

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

The ominous word produced not a thrill of surprise in any one who listened. Lynde himself heard it without a single shade of change. His face grew no paler, he did not drop his calm eye from the face of his condemning judge for a moment. He had expected it and was strong to bear it.

But they carried Agnes Trenholme out in a dead faint—for just before the final rendering of the verdict she had crept inside the door, and stood there unobserved. And it was weeks before she came to herself one cold morning in December, when the snow lay thickly without, and the wild winds howled dismally around the old house on the Rock.

The second day after her return to consciousness they had to tell her all that had transpired. Lynde Graham had been remanded to prison for six days, at the end of which time he was again taken before his judge, and there received the sentence of death. He was to die by the hand of the executioner on the 25th day of December, between the hours of ten and two.

It was now the tenth of December, still fifteen days to his death. Agnes astonished every one by the rapidity with which she gained strength. On the fifteenth of the month she went below stairs, and ten days afterward she took a short walk. On the morning of the eighteenth she came into the sitting-room clad in her riding-habit, Ralph and her mother both looked up at her in amazement. The calm resolution on her white face told them both that she was resolved on something from which nothing could turn her.

"Mother, Ralph," she said, in a clear voice, "I am going to beg for the life of Lynde Graham. No, you need not utter one word, for I warn you it will fall upon a deaf ear. No authority shall keep me from saving an innocent man."

"Agnes," said Mrs. Trenholme, "I do not comprehend your strange interest in this dastard son of a rude fisherman."

"Mother," she replied, "I love him, and I know him to be guiltless. It would have been impossible for hands so pure as his to have done this wicked thing."

"Agnes," said Ralph, sternly, "remember you are speaking of a murderer!"

"I am speaking of an innocent man. Some time, Ralph, if I save him—and something tells me I shall—you will thank God that your revenge was not accomplished in the death of one guiltless as yourself. I am going to Governor Fulton. He is a just man—a Christian, I am told. He holds the pardoning power, and he shall save me the life of Lynde Graham!"

importance of the errand upon which he was going, for he gave no sign of weariness, but hurried on, animated perhaps by the spirit of his rider.

About sunset it began to rain heavily, and the horse sank to his fetlocks in mud. Agnes drew rein at the first shelter she reached—a small, rude hut in the heart of a dense pine forest. It was a most forbidding-looking place, and had her mind been less occupied, Agnes might have hesitated about seeking shelter there; but just now she was not thinking of danger to herself.

The inhabitants, an old man and woman, were as rude as their home. They gave her a gruff invitation to walk in, and led Jove off to a shed at the rear of the hut.

She seated herself before the fire to dry her clothes, and the woman brought her a bowl of milk.

The man now came in, and the availing eyes of the couple wandered frequently to the costly watch Agnes wore at her girdle. The look in itself would have been very suggestive to an acute observer, but Agnes was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she noticed nothing that was passing around her. Her grim entertainers made a few rough attempts at conversation, but meeting with no encouragement, they soon relapsed into silence, and after a little while they told her she might retire when she chose.

She lay down on the outside of the bed, without undressing, and tried to sleep. But slumber held aloof. The longer she lay, the more wakeful she became. Full two hours passed, and she was still restless.

Just as she was about to rise and walk about a little in the hope that it would bring the sleep she needed, she heard a distinct and ominous whisper coming from the room below. Some secret, unaccountable impulse led her to put her ear to a crack in the flooring and listen. The woman was speaking.

"It can be done in a minute, and it will make us rich. You are a fool to dally."

"Softly, old woman. She may not be asleep. She looks like a lady in some sort of trouble. Sech don't go to sleep as innocent like you and I do." And he gave the woman a nudge intended to be facetious.

"He is a widower, madam," answered the man.

"His daughter, then? I am sure I have heard that he had a daughter. Is she here?"

"Miss Fulton is in the parlor."

"Take me to her at once. Let me see Miss Fulton!"

"What name shall I take to her?"

"None. She does not know me. I will explain everything to her, and bear the blame, if any falls."

He opened a door leading into a spacious room, shadowy with the soft gloom of crimson curtains, but wonderfully brightened by the gleam of a wood fire on a wide hearth. Before the fire, curled up on a lounge, a kitten purring in her lap, and a book in her hand, was a little golden-haired girl of 16 or 18.

She started up at sight of the visitor, and opened her wide, brown eyes in amazement.

"Get down, Juno," she said to the kitten—then to Agnes, "Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"Are you Miss Fulton?" tremblingly asked Agnes.

AN ARRANT COWARD.

George Dexter was a promising young lawyer of Columbus, Ohio, but as that city was already overstocked with bright lawyers, old and young, his advancement was too slow for his ambition.

He decided to go West and hunt for a thriving little town, where the prospects were far more inviting than in the city where he had lived from boyhood.

After a brief examination of the inducements of five or six progressive towns he settled in Bannock City, Mont., and in less than two years had established a paying practice and was considered a promising man of the place, to whom political honors would very likely be soon awarded.

He had kept up a regular correspondence with his old sweetheart in Columbus, and Amy Davenport was of course rejoiced at his success. In May a little more than two years from the time when he left his Eastern home, he returned to Columbus, made Amy his bride, and after a brief matrimonial tour, the happy couple were established in an attractive little home in Bannock City.

Mrs. Dexter was a very attractive personage, physically and intellectually, as the few acquaintances she made in Bannock speedily discovered. The society of the place was not that to which she had been accustomed in her old home, and she was therefore somewhat reserved and exclusive in her intercourse with her neighbors.

As time passed the home of the Dexters became a gathering place for several men, but very few women. Dexter himself did not seem to notice the distinction. All he noticed was that his wife kept up her spirits well after the first inevitable homesickness, and that she never complained of feeling lonely. He was not a very observant man.

One of the male acquaintances soon came to be a very welcome visitor and to absorb very much of the time and attention of the fair hostess. If Mrs. Dexter had been wise she would have taken care to divide her attentions. There is safety in numbers, and she really meant no harm. But she was young and inexperienced and Harold Danby was neither. This happened about six months after the arrival of the little woman, and at a time when, as luck would have it, Dexter was more than usually busy.

Danby had contrived to clear the field of rivals. He was not a particularly nice man, though he was on such good terms with Mrs. Dexter. As regards reputation, he was one of the best hated men in the vicinity—by husbands. And the strange thing was that he was not a good looking man. On the contrary, he was rather ugly. Perhaps it was his swagger and self-assertion that proved irresistible.

It became a matter of course for him to be in constant attendance on Mrs. Dexter. Frequently they were out together, walking, riding or driving. The people in the neighborhood looked on with interest. They expected a repetition of the old story. And in the nature of things it happened that the husband was the only person ignorant of the threatening tragedy.

well lighted, and in every way desirable. We have also a couple of weapons, and, in addition, a lady to give the signal."

As he spoke he produced a brace of revolvers.

"They are exactly similar and both are loaded. Pray examine them and make your choice. Then we will agree to a distance and begin."

He grasped both pistols and held them out to his opponent, looking him keenly in the face the while. Mrs. Dexter had risen, and walked up to them. Husband and wife kept their eyes fixed on Danby's face.

But Danby did not offer to take the revolvers into his hand. His swagger had gone. His cheeks were deadly pale, his lips quivered convulsively and his hands worked. As Dexter moved nearer to him he drew back, shrinking from the outstretched pistols.

And Dexter smiled.

Mrs. Dexter did not smile. Her face suddenly became crimson. Then, with an irresistible impulse, she clinched her fist and struck the man smartly across the mouth.

"Coward!" she exclaimed.

The word seemed to cut him like a knife. He staggered back a pace or two, gazed blankly from one to the other, and then fled.

They listened to his retreating footsteps without speaking. Then Dexter quietly put the revolvers back into his pockets and turned on his heels to go home.

Unadilla, N. Y., (Special)—One of our substantial men here, Fred J. Joyce, recently made a \$250 investment, and considers the results worth \$500 to him. For over fifteen years Mr. Joyce was an inveterate smoker, and the tobacco-habit gained such a hold on him that it affected his nervous system and made it impossible for him to quit. Upon realizing the loss of health and money which threatened him, he made many unsuccessful attempts to break himself of the life-sapping habit, until on a chance he took No-To-Bac, the great cure which has saved over 300,000 tobacco victims. Two boxes completely cured Mr. Joyce, and he has no desire for tobacco now whatever. When he attempts to smoke it makes him as dizzy as when he first acquired the habit. He now is in the very best physical condition, and would not tempt him to use tobacco again.

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CHAPTER VI.

HE liveried servant stared at Agnes almost rudely. The governor was not at home, he said, in answer to her eager question—he was absent at Newport, and would not be at home until ten that evening. Perhaps not until morning.

There is nothing more serious than what some people consider a joke.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

How He Acts in the Cab of an Engine Drawing a Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not so bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually.

CINDERELLAS OF ODESSA.

There are in Odessa at the present time three young Russian ladies of great wealth, who are engaged in the useful calling of selling coals, washing linen and serving on a farm, and the charbonniere, the washerwoman and the farm servant have received and divided among them during the last few weeks \$33,000 of marriage money.

They had, in fact, reached a positive difficulty. He was getting rather angry and she was not exactly happy, so that it was something of a relief to both of them to hear some one approaching. Neither of them expected Dexter. He was supposed to be some twenty miles away, on a visit to a client.

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