

loved Imogene; but as I told you, that

love died long ago, and another has taken its place. Not the wild, head-strong 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 ac-

tion the sweetest interpretation I can

"What would that be?" she asked

"It would be that you did it because

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

fering is o'er past. The joy is begun."

CHAPTER XX.

any benefit. She became so dan-

gerous that he did not trust any

food, but attended her constantly him-

self. 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; al-

ways of things long past, incidents con-

him plaintive stories of the brooks she

had played beside, the bird's nests she

had found and the nice books she had

he brought them to her in lavish pro-

fusion, 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 infuriate

It was the first of September-a wild

night of storm and wet. Ralph had re-

tired early, but there was no sleep for

him. He had fallen into a kind of wak-

ing 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 prop-

erly 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

hed. He was falling into a state of

Quito howl dolorously. Since the con-

finement of Imogene the dog had been

suffered to go at large, as he showed

no disposition to be quarrelsome. There

that grated ominously on the nerves

of Mr. Trenholme. He was not a su-

perstitious man, but it always startled

He rose again, and dressed himself

in haste. And, led by some uncontrol-

lable impulse, he stepped into the pas-

sage, 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 with-

in. He tried the handle. It turned,

but the door was secured on the inside.

With one blow of his foot he sent it

Before the great mirror, dressed in

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;

the diamonds that for years had been

the pride of the Trenkolmes. Her-

cheeks were crimson with strange ex-

citement, 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.

him to hear a dog howl at night.

was something in that midnight wail

of the servants to take

MOGENE TREN-

HOLME'S condi-

tion did not im-

prove. On the con-

trary, her violent

fits grew more fre-

quent as time

passed. Ralph had

the best medical

advice that could

be procured, but

without giving her

"My darling! I trust in God the suf-

think of?'

timidly.

von loved me

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 omy, 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

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

He took her hand in his, and looked into her face a little reproachfully. "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

"Do you wish me to?" "I don't much care—if you do?"
"And if I do not?"
"Guy, I shall be sorry."

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

"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 And here is your honored father to witness your assertion." The governor looked on in a puzzled

What? how? What is the meaning of this! I don't understand." You don't see it, do you, papa?'

said Helen, saucily. "I really don't think I do," said the governor, slowly. "I'll be obliged if

somebody will explain." "I love your daughter, sir," said St Cyril, manfully; "but I cannot win a

like confession from her. Still, I take the liberty of thinking I am not indif-ferent to her." "Box his ears, papa. He is an im-

pertinent puppy.' "Helen, you must tell me! Do you love me? Yes or no?"
"Yes and no both. I love you till you

let me go, and then I don't.' "Then I will never let you go!" "It strikes me your arms will ache

in about a week from now. "Helen, answer me!"
"Well, what if I do love you?"

He strained her closer, and put down his face to hers. "Papa, run out quick!" cried the in-

corrigible girl. "This fellow is puckering up his mouth to kiss me! And I wouldn't have you see him for the world!

The governor put their hands together. "She loves you, my boy," he said, kindle "and I give her to you; but I warn you in the beginning, she's hard nage. You'll lead an awful life "I'll sake the responsibility, and

reckon myself the most fortunate," re-

plied St. Cyril.
"And now you'll come home with us won't you, and see sister Letitia?" said Helen. "I want her to look you over and see if you'll do. She's a great judge of men. So much so that she's never found one to suit her. You'll come, won't you, dear Guy?"

The last words were spoken so low that no one heard them save St. Cyril, but with them she could have coaxed him to the ends of the earth.

'Yes." said the governor, "you must go with us, and your sister, also, must look upon you now as one of the familte

when Governor Fulton and his daughter departed, they took away with them the St. Cyrils, and a quiet that was absolutely horrible settled down over the household at the Rock.

shattered from the hinges; and stood Lynde Graham was the only visitor, and he did not come very often, for he transfixed by the sight he beheld. feared that his presence might make it harder for Ralph Trenholme to bear the bridal robe of the dead Marina, her his terrible affliction.

But he and Agnes met very often out on the cliffs that overhung the sea, and satethere through the long sweet sumor twilights, hand in hand, forgetful of everything save the perfect peace and centent in their own hearts.

Lynde had been two months out of prison before he said anything to Agues if what lay so near his heart. They were sitting one evening on the beach. ratching the tide creep up the glitter-ng sand. He turned suddenly toward

"Agnes, dear," he said, "you have not misunderstood me during all these

"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 they buried her great crime. It was never after mentioned in the family.

(The end.)

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 nected with her childhood. She told 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 read. She used to beg for flowers, and 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 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 ii. 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 semi-forgetfulness, when he heard 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 wornout 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 Transferrable. The Supreme court of Maryland has decided that the purchaser of a borth 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.

tietting Even with Worecater. a lecture is Worcester Holmes cheerfully responded: "I'm awfully glad to hear it. I always did below the seem to get along with it of the seem to get along with it. hear it. I always did hate those Wercester people"

COMPENSATIONS.

Cleon bath a thousand acres, Ne'er a one have I; Cleon dwelloth in a palace, In a cottage I: Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is

Cleon and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, But the landscape I; Half the charms to me it yieldeth Money capnot buy; Cleon hartors sloth and duliness Freshening vigor I; He in velvet, I in fustain-

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, Free as thought am I; Cleon fees a score of doctors, Need of none have I; Wealth surrounded, care environ'd, Cleon fears to die; Death may come, he'll find me ready, Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,

In a daisy I: Cleon hears no anthems ringing Twixt the sea and sky; Nature sings to me forever— Earnest listener, I, State for state, with all attendants— Who would change? Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

HECTOR'S WIFE.

"I'm afraid she's a poor feeble creetur," said old Mr. Bayliff, shaking his head. "Ten o'clock Monday morning, and the washing ain't out yet. It ain't the way your poor mother used to keep house, Hector. Eh? Where are you going now?"

Hector Bayliff had left the ox-yoke he was mending, and crossed thegreen door-yard with a rapid step, to take the beaped-up clothes-basket from the hands of a pretty, slender young wom. an who had just emerged from the

kitchen door. The old man uttered an audible snort of disgust. "Well, I never!" he said. "If Hector hain't left his work to wait on that wife o' hisn! It ain't a man's work to carry clothes out, no way you can fix it. If you do it once, you'll be expected to do it twice. And Hector's wife is clean spoiled a'ready. It ain't the way I managed matters when I was first marrid to Hector's mother. What ye been don'!" sharply, as the young man returned to his

"The basket was too heavy for Cynthia to carry," said Hector, curtly. "I wish I could afford to keep a girl for her."

"A girl!" Mr. Bayliff's voice betray-

ed mingled astonishment and con-tempt. "A girl! Your mother—" "Yes, I know, father," interrupted Hector. "But things have changed since then, and perhaps mother would be alive now if the nousework had not

worn her out before her time." "That's a downright flying in the face of Providence," said Mr. Bayliff, reddening to the roots of his snuff, iron-gray hair. "It was the Lord's will that your mother should be took away, and there ain't no sort of doubt but that she's better off. And Cynthia won't never stand in her shoes,

no way you can look at it!" Hector Bayliff made no reply, but took up his ox yoke and went across the fields with it.

"Father may say what he pleases," he said to himself, "but mother died of overwork and under care, and nothing else. The household duties are too heavy for Cynthia, and I must see what can be done to lighten them. No woman shall be drudged to death under this root now.'

Cynthia Hough had been a pretty young factory girl when Hector Bayliff married her. She had been ignorant of the details of housekeeping, but she had exerted berself to learn Old Mr. Bayliff, however, was an exacting critic and the Bayliff farmhouse was a big, rambling, inconvenient place, where one might work hard all day and have very little to show for it at the end. And the tired look in her eye and the weary flush on her cheek

went to Hector's heart at times.
"My darling." said he, "I wish I could make things easier for you."

"Oh, they are easy enough," said Cynthia, brightly. "It's only that I am too stupid to manage as I ought." Hector shook his head. He knew that something was lacking, but he did not quite comprehend what. But she drooped so that he saw some radical change was necessary.
"Cynthia," said he, "this won't do,

you must go and stay with your mother a week or two and rest."

"But what will you do, Hector?"
"We'll keep bachelors' hall, father and I," said the young man, cheerily. What does it signify to us a little inconvenience, as long as you are bene-

So rather unwillingly, Cynthia went-Old Silas shook his head foreboding.

"If this is the way you're goin' to baby this wife 'o yourn, Hector," he said, "you'll have her playin' sick the whole time. I don't hold to lettin' women think themselves to important. Now we shall be obleeged to hev Mary Jenkins here to do the chores and cook, and it will cost us a dollar and a half a week, at the very least. Taint what I call economical house

That depends upon what one calls economy," said Hector, quietly.
When his neighbor, Luson Perkins, drove past that afternoon with his wife, Hector cailed them in, secretly rejoicing that old files was down in the awamp lot, capturing a refractory You're not in a hurry, Luson, are

You" said he. "Sit down a minute. I want to ask your wile's advice." "A pretty thing to do," laughed Mrs. Perkins, "when you've got a wife

don't know why. Now Mrs. Perkins look around this kitchen, and tell me what you would do if you lived here."

Mrs. Perkins took a leisurely survey of the premises, letting her eyes rest on one portion after another with meditative slowness.

"Well?" said Hector.
"In the first place." said Mrs Perkens, "I wouldn't have this room for a kitchen at all, if I lived here. It's damp.

"Damp?" echoed Hector.

"As blue mould," answered the ora-"The cellar under it isn't properly drained, I am certain. And the windows look to the north, and I don't suppose there's an hour's sunshine in t all day. No; make a store-place or something of this room, and take the sitting-room for a kitchen. where there's a bright out-look to the south, and a good cement cellar un-derneath."

"I never thought of that," said Hec-"Where do you get your water?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"From the spring under the hill." "Do you mean that your wife has to bring all the water you use up that

"Except the wash-water. That she dips out from the hogshead under the eaves," explained Hector, rather discomfited.

'My goodness me!" exclained Mrs. Perkins, wringing her plump hands in comical dismay; that's enough to break down any woman's constitu-

"It's what we've always done," said Hector. "I bring a couple of pails in the morning before I go to work, and after I come home, but—"

"Nonsense! a mere 'ropin the buck-et!" said Mrs. Perkins. "What you want is a sink with water pipes laid from the spring, and a good cis-tern with a pump in the kitchen, and a washing machine,—"
"What's that?" asked Hector.

"We'll show you one if you'll come over to our house," said Luzon Perkins, cheerfully.

"And stationary tubs in the cellar," added Mrs. Perkins, "and a hot water boiler back of the stove. That's the way to break down work instead of work breaking you down."
"I'll do it," said Hector. "I'll have
these things all fixed up while Cynthia

is at her mother's if you'll just help me with your experience."

Mrs. Perkins nodded approvingly.

"It will add ten years to Cynthia's

life," said she. Old Silas shook his head more stren-

uously than ever when he heard of

these new plans.

'Hector," said he, "I believe you're gone crazy! The old ways were good enough for your mother; I should think they'd be good enough for your

But Hector was firm, and the old man lost his tember at last. "I can't stay here and see you makin' ducks and drakes of the place," said he. "If you're goin' to set up your wife for an idol and worship her, I sha'n't stand by and see it. I'll go to Ohio and visit my brother Einathan's folks; and we'll see where all these fine notions will bring

poor-house. "No, father, I will not," said Hector.

you up. Any how, you needn't look to my money to get you out of the

And after he was gone the repairs and improvements went on in good earnest.

Silas Bayliff had intended to stay a year in Ohio; but either the climate did not agree with him, or he did not agree with brother Elnathan's folks, for he returned home some months before he was expected.

"There ain't no place like home," said Silas; and bless me, how bright and nice things do look here! And I declare, Cynthia, you're like another woman! Your cheeks are as red as roses, and you step around as spry as any cricket.

"Yes, father," said Cynthia, "the improvements in the house have made everything so much easier for me. I get the work done in half the time and with quarter of the trouble." Bayliff looked around.

"The improvements, ch!" said he. 'But they cost a sight o' money." "Yes, they certainly did," owned

"How much, now!" asked Bayliff, with an interrogative upturning of his spectcles "Five hundred dollars," said Cyn-

thia. Old Bayliff could not repress a groan.

"The interest on five hundred dollars at six per cent. is thirty dollars a year," said he. "Thirty dollars a year is a good round sum, and all dug

into the ground, you say-in pipes and drains!" "Not quite, father," said cheerful Cynthia, opening the table drawer. Look here; my work is done so easily

and quickly, now-a-days, that I have a deal of time to myself, and here is my work from the shirt factory-buttonhole-making and putting on the finishing touches, you see. I take it up when my dishes are washed and the work is over. I haven't been at it half a year yet, and I've earned a good deal more than thirty dollars. Look, here is my savings-bank book!"
"Well, I declare!" said Silas. "Hector objected to it at first,"

went on Cynthia, "but when I proved to him that I should still have plenty of time left to read and garden, and walk with him, he let me go on with it. So, you see, the improvements are really an economy."
"Well, I declare!" said Silas. "I

dunno but what you're right, Cyn-

He walked out to the village bury ing ground in the yellow flush of the twilight that evening, where the russet leaves were drifting down on solitary mound, and stood there sithinking of what might have been, if he had been more considerate in the years gone by to the poor woman who lay there. When he went back to the house he met Mector.

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