

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Let us drop the subject, if you please."

"And what if I don't please? It's no use to deny that you know who did this murder! I can read it in your eyes. If you did not see the deed committed, you are morally certain whose hands are stained with blood! But if you prefer to die rather than speak out, we must let you have your own way; only I do hope you'll not feel too much disappointment if before the twenty-fifth of June, the day your reprieve expires, the real murderer should be discovered!"

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED).

"Of course I do. I'm naturally of a benevolent disposition. I remember once I gave a little beggar girl a quarter of a mince pie, and then made cook give me a half one instead. That was to pay me for my generosity, you know. Come, take hold of my hand."

"Thank you. I do not need your help," he answered, coldly. "If you can speak thus to me after the danger I have been in—"

"Yes, it was awful!" she exclaimed with a mocking shudder, "dreadful! There the wounded hero lay panting and exhausted in the middle of a trout brook, with his exhausted steed eating gray birches on the other side—"

"Miss Fulton, you are impertinent!" cried St. Cyril, making his way to the shore, "impertinent and unkind. If I have met with an accident—"

"Oh, I do hope you haven't spoilt your patent leathers!" cried Helen, in a tone of great anxiety, "I should be positively distressed to think of it! They had such sweetly pointed toes, and such charming heels! Why, bless me if the man hasn't taken off and left me alone in my glory! Didn't I touch his fine old English blood, though?" and Helen rode leisurely toward the Rock, singing snatches of merry songs, and snipping off the young buds from the bushes as she passed.

As for Guy St. Cyril, he went home in a rage. He had never loved before, and now to be treated in this way by a mere girl was a little too much. He determined to leave the Rock the very next day, and forget that Helen Fulton had ever existed. He hated her, he said, fiercely; to be sure he did! The little mix! And half an hour later the little mix found him sitting very forlornly out on the cliffs, looking at the sea. She stole up to him.

"Are you expecting your ship to come in from over the sea?" she asked, archly.

"I am expecting nothing, Miss Fulton."

"Oh, indeed! What a nice, reasonable young man. You quite remind me of my grandfather."

"I presume it is of little consequence of whom I remind you, Miss Fulton, since I leave here to-morrow."

"You do? Well of all things! How we shall miss you! Who'll bring me flowers to put on Quito now, I wonder?"

"He had grown very red and angry; he rose up quickly to leave her. Helen put her hand on his arm and looked into his face.

"Mr. St. Cyril, I am sorry I am impertinent this morning, and won't you please not to go away?"

He was conquered at once, his face softened, he caught her hand to his lips, but she slipped it away, and darted off to the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

AGNES WENT down to the jail frequently to visit Lynde Graham. Her brother knew it, and offered no objections. The poor girl bore such evident marks of sorrow that he could not find it in his heart to say anything that would make her more wretched. And she seemed to derive some little comfort from these visits, sad as they were. She and Lynde understood each other now. No word of love had ever been spoken between them, but she knew that he loved her.

One day Helen insisted on accompanying her to the prison. Agnes was hardly willing, but Helen would not be denied, and the two girls went in together.

After a little desultory conversation between Lynde and Agnes, Helen, who had been busily engaged in looking about the cell, came and stood before Dr. Graham.

"Well," she said deliberately, "did you murder Marina Trenholme?"

"No, I did not," he replied.

"Then who did?"

He colored scarlet and evinced more confusion than Agnes had ever before seen him do.

"How should I know?"

"Because I think you do," answered Helen, promptly. "I've always thought you knew who did the deed, but I've never thought you did it yourself."

"Thank you for your good opinion," and that means you won't tell me."

"There is nothing to tell."

"Ah! it is breaking one of the ten commandments to lie, Mr. Lynde Graham."

"I try to be resigned, Miss Fulton," he said, gravely, "if it is God's will that I shall die."

"But it was never God's will that an innocent man should be hung while the real criminal goes at large!" she answered, excitedly; "and to think you might save yourself if you would!"

"He started up, pale and distraught, and laid a nervous hand on her arm. "Miss Fulton!" he exclaimed, "what do you know? What—"

"I know nothing," she said, buttoning her gloves coolly. "I'm going away now. This cell would give me the rheumatism in an hour more. I wish you good-by, Dr. Graham. Come Aggie, dear."

Agnes had been greatly pained by the turn Helen had given to the conversation, but she knew the girl's warm heart too well to think for a moment that she had designed to be unfeeling.

That evening after they had gone to the little parlor they had in common, and Agnes had seated herself, looking so pale, and worn, and distressed, Helen sat down on a low stool at her feet and folded her arms over her lap.

"Agnes, dear," she said, coaxingly, "if I were you I wouldn't fret about that Lynde Graham."

Agnes burst into tears.

"O Helen! Only two little weeks more, and he is to die! When I think of it, it seems as if I shall go mad!"

Helen rose and stood behind her chair, holding the wet face to her bosom, and smoothing tenderly the soft hair.

"I beg to differ from you, Agnes, on that point. I do not think Dr. Graham will die on the 25th of June unless he eats cucumbers and catches the cholera."

"O Helen, Helen! how can you joke so dreadfully? Only think if you were just in my place!"

"I would not like it. I've no taste for melancholy. I don't like to cry. It makes my nose red, and swells my eyelids."

A few days afterward Helen was out in the garden looking at the syringas which were just bursting into flower. She stood a little in the shadow, and Imogene Trenholme passing hurriedly down the path did not perceive her. Something in the expression of Mrs. Trenholme's face struck the girl, and she followed cautiously along, in the shade of the shrubbery. At the extremity of the garden there was a great oak, and in it a hollow scooped out by the hand of decay. Imogene looked searchingly around her, then drawing from her bosom a folded paper, she dropped it into the hollow, and hastily retraced her steps.

"Now, young lady," said Helen to herself, "it's your duty to see to this post-office that is established without the sanction of your Uncle Samuel." And going to the tree she withdrew the paper. It was not sealed and was merely a slip bearing these words:

"In the Haunted Chamber, at Eleven To-night."

"So ho!" mused Helen. "It's an appointment with the ghost, by all that's good and bad! Well, I never! If it was a gentleman ghost I should suspect Mrs. Imogene of infidelity. But there's something behind this, Helen Fulton, and it's your duty to watch till you see it. You're kept here at this house for Heaven only knows what, but you'd better not be caught napping. And you must not go into the house until you see who takes this precious bit of paper, will you?"

She refolded the paper and returned it to the hollow. Then wrapping her shawl around her, she crouched down behind some tall lilac bushes and waited. Twilight had already fallen, and it was soon quite dark. A stealthy footstep crunched the gravel. Helen peeped through the leaves, and saw a man remove the paper, and conceal it in his bosom. She caught her breath quickly.

"It is just as I thought!" she said. "The man with two fingers missing from the right hand. I think, to speak slang, which, as nobody is hearing me, will be perfectly proper, I think I smell a mice. At eleven o'clock to-night, I shall be there."

And gathering a handful of blossoms to excuse her absence Helen hurried into the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRECISELY AT 10 o'clock Helen Fulton stood at the door of the haunted chamber. The door was locked, but the key was on the outside. The girl entered, shut the door, without locking it, and put the key in her pocket. Her pretty face wore a look of care that did not alone there. She was a shade paler than usual, and her stern lines about her mouth looked as if she had made up her mind to do a desperate thing. She put a small writing-desk on a shelf in the closet, and after satisfying herself that there was no one in the room, she took from her dress the pistol with which

Mr. Trenholme had intended to shoot Quito, and examined it carefully. Then she put out the candle she had brought with her, and concealed herself behind the bed-curtains.

How long the time seemed until the clock in the hall chimed eleven! Everything was still. The family had retired early, out of courtesy to a gentleman who was journeying to the East—a friend of Ralph—and who was fatigued with traveling. By-and-by Helen heard the handle of the door turn. Then a light burst through the darkness, and peering through the folds of the curtain, the adventurous girl saw that the intruder was Imogene Trenholme. She was very pale, and there were great dark circles around her eyes—those fearfully brilliant eyes, that glittered with an almost supernatural lustre. She stood in an expectant attitude—her eyes fixed on the east window. And directly there was a rustling among the vine leaves outside, the window was softly raised, and a man entered.

"You are punctual," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "I am glad to find you so."

"Yes, I am punctual, but I have only three hundred dollars."

"Only three hundred! I told you I must have five hundred!"

"I know it, but this was the best I could do!"

"But I cannot do with less than five hundred!" he said, fiercely. "You'll have to do a little different, madam, or you'll get shown up in a way you won't like!"

"Have a little mercy!" she said, piteously. Heaven knows I have resorted to every means in my power to keep you supplied. I have not bought a new thing for more than a year!"

"So much the better! Women do not need the gimcracks with which they have a fancy for adorning themselves. Two hundred lacking! By heaven! I've a great mind to peach and have done with it!"

"Don't talk so!" she cried, seizing his arm. "You frighten me! I have suffered fearfully! My punishment is greater than I can bear! There are times when it seems as if I must tell the whole, or go mad!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FULMINE OF MERCURY.

The Powerful Explosive Used in the Bomb Made by the Anarchists.

Fulminate of mercury, which is used by European anarchists in the manufacture of their bombs, is one of the most treacherous and powerful explosives known to science, says the New York World. Heretofore it has been employed in percussion caps and as a detonator for nitro-glycerin preparations. It explodes when subjected to a slight shock or to heat and not a few expert chemists since its English inventor, Howard, have been seriously injured or killed while preparing or experimenting with it.

In France some years ago the celebrated chemist, Barriuel, was manipulating this dangerous product in a heavy agate mortar when his attention was suddenly distracted and he let the pestle down with a little less care than ordinary. The explosion which followed literally blew the mortar to dust, and it tore Barriuel's hand from his wrist. Another distinguished chemist, Belot, was blinded and had both hands torn off while experimenting with fulminate of mercury. Justin Leroy, a French expert in the manufacture of explosives was one day engaged in experimenting with this compound in a damp state, in which condition it was supposed to be harmless. It exploded with such force, however, that nothing of Mr. Leroy that was recognizable could afterward be found.

An English chemist named Hennell, while manufacturing a shell for military use, into the composition of which fulminate of mercury entered, was also blown literally to atoms, and the fragments of the building where he was conducting his experiments were scattered for hundreds of feet in every direction.

GIRLS FINED FOR A KISS.

A New York city dispatch says that, one night not long ago Cosias Dresler was out late. He decided to go home without an escort. He is good looking and well dressed, but so modest in his deportment that he thought if he walked quickly he would be safe from molestation. At Allen and Rivington streets stood four pretty girls. Wrapping his coat around him he tried to hurry past without being noticed.

"Ah, there!" said one of the girls. "Dresler screamed and ran. The girls gave chase and surrounded him.

"Ain't he pretty?" said one.

Then two of them deliberately kissed him. He struggled and fought, but could not escape, and his silk hat was smashed. The unfortunate man yelled and a heartless police officer arrested the four beauties.

"They're what's called the new women," explained the officer to the judge, the next morning. "They stand on the corner and insult respectable men. We've had many complaints from mothers."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the magistrate, addressing the plaintiff.

"Do you wish me to hold these prisoners to await the result of your injuries?"

Everyone roared with laughter.

"No," said Dresler, "what I'm after is protection. Just because I'm good-looking I'm annoyed continually by pretty girls. I want an example made of these persons."

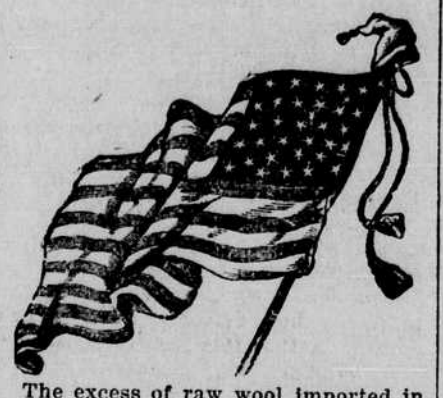
"It is certainly a fine state of affairs when a respectable young man cannot walk the streets of New York without being publicly kissed by a girl," said the court. "To anyone who has sons of his own," he added, "this case particularly appeals."

The girls denied their guilt with great emphasis. The court believed the plaintiff and fined each of them \$2.

GOT IT IN THE NECK.

OUR SHEEP DRIVEN TO DEMOCRATIC SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

American Farmers Lost the Sales of \$4,000,000 Pounds of Wool Last Year—Entire Clips of California and Texas Supplanted.



The excess of raw wool imported in 1895 over the average importations of the years 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894 was over 115,000,000.

The increase in the importations of "manufactures of wool" in the first full year of the present law over the average of the years 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894 is nearly \$28,000,000, equivalent to nearly 84,000,000 pounds of raw unwashed wool used in the construction of these goods. That is to say, the wool grower has lost the sale to American manufacturers of 84,000,000 pounds of wool heretofore sold to them by reason of the loss to the home manufacturer of about \$28,000,000 worth of woolen goods, requiring in their production 84,000,000 pounds of raw wool, previously manufactured here, but now manufactured in Europe and exported to America, a quantity greater than the entire annual unwashed clip of the states of California, Texas, Montana and Oregon.

The feature, however, that is most striking and the one causing the most regret is the increase in the importations of shoddy, waste, rags, etc. The increase in the importation of these wool adulterants in the year 1895 over the average of the four years of 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894 (all but four months of which were under the McKinley law) was over 19,000,000 pounds. This was almost as clean as scoured wool, and required in its production over 58,000,000 pounds of unwashed fleeces, equal to the annual wool crops of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and Michigan or the western wool growing states of Utah, California and Texas.

The total increase of foreign raw wool imported in the raw state, in the shape of cloth, or in the form of waste, rags, etc., amounts to over 270,000,000 pounds, a quantity greater than the entire American wool clip shorn in the

would not hurt their business. Well, where foresight is absent it is necessary to learn by hindsight, however inconvenient, unsatisfactory and expensive it may be.—The Lumber World.

Senator Mitchell's Figures.

According to the official report of the comptroller's office of the state of Texas the number of sheep in that state in 1893 was 3,366,257, valued at \$4,776,848; while the number in 1895, the present year, is but 2,386,822, of the value of but \$2,442,162, or a falling off in number in the last two years of 979,435, and in value of \$2,334,686. According to this same report the average price per pound of wool in the state of Texas in 1892 was 15.72 cents; while in 1893 the average price was but 9.82 cents; in 1894, 7.44 cents, and in 1895, 7.89 cents.—Hon. John H. Mitchell, U. S. Senator.

Senator Warren's Biblical Study.

If the McKinley bill of republican fame was a "hoodoo," your own Wilson bill has certainly been a "Jonah," and it seems to me a most conspicuous, indigestible, and soul-stirring Jonah at that. If I may be permitted to make comparisons, I believe that the Jonah of Biblical times was a sweet morsel in the bosom of that ancient and respectable whale when compared with the nauseating, rantankerous Wilson bill in the distended stomach of the corpus delicti of democracy.—Hon. Francis E. Warren, U. S. Senator.

A Deserted Democrat.

A famine of statesmen.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Of course there's "a famine of statesmen" in the democratic ranks after the three years' experience of democratic statesmanship since 1893. What democrat wants to shoulder such a load of responsibility? This "famine of statesmen" in its own ranks is the cause of the great democratic editorial interest in the ranks of republican statesmen. The one receiving the most abuse just now is Governor McKinley, and whenever democratic editors unite in attacking any prominent republican it is sure proof that they dread his power and popularity.



By Their "Fruits" We Know Them.

The fruits of the democratic victory should be, and we believe will be, something more substantial and important than possession of the petty offices.—New York World, November 20, 1892.

When a \$100,000,000 loan has been secretly sold at 104½, and a subsequent \$100,000,000 loan has been openly sold at an average price of 111, it certainly does seem that "the fruits of the democratic victory" have been "something more substantial and important than possession of the petty offices." The World evidently knew its party leaders.

The Free-Trade Experiment.

Imports of—	1894.	1895.
Wool.....	\$13,862,512	\$33,770,159
Shoddy.....	533,310	2,759,478
Woolen goods..	16,809,372	57,484,863
Totals.....	\$31,205,194	\$94,024,500
Free trade loss.....		\$62,819,306

Speaker Reed on Progress.

In my judgment upon wages and the consequent distribution of consumable wealth is based all our hopes of the

Balance of Trade in Favor of the United States

Calendar Year	Calendar Year
1894	1895
\$130,999,175	\$125,000,000
\$100,000,000	\$75,000,000
\$50,000,000	\$25,000,000
\$25,000,000	\$6,149,211

12 Months Protection to the Reform

12 Months Reform to the German Tariff

While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return.

Pacific Coast Lumber Troubles.

Pacific coast lumber producers in 1892 thought they would "be benefited rather than hurt" by free lumber from Canada. Now, in 1895, they have free lumber and they don't like it. They report that the sawmills of Oregon, Washington and California can turn out 1,200,000,000 feet of lumber a year, and that the off-coast cargoes demand is never over 400,000,000 feet a year. The Victoria and Vancouver mills in Canada, can turn out from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 feet a year, and under free trade in lumber they are enabled to add their capacity to that of the Oregon, Washington and California mills, making a total yearly capacity of 1,600,000,000 feet, against a total yearly demand of 400,000,000 feet! Great is free trade in lumber! That is what Oregon, Washington and California producers in 1892 thought

future, and all the possible increase of our civilization. The progress of this nation is dependent upon the progress of all. This is no new thought with me. Our civilization is not the civilization of Rome, a civilization of nobles and slaves, but a civilization which tends to destroy distinction of classes and to lift all to a common and higher level.—Hon. Thos. B. Reed.

Made of European Rags.

With four exceptions, 1872, 1873, 1883 and 1890, last year's imports of foreign dress goods were the most valuable on record—to foreign manufacturers.

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No Use for It.

There is one variety of cake that the small boy will not seize upon with avidity; namely, the cake of soap.—Boston Transcript.

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