

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

"Let me do it, and save you the trouble!"

"No, no, no! I cannot. I must still live on, and keep the dreadful secret. O, would that I had died before I yielded to that horrible temptation!"

"You made your own bed!" he said, coarsely. "It don't become you to complain if it doesn't lie easy."

"No, I have no one to blame. I risked everything upon a single die, and lost all!"

"And that was rather a lucky day for me that curiosity to see the bride led me to climb the locust tree just under this window, and I saw—"

"Hush!" she cried, fearfully. "The walls have ears sometimes."

The backs of the couple were turned to Helen; she slipped noiselessly from her concealment, and locked the room door, and put the key in her pocket. Then she glistened to the window, and placed her back against it, thus confronting the man and woman.

"You just remarked that walls have ears," she said, quietly. "I agree with you. These have a pair of them."

"Who are you?" cried the man, springing to his feet, and looking at her. "The devil!"

"No, thank you. My name is Helen Fulton. No relation to your friend."

He strode toward the window.

"Let me pass here right quickly, or take the consequences!" he said, with brutal determination.

She drew herself up proudly, and her voice was cuttingly firm as his own.

"You do not pass here until you come to my terms."

"Well, I like your pluck! If I was in want of a wife, I'd honor you with my proposals. What are your terms?"

"You must tell me all you know about the murder of Marina Trenholme!"

"Which I will not do!"

"Very well. Then you can stay here until morning, and I will summon some of the family to make you come to terms. I would speak to them to-night, but I never like to disturb people after they are a-bed. It is apt to make them ill-tempered."

"Confound you! Will you stand aside!"

"Not if I know it!"

With an oath he sprang upon her. Quick as thought she lifted her right hand, in which she held the loaded pistol.

"An inch nearer," she said, coolly, "and I will blow your brains out! I am sorry to be impolite to a gentleman, but you force me to it!"

The ruffian recoiled. He saw the steady determination in her eye, and knew that he might expect no mercy.

Imogene had sunk to the floor on the first appearance of Helen, and crouched there, staring at vacancy, her rich dress sweeping over the bloody stain on the carpet. She seemed incapable of speech or motion.

"One or the other of you murdered Marina Trenholme," said Helen, speaking in a low, clear voice, "and I will know which. The innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, if it is in my power to prevent it. I want to save Lynde Graham. I am disposed to be gracious with you both. I want your written confession—both of you—in regard to this thing. That is all I ask. It is now the fifteenth of June—ten days to the execution. I will give you eight days in which to escape. Give me what I ask for, and I promise you faithfully I will not show the paper to any living being until just in time to save him from the gallows."

"I will be caught in no such trap," hissed the man. "Get out of my way, you little sea devil. I'll show you how to use a pistol!" And he seized the weapon by the muzzle, with the intention of wrenching it from her grasp. But he had not reckoned on the strength in that right arm, and in the struggle it was discharged, and the ball struck into his breast just above the heart.

"I'm done for!" he cried with an oath, and fell to the floor.

Imogene sprang up, and darted toward the window, but Helen was on the alert, and divined her intention instantly. She caught her firmly by the arm, and held her fast.

The noise of the pistol had alarmed the whole household, and they came rushing to the spot.

"Open the door!" thundered Ralph Trenholme, from without.

"You must burst it in," said Helen.

He put his shoulder against it, and broke the lock instantly. The whole party rushed into the room. St. Cyril's quick eye fell first on the wounded man.

"John Rudolph!" he exclaimed. "The abductor of my sister!"

Imogene turned toward the intruders, her face absolutely livid, her eyes wild as those of a maniac. Ralph put a strong arm around her shoulders and held her quiet. There was something infinitely terrible in the face of this man. Helen lifted up the face of Rudolph.

"Speak quickly," she said. "You will gain nothing now by concealment."

"Am I dying?" he asked, anxiously.

"I think so. Speak on. But first let me ask, Mr. Trenholme, is there a magistrate present?"

"I am one," said Ralph's friend, Mr. Brunell, who was stopping there for the night.

"Very well then. Give this gentleman the oath. I can testify that he has no conscientious scruples to prevent him from swearing."

It was done, and Rudolph proceeded to speak:

"It is hardly fair to force things out of a fellow in this way, but I suppose there's no help for it. There's too many against me! This girl is the very devil herself."

"I have once before informed you, sir, that I am Miss Fulton, and in no way a relative of the person you mention."

"O, have it your own way! but I'm sure I don't understand how you came to guess at what has puzzled so many older heads. I've been a hard case. I don't deny it. It was all owing to the way I had to struggle up. Everybody was willing to give me a kick because I happened to be the child of poverty and of disgrace. I stole the child of Mrs. St. Cyril, partly from motives of revenge, and partly because I hoped to get money from his father by it. I'm not going to give a history of my doings, so don't get impatient. It seems a little necessary that I should speak of that child, seeing as it was she that was murdered. The ship that we came to this country in was wrecked, and people hereabouts thought that the little girl was the sole survivor. I know better, because I myself escaped. It did not suit my purpose, however, to let the fact be known. I had my own plans, which I shall not now divulge. The time for me to work is past, and I will not tell you what I meant to do if my life had been lengthened. I found that the child had a good home, and for the present, then, I was satisfied. After awhile I returned to Europe, and saw Mrs. St. Cyril. But she had no money with which to purchase my secret. I then sought the father of the child, but he refused to listen to me a moment. He had no children, he said, bitterly. I came back to America. Part of the time I was in New York, but I never lost sight of Marina—for so they called the girl I had stolen from her parents. At last I heard she was going to be married. I thought I should like to see how she looked in her bridal clothes. It was a little weakness of mine which you must pardon, seeing that I once loved her mother.

"I came here, and knowing no other way, I climbed the locust tree just outside this window, and from its thick-leaved shelter, I commanded a complete view of this apartment. Just after the bridesmaids left the bride, the door of her chamber opened, and Imogene Ireton entered. I knew this woman by sight. She came up noiselessly behind Marina, and as she turned, I saw something glitter in her hand. She stood still a moment as if to gather strength, and then she struck down quickly and silently? I heard a low cry, and then all was quiet."

Ralph's grasp had tightened around his wife, until her face had grown purple from the iron pressure. He was crushing her to death, but he would not have known it, if she had breathed her last sigh. St. Cyril touched his arm.

"Mr. Trenholme, look at your wife. You are suffocating her!"

He looked down upon her distorted features, removed his arm, and took her hand in his.

"Imogene Ireton came directly to the window," proceeded Rudolph, "and looked down. She had the dripping knife still in her hand. She cast about her a half fearful glance, but discovering no one, she stepped out upon the grape vine that half covered that side of the house. And just as she did so Lynde Graham came along on his way to the main entrance. He was dressed for the wedding and had his gloves in his hand. He looked up at her, and an amazed expression crossed his face."

"Miss Ireton, how came you there?" he asked, hastening toward her.

"Help me down, quick!" she said, imperiously.

"He lifted her down in his arms. I knew then that he loved her by the way he performed the act. I could have sworn it."

"What freak is this?" he asked.

"Why do you choose that means of egress from the chamber of the bride?"

"She looked at him—and such a look. He fairly recoiled before it. She lifted up her hand, there was upon it a single dash of crimson."

"Lynde Graham," she said, distinctly, "there will be no bride, and if you love me prove that love by keeping my secret!"

"She fled away, and he looked after her like one in a maze. It was five minutes before he seemed to recover his faculties. And then his face was pitiful to behold. Such agony I have never seen expressed by any human countenance! Hardened as I was, I pitied him."

"Well, you know pretty well all the rest. Suspicion fell upon Lynde Graham; he was arrested and convicted, and because he loved this woman, he would be willing to die in her stead. He refused to speak the words that

would establish his innocence, because by so doing he would condemn her to the gallows.

"You may well believe that I was prepared to take advantage of what I knew. I guessed at first that she had murdered Marina because she wanted to be mistress of Trenholme House, and it was not long before I sought her out, and revealed to her my terrible secret. For a moment I thought she would have killed me. I think she would, if she had had the means at hand. After her passion had a little subsided, I made terms with her. Money was what I wanted, and she gladly consented to pay me for keeping dumb. This began before she married Mr. Trenholme. Afterward it continued just the same. You all wondered at her frequent journeys from home; she only went to pay me my allowance at times when I was unable, through illness, to come for it. You, Mr. Trenholme, thought me your wife's paramour! bah! she would sooner have killed herself than submitted to the caresses of one like me. If she was a murderer, she was true to you. I remember once I made her kiss me, and she touched me with just the loathing that she would have touched a toad! But what did I care? I wanted money, not love. It was a dangerous secret to keep, but I have been well paid for it. Thank the powers above and below! I am out of the reach of the law! I defy you all!"

He lifted his hand in wild defiance, and fell back a corpse!

Helen rose from her kneeling posture and faced Imogene, her face pale as that of the dead man before her.

"You have heard the confession of that dead villain," she said, slowly. "Now, we will listen to yours."

Imogene shrank from the steady gaze of those clear eyes, shrank back pitifully, crying out:

"O spare me! spare me! Do with me as you will, but do not force me to a confession!"

Ralph drew her sternly forward, and took in his own hands with which she strove to conceal her face.

"You shall not be spared!" he said, hoarsely. "You did not spare her! But we will not condemn you without a hearing. Clear yourself, if you can."

"I cannot! O, you know I cannot! I did murder her! But it was because I loved you! I could not live to see you the husband of another! With her dangerous face under the sod, I thought my beauty might win you! God will bear me witness that it was pure love alone that influenced me. I never once thought of the power that would be mine as your wife. Wealth and station were nothing to me! It was your love I wanted! O Ralph, only that!"

"O God!" cried Ralph, striking his forehead, "to think that I took to my bosom as my wife the murderer of my poor Marina! It is too much! It maddens me! And but for you, Miss Fulton, I might have lived on to the end in ignorance, and Lynde Graham would have died an innocent man!"

"I did not seek this," Helen said, in a subdued voice, "Heaven knows I did not! But I was obliged to come here, I could not keep away, it was what some call fate, I suppose. After I came here some things were forced upon my knowledge that I did not care to know. But having once become convinced that Lynde Graham was wrongfully accused, I set to work with my whole soul to bring the real culprit to light."

"I think Mrs. Trenholme has a habit of walking in her sleep. The ghost of this chamber is none other than herself. I have watched here for the phantom, and satisfied myself. The last time I tore a piece of silk from her sleeve, and if you will take the trouble to make the examination, you will find that this fragment," drawing it from her pocket, "will fit exactly a rent in the sleeve of the black silk the lady is in the habit of wearing."

TO BE CONTINUED.)
A SLEEPING POWER.

Is It Telepathy, Instinct or What?—Ought to Be Cultivated.

Within us is a power sleeping. Once in awhile some sensitive soul has felt it stir, but there was no known law that governed it, no logic with which to convince others of its being; so it was buried deep in the inner consciousness, where hide ideas that dare not seek light because they are in advance of their age, says the New Science Review. Long ago, at the house of a friend, I saw a photograph of a man's head. As I picked it up there came over me a sense of having known the original; it was the face of a "friend." When my hostess entered I asked about the photograph and she told me who it was. The name meant nothing to me but the face meant all things that I knew. Several times in the next week I looked at the photograph, always with the same sense of "having known." Then eight years elapsed, during which no memory of that face came over me. One day at the theater there flashed over me that same curious sense of "having known." Instinctively I turned and caught full the glance of the original of the photograph. What he was doing there I have never found out. Several miles away from me lived a friend. Days would elapse without our meeting but if I sat down and wrote her a note she would come, always crossing the note. I became so certain about it after awhile that I would write the note and tear it up. The thought would stir in her the desire to see me. There was no use in mailing it. The sight of a certain handwriting would always make my heart sink; it was something that I could not reason myself out of, yet the letters were pleasing and the words fair. One dark day I found out that my instinct was right—I trust it now.

A Family Affliction.

Wesley Ayres, of Green Bay, Wis., during the last four years, has lost three sons by drowning. The third son, a lad of eight years, was drowned about a fortnight ago, while fishing.

He Had Heard Her Say So.

That it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well illustrated by the following amusing incident that happened a few Sabbaths ago in a well-known church, and caused no little merriment among the teachers. The superintendent was telling the wee small folks of the custom in certain countries of chaining the prisoners' hands and feet together. "And," she asked, "don't you suppose that if some one came and released them they would be happy and grateful?"

It was unanimously agreed that they would.

"And," continued the superintendent, coming to her point, "Jesus was sent to the world to release people from their sins. Are any of you here bound with the chains of sin?" "No," piped the 4-year-old of the minister, "I'm not, but my grandmother is!"—Louisville Post.

Some Georgia Philosophy.

The man that sings the loudest in church throws his head so far back that he can't see the collection basket when it comes along.

Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em.

The road to heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is not room for two at a time.

When you hear a man saying that this is a hard world, ten to one he's broken his leg trying to fly when he should have been walking.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Idle Scavenger.

The bowels act the part of a scavenger, inasmuch as they remove much of the debris, the waste effete matter of the system. When they grow idle, neglectful of duty, it is of the utmost importance that they should be impelled to activity. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters effects this desirable object without gripping them like a drastic purgative. The Bitters is also efficacious for malaria, biliousness, dyspeptic and kidney troubles.

Getting Ready for the Show.

Young Perkins had been paying court to the billposter's daughter for some time, but no engagement seemed to come of it. The father, becoming impatient, said to Perkins finally:

"Young man, when does your show open?"

"I haven't any show," replied Perkins.

"I thought you had, for you and Sue have been billing for some time back."

Perkins took the hint, proposed, and was accepted, and the show commenced not long after.—Texas Siftings.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children's Teething.

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Everyone makes the fatal blunder of telling their secrets to those who tell their secrets.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

Some People Live Just for Meanness.

"I have half a notion to end my existence," said the dejected youth. "I have nothing on earth to live for."

"Better wait a while," said the Cumminsville sage. "After you get a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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A Double Punishment.

A man was in the dock charged with theft. He pleaded "Guilty," but the jury's verdict was "Not Guilty." The judge was not at all satisfied with the result of the trial and remarked to the prisoner, "You do not leave this court without a stain upon your character, for by your own confession you are a thief, and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Pick Me Up.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

DES MOINES, March 25.—Patents have been allowed, but not yet issued, as follows: To M. Macy, of Adel, Iowa, for a gauge for flouring mill rollers. The device is very simple, strong and durable and well adapted to show whether or not the rollers are trammed or parallel while in motion. Rollers are often parallel when stationary and yet out of tram when rotating, and the device for detecting such defect is very important in milling. To C. F. Murray, of Des Moines, a practical railroad man, for a block signal system that will operate automatically to protect a train in front and rear when going in either direction. It is designed to be used at stations and on dangerous curves, etc., and is positively actuated by the passing trains. Six United States patents were issued to Iowa inventors on the 17th. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information for inventors about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents.

Another Penalty of Greatness.

The gifted but impetuous literary genius wrote an impassioned letter to a personal friend, asking him in the name of sweet charity to lend him \$10 to keep him from starving.

"I may not get the \$10," he soliloquized bitterly as he sealed it, "but some day a mercenary grandchild of his will get \$100 for this letter."—Chicago Tribune.

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Poets

Break Out...

in the Springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

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