

POETRY.

REMEMBER.

Remember, when the timid dawn unfolds Her magic palace to the sun's bright beams; Remember, when the pensive night reposes Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams...

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER IV.

"I learn from Burk, the station agent, that her actions aroused his suspicion, and instead of leaving town, as she said she intended, by the 7:15 train, she hung about the station, and finally took the 8:30 express this morning. He said she had begged permission to stay in the waiting-room, but that at 2:30, a. m., when he went back to open the ticket-office, she was nowhere to be found; and that later, he saw her coming down the railroad track. She must have gone back to Elm Bluff after I passed her on the road, and effected an entrance through the window on the front piazza, as it was found open; and the awful work of robbery and murder was accomplished during the storm, which you know was so frightful that it drowned all minor sounds. This morning when the general did not ring for his hot water at the usual time, it was supposed that he was sleeping late, but finally old Rodney knocked. Unable to arouse his master, he opened the door, and found an old friend lying on the floor, near the fire-place. He had been dead for hours, and close to his head was a heavy brass andiron, which evidently had been snatched from the hearth by the murderer, who must have dealt the fatal blow with it, as there was a dark spot on his temple, and also on the left side near the heart. The room was in disorder, and two glass vases on the mantel were shattered, as though some missile had struck them—probably a heavy ledger which was found on the floor.

perceived that he held a slip of yellow paper, from which he looked now and then at her face. His features were calm and heavy, but his eyes were keen as a ferret's; and without answering his question, she turned away and looked across the water which teemed with craft of every description, laden with freight. "You are at No. — West — street, between 14th and 16th avenues?" "You are a stranger, and your questions are offensive and impertinent." As she turned and confronted him haughtily, he stepped closer to her, threw back his blue overcoat, and pointed to the badge on his breast. "I am an officer of the law, and have a warrant for your arrest. You are Beryl Brentano." "I am Beryl Brentano, yes; but there is some blunder, some mistake. How dare you annoy me? Arrest me? Me! I am ordered to arrest you. My instructions are to deal with you as gently as possible. Better come quietly into the station near, and I will read you the warrant; otherwise I shall be obliged to use force. You see I have two assistants yonder." "Arrested for what? By whom?" "I am ordered to arrest you for the murder of General Darrington." "Murder! General Darrington is alive and well. I have just left him. Stand back! Do not touch me. I will call on the police to protect me." Laying his fingers firmly on her arm, he beckoned to two men clad in police uniform, who promptly approached. "You see resistance is worse than useless, and since there is no escape, come quietly."

The sight of the capital letters in the telegraphic despatches, coupling her name with a heinous and revolting crime, seemed to stab her eyes with red-hot thrusts; and shivering from head to foot, she slowly realized the suspicious sign of the disappearance of the will, which was the sole obstacle that debarred her from her grandfather's wealth. Although stunned by an unfamiliar truth in the omnipotence of innocence, she was tormented by a dread specter that would not "down" at her bidding; how could she prove that the money and the jewels had been given to her? Would the shock of the findings of her arrest kill her mother? Was there any possible way by which she might be kept in ignorance of this foul fraud? Beryl hid her face in her hands, and appeared spinning into chaos. She had opened the trip south so stealthily and vehemently, had so sorrowfully and resolutely yielded at last to maternal solicitation, and had been oppressed with such dire forebodings of some resultant evil. So bitter was her repugnance to the application to her grandfather, that she had set out on her journey, feeling as though it were a challenge to fate; and this was the answer? The vague distrust, the subtle sombre presentiment, the haunting shadow of an inexplicable ill, had all meant this, this bloody horror, dragging her fair name down to the loathsome mire of the slums of crime. Had some merciful angel leaped from the parapets of heaven and warned her; or did her father's spirit, in mysterious communion of deathless love and prescient guardianship, stir her soul to oppose her mother's scheme? Scrupulous and heedless Turquins are we all, when our patient Sisyphian intuitions finally abandon to the woes which they sought to avert. In the maddening rush and whirl of Beryl's reflections, her mother's image was the one centre around which all things circled; and at length, rallying her energies, she turned to her captor. "You intend to take me to prison?" "I am obliged to detain and deliver you to the officer who has come from X—with the warrant, and who will carry you back there for trial. He knew from the detentions along the route, that he could easily overhaul you here, so he went straight to Trenton with a requisition from the governor of his state upon governor Mansfield for your surrender. It is but a short run to the capital, and he expects to get here in time to catch the train going south to-day. We had to gram a while ago, saying the papers were all right, and that he should meet us at the train, as there will be only a few moments to spare." "But I must first see my mother. I must give her the money and explain—" "The money will be claimed by the officer who takes charge of you." "Have you no mercy? My mother is ill, destitute, and she will die unless I can go to her. Oh! I beg of you, for the sake of common humanity, carry me home, if only for five minutes. Just let me see mother, let me speak to her!" In the intensity of her dread, she fell upon her knees, and lifted her hands imploringly; and the anguish in her white quivering face was so pitiable that the man turned his head away. "I would like you if I could, but it is impossible. The law is against me, and it is intended as a terror to evil-doers. Things look awfully black for you, but all the same I am sorry for you, if your mother is to suffer for your deeds. If you wish to write to her, I will see that she receives your note; but you have very little time left." "O God! how hard! What a foul, horrible wrong inflicted upon the innocent!" She covered on the floor, unconscious that she still knelt; seeing only the suffering woman in that dreary attic across the river, where her feverish eyes watched for her return. "Accidentally Beryl's gaze fell on the bench of faded chrysanthemums which had dropped unnoticed on the floor, and snatching them she buried her face in their petals. Their perfume was the potent spell that now melted her to tears, and the tension of her over-taxed nerves gave way in a passionate burst of sobbing. When she rose a few moments later, the storm had passed; the face regained its stony rigidity, and henceforth she fronted fate with an unnatural calmness. "Will you give me some paper and a pen?" "You can write here at the desk." Mrs. Foster approached her, and said hesitatingly: "Would it comfort you at all, for me to go and see your mother and explain why you could not return to her? I am very sorry for you, poor thing." "Thank you, but—you could not explain, and the sight of a stranger would startle her. In one way you can help me. Do you know Dr. Grantin, of New York?" "Only by reputation; but I can find him."

"Will you deliver into his hand the note I am writing?" "I certainly will." "How soon?" "Before nine o'clock to-night." "Thank you—a thousand times." After a while she folded a sheet containing these words: "DEAR MR. GRANTIN:— "In the extremity of my distress, I appeal to you as a Christian gentleman, as a true physician, a healer of the suffering, and under God, the guardian of my mother's life. You know why I went to my grandfather. He gave me the money, one hundred dollars, and some valuable jewels. When in sight of home, I was arrested on the charge of having murdered my grandfather, and stolen his will. Need I tell you that I am as innocent as you are? The thought of my mother is the bitterest drop in my cup of shame and sorrow. You can judge best, how much it may be expedient to tell her, and you can devise the kindest method of breaking the truth, if she must know it. Have her removed to the hospital, and do not postpone the operation. O Doctor! be pitiful, be tender to her; and do not let her pay any more expenses. Some day I will pay you for all comforts incurred in her behalf, but at present I have not a dollar, as the money has been seized. I am sure you will not deny my prayer, and may God reward and bless you, for your mercy to my precious mother." "In grateful trust," "BERYL BRENTANO." "P. S.—If you approve, deliver the enclosed note." On a separate sheet she wrote: "MY DARLING MOTHER,— "Finding it necessary to return to X, I have requested Dr. Grantin to take particular care of you for a few days. Your father will never forgive, never receive you, but he kindly complied with your request and gave me one hundred dollars. Try to be patient until I can come and tell you everything, and believe that God will not forsake us. With these hurried lines, I send you a few chrysanthemums—your favorite flowers, which I gathered in the rose garden of your old home. When you smell them, think of your little girl who loves you better than her own life, and who will hasten home at the earliest possible moment, to take you in her arms. Mother, pray for me, and may God be very merciful to you, my dearest, and to—" "Your devoted child," "Beryl."

holds every person innocent until her guilt be fully proved and established." "Of the significance of law terms I know nothing; and of the usages of courts I am equally ignorant. If, as you suggest, I should waive an examination, should I escape imprisonment?" "No." "Then I must be tried at once; because I want to hurry back to my mother, who is ill, and needs me." "But you have no counsel as yet, and delay is your best policy." "Delay might cost my mother's life. I have no money to pay a lawyer to stand up and mystify matters, and my best policy is to defend myself, by telling the simple truth." Again Judge Dent sighed. Could guilt be masked by this fair resemblance of childlike guilelessness? TO BE CONTINUED. Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon its mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, soothes Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup." Conductor (shaking him vigorously)— "Ticket, sir!" Suburbanite (partially rousing himself)— "For heaven's sake, Nancy, get up and build it yourself! This is Sunday!" PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES. Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWANSEY'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swansey & Son, Philadelphia. "Is your mother at home, Johnny?" "Yes, ma'am, she's at home until some body calls, and then she's over at grandpa's." A GOOD VERDICT. "Sirs—I have great reason to speak well of your B. B. Bitters. I have taken 6 bottles for myself and family and find that for loss of appetite and weakness it has no equal. It cures sick headache, purifies the blood and will not fail when used. I heartily recommend it to all wanting a pure medicine." Mrs. HUGH McNEER, TRURO, N. S. "Well, Mr. Barber, how are times with you?" "Splendid. You know it's a good year for the crops." COLD WEATHER TRIALS. DEAR SIRS.—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail, I at last thought of trying B. B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine. J. T. DORR, HESLIP, MAN. Peace on earth and good will to men should prevent litigation over dead men's money. What are you using for your cold? Try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Says an exchange: "With money come poor relations." But poor relations never come with money. "How are you?" "Nice! Thank You." "Thank You!" "Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION Which cured me of CONSUMPTION." Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it. Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil. Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrophulous Bronchitis, Weakness, Pleurisy, Coughs and Colds. Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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