

# OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



## CHAPTER I.

GREAT storm had raged with unabated fury for three days, but now at the shutting down of twilight the clouds were breaking, and toward the sunset there gleamed a single spark of blood-red light low down upon the western mountains. The wind had changed from the east, and the breeze that fanned the boyish brow of Ralph Trenholme as he paced back and forth over the shingly shore, was like the breath of early June. And it was the last of October. The sea was still high, tossing in at intervals remnants of the ill-starred ship that had gone to pieces on Joliet Rock, just outside the harbor mouth of Portlea.

How anxious had been the hearts on shore for that wretched ship! How earnestly they had watched it since early dawn, when it had appeared in the offing—driven about helplessly, at the mercy of the winds and waters, and at last dashed upon the cruel rocks. They had devised vainly among themselves, those hardy fishermen, ways and means to save the vessel from her fate. The proud mistress of Trenholme House—better known as High Rock—and anxious about the fate of her husband, had come out into the storm, as pale and anxious as the rudest fisherman's wife among them—come out to beseech them to do all that human arm could do, to offer them gold if they could save but one poor life; and those brave, courageous men had looked at her, and at each other, sorrowfully and in silence; they knew by stern experience that no boat could live an hour in a sea like that. And so the ship was left to go down unaided.

But Ralph Trenholme could not be quiet. With the daring impulsiveness of a boy of fourteen, he had thrice launched the Sea Foam, his own little boat, to go to the aid of the sufferers, but as many times had the men of the coast forced him back. They would not stand by and see him go to death for nought. Ralph fought against them bravely, but was obliged to yield, and rest, and chafing at his inactivity, which seemed to him almost cowardly, he paced the shore, and looked out to sea.

There came a great wave. He watched it rising afar off, and saw that it bore upon its crest something whiter than even the foam. He darted down to the water line, and stood there when it came so near that it drenched him through, but he caught the precious freight it bore in his arms, and by the wan light he looked into the face of a little child—a girl—perhaps six or seven years old, with pure features, stilled into calm repose, and long curling locks of gold floating dripping down, and tangled with seaweed. She was dressed in white, and around her waist was a scarf of blue tissue, but the other end was lost, torn away, probably from the support to which she had been bound by some one who had cared to save her. Ralph gathered her up with something like triumph swelling his heart. If she were only alive he might have the satisfaction of knowing that he had saved a life, for if she had been dashed in upon the shore, the sharp rocks would have crushed out from that beautiful face every semblance of humanity. He puts his lips down to hers. There was a faint warmth. He ran up the steep path leading to High Rock, bearing his treasure in his arms, and in to his mother, who was sitting before the great fire that streamed redly up the chimney.

"See what the sea has given me!" he cried, putting her down on the sofa. "A real little sea nymph! and as beautiful as an angel!"

"Softly, my son," said Mrs. Trenholme, with mild dignity. "Run for Dr. Hudson—perhaps she can be restored."

Ralph was off instantly, but when he returned with the doctor, the little girl did not need his aid; she was sitting up and looking around her with great wondering eyes, and a flush of scarlet on either cheek. But when they questioned her, she could give no satisfactory reply. She put her hand to her forehead in a confused sort of way, and said she could not remember. All knowledge of the past was blotted out. It was as if it had never been. She had forgotten her own name. She did not even remember that she had been on a shipboard, and when they asked her about her parents, she looked at them in such a dazed sort of a way that Mrs. Trenholme saw at once it was useless to press the matter. The severe shock her nervous system had received from remaining so long in the water had brought total oblivion of the past.

Her clothing was fine and costly, but there were no trinkets by which any clue to her parentage could be obtained. The only thing that might serve to identify her was a minute scarlet cross, just below the shoulder, on her arm—a mark that had evidently been pricked into her skin with some indelible substance.

After a few weeks the wonder and curiosity which this sole survivor of the wreck had excited died away, and Mrs. Trenholme, yielding to the earnest solicitations of Ralph, decided to adopt her, and rear her as her own. The child was christened Marina, which means from the sea, and turned over to the care of Kate Lane, the nurse, who still had the charge of Agnes, Mrs. Trenholme's little six years' old daughter.

Marina was a beautiful child—you

would seldom see a beauty so faultless as hers. Every day developed some new charm. Her golden hair grew more golden, her eyes bluer and deeper, and her smile rarer and sweeter. Occasionally, she would break out into stanzas of song—old melodies—strange to all who listened, something she must have learned in other lands, and beneath sunnier skies.

The wife had found a good home, all the neighborhood said. So she had. High Rock was the manor house of the vicinity, the Trenholmes the wealthiest old family in that part of the state. The lands belonging to the estate were wide and fertile, the old house was a romance in itself, albeit a most stately one. It was built far out on a great peak, closely overhanging the sea—a massive structure of gray stone, with towers and gable windows, and wide piazzas.

Mr. Trenholme had held many offices of public trust, and as a man and a scholar had stood very high. He had died suddenly, two years before the opening of our story. Mrs. Trenholme had truly and tenderly loved her husband, and nature like hers never forgets. Her best consolation she found in the affection she bore her children; and Ralph and Agnes were worthy of all the love she gave them. With very little of their mother's haughty pride, they had inherited all her beauty and gentleness, while to Ralph, along with his father's fine intellect, had descended his earnest heart, his strong affections, and his almost chivalrous sense of honor. Ralph was eight years older than Agnes. At fourteen he was a tall, handsome boy, with a dark, clear complexion, brown eyes, and curling chestnut hair. Agnes was of the less intense type, with delicately out features, dark hazel eyes, a pale complexion, and a flush of scarlet on her sweet lips.

These were the children with whom little Marina was thrown. They grew up together. The girls loved each other like sisters; indeed, there was little chance for them to know the difference. The children had but few playmates. The neighborhood was not very select, and Mrs. Trenholme was very particular. Lynde Graham, the only child of a poor fisherman that dwelt at the foot of the Rock, was with them most frequently. The proudest mother in the land would have no objection to Lynde Graham as a playmate for her children. He was about Ralph's age, a darling, noble-souled boy.

And sometimes from Ireton Lodge—the stately residence of Judge Ireton—came Imogene, his daughter, to pay little visits to the Trenholmes. Some day Imogene Ireton would make her acquaintance, some day she would be absolutely magnificent in her beauty. Even now she was queenly. Her complexion was like the creamy petals of a lily; her hair and eyes were black as night, and at times her cheeks flushed like carnations, and her voice rang out like the music of silver bells. Her whole bearing was like that of one who knows she was born for conquest. She was haughty, arrogant and selfish.

At sixteen, Ralph Trenholme left home for college. He remained there four years, returning home only for a week or two at vacation time, and then not always seeing Marina and Agnes, who were at a boarding school for young misses. After his graduation, he eloped before, bruised and bearded, he again set foot upon his native land.

Meanwhile, Lynde Graham had fought a hard battle and come off conqueror. Men with eyes like his seldom fail to accomplish what they undertake for their whole souls. He had fitted himself for college, taught to gain the money requisite to defray his expenses, and just as Ralph arrived home, Lynde Graham had come back to the fisherman's cottage, with the diploma from Harvard in his pocket. He had graduated with the very highest honors, and at once began studying medicine with Dr. Hudson of Portlea.

## IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

### INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—Color in Green and Brown, Black and Violet—A Girl from the West—Hints for the Household.

VERY blessed woman who dares to wear the wrapless suit on the street. They are built to show off the figure, and are ever as much more dashing than the half-fitting jackets worn all winter. A smart gown of deep reddish purple has accessories of smoke gray broadcloth and bands of thibet. The skirt is the usual flaring sort, well set out at the foot and lined with rustling purple taffeta, the sort that retains its frill. The bodice is short and round, confined by a vest broadcloth, outlined with the fur, extending deeply over the hips. A broad, shield-shaped vest of the same is trimmed across the top with the fur, giving the appearance of a round yoke. A thickly

choued collar of plum colored chiffon finishes the neck, while a hat with a flaring brim is of black, tossed off carelessly and made elegant by crisp bows of black satin ribbon and glittering ornaments of rhinestones.

Some very stunning new things are seen in tailor-made suits. This is just the season for them, and nothing looks more chic and dashing than a smartly cut, perfectly finished gown, such as tailor gowns always are. One of the most fetching and wonderfully becoming to the brown-haired, splendidly groomed woman who wore it was of dull Prussian blue, trimmed with black soutache braid. The skirt had nine breadths, each one very sharply cut to a point at the waist and exceedingly wide at the foot. The jacket is only moderately short and full of ripples at the hips. It has sharp, rolling revers, richly braided with black, and a tiny waistcoat of richly embossed black satin. With this natty gown is worn a swagger little linen shirt front, and standing collar, which, with a dashing cloth tie of scarlet, completes the costume.—Chicago Chronicle.

Green and Brown.

There is something to suit the proportions of the stout maiden who would have an appearance of a sylph-like form. The perpendicular bands of the trimming are wonderfully helpful in giving the figure seeming length. This gown savors strongly of spring, with its combination of soft stem green and cinnamon brown. The material is the satin smooth broadcloth so in favor now. The skirt has five gores very gracefully fashioned, with a lovely sweeping effect at the bottom. At equal distances the skirt, which is made up of green, is trimmed with inch-wide bands of brown, cut with the raw edges and stitched on both sides. The bodice is beautifully shaped and flares out smartly over the hips in short basques. There is a yoke of grayish lace overlaying green satin. The tops of the

sleeves are also of lace, covered with satin, giving the appearance of tight underleaves of the lace, while the cloth underleaves is allowed to droop considerably at the elbow. Straps of brown decorate the sleeves from wrist to top. Straps of brown extend over the shoul-

ders of the bodice. There is a high stock of lace, with a ruche made of loops of green satin ribbon. A jaunty hat in Marie Antoinette style has a narrow brim rolling at both sides and a low, oval crown of soft tinted green satin. The trimming is directly at the back, and consists of huge choux of dull green mouseline de sole and stiff bouquets of Parma violets. One tall black plume finishes it. There is exceeding dash about this rig, while it is made still more attractive by the plump, brown-eyed girl who wears it. The colors are perfect symbols of spring, and when she tucks a bunch of fragrant violets under her faintly, dimpled chin the effect is complete.

A Girl from the West.

From the Washington Post: It was in stately hall one day of last week. She was a pretty girl of perhaps 18, with a certain unmistakable air of being from the west. She was all alone and not at all embarrassed. He was a portly gentleman, with a neck that wrinkled under his collar at the back and a head that left timber line half way up. She walked about gazing interestedly at this and that. She hadn't the slightest need of a guide, but he marched up to her and offered his services with a somewhat obese but perfectly killing smile. She let him make his little speeches and smile his little smile in silence. At length he said:

"Hello, Jack!" said the man in the railroad station, slapping the back of the man walking ahead of him.

"I guess you have read your hand wrong," said the man, who turned out to be a stranger. "I ain't no Jack. My name's King."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Endorsed.

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How to Make \$500 Yearly WITH 12 HENS.

A practical treatise, explaining how to make \$500 yearly with 12 hens, their diseases and their care; also making hens at six days instead of 21, new process, successfully demonstrated and all the leading Agricultural Societies prize winners of medals and diplomas for best and most productive prize-winning flocks.

Caution! Fall to be of great service to farmers.

An important consideration to farmers.

Every farmer and housewife should read this book.

Caution! Fall to be of great service to farmers.

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A Romantic Career.

There is no more romantic career in fiction than that of the dowager empress of China. Her parents were destitute peasants in the suburbs of Canton when she was a child and rather than see them starve she begged them to sell her as a slave. She was bought by a famous general, who was so captivated by her beauty and wit that he adopted her as his daughter. He took her to Peking, where she so charmed the emperor that he made her his wife.—Exchange.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of \$2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. F. Almore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the "Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

The Ten Big Cities.

According to the latest available statistics, the ten largest cities of the world are London, 4,231,000; Paris, 2,447,000; New York, 1,801,000; Canton, 1,600,000; Berlin, 1,579,000; Chicago, 1,500,000; Tokio, 1,389,000; Vienna, 1,364,000; Philadelphia, 1,142,000, and St. Petersburg, 1,025,000.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number.

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

The scheduled land in the United States is worth \$12,500,000,000.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for \$3. OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUSINESS, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell to you \$3 shoes that are better than other manufacturers in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$17, \$18, \$19, \$20, \$21, \$22, \$23, \$24, \$25, \$26, \$27, \$28, \$29, \$30, \$31, \$32, \$33, \$34, \$35, \$36, \$37, \$38, \$39, \$40, \$41, \$42, \$43, \$44, \$45, \$46, \$47, \$48, \$49, \$50, \$51, \$52, \$53, \$54, \$55, \$56, \$57, \$58, \$59, \$60, \$61, \$62, \$63, \$64, \$65, \$66, \$67, \$68, \$69, \$70, \$71, \$72, \$73, \$74, \$75, \$76, \$77, \$78, \$79, \$80, \$81, \$82, \$83, \$84, \$85, \$86, \$87, \$88, \$89, \$90, \$91, \$92, \$93, \$94, \$95, \$96, \$97, \$98, \$99, \$100, \$101, \$102, \$103, \$104, \$105, \$106, \$107, \$108, \$109, \$110, \$111, \$112, \$113, \$114, \$115, \$116, \$117, \$118, \$119, \$120, \$121, \$122, \$123, \$124, \$125, \$126, \$127, \$128, \$129, \$130, \$131, \$132, \$133, \$134, \$135, \$136, \$137, \$138, \$139, \$140, \$141, \$142, \$143, \$144, \$145, \$146, \$147, \$148, \$149, \$150, \$151, \$152, \$153, \$154, \$155, \$156, 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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

GRIPPLE CREEK

"Big as a Barn Door."

Battle Ax

PLUG

For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle A" as you do of other high grade goods for 10 cents. Before the days of "Battle Ax" consumers paid 10 cents for same quality. Now, "Battle Ax"—Highest Grade, 5 cents. That's true economy.

Household Hints.

To make marking ink, take one drachm of nitrate of silver, one of gum arabic, one ounce of rain or distilled water, and mix until dissolved.

A tiny piece of bicarbonate of soda mixed with tomatoes that are to be cooked with milk or cream will, if added first, prevent the milk from curdling.

If an iron holder is attached with a long string to the band of the apron while you are cooking, it will save many burnt fingers and scorched dish towels.

Tincture of myrrh is one of the best things to use as a mouth wash. It hardens the gums, leaves a clean taste in the mouth and a pleasant odor on the breath.

To mend a broken plaster cast, paint the broken surface over two or three times with very thick shellac varnish, and after each application burn the alcohol over the flame. When the shellac is soft, press the parts together and tie in place until cold. The article will be as strong as it was before being broken.

Household Hints.

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