

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

The governor's hoyden daughter had a warm heart under all her careless guise, and she soon had Agnes fed, dressed in a suit of her own clothes, and snugly tucked up in bed in her own chamber.

The weary girl fell asleep, and when she woke she found it was past sunset and Helen Fulton was sitting by her pillow.

"Papa has come," she said; "so get up and brush your hair, and let me put this cluster of rosebuds in your curls—papa is not so old that he has lost all taste for beauty."

Agnes submitted quietly, and was led down to the library by her young hostess.

The governor was a tall, well-preserved man of 45, with a pleasing address, a keen gray eye, and a face rather handsome than otherwise. Helen led Agnes up before him.

"Papa, this is Miss Agnes Trenholme of Portlea. She has come here with a special errand to you."

The governor greeted her courteously. "I am pleased to see Miss Trenholme. I know Mr. Ralph very well. To what am I indebted for this agreeable surprise?"

Agnes swallowed the sobs that were rising in her throat by a brave effort. She had wondered what she should say to this man when at last she should get an audience, and now that the time had come she had forgotten everything she had intended to urge. Her courage, so brave and strong, had subsided to positive weakness. She slipped down to her knees on the rug before him, and burst into tears.

"My child," he said, kindly laying his hand on her head, "what means this emotion? Speak out. Surely you are not afraid of me."

"No, but I feel so tired, and so nearly hopeless! And I dread that you will refuse me. But you must not! Indeed you must not, for I will take no denial! I will stay here at your feet until you grant my request!"

"You forget that you have not made it."

"I came to ask so much of you! I have traveled nearly 200 miles alone, braving the displeasure of my friends, and the scorn of the world—I have come to ask you to spare his life—the life of Lynde Graham."

The governor's brow grew dark. "Miss Trenholme, he is a murderer!"

"I tell you he is not! Never call him thus! You wrong him. He is innocent. I tell you, before God, that if you let him go to the gallows, some time you will repent in dust and ashes the murder you yourself have committed! He never did that dreadful deed. He would not have harmed a single feather of the lowest bird in the woods. I do not ask you to pardon him—O no, I am content with asking his life—a little respite from death until God sees fit to bring the real assassin to justice!"

"My poor girl," he said, sorrowfully, "I regret that this has happened. I pity you, for I suppose you love this unfortunate young man; but I cannot grant your request. From my soul I believe Lynde Graham guilty!"

"Do not say so. You crush out hope in my heart! O, I cannot, cannot go back over that weary road without the paper I want! Look at me, Governor Fulton. A few little weeks ago I was happy and care free. Now see the change this terrible grief has wrought. Your daughter pities me; her innocent heart feels for me! You do not know to what strain she may yet be reduced. Be merciful to me as you would want mercy shown to her!"

Helen crept into her father's arms, and laid her soft cheek against his.

"Papa, it will not hurt you to let this man live, and it will make her so happy. I'll go without a new bonnet this winter, if you'll do what she wants." And she pinched his cheek.

"Madcap! Helen, how can you trifle so?" asked the governor, trying to frown. "This is too solemn a thing to joke upon. I believe that death should be the fate of all murderers."

The face of Agnes grew stern as his own. Her voice had a steel-like ring.

"And so do I, with my whole soul! If I thought him guilty, I would not speak a word to save him. I loved the murdered girl as fondly as I could have loved an own sister, and I would give half my life to have the real murderer suffer for his crime. But in this case the law has fastened on the wrong person, and a curiously strong chain of circumstantial evidence has so closely wound itself about him, that it was impossible for the jury to do otherwise than convict him. But for all that he is guiltless. Oh, sir, give me a reprieve, if only for one little year! Many things may be revealed in a year."

"It is impossible!"

"Only for one year! O, sir, I will not let you go until you yield!" She looked up into his face, her eyes streaming with tears.

Helen stole an arm around his neck.

"Papa, if you don't let her have the paper she wants, I'll never, no, never, kiss you nor pull your whiskers again as long as I live! I swear it by the book!"

Insensibly his stern face softened. Agnes was watching him closely. She saw the change, and her heart leaped into her throat. She caught his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You will make me happy!" she cried. "Oh, sir, God in heaven bless you; and some time you will thank Him that he taught you mercy in the cause of justice!"

The governor rose, put Helen away from him, and drew toward his writing materials. He wrote rapidly a few moments, signed his name at the bottom of the sheet in bold characters, and affixed the great seal of the state.

He then folded the document and gave it into the waiting hands of Agnes.

"There," he said, "if I have done wrong, I hope heaven will pardon me, but no man in his senses could resist two such women. I have reprieved Lynde Graham for eighteen months, and if in that time nothing turns up in his favor, he shall be executed! Take it and lose no time. Remember if you do not reach Portlea by 10 o'clock on Christmas morning, this paper for which you have dared so much will be a dead letter!"

She stooped over him and touched her lips to his forehead in utter silence. Only God knows how much at that time she revered Archibald Fulton.

The groom brought her horse, fed and refreshed, to the door, and assisted her to the saddle. Helen went out and took her hand. There was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of this wild girl that the damp fogs of night did not put there.

"I love you, Miss Trenholme," she said gently. "I admire so much your courage, and your faith in the man you love. I do hope you will be in time. And some day I mean to know you better. Good-bye."

The groom loosed the rein and through the gloom rider and horse vanished from the sight of Helen Fulton.

CHAPTER VII.

GOV. FULTON needed not to have urged Agnes to use expedition; she required no incentive to haste, beyond her own terrible anxiety. The good old gentleman, he thought himself of his want of gallantry in permitting

her to leave alone on so dangerous a journey, soon after she departed, and he immediately dispatched one of the servants on horseback to escort her. The man was well mounted and he overtook her a few miles on her way and they rode together until the evening of the 24th, when she dismissed him. She preferred to go on alone. She halted until after midnight to rest her horse, and then set forth. She had seventy-five miles to ride before ten in the morning.

Between the hours of ten and two! The fearful words of the sentence rang constantly in her ears. What if she were not in time? O, what if she were not? The thought was agony. She urged on her jaded horse by every means in her power. Ten miles from Portlea, it seemed as if the animal was about spent. He trembled, staggered and was about to fall, but Agnes sprang off and soothed and encouraged him with voice and hand, and then by-and-by mounted again and went on. O, how heavy her heart was! Despair had almost seized her. If Jove gave out, then all was over. She seemed, even then, to hear the jeers of the cruel crowd, the mocking shouts, the heartless laughter.

Still her horse staggered on, but his breath came hot and thick, and the foam stood upon his flanks like newly fallen snow.

She looked at her watch. Half past 10! If she should be too late! The world whirled round before her. There was a great roar in her ears, like the rush of the sea upon the rocky coast. It grew so dark she could not see. She grasped the neck of her horse for support, her confused head falling on the pad of the saddle.

Only for a moment. The anxiety within brought her to herself. She looked around her. She was very near Portlea. There were many people moving to and fro. A great crowd filled the streets. She took a road to the jail yard. The crowd was terribly dense, but Agnes saw nothing save that horrible frame work of timber, raised high above the stone walls of the jail, and standing on the platform, a very prince among them all, the tall, erect form of Lynde Graham!

She was in time! Her heart swelled almost to bursting.

"Yet a little more, Jove, and it is done!" she cried; but the poor beast could do no more—he reeled and sank on his knees, with something that sounded like the sigh of a human being in despair.

Agnes sprang from the saddle and dashed through the excited crowd. They parted before her, and she reached at last the foot of the scaffold. The

rope was already adjusted, the carpenter stood ready, waiting the sheriff's word to let the drop fall, and the signal would have been given in another instant.

The voice of Agnes rang out, over and above all the confused noises of the motley gathering:

"A reprieve! A reprieve!" She held aloft the paper—they saw the great seal of the state.

"A reprieve from the governor," she said, and fell senseless, even as she spoke, into the arms of old Dr. Hudson, who rushed forward to receive her.

The sheriff read the reprieve aloud, and then removing the rope, he led the prisoner down the steps of the scaffold. In all his captivity no one had ever heard Lynde ask a single favor, but now he said to the official:

"Grant me this, Miss Trenholme has saved me a little longer to life—allow me to pass near enough to her to touch her clothes."

The sheriff stared, but indulged the wish. Graham went up to where she lay, a great crowd around her, and Dr. Hudson and a brother physician applying restoratives. He stooped down and looked into her face. Oh, how very white and deathly she looked! Graham lifted the soiled mantle she wore, and touched the hem reverently with his lips. Then he turned away, and went back to his dreary prison house.

Agnes was taken to the residence of Dr. Hudson, and cared for as well as could be. But she had endured so much, both mentally and physically, that life hung upon a thread, and for days she lay in a stupor so closely resembling death that at times those who watched her could not tell whether or not the breath still lingered.

Mrs. Trenholme braved the disapprobation of her son, and came down at once to nurse her, and when, after ten days of stupor, her disease culminated in brain fever of the most violent type, she wrote thus to her son:

"Ralph, Agnes is sick unto death. If you could sit beside her as I do, and listen to her unconscious ravings, and through them learn how terribly she had suffered, you would forgive her. Oh, Ralph, by the memory of your dead father, I implore you to come to us!"

"Your Mother."

But Ralph, still haughty and unrelenting in his cruel pride, answered: "Mother, it is useless to plead for her. She has brought our honored name to disgrace by the course she has taken. I cannot forgive her!"

But that night, when he retired to rest, no sleep came to Ralph Trenholme. He saw the pale face of Agnes as he had last seen it. She laid a little cold hand on his arm and with a sweet, sad voice asked him to pardon and love her. He started up, his brow wet with a chill perspiration, his heart beating loudly. But at last he slept, and, sleeping, a vision came to him. He stood in the summer house at the foot of the garden. The time was June, for there were roses in bloom at the mouth of the arbor. Directly, there floated upon the roseate air the face of Marina. He saw the blue eyes, and felt the thrill of the golden hair as it swept against his cheek.

"Ralph," she said, "dear Ralph, put aside vengeance. It belongs unto God alone, and he will bring it to pass! Also put aside wrath, and go to your sister. She is calling you, and I, your guardian spirit, bid you obey the summons!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Labouchere's Little Joke.

Notice—Several influential dowagers have combined together to charter the steamship Frisco, 6,000 tons, for the purpose of conveying a cargo of disappointed British girls to America, with a view of disposing of them advantageously in the states. Attention is earnestly requested to the circumstance that presentation at court is desirable, since importance is attached to this social formality across the Atlantic, and ladies who have attended a drawing room may, therefore, be expected to obtain more satisfactory terms than those who have not. The steamship Frisco, according to present arrangements, will sail from Southampton for New York on October 15 next. All inquiries as to terms, etc., should be addressed to the secretary, 225 Belgrave square, S. W. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. upon week days; Saturdays, close at 2 p. m.—London Truth.

Safe There.

When Col. Ingersoll was in England he visited St. Paul's cathedral for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Wellington the guide said:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest military hero Europe or the 'ole world never knew—Lord Wellington's. This marble sarcophagus weighs 42 tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing 13 tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that is a m'gony coffin, 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the colonel, after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

The Sultan's Troubles.

As if the sultan's cup of bitterness were not full to overflowing, with the spirit of revolt stalking through Armenia and Macedonia, and even in the shadow of his palace at Constantinople, now comes a petition from Crete requesting the powers to intervene in the affairs of the island and put an end to anarchy, accompanied by murder and rapine, of which the Cretans are the victims.

In a little while it may no longer be necessary to partition Turkey; the empire of the Ottomans will fall asunder through sheer rottenness.

At a Safe Distance.

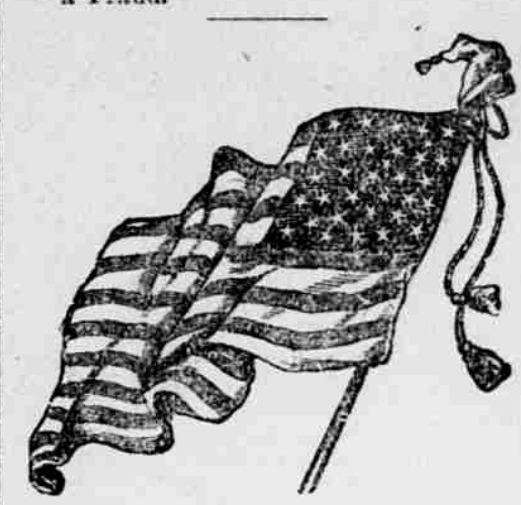
Clara—All the girls are taking boxing lessons. Aren't you scared?

Young Bachelor—No; I always keep away from bargain counters.

FOREIGN WOOL FACTS.

EFFECT UPON CONDITIONS OF WOOLEN MANUFACTURES.

Imports of Foreign Goods Larger than in Any Previous Period—Every Line of American Trade Seriously Injured—A Fraud.



Imports of Wool.

10 months to Oct. 31.	Pounds.	Value.
1895	211,057,038	\$29,035,341
1894	83,223,270	9,649,648
1893	106,234,209	13,320,290
1892	140,175,114	18,135,153

American sheep raisers can see that we paid to foreign countries, for free wool, nearly \$20,000,000 more than in 1894, nearly \$16,000,000 more than in 1893 and almost \$11,000,000 more than in 1892. Taking the average of the three years, 1892-94, at \$15,000,000, the free trade in wool policy has sent out of the country, to foreign sheep farmers, \$14,000,000 more than under protection to American wool. Adding this to the extra \$2,000,000 paid for additional shoddy, and we have a total of \$16,000,000 that would have been saved to American wool growers, in ten months of last year, had the McKinley tariff for protection been undisturbed.

An Editor Who Straddled.

The proprietor of one of the leading trade papers that is interested in cotton and wool has for a long time past been straddling. He finds, however, that his position across the top rail of the fence is, at least, uncomfortable. It happens that he owns, or is interested in, a cot-

ton more than last year. In ten months of 1895, under free wool, our imports of foreign manufactured goods have been larger than in any full year since 1873, excepting only 1889 and 1890, when extraordinary quantities were shipped here in anticipation of the enactment of the McKinley tariff.

We have imported more foreign carpets than in 1892 or 1893 and more than twice as much as in 1894. The same is true of ready made clothing, excepting that this year's product had not up to October 31 quite doubled those of a year ago.

Of woollen cloths our imports, under the boon of free wool granted to our manufacturers, were almost double the value of the 1892 imports, more than double the value of the 1893 imports, and more than four times as much as in 1894. The imports of woollen cloths very nearly equaled the total imports of 1892 and 1893 combined.

Manufacturers can readily see that a policy of protection for wool growers is infinitely preferable to a free wool policy for manufacturers. The largest previous value of woollen cloths ever imported into the United States in a single year was \$15,567,244 in 1890 before the McKinley tariff became operative, so that a free wool policy has enabled foreigners to secure, in ten months only, \$6,250,000 worth more of the American market for woollen cloths than they ever formerly possessed in a full year.

Of the American market for dress goods, the foreign manufacturers were enabled to obtain last year, under our free wool policy, over 25 per cent more than in 1892, 50 per cent more than in 1893 and 200 per cent more than last year. Excepting 1890, before the McKinley tariff became law, we have to go back to 1883, before the Morrill tariff was enacted, to find any record of such large imports of foreign dress goods, in a full year, as has been shown in ten months of 1895.

Our imports of knit goods for the ten months of free wool were larger than in any full year since 1885. They show an increase of 50 per cent over 1892, of

60 per cent over 1893 and of nearly 300 per cent more than our imports of knit goods in the corresponding months of 1894.

The imports of yarn were almost three times as much as in 1892, more than three times as much as in 1893 and seven times as much as in 1894.

Even the increased values given do not represent fully the increased quantity of goods imported, because prices of genuine woolsens are cheaper now than a few years ago. We have also bought enormously of shoddy stuffs ranging from 25 cents a yard upwards, and these rag goods have done more to injure the honest woollen trade than anything else.

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Even the increased values given do not represent fully the increased quantity of goods imported, because prices of genuine woolsens are cheaper now than a few years ago. We have also bought enormously of shoddy stuffs ranging from 25 cents a yard upwards, and these rag goods have done more to injure the honest woollen trade than anything else.

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