

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER I.

GREAT storm had raged with unabated fury for three days, but now at the shutting down of twilight the clouds were breaking, and toward the sunset there gleamed a single spark of blood-red light low down upon the western mountains. The wind had changed from the east, and the breeze that fanned the boyish brow of Ralph Trenholme as he paced back and forth over the shingly shore, was like the breath of early June. And it was the last of October. The sea was still high, tossing in at intervals remnants of the ill-starred ship that had gone to pieces on Joliet Rock, just outside the harbor mouth of Portlea.

How anxious had been the hearts on shore for that wretched ship! How earnestly they had watched it since early dawn, when it had appeared in the offing—driven "about helpless, at the mercy of the winds and waters, and at last dashed upon the cruel rocks. They had devised vainly among themselves, those hardy fishermen, ways and means to save the vessel from her fate. The proud mistress of Trenholme House—better known as High Rock—had come out into the storm, as pale and anxious at the rudest fisherman's wife among them—come out to beg them to do all that human arm could do; to offer them gold if they could save but one poor life; and those brave, courageous men had looked at her, and at each other, sorrowfully and in silence; they knew by stern experience that no boat could live an hour in a sea like that. And so the ship was left to go down unaided.

But Ralph Trenholme could not be quiet. With the daring impulsiveness of a boy of fourteen, he had thrice launched the Sea Foam, his own little boat, to go to the aid of the sufferers, but as many times had the men of the coast forced him back. They would not stand by and see him go to death for nought. Ralph fought against them bravely, but was obliged to yield, and restless, and chafing at his inactivity, which seemed to him almost cowardly, he paced the shore, and looked out to sea.

There came a great wave. He watched it rising afar off, and saw that it bore upon its crest something whiter than even the foam. He darted down to the water line, and stood there when it came so near that it drenched him through, but he caught the precious freight it bore in his arms, and by the wan light he looked into the face of a little child—a girl—perhaps six or seven years old, with pure features, stilled into calm repose, and long, curling locks of gold, floating dripping down, and tangled with seaweed. She was dressed in white, and around her waist was a scarf of blue tissue, but the other end was lost, torn away, probably, from the support to which she had been bound by some one who had cared to save her. Ralph gathered her up with something like triumph swelling his heart. If she were only alive he might have the satisfaction of knowing that he had saved a life, for if she had been dashed in upon the shore, the sharp rocks would have crushed out from that beautiful face every semblance of humanity. He puts his lips down to hers. There was a faint warmth. He ran up the steep path leading to High Rock, bearing his treasure in his arms, and in to his mother, who was sitting before the great fire that streamed redly up the chimney.

"See what the sea has given me!" he cried, putting her down on the sofa. "A real little sea nymph! and as beautiful as an angel!"

"Softly, my son," said Mrs. Trenholme, with mild dignity. "Run for Dr. Hudson—perhaps she can be restored."

Ralph was off instantly, but when he returned with the doctor, the little girl did not need his aid; she was sitting up, and looking around her with great, wondering eyes, and a flush of scarlet on either cheek. But when they questioned her, she could give no satisfactory reply. She put her hand to her forehead, in a confused sort of way, and said she could not remember. All knowledge of the past was blotted out. It was as if it had never been. She did not even remember that she had been on a shipboard, and when they asked her about her parents, she looked at them in such a dazed sort of way that Mrs. Trenholme saw at once it was useless to press the matter. The severe shock her nervous system had received from remaining so long in the water had brought total oblivion of the past.

Her clothing was fine and costly, but there were no trinkets by which any clue to her parentage could be obtained. The only thing that might serve to identify her was a minute scarlet cross, just below the shoulder, on her arm—

a mark that had evidently been pricked into her skin with some indelible substance.

After a few weeks the wonder and curiosity which this sole survivor of the wreck had excited died away, and Mrs. Trenholme, yielding to the earnest solicitations of Ralph, decided to adopt her, and rear her as her own. The child was christened Marina, which means from the sea, and turned over to the care of Kate Lane, the nurse, who still had the charge of Agnes, Mrs. Trenholme's little six years' old daughter.

Marina was a beautiful child—you would seldom see a beauty so faultless as hers. Every day developed some new charm. Her golden hair grew more golden, her eyes bluer and deeper, and her smile rarer and sweeter. Occasionally, she would break out into snatches of song—old melodies—strange to all who listened, something she must have learned in other lands, and beneath sunnier skies.

The wail had found a good home, all the neighborhood said. So she had, High Rock was the manor house of the vicinity, the Trenholmes the wealthiest old family in that part of the state. The lands belonging to the estate were wide and fertile, the old house was a romance in itself, albeit a most stately one. It was built far out on a great peak, closely overhanging the sea—a massive structure of gray stone, with towers and gable windows, and wide piazzas.

Mr. Trenholme had held many offices of public trust, and as a man and a scholar had stood very high. He had died suddenly, two years before the opening of our story. Mrs. Trenholme had truly and tenderly loved her husband, and natures like hers never forget. Her best consolation she found in the affection she bore her children; and Ralph and Agnes were worthy of all the love she gave them. With very little of their mother's haughty pride, they had inherited all her beauty and gentleness, while to Ralph, along with his father's fine intellect, had descended his earnest heart, his strong affections, and his almost chivalrous sense of honor. Ralph was eight years older than Agnes. At fourteen he was a tall, handsome boy, with a dark, clear complexion, brown eyes, and curling chestnut hair. Agnes was of the less intense type, with delicately cut features, dark hazel eyes, a pale complexion, and a flush of scarlet on her sweet lips.

These were the children with whom little Marina was thrown. They grew up together. The girls loved each other like sisters; indeed, there was little chance for them to know the difference. The children had but few playmates. The neighborhood was not very select, and Mrs. Trenholme was very particular. Lynde Graham, the only child of a poor fisherman that dwelt at the foot of the Rock, was with them most frequently. The proudest mother in the land would have no objection to Lynde Graham as a playmate for her children. He was about Ralph's age, a darling, noble-souled boy.

And sometimes from Ireton Lodge—the stately residence of Judge Ireton—came Imogene, his daughter, to pay little visits to the Trenholmes. Some day Imogene Ireton would make hearts ache; some day she would be absolutely magnificent in her beauty. Even now she was queenly. Her complexion was like the creamy petals of a lily; her hair and eyes were black as night, and at times her cheeks flushed like carnations, and her voice rang out like the music of silver bells. Her whole bearing was like that of one who knows she was born for conquest. She was haughty, arrogant and selfish.

At sixteen, Ralph Trenholme left home for college. He remained there four years, returning home only for a week or two at vacation time, and then not always seeing Marina and Agnes, who were at a boarding school for young misses. After his graduation, he made the European tour, and four years elapsed before, bronzed and bearded, he again set foot upon his native land.

Meanwhile, Lynde Graham had fought a hard battle and come off conqueror. Men with eyes like his seldom fail to accomplish what they undertake with their whole souls. He had fitted himself for college, taught to gain the money requisite to defray his expenses, and just as Ralph arrived home, Lynde Graham had come back to the fisherman's cottage, with the diploma from Harvard in his pocket. He had graduated with the very highest honors, and at once began studying medicine with Dr. Hudson, of Portlea.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, my son, what do you think of your gift from the sea?" said Mrs. Trenholme one day, a few weeks after her son's return.

He was lying on a lounge drawn up before a southern window, where the late October sun poured in its gold, his head lying in her lap, her white fingers hidden among his chestnut curls. He looked up into her eyes, took her hand, and pressed it slowly to his lips.

"I think, dear mother, that she is the

most beautiful being I ever saw. I have seen the brunettes of Italy, the fair-faced women of Circassia, the languid Spaniards, with their eyes of fire, and the oriental seraphs of the Turk's harem, but none like Marina." Something like a shadow fell over the face of Mrs. Trenholme. He felt the change in her voice, slight though it was.

"Yes," she said, "Marina is beautiful. It were a pity that she has no family—no name, even, save what we have given her. Her parentage must ever, I suppose, remain a secret. Indeed, my son, I blush sometimes to think of it, but perhaps she was the offspring of shame, and thus abandoned. You will remember, perhaps, that no female bodies were ever washed up from the wreck of the vessel. And it is not customary for children like her to be put on shipboard without a woman's care."

An angry flush rose to Ralph's cheek. He sprang up quickly.

"Never, mother! you wrong her! I would stake my life that Marina is nobly born. We may never, in all probability we never shall, know the secret of her birth, but if we do, mark me, we shall find her fully our equal!"

Mrs. Trenholme smiled at his earnestness, as she replied:

"To change the conversation, Imogene Ireton is coming here tomorrow, for a visit of indefinite length. I think Imogene will surprise you. You have not seen her since you left home, I think?"

"I have not, but I have no doubt she has developed wonderfully. Imogene was always magnificent!"

"And now she has no peer. I have never seen one who would compare with her. But tomorrow you shall judge for yourself."

The conversation closed, and Ralph thought no more of it, until Imogene Ireton burst upon him. He was amazed. He had expected to see a very beautiful woman, but, instead, he touched the hand of a princess. Three years older than Marina, at nineteen she was fully developed, with a form that would have driven a sculptor mad with ambition to rival it. She was rather tall, with that graceful, high-bred ease of manner that came to her so naturally, and the voice that in her young girlhood had been so sweet, was now a breath of musical intoxication. Her complexion was still rarely clear, the cheeks a little flushed, the mouth a line of scarlet, the hair dark and lustrously splendid, and the eyes—such eyes are never seen twice in the world at the same time. Ralph gazed into their depths, with a strange feeling of bewilderment. She fascinated him powerfully, and yet he felt a sort of coldness creeping round his heart—an almost inchoate shudder shook him, as her soft hand fell like a snowflake into his.

In the daily intercourse which followed, the feeling somewhat wore away, and though Miss Ireton, at the end of a fortnight, had not succeeded in capturing the heir of Trenholme, it must be admitted that she had interested him. Toward Lynde Graham, who was at the Rock almost daily, she was cold and reserved; she never forgot the distance between Judge Ireton's heiress and the son of a poor fisherman. And yet, despite her coldness, which at times was almost scorn, before she returned home Lynde Graham had learned to love her. He kept his unfortunate secret to himself; he felt that it would cause him nothing but pain and sorrow, should it escape him by word or deed.

The winter passed quietly. There was an occasional pleasure party, but they were by no means frequent, and it was not until summer came that the real round of pleasuring, which was destined to break the calm of the Rock for the season, began.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WATCH ADJUSTER.

He is a Man Whose Delicate Work Requires Large Experience and Much Skill. Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster in a great factory used to receive \$10,000 a year. The adjuster's work is one of the important elements of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a \$10,000 adjuster should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to the fraction of a minute a month. Regulating is a very different process from adjusting and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes. To the adjuster every watch that comes under his hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that help to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting. No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a slightly-skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his business, and the utmost definiteness in its prosecution.

Above Manhattan the Rhine is to be made navigable as far as Strasburg. As a canal will be inadequate, important changes must be made in the river bed.

THE HUMMING TOP.

Translated from the German of Theobald Gross by Blanche Willis Howard.

Count Geierflug, the mightiest minister of the realm, had breathed his last. His final moments on earth had left him looking somewhat pale and worn, but had in no respect diminished his pride and aristocratic elegance of bearing. Attired in a gold embroidered coat, such as men of his distinction are apt to wear when lying in funeral state, he started off on the direct road to heaven.

Marching along at a brisk pace, he presently overtook and passed a little group, consisting of three most wretched beings; a white-haired, palsied old pauper woman, a youth, from whose neck still dangled the halter which he had brought with him from the closing scene of his life drama, and a poor little hump-backed consumptive boy, 5 or 6 years old, who, from time to time, glanced lovingly at a toy clasped close in his hand.

Count Geierflug arrived at the gates of heaven, and politely addressed St. Peter:

"Pardon me," he began, "I would merely beg to inquire—"

But the former apostle and present keeper of the celestial gates interrupted him sternly.

"It's not your turn. The three behind there, whom you passed on the road, come first."

"Before me? I am Count Geierflug, the Prime Minister. I have the title of Excellency, am a knight of innumerable orders, members of various learned societies—and—"

"I'll here we recognize neither knight nor scholar."

"Yet your reverence was a kind of knight yourself, and wielded a dashing blade in the affair with Malchus."

Peter silently regarded the smiling speaker.

"And your reverence was also a quasi-scholar—or author—or—"

"On earth I was only a poor fisherman."

"And yet," continued the Count, with a profound bow, "your reverence's Epistles are even more celebrated than the world-renowned letter of Mme. de Sevigne."

Again Peter surveyed the flatterer in utter silence, but with so penetrating a gaze that the false courtier eyes drooped beneath it.

In the meantime, the three pilgrims had arrived.

No sooner did Saint Peter see the boy's innocent face and crippled body than he said kindly:

"Run in, little one. This is the right place for you."

The apostle then turned to a thick book upon which in golden letters, stood "Ledger."

"What is your name?" he asked the old woman.

"Precisely—Brigitte Stegmaierin, if you please, replied Saint Peter, pouring over his ledger. Then, in a grumbling tone, he continued: "Debit: 'Has a bitter bad tongue of her own.' While, charged to her credit: 'She is wretchedly poor.'"

"Poor!" cried the old crone, weeping and flinging up her arms; "God is my witness that is true; and the holy Saint Peter himself knows that poverty is a gnawing pain."

"Well, well," said the apostle gently; "go in, granny—in in. In there there is no more poverty or pain."

The young man with a halter around his neck stepped forward.

"Your name?" demanded St. Peter.

"Veit Kratzern."

"Stole a gold bracelet," read the apostle, with a frown.

"Item: A purse full of money."

"Item: The contents of the contribution box of St. James' Church."

St. Peter scowled fiercely at the youth, who shook like a leaf in the blast.

"Credited: 'He did it all at the instigation and entreaty of his sweet heart.' H'm! Did you love the woman so very much?"

"Ah!" faltered the boy, "I could never tell you how much I—"

"Enough!" broke in St. Peter. "Don't talk to me about it. Be off, will you? out of my sight."

nothing better than this to urge, you are a lost man!"

The Count grew still paler, and had not a word to say for himself.

At this moment the little boy, lingering on the threshold of heaven, called out:

"Mr. Peter! Mr. Peter!"

"Are you still there, my little man?" returned the apostle. "Why do you not enter?"

Instead of replying to the question, the little fellow said:

"Mr. Peter, do you see this humming top?" Saint Peter returned indulgently, "Pray, how came it here?"

"My mother laid it in my grave with me," answered the child seriously. He then picked up his top, re-wound the string, and extending the top temptingly toward the apostle, said:

"Mr. Peter, if you will let the Count go in there with me I will let you spin my top."

"Do you know the Count, child?"

"Of course. It was the Count that gave me the top."

"Ah! Tell me how that happened, dear boy."

"Once I was sitting at the door, eating my bread, and when I had finished I began to cry. Just then the Count came driving along in a beautiful blue and gold coach, with four grey horses. And the carriage stopped and the Count said:

"Are you hungry, little boy?"

"No," said I 'I have just had my bread."

"And the Count said, 'Then why are you crying?'"

"And then I said, 'I am so lonely. Father and mother go off to work early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night, and the children won't play with me because I am so slow.' Then the Count said that he would bring me something to play with. And in a little while he came back with the top, and we made it spin, the Count and I together; after that I never cried any more."

Saint Peter made no reply but buried his head in his ledger, muttering:

"I knew he's rather old foggy in his accounts, our old bookkeeper, Gabriel—still, we have always been able to rely upon him—ah, I was sure of it!" he exclaimed joyfully; "here it is on the very last credit page."

"Gave a day laborer's crippled child a toy—commonly called a humming top—and with great kindness and gentleness showed the boy how to spin it."

With almost youthful eagerness Saint Peter seized his red pencil and drew a broad line through the whole long list of sins and offenses, and the next moment the Count, clasping the child's hand, entered the kingdom of heaven.—New York Independent.

A Gander-Pulling in Florida.

There was a gander-pulling here recently. Perhaps some of your readers do not know what a gander-pulling means. Well, I will try to describe it. A large gander is procured and a grain sack is thrown over its body, neck and wings let loose. Mr. Gander is hung head down, to a pole, which is placed across a fence, so that a man on horseback can reach and take hold of the gander's neck. Now comes the laugh. Any person wishing to get the gander pays 25 cents for three rides. He starts his horse a few rods away at a high speed, and when he passes the gander he catches him by the neck and pulls his head off, i. e., if he can. Some friend of the gander has greased his neck well with lard, and it seems that no one can hold on to it. First, the horse that John Davis rode stumbled, threw Davis over his head, and turned a somersault. This created a great deal of sport. The second scene was C. R. Pelton riding a mule. When he passed the gander he caught him by the neck with both hands, but he could not pull his head off. He hung on for dear life. His mule left him, and he found himself sitting on the ground. I think everybody laughed until they cried. The poor old gander was taken down and sent home as well as usual, from all appearances.—De Land (Fla.) News.

A Singular Experience.

From the Gorham (N. H.) Mountaineer.

Miss Mattie Edmonds, of Dalton, has passed through a singular experience. Over a year ago she had several teeth extracted by a dentist while under the influence of chloroform, and immediately afterward she was seized with a bad cough and gradually wasted and took her bed, as it was supposed in consumption. Several physicians examined her case, one of whom attributed her illness to an ulcer in the throat, and gave her a remedy. The medicine resulted in a severe paroxysm of coughing, during which she threw out a tooth that had been lodged in her throat while she was chloroformed, and had remained, nearly costing her her life. She is now rapidly recovering. We think that, while saying her evening prayers, she ought to say the words of the little girl who, after having a tooth extracted, used the expression: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Paper a Protection Against Cold.

From the New York Times.

It is a well known fact that paper is a great protection against the cold. On the frontier mountains and woodsmen preserve large sheets of wrapping paper and newspapers to put between the covering blankets when there is an insufficiency of bed covering in the hotels or camps. An excellent protection out-of-doors for the chest when wearing the dress suit, with the lower part exposed, is a portion that is generally well covered by the fashions, his high-cut coat and vest, is a few folds of paper underneath the overcoat. Many roadsters in driving put a few folds of paper across their chest underneath the overcoat as well as at the back, and find effective protection against the cold winds that prevail at this season. The paper is like a wall in completely protecting the wearer.

Arresting a Dummy.

When a boy gets so mean that he will play a joke on a poor policeman, he should be shut up in the calaboose, and kept in durance vile till he repents. A young man, the other evening, stuffed an old suit of clothes with a small beer keg and some straw, and left the figure on the back steps of Felsenheld's store. In the evening watchman Drake came around trying the back doors, when he discovered the straw man sleeping off a drunken stupor on the steps. He told the fellow to get up. The stuffed individual failed to answer. Drake shouted to him but still there was no reply. The officer then punched the man in the ribs with his cane. The hard stomach of the drunkard aroused Drake's suspicion, and he soon discovered the joke. The bad young man here appeared from behind a box, and the policeman gave him a cigar to smoke.

Drake then started away on a corner. He told them there was a drunk man on the back steps of Felsenheld's store, and requested them to go around and jug him. He excused himself from assisting in the job, by saying he had not yet made his rounds.

The two officers went to the locality at the back of the store. They told the man to get up. He never moved. They asked him what he was doing there. No answer. Walker put out his cane and gave the man a punch in the ribs. The end of his cane entered the bung-hole of the keg, and Walker's hair stood on end, as he thought he had run the fellow through. Long stooped down, and taking the dummy by the arm asked him if he was hurt. The officer noticed, by the dim light, that the straw was protruding from the hole in its coat, and he turned to Walker and told him they were sold. Just then a low, harsh chuckle was heard behind the boxes, and the young man stepped out to receive his cigars.

The two policemen then went and found officer John Kelley. That individual, with visions of an arrest in his mind, hastened to the locality of the dummy.

"Young mon, araise yourself," he said in a gruff voice.

The young man lay there, all unheeding of what was said unto him.

"Coom! coom! wake kup thor. What is your name an' whor are you from?"

No answer.

"Will you stir yourself, sor. You are drunk, mon."

The individual addressed did not deign to reply.

"We will see if you will coom," quoth Kelley, and he took the figure by the arm and gave it a jerk. It rolled off the steps and lit with a dull thud on the ground below.

The young man behind the boxes stepped out and said:

"Ah, ha! I saw you do that. You have killed the fellow."

"Not by a dom sight," cried Kelley in consternation. "The drunken brute drew a razor on me first."

When the officer descended the steps, and saw the old suit of clothes with the beer keg and straw protruding, he said to the young man:

"Don't ye tell a soel of this. I'll make it all right wid ye the next time I coom around."—Aurora Blade.

Faith Healing a Fact.

There can be no question that faith healing is a fact. The brain is not simply the organ of the mind, it is also the chief center, or series of centers, of the nervous system by which the whole body is energized, and its component parts with their several functions are governed and regulated. There is no miracle in healing by faith whereas it would be a miracle if the organism, being constituted as it is, and the laws of life such as they are, faith healing did not under favorable conditions occur. The fallacy of those who proclaim faith healing as a religious function lies in the fact that they misunderstand and misinterpret their own formula.

It is the faith that heals, not the hypotheated source, or object, of faith outside the subject of faith. The whole process is self-contained. Nothing is done for the believer; his act of believing is the motor force of his cure. We all remember the old trick of making a man ill by persistently telling him he is ill until he believes it. The contrary of this is making a man well by inducing him to believe himself to be so. The number of the "miracles" performed will be the precise number of the persons who are capable of being thrown into a state of mind and body in which "faith" denominates the organic state. Pathologists will limit the area of this process to the province of functional disease; but we are not sure that they are justified by scientific facts in making this limitation. It must not be forgotten that function goes before organism in development, and that there are large classes of cases in which the disabilities of a diseased organ for a fair performance of its functions are mainly due to a want of power or irregularity in action. And it is a fact in pathology that if the function of an organ be maintained or restored, much of the destructive metamorphosis due to proliferation of connective tissue, fatty deposit, or even certain forms of atrophic change in which the nuclei of cell-life are rather denuded than destroyed, may be arrested and to some extent, repaired. The *vis medicatrix nature* is a very potent factor in amelioration of disease, if only it be allowed fair play. An exercise of "faith" as a rule suspends the operation of adverse influences, and appeals strongly through the consciousness to the inner and underlying faculty of vital force. There are many intractable cases in every practice which might be "cured by faith." It is well that these poor persons should be benefited by some means, it matters little what; and if they can be "healed by faith" we ought to be very glad, and thankful, too, for the mistaken zeal of those who, being weak-minded themselves, make dupes of other weak-minded folk to their advantage. This is a blind leading of the blind in which they do not fall into the ditch, but by a happy combination of circumstances, actually escape danger and gain a measure of health.—London Lancet.