

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Ralph had invited a couple of young gentlemen with their sisters up from the city, and Miss Ireton came over to the Rock with a gay party of her own friends. Boating, picnicking, hunting, fishing and strolling in the woods filled up the days, and in the evening they had dancing and music and conversation. Miss Ireton professed a great attachment for Agnes, but toward Marina she was always frosty, though sufficiently gracious to avoid attracting attention.

Ralph saw plainly whither his mother was drifting. She had set her heart upon his making Imogene his wife. She had never told him so, in just so many words, but her every act spoke her desire. Ralph loved his mother, and he most devoutly wished to know whether she loved Miss Ireton. Sometimes when she sat beside him, her face drooped, her eyes downcast, her fragrant breath warm on his face, he fancied she was all the world to him, and then a single tone of Marina's sweet voice would dispel even the memory of Imogene's presence.

One sunny afternoon, the party at the Rock went for a ramble down the shore. Imogene, swinging her straw hat on her arm, walked by the side of Ralph. Growing far down in a cleft of a rock, she spied a bunch of purple flowers. She clasped her hands with childish glee.

"What lovely blossoms! Such a perfect shade of purple! How I wish I had them for my hair! My hellebore is ugly by comparison!" And she tore the odious things from her massive braids and crushed them in her hand.

Marina, too, was looking down at the coveted flowers. Ralph stepped toward them. Lynde Graham and Mr. Verstein both spoke together.

"Don't go, Trenholme! It looks dangerous!"

Ralph laughed. "Gallant gentlemen, to think of danger where a lady's gratification is concerned! I count myself fortunate to be allowed the privilege of risking so little for so much!"

Miss Ireton blushed with triumph. Marina's eyes were downcast.

Ralph swung himself over the cliff. Both the girls advanced to look over. He gathered the blossoms, put them in his bosom, and prepared to return. But he placed his foot on an insecure stone; it gave way, and he was precipitated downward. A clump of spruce broke, somewhat, his fall, but those who looked over the brink hardly dared hope that there was anything but death beneath!

Miss Ireton fell back, pale and trembling. Agnes lost all consciousness in a swoon, but Marina leaned over, and called into the depths, with her clear, soft voice:

"Mr. Trenholme!"

She always called him so now. It was no longer Ralph, as of old. There was no reply. She rose up, pale as death, but there was no tremor in her voice as she said:

"Dr. Graham, we must get him up. There are ropes and a boat a few rods above."

Graham was off for them and back again in a moment. The gentlemen looked at each other inquiringly. There was no way to reach Trenholme, save by descending the face of the cliff. Marina took an end of the rope and made it fast around her waist.

They read her purpose in her eyes and strove to dissuade her, but she answered, calmly:

"Not I can go best of all. Your strength will be needed to draw us both up. And I have lived among the cliffs from childhood."

They offered no further resistance, but lowered her carefully down. She touched the hand of Ralph Trenholme—it was warm. Her heart gave a great bound. She knew that he lived. She disengaged the rope and put it about him, and in rapid succession both were drawn up to their friends.

Trenholme was only stunned, and the motion revived him. He rose to his feet, and took the flowers from his bosom. Some deep purpose glowed in his eyes. He turned to Marina, who stood a little apart.

"They are children of the salt spray, like yourself, Marina," he said. "Wear them and do me honor."

She colored slowly, bowed her graceful head, and fastened them in her curls. Imogene's eyes flashed dangerously, but her voice was cool as she said:

"Dear me, how pretty! But purple is hardly becoming to a blonde, though no one objects to purple and gold, I believe."

After that, Ralph devoted himself to Marina, and not all the blandishments of the black-eyed syren could win him from his allegiance. Once only, she tried palpably to bring him back. He had promised to teach Marina a new move in chess, that night, promised in the hearing of Imogene. As he was

passing the conservatory on his way to the little room occupied by the girls in common, he heard his name called:

"Mr. Trenholme."

He knew the voice at once, and went to Imogene.

"Isn't it a perfect night?" she said, looking out into the clear moonlight. "It is so sweet, it makes me restless. I wish you would go and walk with me on the cliffs. Will you?" She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him with her matchless eyes.

He dropped her hand gently from his arm.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "It would afford me much pleasure, but I have engaged to play a game of chess with Marina. I will send Verstein or Dr. Graham to you."

What a look she flashed upon him! Her eyes fairly shot lightning, her face was like a thunder-cloud. She closed her small hand slowly; the action was significant, but the voice in which she replied was cool and even:

"Oh! of course I would not interfere with any previous engagement. You need not trouble either of the other gentlemen. On second thought, I must go to my room and finish a letter which ought to have gone this morning. Au revoir."

And she swept away.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR game of chess over, Trenholme drew Marina out upon the western piazza, and from thence to the path leading to the cliffs. They walked on silently, as people do whose hearts beat as one—walked on, her hand in his, unheeding that the sweet night had changed, and that the cold wind was glooming the sky with black clouds.

They sat down together on a broken fragment of rock that seemed to lean out, listening to the murmur of the sea. Trenholme put his arm around Marina.

"My child," he said, "you have known me a long time. Do you trust me?"

She looked up into his face with the confidence of a child.

"Yes, Ralph, as I trust no other."

"I am glad. Because I want you for my wife. I love you. I have loved you, I think, ever since the sea cast you up at my feet, and now I want you wholly my own."

She did not reply, only looked at him, in a little tremulous flutter of wonder, her innocent heart shining through her eyes.

"Marina, I am waiting for you to speak."

"But, Ralph, I have no name," she sighed.

"I have given you mine once, now I offer it to you for all your life!"

"But your mother?"

"My mother is proud, but she loves me. And she will love my wife. Marina, answer me, dear."

"What shall I say?"

"Tell me if you love me—if you trust me enough to give yourself into my keeping?"

His face was bent to hers. She put her arm timidly around his neck.

"I do love you, Ralph," she said softly, "more than all the world! And I have been so wretched, thinking you cared for Miss Ireton!"

"My little Marina! Miss Ireton is magnificent, but I do not love her. You are my light. Nothing shall divide us."

He took her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

Just then the storm burst over them. The thunder crashed, the lightning gleamed blood-red athwart the heavens. Trenholme caught Marina up, and bounded lightly from rock to rock up the circuitous path to the house. Just across the end of the piazza lay the fallen form of the old acanmore tree that had for years waved over the eastern gables, rent and riven into splinters by a fiery thunderbolt. Marina grew pale as death and shivered when she saw it.

"O Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, clinging to him. "It is an omen!"

He kissed her, to soothe her fears.

"My darling! it is nothing. The lightning likes an old tree, and this has kept guard here for ages. Do not give it a thought. To-night I shall speak to my mother. Sleep well, dear; remember you belong to me."

He left her at the door of her chamber, which was in the east wing, on the second floor, and whose bay windows had always been shaded by the great tree now fallen.

Neither Ralph nor Marina had seen, crouching under the fallen trunk, the weird form that looked at them out of great, revengeful eyes, that clutched its white hand through the gloom, muttering hoarsely:

"My hour will come! and then beware!"

Marina crept into bed, trembling at the fierce raging of the storm, yet filled with a strange delight. Her lips yet thrilled with his kisses; she held her hands tenderly to her heart, because his fingers had pressed them.

Ralph went into his mother's little private boudoir. He found her sitting there alone, as he had expected. He went at the subject at once:

"Mother, Marina is to be my wife."

She stared and grey pale as death. What she had so long dreaded had come.

"Well?" she said, a little haughtily. "I ask you to accept her as a daughter, and to love her, if not for her sake, at least for mine. And she deserves even your love, in justice to her merits."

"Partiality may influence your son in regard to Marina's virtues. I have nothing to urge against her character. I helped to form it; Ralph, I have feared this for a time, but I hoped for a different result. I am frank with you. I had set heart on seeing you the husband of Imogene Ireton. She is beautiful, is your equal in wealth and rank—more, she loves you!"

"Mother!"

"I know you think, my son, that woman should never betray another's secrets. And perhaps she should. But I hoped this fact might have influence with you."

"And it has not. I love only Marina—none other. And she loves Mother, will you accept her as I do?"

"Ralph, how can I? I am of a poor race. I believe in blood. And this has not even a name!"

"She will have mine. It is an honorable one. No fairer lady has ever been; and the world knows many noble and beautiful women have borne worthily."

"Will nothing move you, Ralph?"

"Mother, words are useless. My mind is fixed. Forgive me if I seem unfeeling, for in loving Marina I have ceased to love my mother, but in marriage love should be first always."

He sank down on one knee before her, and put his head in her lap, as he used to do, when a child he came to have his little troubles soothed away.

"Mother, dear, bless me, and promise to love Marina."

He looked up into her face, and look conquered. His eyes were those of his dead father. She bent to him and kissed his forehead, her wet with tears. He understood the gesture, and went away from her content. The next day at dinner, the engagement was announced.

CHAPTER IV.

HE preparations for the wedding of the wedding of Trenholme and Marina were on a magnificent scale. Mrs. Trenholme having once yielded, would do generous things. Marina would marry with the pomp and money that would have given to Agnes in the same case.

The gentle bride took very little interest in the preparation. She had best sit out on the cliffs with Ralph, her hand in his, her sweet eyes looking out to sea from whence she came to him. And so the blissful summer days went by, and brought night the twentieth of September, the time apart for the bridal.

Miss Ireton had been profuse in her congratulations, and it was by Marina's own request that she came over to the Rock a week before the wedding day to assist in various items of the bride's trousseau. And she was to be bride-maid and remain until they had parted on their wedding tour.

The twentieth arrived, clear, cloudless and bland. A large party had assembled at the Rock two or three days previously, and was made larger by constantly arriving reinforcements. The ladies-in-waiting had dressed the bride and left her to herself. The hour-hand on the great clock in the hall pointed to ten. It was hour set for the ceremony. The bride came forward in his robes. Mrs. Trenholme spoke to the bridesmaids as they stood in a group before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREPARATION OF MEATS.

Methods by Which the French Butcher Excel in Their Calling.

Butchers' meat (in France) is pared, divided and arranged in shops in such a manner that it suggests slaughter. It is a rare thing for one to see a stall on counter, but floor. The mode of killing the mals probably has something to do with this freedom from moisture dripping. Maria Parola, in an article on "The Science of French Cook in the Ladies' Home Journal, says animals are not killed before being killed as might be inferred from the abundance of moisture, but they are killed in a manner that veins and arteries emptied quickly and thoroughly, this the animal is bouffee, that is, with wind. The large arteries pressed open and the points of bellows are inserted into them, the bellows are being worked a beats all parts of the carcass with flat stick. This is to distribute it in all parts of the flesh. All this is done very rapidly. The inflated animal in this manner gives a firmer appearance to the meat, and I fancy, empties the veins and arteries more effectually than they otherwise be. The French use little ice, and meats are kept only days at the most. The best of France does not compare with American beef, but the veal is superior anything we have. It is valued highly than any other product of a butcher, but no matter what when it comes to the hands of the it is so prepared that she has but to do it except to cook it.

Five charters were asked of R. U. last month in Ohio.

The Young Man's Incipient Mus-tache.

A young man whom we shall call Jeffords, when he was twenty years old, went to visit his grandmother, a very old lady, whom he had not seen since he was a boy of ten years. She, of course, remembered him as a boy, and did not realize that he was a young man. The down on the young man's upper lip had given place to a brown shade of something that promised in time to become a real mustache, and very proud was Joe of this production, though he could not endure that any comments should be made upon it by his friends.

One of his grandmother's childish weaknesses was a constant fear that there were cancerous tendencies in her system, and that for this reason probably she was always watching for such tendencies in other people.

The afternoon of Joe's arrival, twelve or fifteen young ladies of the neighborhood had met at grandma Jeffords to take a pair of comforts for her. They were full of life and fun, and were laughing and chatting around the quilting-frames when Joe arrived. The sight of so many strange girls embarrassed the young man greatly, but he finally mustered up courage to enter the room, and say—

"How do you do, grandmother?"

"Who be you?" asked the old lady, shading her dimmed eyes with one hand, and trying to get a distinct view of Joe.

"Why? Don't you know me, grandmother? I'm your son Robert's boy, Joe."

"What, little Joe?"

The young ladies giggled, and Joe, who was five feet eleven, looked sheepish, but replied—

"Not so very little now, grandmother."

The old lady's eyesight was almost gone. She could not clearly see objects at a distance of even two or three feet. "Come here, Joe," she said.

Joe crossed the room, and stood by the lounge on which his grandmother was lying.

"Why, kneel down, Joe, so that I can see you better."

Joe knelt down.

His grandmother looked at him with her dim eyes, unable to realize that Joe had changed from a boy to the tall fellow that he was. But Joe was greatly embarrassed, and heartily wished that he or those girls had stayed at home. After a few pleasant words, the old lady suddenly raised herself, and cried out—

"Joe! Joseph Jeffords!"

"Yes, grandmother."

"What's that on your upper lip, child?"

Joe felt a flame of fire sweep across his face, and the perspiration came out on his forehead.

"It's—it's nothing," he stammered.

"Nothing! How can you say that? Something is the matter with your lip. What is it?"

Urged to desperation, poor Joe stammered out, "Why, grandmother, it's—it's my mustache!"

Here the girls giggled.

The old lady was nearly dead, as well as half-blind. "What did you say?" she asked.

"It's my mustache!" Joe shouted, his face a deep crimson.

With a sigh of relief, but with a quick smile on her face, the old lady leaned back on her pillows, saying—

"Is that all? I was afeared it might be a cancer. Anyhow, it looked as if Joe had been breaking out."

Joe began to be excused, saying his horse needed looking after, and hurriedly left the house, amid the suppressed laughter of the girls. He did not enter that room again, but found convenient to talk with grandpa in the barn, until he knew that "those giggling girls had gone home."

Better Stay at Home.

The Boston Record has been doing its best to put to flight some fond little illusions which American girls of small means indulge in in regard to going abroad and supporting themselves while they study music, or painting, or language. Some of these maidens imagine it the easiest thing possible to obtain pupils in English and launch themselves into a strange land without money to live upon, but with a sublime confidence in their own powers, which often brings them grief. For it is true that Americans have not the reputation among the careful foreign matrons which will lead to their employment when an Englishwoman can be had. Nor is there the opportunity to earn money by foreign correspondence that many believe exists.

There is so little that is new which the telegraph leaves untold, and foreign modes of living are so well understood now, that it is only in rare cases that correspondence is paid for. The moral of it all is that young women need to have the money at hand to pay their way before going abroad to study or to travel.

Why the Farmer Quit Preaching.

There's a pious and ignorant farmer over in Virginia who used to do a little extra work at preaching, but he hasn't for several years now. On the occasion of his last appearance he selected for the bible reading Job's description of the war-horse, in which occurs the passage: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off." The good man read along with increasing fervor and emphasis until he came to this, and then he rolled the sentence forth: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and—" But he never got any further than that, for the people, forgetting the sanctity of the place, tittered, and then went into such a laugh that the meeting broke up in disorder and the farmer quit the pulpit forever.—Washington Critic.

Joseph Sharp left his widow an estate valued at \$2,000,000.

Japanese Homes.

Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

It is getting to be very embarrassing, this civilization, especially to women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated, that daily life is an effort. There are too many "things." Our houses are getting to be museums.

A house now is a library, an art gallery, a bric-a-brac shop, a furniture warehouse, a crockery store, combined. It is a great establishment, run for the benefit of servants, plumbers, furnace-men, grocers, tinkers. Regarded in one light, it is a very interesting place, and in another, it is an eleemosynary institution.

We are accustomed to consider it a mark of high civilization; that is to say, the more complicated and overloaded we make our domestic lives, the more civilized we regard ourselves. Now perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps the way to high civilization is toward simplicity and disentanglement, so that the human being will be less a slave to surroundings and impediments, and have more leisure for his own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now carry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are! how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about! Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people of high breeding, polish, refinement.

They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages and cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophies and religions then on, and come out on the other side of everything. They have learned to take things very easily, not to fret, and to get on without a great many encumbrances that we still wearily carry along. When we look at the Japanese houses and at their comparatively simple life, are we warranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experience, and come down to easy modus vivendi? They may have had their bric-a-brac period, their overladen establishments, their various megalomaniac stages of civilization, before they reached a condition in which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought must strike any one who sees the present Japanese craze in this country. For instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dwellings, we are adding the Japanese eccentricities to our other accumulation of odds and ends from all creation, and increasing the incongruity and the complication of our daily life. What a helpless being is the housewife in the midst of her treasures! The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cultivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chance is there for it in the increasing anxieties of our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we have clubs—Japanese clubs they might be called—for the simplification of our dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing material?

Chinese Superstitions.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

The superstitious beliefs and observances of the Chinese are numberless, and they occupy more or less the time and mind of every individual in the nation. Those here recorded are common among the people near Swatow. I am unable to say how many of them are purely local.

When a child is just one month old, the mother, carrying it in a scarf on her back, induces it to look town into a well. This is supposed to have a mentally invigorating effect, producing courage and deepening the understanding.

A mother feeds her young infant from a cup rather than from a bowl or plate, because a bowl, being capacious, has an occult influence in making the child a large eater; while a plate being shallow, causes him to throw up his food on slight provocation. The cup, being small and deep, insures his taking but little food, and keeping it for assimilation.

When the child becomes ill the mother gathers thorns from twelve species of plants and makes an infusion in which she washes the child, hoping to wash the disease into the water. She then carries the water to an open space where many people go to and fro, and there throws it upon the ground. As she goes from her own house the inhabitants of the streets traverse shut their doors to prevent the disease from entering their abodes. A woman of my acquaintance recently told me that, having no fear of demons, she did not shut her door when a neighbor passed her house carrying water in which a child having fever and acute had just been washed, and the very next day she herself had chills!

If a child falls from a high place to the ground spirit money is immediately burned upon the spot by the mother, to propitiate the demon who is to pull the child down to destruction.

When a child has fallen there is danger that he may have left his twelve wits in the earth on which he fell, so the mother at once makes with her empty hand the motion of dipping from the ground to the child's chest. Thus she replaces in the child what might otherwise be permanently lost in the soil. If a man fall into a cesspool or well a long-handled dipper is used to dip out and restore to his bosom his scattered senses; then three sheets of spirit-money are thrown burning into the well, and a heavy stone is cast after it.

It is unlucky to leave much hair on a boy's head when he old enough to wear a queue; therefore the head should be shaved so as to leave but a small patch on the crown. A bun on the head, and a heavy queue may seem to bring the care of a family upon the boy through the death of his father.

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W.A.

It is the same man who sows the wild oats who has to reap the crop.

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