

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



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 head resting on a grey birch 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 spoiled your patent leathers!" cried Helen, in a tone of great anxiety. "I should be positively distressed to think of it! They had 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!"

"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!"

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 show. She was a shade paler than usual, and the 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.

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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, Barruel, 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 Barruel'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 Cosmas Drescier 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 Livingston 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. Drescier 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 Drescier, "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.

THREE PICTURES OF HORRID WAR.

Good Shooting.

Three skeleton companies of infantry—150 men in all—half faced to the right on the right wing of a division extended in battle line along a creek fringed with trees, and there to hold its ground at all hazards. We on the flank have no cover, but face a cleared field half a mile wide and are strung out in single line. No bullets are fired at us from in front, but there is a steady and venomous ping! ping! ping! from the hot lead coming in behind us and over the heads of our comrades facing the south. We stand at "parade rest," and take whatever comes without wincing. Now and then a bullet finds its billet and a man goes down, but the "Steady, men!" of the senior captain prevents anything like confusion in the lines. Nothing tries the nerves more than to be under fire in line without movement, but pride and discipline are strong factors on a battle-field.

At the end of half an hour we have eleven men down. Two of them are officers from the rear line. The fire along the creek has grown hotter, but our lines are holding their own and depending upon us to take care of the flank. Of a sudden a horseman rides out of the woods in front of us and inspects our position through his glass. We only know him as an officer, but his glass enables him to count every man of us—almost. He tells the color of each man's hair and eyes. He holds his glass upon us for sixty seconds and then disappears among the trees.

"Attention!" calls the senior captain, and the line dresses in an instant. "Infantry in the woods!" whispers each man to his neighbors. "Well, let 'em come. If they are too many for us, reinforcements will be sent to us. Ah! That's business!"

Three guns of a battery come galloping up on our right and unlimber, and a cheer goes along the lines. Shell first—grape and canister next. The guns will have a clear sweep over the field.

"There they come, and it's cavalry instead of infantry!"

"Steady, men! No talking in the ranks! Now, then, not a shot until they pass that bush down there, and then shoot to kill!"

Fifty hundred cavalry men ride out from under the trees and form up two lines deep. The three guns open on them at once with shell, but the lines form and dress under fire with a coolness that excites admiration. We cannot hear the order of "Draw sabers!" but we catch the flash of steel and draw a long breath. The guns cease firing to load with grape, and the squadron moves out on a front no longer than our own. The bugles blow "Trot!" "Gallop!" "Charge!" Here they come, every trooper whirling his saber about his head and yelling—every horse at the top of his speed.

"Steady, boys! Let 'em get the grape and canister first! Down with those muskets on the left! That's right, stop that cheering in the center!" Wait! Wait! Now give it to 'em!

"Boom! boom! boom!" from the guns, double-shotted with missiles which were fired point-blank into the charging squadron, and then a crash of musketry as every man pulled the trigger at the same instant. Ten feet to the right of me a trooper broke through our line—ten feet to the left a second—but only to be shot down by the officers in the rear. The smoke-cloud hangs for a moment to obscure the vision, but we hear the groans of the wounded horses—the cries and curses of wounded men—the thud of hoofs on the soft earth. We load and fire at will into the cloud, but presently the wind shifts the smoke and whirrs it away and the order comes to cease firing.

"Where is the body of cavalry which charged us? A score of horsemen down on the left—another score away

and kept walkin' and walkin' until I met a reb."

"Hello, Johnny, what're you goin'?"

"Into the Union camp to stop this wah."

"And I was jest goin' into your camp to do the same thing. Let's sot down and smoke and fix things up."

"Wall," continued Joe, "we sot and sot, and we smoked and smoked, and we talked and talked. He was a friendly cuss, and lime-by he said he'd give in if I would. I said I was willin', and we shook hands on it. I says we can't stop the war, but we can go home and mind our own business, and he said he'd do it if I would. I started home, and that's all there is to it, and if the war isn't stopped I'm not to blame for it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Deepest Depths of the Ocean.

By slow degrees we are getting to know the contour of the sea bottom almost as well as we do that of the surface of the land, but it cannot be said that we have found the deepest water on earth. Depths of 15,000 to 27,366 feet have been reached in the North Atlantic from time to time, and one of 27,930 feet was discovered in the North Pacific off the eastern coast of Japan, where there is a remarkable gulf or depression. All these measurements have, however, been outstripped by one recently taken south of the Friendly Isles in the South Pacific by H. M. S. Penguin. A depth of 29,400 feet had been marked when the sounding wire gave out before the lead had reached the bottom. A fresh sounding will therefore have to be made before we can tell the full depth of water at this spot.—London Public Opinion.

The Suggestion Was Not Adopted.

Young Mrs. Yearsbridge—Can you suggest any way at all in which I can make home more attractive to my husband?

Old Mrs. Mulberry (tartly)—You might invite one of your husband's old sweethearts to stay two or three months with you.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

His Kind.

"I want a fountain pen, see?" said the gentleman with the beetling brows and the tight-fitting coat.

"Yes, sir; all right, sir," said the shop man. "We have the very thing you want—the puglist's favorite. Just fill it up occasionally and it will never dry up."—Indianapolis Journal.

Well Pleased.

Parke (earnestly)—I tell you, we've got a perfect gem of a servant—the best one we ever had.

Lane—How long have you had her?

Parke—She came this morning—Judge.

He Holds His Glass Up for Sixty Seconds and Then Disappears Among the Trees.

To the right—a bunch of them just disappearing into the woods from whence they came, their retreat hastened by the shrieking shells sent after them from the guns. On our front a dozen horses are limping about—thirty others are down. Six or eight dismounted but un wounded troopers hold up their hands and come walking in to surrender—sixteen wounded ones cry out or curse us—twenty-two are lying dead upon the grass.

"Well done, boys—that was good shooting!" says the senior captain.

"Glad to have been of service, sir," salutes the battery lieutenant, as he advances.

A Grim Joker.

At the second battle of Bull Run our colonel was ordered to hold a position on the right at whatever cost; and that word was passed along the lines and that no one should go to the rear on any excuse, even for fresh cartridges. For two hours we lay in lines on the ground without firing a shot, though the enemy's bullets, and now and then a shell, fell among us to wound and kill. While we were enduring it as best we could a private named Stevens looked back at the captain and asked:

"Cap, can I go to the rear after water?"

"Against orders," was the reply.

Five minutes later Stevens looked

back and held out a bloody hand and said:

"Cap, can I go to the rear and have the thumb amputated?"

"Against orders!" was the answer. Seven or eight minutes later Stevens received a bullet in his shoulder, and, sitting up, he pressed his hand to his wound and queried:

"Cap, can I go to the rear with two wounds?"

"Wait until the colonel comes this way and I'll ask him."

The colonel was then riding down to us behind the lines. In about five minutes he was up, and our captain



"Cap, Can I Go to the Rear With Two Wounds?"

was about to address him, when Stevens called out:

"Never mind, Cap—I'm a dead man and don't want to go to the rear!"

With that he fell over and struggled for a moment and was dead. A bullet had passed clear through him before he called out.

Talking It Over.

Three months after Joe Skinner deserted from our regiment he was captured on his farm at home by the provost marshal and sent back to his regiment in irons for trial. He had deserted in the face of the enemy, and it was generally believed that he would be shot, and great was the astonishment, therefore, when he got off with a three months' sentence to the Dry Tortugas. When Joe was brought before his judges he had a simple story to tell, and he told it in a simple way. Said he:

"I got to thinkin' it all over, and come to the conclusion that we'd had enough war. I started out from camp



Talking It Over.

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WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COFFEE? Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds \$1.00 post paid.

If you will cut this out and send with 15c. stamps to John A. Sal