

# OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

There was no signature. None was needed. Ralph Trenholme was desperately angry. He chafed like a caged lion. This woman whom he did not love, whom he married solely to please another, was dishonoring his proud name, and making him merely a tool to play upon with her subtle wit, at her own pleasure. He shut his hand like a vise. Thus would he crush her power to disgrace him further, he said, hoarsely. When she did return, she should give an account to him for these mysterious absences, or he would make her a prisoner to the Rock.

On the night of the third day he found her sewing quietly in her little private sitting room. She looked up coolly as he entered.

"It is a fine evening, Mr. Trenholme," she remarked, indifferently.

He laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and bent his dark, fiery eyes upon hers. She met the gaze without flinching.

"Madam, where have you been?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with anger.

She shook herself loose from his grasp.

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, quietly.

"I ask you, where you have been?"

"And I don't choose to tell you."

"You must tell me. I will take no cold evasions! Tell me, or by the heavens above you, you will repent it!"

The red leaped into her cheek.

"Do you command?"

"Ay, I command! and the sooner you obey the better!"

"And I shall not obey. There is the bell: I am going down."

She rose, lifted her arm to put her work into a hanging basket. In so doing her sleeve fell away from the wrist and her husband noticed that the heavy garnet bracelet she had always worn was missing.

"Are there any gentlemen?" he said, half inquiringly.

"I have laid it aside. Garnets are not so becoming to me as they were before I lost my color."

He detained her a moment to say, in a voice low and deep with stern determination:

"Imogene, you will consider yourself an inmate of the Rock for the remainder of the winter—for all time, until you explain to me this mystery. I leave it with you to decide, whether I shall confine you to a single room with bolts and bars, or give you the liberty of the whole place, and let your word of honor be the chain that keeps you here. Decide!"

She looked up into his hard face, and her own set lines softened. She remembered how she loved him. It made her a simple woman, ready to obey the man she loved.

"I will remain here. I will not go away. I give you my word, and it shall be a chain."

"Very well," he said, "so be it." Then in a gentler tone, as if suddenly recollecting that she was a woman—"Any time when you deign to explain this mystery, I will listen gladly, for it goes against my will to use this semblance of cruelty."

Mrs. Trenholme bowed loftily, and went up to her chamber. After that, she spent most of her time in her room. In vain her husband's mother urged her to come out of her retirement. She always had some reasonable excuse for her conduct and after a while she was left to herself. Ralph she scarcely saw now, save at meal time. He never came to her; never spoke a soft word to her. He never looked at her, even when she had spent long hours in making herself beautiful, hoping to attract his attention.

Business called him to Boston for a week. He merely announced the fact at table, and went away without any leave-taking. He did not see the ghastly pale face that from her window watched him ride away; he did not know that for hours after his departure his wife lay in a heap upon the floor, not weeping—women like her seldom weep—but breathing great shuddering cries.

"O heaven!" she moaned, "for his love I have risked everything, and behold he hates me!"

Ralph returned home about 11 one cold stormy night. He took his horse to the stable himself, without disturbing the hostler, and came to the house by a path through the garden. The sound of his wife's voice from behind a clump of evergreens arrested him. The night was dark and he stopped and listened. He was a man of the strictest sense of honor, but under the circumstances he felt no scruples about hearing what was not intended for his ear.

"I tell you this must never occur again!" she said, in a low, firm tone, "if it does—"

The remainder of the sentence was spoken in a whisper.

"Beware how you threaten!" hissed the voice of a man; "I have the power yet! and if you do not deal softly, madam, I will not hesitate to—"

"Hush!" she said, quickly; "the very air has ears. Do not come if you need more. Write to me. You know the place where letters reach me. Take this, and go."

She put something into his hand.

Ralph pressed forward, and peered through the bushes, but it was so dark he could discern nothing beyond the outlines of a tall, dark figure, heavily bearded and wrapped in an immense shawl. For a moment he was tempted to rush forth and annihilate them both on the spot, but prudence held him back. He would wait and watch. So he stood quietly in the shadow, while Imogene returned to the house, and her companion went down the path leading to the shore. Ralph Trenholme ground his teeth in rage. He was a proud man, and he did not love this woman who was his wife. He had no love to wound, but she hurt his pride. He could not bear a dishonored name.

## CHAPTER X.

AT THE close of a boisterous day in March, a traveling carriage stopped before Trenholme house, and a little figure wrapped in furs alighted. She inquired for Miss Trenholme and Agnes went down to find Helen Fulton

waiting in the parlor. The girls embraced cordially.

"Something sent me here, Agnes?" said Helen. "Goodness knows I didn't want to come! for there was Hal Howard just ready to pop the question to me, and Sam Jenkins wanting to awfully and I hadn't my pink Thibit dress half flounced and papa couldn't very well spare me, but I had to come! Letitia was cross. Just between you and me she's half in love with Hal Howard herself, and he's got the sweetest moustache! And how do you do, dear? and how did you get through that awful journey?"

"I am very well, and I was in time," returned Agnes. "Come into the sitting-room now, and let me present you to the family."

"Are there any gentlemen?"

"None except my brother."

Helen made a comical wry face.

"Then I needn't brush my hair, nor put on any of my sweet things, nor any of my nice little smiles, need I? Women never notice such trifles, and as for old married men—bah!"

Agnes conducted her into the sitting-room. Imogene was there with Mrs. Trenholme. She did not look up as they entered. She seemed absorbed in thought. She sat silent a great deal now. Her white hands were crossed on her lap, her great eyes fixed on the snow-covered landscape without. She was dressed in heavy black silk, and wore no ornaments. The elder Mrs. Trenholme kissed the young guest, and bade her welcome. Then Agnes led her up to Imogene and named them to each other.

It was a decided case of mutual antagonism. Both were repelled strongly, though both refused to let it be known by word or gesture. Their hands met, but the touch was like ice and snow.

The moment Helen and Agnes were alone the former said:

"Who is that woman?"

"My mother, and—"

"I mean the one with the eyes."

"She is my brother's wife."

"Does he love her?"

"He married her," replied Agnes, a little proudly. "Men do not usually marry women for whom they do not care."

"O, I don't know about that!" said Helen, gravely. "I think they do. Men are nuisances. Did you know it, dear? But then they are nice to help you out of carriages and put on your shawl and pick up your scissors, and spoon cotton, when you drop them on purpose. Sometimes I think I wish there hadn't been any men, but then when I want to talk nonsense to somebody, and have somebody to tell me how pretty I am, I'm right glad there was a masculine gender in Murray's grammar. Where was that queeny Imogene when your brother's first love was murdered?"

"She was here. She was to have been one of the bridesmaids."

"Ah! What a delightful tea room you have!" she rattled on; and looking at her gay, careless face, an indifferent observer would not have believed that she ever had a serious thought in her life. Helen had not been long at the Rock before she got a hint of the haunted chamber and she at once made friends with the servant, and obtained the whole story. Instantly she made a resolve. She meant to sleep in that room, and fathom the mystery. She was a girl of strong nerve and undaunted courage, and not by any means inclined to superstition. During the day she made the chamber a visit without the knowledge of any of the household.

It was a large lofty room, with white ceilings and paper hangings of a pale rose color and white. It had been sumptuously furnished, but now the dust lay thick and dark over everything. The great windows were hung with cobwebs and the closed blinds gave admittance to no ray of sunshine. There was the bed, snowy-curtained, where she had last slept. By Ralph's orders it had remained undisturbed ever since.

Helen touched the costly trinkets on the table with something like awe—remembering who had used them last. There was a knot of ribbon that the murdered girl had worn on her bosom; there, too, was the little gold brooch that had fastened her collar. In a closet hung the bridal dress, spotted with blood, side by side with the stiffened and stained veil, to which the dead orange flowers yet clung. Their petals crumbled to dust beneath the touch of Helen, and emitted a faint, sickly sweetness.

"Helen Fulton, are you afraid?" asked the girl of herself, putting her hand on her heart to see if it beat quicker than its wont. "No," she said. "Helen is not afraid. Not at all. Won't it be splendid to tell grandchildren, that their courageous grandmother slept in a genuine haunted chamber? Won't the little darlings creep into bed in a hurry and wrap their heads up under the coverlet?"

When night arrived, Helen excused herself early and went up to her chamber. She dressed herself in a thick, warm dress, put a heavy shawl over her shoulders and making sure that the lamp was full of oil, she made her noiseless way to the haunted chamber, entered, and, locking the door behind her, put the key in her pocket. She meant to be secure from all intrusion. Ghosts, she agreed would not need to open the door to get in, if they were orthodox ones. The lamp burned brightly and lighted up every nook and corner of the apartment. Helen did not mean to go to bed; she sat on the sofa and crocheted, laughing a little to herself, at the idea of watching a ghost and crocheting a sonnet at the same time. A dead silence reigned. The wind which had blown through the day subsided and not even a deathwatch ticked in the wainscot. The old clock chimed 10, then 11—Helen's bright eyes began to droop. She was growing decidedly sleepy, and before she knew it her head had sunk to the arm of the sofa and she was asleep!

The consciousness of some presence beside her own woke her suddenly. She started up and rubbed her eyes. A cold current of air swept over her, chilling her from head to foot. The door into the passage stood wide open and her lamp swayed in the blast of air like a willow tossed by autumn gales; and just behind the great arm chair where Marina had sat when the fatal blow was struck, stood a tall figure enveloped in gauzy white, and upon her head and over her face was the bridal, blood-stained veil—Helen could have sworn it! The right hand of the spectre, the long, delicate, marble-white hand was extended toward the chair; the other was tightly pressed against her heart.

Helen took a step forward, but before she could lay a hand upon the strange presence it returned, dropped the veil upon the floor and vanished through the open door. Helen gave pursuit, but the long corridor was empty—there did not linger behind even so much as the echo of a foot. For this time the girl was baffled. But one thing she remembered. The door of that chamber had been unlocked and the phantom had forgotten to lock it after her; she was unable, it appeared, to pass through keyholes, like the spirits Helen felt acquainted with, through the medium of various novels she had read surreptitiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE FALL OF BOGU.

He Used to Be a Divinity, but He Is Plain "Bog" Now.

Contact with the Aryan race has played the mischief with the Indians, but it brought others low, also, says the New York Press. Long ago there was a divinity called Bogu or Boghu, or Bagaios. By and by Bagaios sunk to a spook. He became a pooka to scare Irish peasantry with, a horrible being that came at night to suck blood from the living. He turned into a bogymen, or, as it is sometimes pronounced in the west, "bogger-man." That is nearer to what the original sound must have been. Note also in this connection that fine-tooth combs are used in order to catch "boggers." Poor Bogu took two or three paths, all downward. Not only did he turn into a common terror but he became a sort of bogus terror. In fact the word "bogus" itself came from his name. He is a scare with nothing back of him, a ghost that turns out to be a white stump. He is a bugaboo, a bugbear, an imaginary difficulty. He degenerates into a sprite that plays tricks on sleepers, knocks their hair, upsets the milkpans and the like. He is Puck, the joker, and nobody respects the jester. But worse is yet to follow. In one edition of the bible it reads: "The sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the bug by night." It reads now, "The terror by night," but the word has gone out and now the despair of cleanly housewives, the occasion of the sale of so much stuff warranted death to every cimeter, bears the name of the deity in whose honor altars smoked.

As Usual.

St. Peter—Are they all here? Gabriel—All but New York and Philadelphia.

St. Peter—What's the matter with them? Gabriel—I couldn't wake Philadelphia and New York had to get her harp out of pawn.—Judge.

Belonged to His Wife.

"Did you see Jabberson last night spending money like a prince?"

"Like a prince? He blew in about \$1. Do you call that like a prince?"

"Sure. The money was his wife's."—Indianapolis Journal.

The dress to be worn by the Empress of Russia at the coronation ceremonies next year has just been ordered in Paris. It is to be decorated with pearls and gold, and will cost \$200,000.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WASHINGTON FOR GOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Beginning at Jerusalem"—Luke xiv, 28—The Spread of Christian Grace Should Begin at the Nation's Capital.

HERE it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coroneted with temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumb-line measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throbs send life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of gospelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in his Providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Nevadaink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good-will to men."

Again and again does the old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon? The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Diocletians, and Neros of baleful power, and alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled-up throne of beer barrels, his mouth foaming with domestic and national curse, and crime will lift its unhindered knife of assassination, and rattle keys of worst burglary, and wave torch of widest conflagration, and our cities be turned into Sodoms, waiting for Almighty tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does—blessed be his glorious name!—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the north and south. It is neither northern nor southern, it commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful, that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adameses—Samuel, and John, and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there, he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the north and the other toward the south, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a national awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the north and the south will be brought into complete accord, is to have a war

with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million northerners and southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either northern or southern. This is neither, or, rather, it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representatives of men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get in to the senate and house of representatives and other important places who are fitted for the position in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the national legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts had men in senate or house of representatives who went maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in senate or house of representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand other souls into the kingdom of God is worth a thousand times or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the states, cities, towns, and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which five hundred thousand people were converted in different states of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago, and was startled, and thrilled, and enchanted to read these words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, my hearers, not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Beside that, since then the telephone, with its semi-omnipresence, and the swift cable car, for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as he comes to awaken and pardon and save these great populations. People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night, at half past seven o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal three thousand, that I have referred to, but thirty thousand. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Hezekiah, the blank verse poet of the Bible: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years made known: in wrath remember mercy." Let the battle-cry be, Washington for God! The United States for God! America for God! the world for God! We are all tired of skulking. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the Gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town, and neighborhood of this country, and now I give the watchword to north and south, and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening! \* \* \*

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push, and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinock's, when he said, "It is a doleful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but oh! how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Least that by any means, when I have preached to others,

I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached and it was said that men fell before the Word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, do the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!" But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted, "Lift, men, or die! All together! Yo—heave!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo—heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and a wild hurra was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, ay, more Christian women to re-encore. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The topstone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of up-heaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of Mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

## FASHION NOTES.

What are called "French zephyrs" are fine soft gingham made on Scotch looms.

Pique dresses for small girls are made with the plain round waist and skirt with a wide hem, and worn over a white gimp.

Collars and revers of cream-white open-work embroidered batiste over white satin are a novel and showy trimming for black satin capes.

Feathery horse-chestnut blossoms look very pretty on pale yellow straw hats trimmed with bronze-brown velvet ribbon rosettes and yellow lace.

New beautiful creamy French batistes are used by many dressmakers in the fashioning of poetic-looking toilets for summer, in preference to the less durable chiffon textiles.

The more you make people believe your advertising, the more your advertising will make them believe in you, and the more you will believe in advertising.

If people exercised as much care and shrewdness when investing in advertising as they do when investing in banks, mining stocks and real estate, there would be more believers in the value of printers' ink.

In hard times the advertisements of sharp merchants contain many great bargains. The failures of unsuccessful firms give stronger ones chances to buy goods cheap and sell them under the usual price. Some people's misfortunes are other people's opportunities.

In our own day the name of Scary as a kingdom has for the first time been wiped from the map of Europe by its incorporation with Italy—a country in which the vicissitudes of rule have been scarcely less checked.

To "pile on agony" is popularly supposed to be an Americanism. It is, however, found in one of the letters of Charlotte Bronte, and was used in English popular literature before the beginning of the present century.