cider vinegar as the best antidote.—Popular Science News.

Free to "Comrades." The latest photograph of the Hon. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Write to F. H. Lord, Quincy Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

You will never realize the scarcity of your friends until you need one.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. ARN, 511 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force, and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should but have accumulated in the blood.

Spring

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

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But you wouldn't think so if you went west on the Burlington's "Denver Limited." It is the one train in the west that holds its own—that is as well patronized today as it was two years ago. Leaves Omaha, 4:35 p. m.—EXACTLY.

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