

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

Ralph sent for Judge Ireton, Imogene's father, but the fatal news had already reached him, and it had been too much for the proud old man. His feeble constitution had been unable to withstand the shock of his daughter's guilt, and he was stricken down in a fit. He never regained his consciousness, but on the third day after the attack, he died in blissful insensibility.

Imogene was confined to the room in the third story, which was made as comfortable as might be for her use, and Ralph went about the house a gloomy, grief-stricken man. For sorrow such as his, who could offer words of comfort?

Governor Fulton prepared to return home, and he insisted on taking Helen with him. The Rock now was no place for a giddy thing like her, he said. On the day of her departure Helen met Guy St. Cyril in one of the empty parlors. She went up to him and held out her hand.

"Mr. St. Cyril," she said, "I am going to start for home today. Let us shake hands and part good friends."

"Do you think I have been very naughty with you, Mr. St. Cyril?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes, I do. You have treated me shamefully, when I have loved you so!"

"Indeed, well, I wasn't aware I had been so wicked! Will you ever forgive me?"

"I don't wish me to?"

"And if I do not?"

"Gee, I shall be sorry."

She bowed her head a little, her soft curls swept his hand. He flung his arm around her.

"Helen, one thing tell me. Do you love me?"

"Let me go! I won't tell you!"

"You shall not go until you do tell me! And here is your honored father to witness your assertion."

The governor looked on in a puzzled perplexity.

days we have been together? You know that I love you?"

Her blushing silence answered him. "I have not spoken, because I hardly thought it right for us to be selfishly happy while poor Ralph is miserably so very near us. But it is best to understand each other fully, Agnes. Once I loved Imogene; but as I told you, that love died long ago, and another has taken its place. Not the wild, headstrong passion I felt for her, but the calm, pure, all-enduring affection that will last through all time. Once you periled your life, and, what is even dearer to a woman than her life—your reputation—for me. Why did you do it? Shall I—dare I—put upon that action the sweetest interpretation I can think of?"

"What would that be?" she asked timidly.

"It would be that you did it because you loved me."

"I did love you, O Lynde! I suffered so much because of it! And I never dared to think you would care for me."

"My darling! I trust in God the suffering is o'er past. The joy is begun."

CHAPTER XX.

MOGENE TRENHOLME'S condition did not improve. On the contrary, her violent fits grew more frequent as time passed. Ralph had the best medical advice that could be procured, but without giving her any benefit. She became so dangerous that he did not trust any of the servants to take her food, but attended her constantly himself. And singularly enough, with him she was always gentle and pliable. She never yielded to one of her paroxysms in his presence. It was pitiful to see how her wan face would light up at his coming, and her great eyes lose their restless brilliancy and grow soft and almost tender. She talked to him confidingly, as a little child might; always of things long past, incidents connected with her childhood. She told him plaintive stories of the brooks she had played beside, the bird's nests she had found and the nice books she had read. She used to beg for flowers, and he brought them to her in lavish profusion, and she would twine the red roses and the white lilies in her black hair, and fasten knots of them upon her bosom. All memory of the dark two years just past seemed to have fled from her; she never alluded to any past save that which crowned the years of her childhood. But if a stranger ventured into her presence, then all was changed. It was frightful to see her. Her eyes became like livid coals, her fair face purpled, her pale lips were drawn away from the sharp, white teeth, and she took on all the form of an infuriated demon.

It was the first of September—a wild night of storm and wet. Ralph had retired early, but there was no sleep for him. He had fallen into a kind of waking dream, when he was aroused by what seemed to him like the stealthy closing of a door. He started up and listened, but all was still, save the roar of the waves on the beach and the thunder of the wind in the chimneys. He must have been deceived, he said to himself. He was absolutely getting weak and nervous. He lay back and composed himself to sleep. But in vain. He thought of Imogene. Perhaps he had forgotten to secure her door properly when he took up her supper. He sprang out of bed, threw on a dressing-gown, and hurried up to the third story. He tried the door. It was fast. He listened at the keyhole. All within was quiet. He hastened back to his chamber and flung himself down on the bed. He was falling into a state of semi-forgetfulness, when he heard quite howl dolorously. Since the confinement of Imogene the dog had been suffering to go at large, as he showed no disposition to be quarrelsome. There was something in that midnight wail that grated ominously on the nerves of Mr. Trenholme. He was not a superstitious man, but it always startled him to hear a dog howl at night.

He rose again, and dressed himself in haste. And, led by some uncontrollable impulse, he stepped into the passage, walking up the corridor until he came opposite the door of the haunted chamber. There he stopped. He could not well do otherwise. A bright glare of light shot through the keyhole, and he heard a strange, rushing sound within. He tried the handle. It turned, but the door was secured on the inside. With one blow of his foot he sent it shattering from the hinges; and stood transfixed by the sight he beheld.

Before the great mirror, dressed in the bridal robe of the dead Marina, her black hair covered with the blood-stained veil, and wreathed with the faded orange flowers, stood Imogene. Her dress left her neck and arms bare, and they literally blazed with jewels; and diamonds that for years had been the pride of the Trenholmes. Her cheeks were crimson with strange excitement, her eyes blazed like stars. All around her she had piled everything of a combustible nature that the room contained, and she was surrounded by smoke and flame. Even as he looked, her light dress was a mass of fire. He sprang forward, but she waved him back.

"Keep off, all of you!" she cried. "I am to be married! Don't murder me on my bridal day! See! the flames are my wedding garments, and my jewels are coals of living fire!"

He rushed toward her, tearing away the blazing obstacles that intervened between them, but even as he laid his hand upon her, she fell forward into the surging sea of fire, and then the smoke and flame closed over everything.

Ralph's loud cry of horror brought the servants to the spot, and the flames were stayed; but when they lifted Imogene up, she was past all aid. In this world she would never suffer more.

They buried her in the old graveyard by the sea, and with her buried her great crime. It was never after mentioned in the family.

A NATURAL LIFE BELT.

Air Injected Under the Skin Will Float a Man.

Dr. Schneider-Preiswerk, in Basle, has discovered a novel means of saving life in marine accidents, which if generally used will probably lessen greatly the number of lives lost by such accidents, says the Philadelphia Record.

His invention has been pronounced very important by the French Academy of Sciences, which in one of their last meetings listened very attentively to a lecture by Dr. Lanveraux upon the new invention. The inventor does away with all artificial belts and other floating appliances; he proposes to inflate the cellular texture beneath the human skin on the breast, which, if filled with air, forms a natural pneumatic belt, by the aid of which one may not only float himself but even support another body. The idea is said to be perfectly practicable. It has been proved that a man weighing 160 pounds, whose specific weight is between 1.08 and 1.10, whose head may weigh seven pounds, needs only about 200 cubic inches of air within his body in order to float with the head out of the water. This amount of air is easily inserted into this hollow space beneath the skin with Dr. Schneider's aseptic syringes, which will in one injection inflate from twenty to thirty-five cubic inches of air. The introduction of the point, which is only two millimeters thick, will hardly be felt. Such a pump is not even necessary. It is much simpler to use a little apparatus, also patented by Dr. Schneider, which consists of a hollow needle, a thin rubber hose eighteen inches long, into which this needle is inserted. A little aseptic cotton placed into the open end of the rubber hose is all that is necessary. The skin is simply raised, the hollow needle introduced into it, and then the other end of the rubber hose is taken into the mouth and the man's own breath blown into it. Two deep respirations, which are blown into each side of the breast, will be sufficient to float a man, however heavy.

Didn't Know His Neighbor.

Jonathan has been into the Maine woods eighteen seasons, and his occupation there has been gathering spruce gum. He builds a cabin in the fall when he is about to begin work in a new territory. It is generally a small one, but he takes great pains to make it one that can easily be kept warm. One year he passed five months without seeing a human being, and at the end of that time he found that another man had been in camp less than two miles from his all winter. They did not see each other's tracks for the reason that the other fellow was trapping, and confined his journeyings to a valley where a large stream and its branches gave him a field for his operations. Two miles away Mr. Stone lived in his little camp on the edge of a big spruce growth, and in following this he went away from, instead of toward, his neighbor, the trapper. When they had finished their season's work and got acquainted coming out, they told each other of the lonesome evenings passed in their respective camps.

The Postal Staff and the Cats.

The cats are invariably treated with great kindness by the postal staff. Kittens are born in all sorts of odd corners, even occasionally under a desk or table in the sorting office. One cat has successfully reared during the present year a family of six in the registered letter department, but this, of course, is exceptional. They are generally born in the kitchens, as there are plenty of old worn-out coats about which makes a comfortable bed. As soon as they are old enough some one requiring a cat takes one home to the domestic hearth. There is often a keen struggle for their possession and a man will feed both mother and kitten on milk and watch them with anxious eye, only to find in the end that he is a day too late, some one having forestalled him and disappeared with the coveted pet.—Westminster Gazette.

Tickets are Transferable.

The Supreme court of Maryland has decided that the purchaser of a berth or a section of a sleeping car has the right to give another person the use thereof if he leaves the car before it reaches the end of the trip for which the berth was bought. A passenger secured a section, rode in it for part of the trip and then sold his section ticket to another passenger, he leaving the train. The second purchaser was refused the use of the section by the conductor of the car and was ejected, whereupon he brought suit with the above result.

Getting Even with Worcester.

The story is told of Oliver Wendell Holmes that when one of his friends announced his intention of delivering a lecture in Worcester Holmes cheerfully responded: "I'm awfully glad to hear it. I always did hate those Worcester people."

Judges of the Olympian Games.

Universal peace during the month of the games was proclaimed by heralds in every part of Hellas, and the slightest breaking of the sacred truce was thought sacrilege, which deities and men alike were bound to punish. The judges of the games, or "Hellenodictae," ranging from nine to twelve in number at different times, were elected by the Eleians. All who wished to be judges were required to show not only that they had never committed a crime, public or private, but that they were stainless in moral character. Not infrequently even men of distinction were excluded by this severe test during the golden age of Hellenic honor.—"The Olympian Games," by G. T. Ferris, in April St. Nicholas.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

Wards Off Charity Hunters.

A well known judge has invented rather a neat reply to the letters of busybodies soliciting subscriptions for useless societies. He fills the first page on the note paper with these words, written in a bold hand: Dear sir, in reply to your letter, I have much pleasure in subscribing"—here the secretary joyfully turns the page to find the conclusion of the sentence on the following leaf—"myself, your obedient servant, John So-and-so."—St. James Budget.

Coe's Cough Balsam.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

She Told Them.

M. de Strop—Mary, remember, I am at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins this afternoon.

Mary (half an hour later)—I've told four gentlemen callers that you were at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins, ma'am, and they left very mad indeed.—Judge.

Fis's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.

Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 1/2 Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

An Instance.

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a feller has candy and eats it all hisself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are Dictionaries and Dictionaries.

But the latest Roman of them all seems to be Webster's. It is still easily in the lead in the great race for popularity.

Well and Happy When She Had Enough.

We once knew a woman, an inmate of a county infirmary, who attained the ripe age of 106 years, who had always been an inveterate user of tobacco, which owing to her poverty was a luxury not easily obtained. To economize in its use, she first chewed the plug and dried the quids, from which she made a tea and drank of it freely; then the residue was carefully redried for consumption in her T. D. pipe. The old lady proudly affirmed that she had never been ill.—Cleveland Medical Gazette.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Hard Fate.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime museum orator, leading his auditors over to the next platform, "is the armless wonder, Signor Bagstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he see wood."—Chicago Tribune.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Trade in Bananas.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the banana has become popularized in the United States. According to the statistics there were imported 16,720,127 bunches of bananas in 1895, of which number 928,336 bunches came to Baltimore, 1,637,802 to Boston, 2,499,618 to Mobile, 5,088,119 to New Orleans, 4,548,372 to New York and 2,026,780 to Philadelphia. The Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia supplies were from Jamaica. New Orleans and Mobile got their supply largely from Central America, while New York got hers from all sources. The people find in the banana a cheap and wholesome article of food, which is valuable at seasons when few fruits are to be had.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that Hindcorn takes out the coals, and a very pleasing relief it is. Loc. at druggists

Lovely.

"Oh, yes," continued the girl of the prehistoric period, "we had birds twenty feet high in those days."

"Dear me," exclaimed the fin de siecle person, "what lovely hats you must have had! Well, well!"—Detroit Tribune.

"I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

The queen of Roumania fairly revels in literature.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash. The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South.

April 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added.

JUNE 16th, National Republican Convention at St. Louis.

JULY 2d, National Educational Association at Buffalo.

JULY 9th, Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington.

JULY 22nd, National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis.

For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. AXIN, 611 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

An Imprudent But Gushing Woman.

Young women who take books at the circulating library are imprudent to use their pages as blotters. They are doing wrong also, for it is against the rules. A copy of "Lord Ormond and His Aminta," which has been in use in a Philadelphia library, held in front of a mirror revealed the inscription, "I send you my heart with a kiss." All women finish their letters with that phrase, which cannot therefore betray anybody; but, in this case, the signature was there.

The Rack, the Thumbcrew and the Boot Were old-fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, biliousness, malarial, bowel stomach and nerve complaints.

There are two great crimes; murder and slander.

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10¢ worth Battle Ax 5 1/3 oz.

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5 1/3 ounces for 10 cents. You may have "money to burn," but even so, you needn't throw away 2 ounces of good tobacco. For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grades for 10 cents.

A. D. 1780.

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