

Not I am satisfied. Now  
But it sets my blood  
here; it's burning shame  
my dear young Mistic's child  
in the cage?  
Dye had risen, and covering her face  
with her white apron, she wept for some  
minutes.  
"Are you not the wife of Bedney, who  
saved my mother's life, when she was  
burned?"  
"Yes, honey, I am Miss Dye, and if  
I am spared I will try to save yours."  
That is what has brought me here. You  
are "used of the robbery and the murder,  
and you have denied it in the court; but  
chile, the lie-ers are aworking day and  
night for to hang you, and little is spen  
of much on your side, and much is spen  
out of little on them. They are more  
cunning than foxes, and blood-thirster  
than panthers, and they no more git tired  
than the spiders, that spin and piece a  
web as fast as you break in. Three nights  
ago, I got down on my knees, and I kissed  
a little pink morocco slipper what your  
ma wore the day when she first took her  
first step from my arm to her own  
mother's knees, and I swore solemn oath,  
if I could help free Miss Ellie's child, I  
would do it. Now I want to ask you one  
thing. Did you love anything that day  
you come to our house, and had the talk  
with old master?"  
"Nothing, but my peace and happiness."  
"Are you shure you didn't drap your  
handkercher?"  
"Yes, I am sure I did not, because I  
wrapped it around some chrysanthemums  
I gathered as I went away."  
"Well, a lady's handkercher found in  
marster's room, and it did smell of chrysan-  
thems. Bedney picked it up, and we said  
nothing and laid low, and hid the thing;  
but that God-forsaken and predestinated  
sinner, Miss Angelina, kept searching and  
saw-draping, and set the lie-ers on the  
scout, and they have 'tained Bedney,  
on peril of jailing him, to perduce it.  
When it got into their claws, and I  
thought it might belong to you, my teeth  
chattered. Now, honey, can you testify  
before God and man, that handkercher ain't  
yours?"  
"Certainly can. I had only three  
handkerchiefs with me when I left home,  
and I have them still. Here is one, and  
the other two lie yonder. But that handker-  
chief is worth everything; because it  
must belong to the vile wretch who com-  
mitted the crime, and it will help to prove  
my innocence. Where is it?"  
"The grand jury is setting on it."  
Here Dye looked cautiously around,  
and tiptoed to the door; finding it ajar,  
closed it, then stole back. Putting her  
lips close to Beryl's ear, she whispered:  
"Did you lose a sleeve button?"  
"No, I did not." "I feel like all the bricks  
in the court-house was lifted off my heart,  
and flung away. I was in fear and trem-  
bling about that button, 'cause I picked it  
up, just under the aidge of the rag where  
old master fell, when he got his death  
blow; and as sure as the coming of judg-  
ment day, it was drapped by the pascion  
who killed him. I was so afeared it  
might belong to you, that I have been on  
the anxious seat ever since I found it;  
and I concluded the safest way was to  
bring it here to you. I am afeared to keep  
it at home, 'cause them yapping wolves as  
wear the skeekings of justice are on my  
trails. Now that button is worth a heep,  
and I am precious careful of it. Look here."

### SELECT STORY.

## BERYL BRENTANO

### THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"You poor, pitiful, rascally, cowardly  
creature! What's that oath you done  
swore, to help 'fend Miss Ellie's child?  
And you a deacon, high in the church!  
If I had found that handkercher, I would  
hide it till Gabriel's horn blows; and I  
would go to jail or to Jericho; and before  
I would give testimony agin your dear  
young Mistic's poor tridentless hair, I  
would chaw my tongue into sausage meat.  
Now, Marse Alfred, Bedney did tack the  
handkercher inside the portrait of president  
Dinkum, 'cause we thought that was the  
safest place, but I knowed the house  
would be searched, so I jest hid it in a  
better place."  
She stooped, lifted the wide hem of her  
black calico skirt, and proceeded to pick  
out the stitches which held it securely.  
When she had ripped the thread about a  
quarter of a yard, she raised the edge of  
the unusually deep hem, and drew out a  
white handkerchief with a colored border.  
Bedney snatched it from her, and  
handed it to the solicitor, who leaned  
close to the fire, and carefully examined  
it. As he held it up by the corners, his  
face became very grave and stern, and he  
sighed.  
"This is evidently a lady's handker-  
chief, and is so important in the case, that  
I shall keep it until the trial is over.  
Bedney, come to my office by nine o'clock  
to-morrow, as the grand jury may ask  
you some questions. Good-bye, Dye.  
Shake hands; for I honor your loyalty to  
your poor young mistress, and her un-  
fortunate child. You remind me of my  
own old mammy. Dear good soul, she  
was as true as steel."  
As Mr. Churchill left the house, Bedney  
accompanied him to the gate. When he  
returned, the door was locked. In vain  
he demanded admittance; in vain tried  
the windows; every entrance was securely  
barred, and though he heard Dye moving  
about within, she deigned no answer to  
his earnest pleadings. The remainder of  
that night was spent in the great hay-bin  
of the Elm Bluff stables. When the sun  
rose next morning, Bedney rushed to re-  
sume his work. The door of his house  
stood open; a fire glowed on the well-  
worn hearth, where a pot of boiling coffee  
and a plate of biscuit welcomed him;  
but Dye was nowhere visible, and a vig-  
orous search soon convinced him that she  
had left home on some pressing errand.  
Two hours later, Mrs. Singleton opened  
the door of the small room adjoining her  
own bedchamber, to which she had in-  
sisted upon removing the prisoner.  
Beryl stood leaning against the barred  
window, and did not even turn her head.  
"Here is a negro woman, begging to  
see you, for a few moments. She says she  
is an old family servant of General Dar-  
rington's."  
Standing with her back toward the  
door, the prisoner put out one hand with  
a repellent gesture:  
"I have suffered enough from General  
Darrington and his friends; and I will  
see nobody connected with that fatal  
place, which has been a curse to me."  
"Just as you please; but old Auntie  
here says she nursed your mother, and on  
that account wants to see you."  
Without waiting for permission, Dye  
darted past the warden's wife, and almost  
before Beryl was aware of her presence,  
stood beside her.  
"Are you Miss Ellie's daughter?"  
"Liestly the girl turned and looked at  
her, and Dye threw her arms around her  
slender waist, and, falling on her knees,  
hid her face in Beryl's dress, sobbing pas-  
sionately.  
"Oh, my lovely! my lovely! To think  
you should be shut up here! To see Miss  
Ellie's baby jailed among the offscourings  
of the earth! Oh, honey! Just look  
straight at me, like you was facing your  
accusers before the bar of God, and tell  
me you didn't kill your grands. Tell  
me you never dipped your pretty hands  
in ole marster's blood."  
Tears were streaming down Dye's  
cheeks, and she shook from head to foot.  
"If you knew my mother, how can you  
think it possible her child could commit  
an awful crime?"  
"Oh, God knows—I don't know what  
to think! 'Pears to me the world is  
turned upside down. You see, honey,  
you are half and half; and while I am  
perfectly shure of Miss Ellie's half of you,  
'cause I can always swear to our side,  
the Darrington—in you, I can't testify  
'twer your pa's side; he was a—"  
"de was as much a gentleman as my  
her was a lady; and I would rather  
daughter, than call a king my  
"There ain't no drop  
can see, and if  
"ances are  
"the  
"but I  
"on

Physical exhaustion was following close  
upon the mental agony that had stretched  
her on the rack, for so many days and  
nights. To sit still was impossible, yet in  
her wandering up and down the narrow  
room, she recoiled, and sometimes staggered  
against the wall, from her weakness, to  
which she would not succumb.  
"Hanna help was no more possible for  
her than for Moses when he climbed Nebo  
to die; and alone with her God, the brave  
soul wrestled. Wearily she leaned against  
the window bars, twining her hot fingers  
around them, pressing her forehead to the  
cold barrier; and every where "Ricordo"  
stabbed her eyes like glowing steel.  
The door opened, some words were ut-  
tered in an undertone, then the bolt  
clicked in its socket, and Mr. Danbar ap-  
proached the window. Mechanically  
Beryl glanced over her shoulder, and a  
shiver crept across her.  
"I believe you know me. Danbar is  
my name."  
He stood at her side and they looked  
into each other's eyes and measured looks.  
Could this worn, pallid woman be the  
same person who in the fresh vigor of her  
youthful beauty had suggested to him on  
the steps of Elm Bluff an image of  
Hylgia? Here innocente girlhood was  
dead as Manetho's dynasties, and years  
seemed to have passed over his auburn  
head since he saw it last. Human faces  
are nature's highest type of etchings, and  
mean and angelic deeper than the  
Dutch mordant; and every where "Ricordo"  
traced finest lines.  
"Yes, I know you only too well. You  
are Tiberias."  
Her luminous deep eyes held his at  
bay, and despite his habitual haughty  
equipoise, his crisp tone of measureless  
aversion stung him.  
"Sarcastic is an ill selected epithet be-  
tween you and me; and your fate for all  
time, your future woe or joy, is rather a  
costly shuttlecock to be tossed to and fro  
in a game of wits. I do not come to  
handy phrases, and in view of your im-  
minent peril I cannot quite understand  
your irony."  
"Understand me? You never will.  
Did the bloodthirsty soul of Tiberius com-  
prehend the stainless innocence of the  
victim he crushed for pasture on the  
rocks below Villa Jovis? There is but  
one arbiter for your hatred, the hangman,  
to whom you would so gladly hurry me.  
Hunting a woman to the gallows is fit  
sport for men of your type."  
"Unable to withdraw his gaze from the  
magnificence of hers, he frowned and bit  
his lip. Was she feigning madness, or under  
the terrible nervous strain, did her mind  
wander?  
"Your language is so enigmatical, that  
I am forced to conclude you resort to this  
method of defence. The exigencies of  
professional duty compel me to assume  
toward you an attitude as painfully em-  
barrassing to me as it is threatening to  
you. Because the stern and bitter law of  
justice sometimes entails keen sorrow  
upon those who are forced to execute her  
decrees, is it any less obligatory upon the  
appointed officers to obey the solemn be-  
liefs?"  
"Justice! Into what a frightful mock-  
ery have you so degraded her worship-  
ful! No wonder justice fled to the stars.  
You are the appointed officer of a happy  
screaming for the blood of the innocent.  
How dare you commit your crimes, raise  
your red hands, in the sacred name of  
justice? Call yourself the priest of a  
frantic vengeance, for whom some victim  
must be provided; and libel no more the  
attribute of Jehovah."  
"Scorn curled her lips, and beneath her  
glowing eyes his grew restless, as pano-  
rmed in conscious innocence, she seemed  
to defy attack.  
"You evidently credit me with motives  
of personal animosity, which would al-  
lign my profession and my manhood.  
For your sake, rather than my own, I  
should like to remove this erroneous im-  
pression from your mind. If you could  
only understand—"  
She threw up her hand with an im-  
perious gesture of disdain.  
"Save your sophistries; they are  
wasted here. Why multiply cobwebs? I  
understand you. If doves have a statu-  
ette that warns them before they hear  
the hawk's cry, or discern the shadow of  
his circling wings; and if mice, dumb in  
a cat's claws, surmise the exact value of  
the preliminary caresses, the graceful antics,  
the fatal fondling of the velvet paw; so  
we, the prey of legal justice, know in-  
stinctively what the swaying of censers  
and the chanting of her high priest mean,  
when he draws near us. I understand you.  
You intend to hang me if you can."  
He drew his breath with a hissing  
sound, and a dark flash stained his broad  
smooth brow.  
"On my honor as a gentleman, I came  
here to-day solely to—"  
"Solely to assure yourself of some  
doubtful link you must weld into your  
chain; solely to plunge the scalpel of  
some double-edged question. If there  
must be an ante-mortem examination, we  
will wait, if you please, for the legal dis-  
section when I am stretched before the  
jury-box. Until then, you have no right  
to intrude upon the misery you have  
brought on an innocent woman."  
They stood so near each other, that he  
could count the fierce throbbing of the  
artery in her snowy throat, and see the  
shadow of her long lashes; and again  
some electric current flashed from her  
feverishly bright eyes, burning its way to  
the secret chambers of his selfish heart,  
melting the dross that ambition and greed  
had slowly cemented, and dropping one  
deathless spark into a deep abyss, of  
the existence of which he had never even  
dreamed. Unconsciously he leaned to-  
ward her, but she pressed back against  
the iron bars, and drew her dress aside as  
if threatening a deadly question. If there  
was no pretence in the motion, but its significance  
pricked him like a dagger point.  
"It was the hope of finding you an in-  
nocent woman that must plead my par-  
don for what you consider an unwarrant-  
able intrusion. Will you believe me, if  
I swear to you that I have come as a  
friend?"  
"As a friend to me? No. As a friend  
to General Darrington and his adopted  
son, Prince? Yes. Oh, Tiberias! Your  
royal apples are flavoured like those your  
forefathers offered Agrippina."  
"Do you regard me as an unscrupulous,  
calculating villain, who, pretending kind-  
ness, plots treachery? Do you delib-  
erately offer me this wanton insult?"  
His swart face reddened, and the fine  
lines of his handsome mouth hardened.  
She shrank a few inches closer to the  
window, and compressed her lips.  
"If you were a man I should swiftly  
resent the affront you have thrust upon  
me, and suitable redress would be pecu-  
liarly sweet and welcome; but you are a  
feminine and unfortunate woman, and  
I am tied. I desire to help you;  
I want my method  
because it is  
but I  
on

He? Why he got out, tonight?  
She? I was but thinking, 'Ricordo' that  
this was the last evening we could be to-  
gether till to-morrow."  
Mrs. Wrenlow's Sootiness Syrup has been  
used by millions of mothers for their  
children while teething. It disturbed  
at night and broken rest by a sick  
child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth  
send it once and get a bottle of "Mrs.  
Wrenlow's Sootiness Syrup" for Children  
Teething. It will relieve the poor little  
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it,  
there is no mistake about it. It  
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and  
Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums  
and reduces Inflammation. 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 druggists throughout the  
world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wren-  
low's Sootiness Syrup."  
Chapple—Shall we omdah wine sauce  
with this puddin'?"  
"Cholly—Yass. I feel doocid to-day,  
and don't caish if I do get drunk."  
FAMILIAR FAMILY FRIENDS.  
The family store of medicine should  
contain a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil.  
Mrs. Hannah Hutchin, of Rosway, N. S.,  
says: "We have used Hagar's Yellow  
Oil in our family for six years, for coughs,  
colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and  
find it so good we cannot do without it."  
"But what on earth could have induced  
you to marry a man so utterly your inferior?"  
"My dear girl I never met a man  
who was!"  
DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S  
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver  
Oil. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—  
Use It. For sale by all druggists. 35  
cents per bottle.  
A man never has so great a trouble as  
when he has one he can't blame on any  
one else.  
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, be-  
coming very sore. SWANSON'S Ointment  
stops the itching and bleeding, heals ul-  
cers, and in most cases removes the  
tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50  
cents. Dr. Swanson & Son, Philadelphia.  
The farmer who closely packs his load  
of wool is sure to strike the popular  
chord.  
DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S  
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver  
Oil. If you have a cold—Use It. For  
sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.  
Young ladies should not forget that  
Goliath died from the effects of a bang on  
his forehead.  
A SENSIBLE STATEMENT.  
Sirs,—Having used Burdock Blood Bit-  
ters successfully for some time past, I must  
state that for my complaint of biliousness  
and acid stomach I have never found an  
aid, and I continue to use it and recom-  
mend it to my friends and neighbors.  
W. STURROX, St. Thomas, Ont.  
It is easier to forgive enemies we have  
worsted than enemies who have worsted us.  
"The doctor said my faith in Johnson's  
Anodyne Liniment was correct," writes an  
friend.  
Teacher: "Now, Tommy, tell me who  
first discovered whalebone." Tommy:  
"Jonah."  
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article.

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GEO. H. DAVIS,  
Druggist and Seedsman  
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.  
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"August  
Flower"  
I had been troubled five months  
with Dyspepsia. The doctors told  
me it was chronic. I had a fullness  
after eating and a heavy load in the  
pit of my stomach. I suffered fre-  
quently from a Water Brash of clear  
matter. Sometimes a deadly Sick-  
ness at the Stomach would overtake  
me. Then again I would have the  
terrible pains of Wind Colic. At  
such times I would try to belch and  
could not. I was working then for  
Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor.  
Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny  
City, Pa., in whose employ I had  
been for seven years. Finally I used  
August Flower, and after using just  
one bottle for two weeks, was en-  
tirely relieved of all the trouble. I  
can now eat things I dared not touch  
before. I would like to refer you to  
Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked,  
who knows all about my condition,  
and from whom I bought the medi-  
cine. I live with my wife and family  
at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa.  
Signed, JOHN D. COX.  
G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,  
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BURDOCK  
Regulates the Stomach,  
Liver and Bowels, unlocks  
the Secretions, Purifies the  
Blood and removes all im-  
purities from a Pimple to  
the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD  
CURES  
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,  
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SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA,  
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BITTERS  
TURN IT ROUND.  
NOW is the time to have your hindlegs raised,  
moved or changed. The work can be  
better done now than in summer. May, stock or  
wood carefully looked after and so damage to  
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ed to at once.  
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JUST RECEIVED:  
25 D'ORFEE Team Bells, straps to suit, Chimes  
for shafts. Gongs for Back Sides.  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

A SENSIBLE STATEMENT.  
Sirs,—Having used Burdock Blood Bit-  
ters successfully for some time past, I must  
state that for my complaint of biliousness  
and acid stomach I have never found an  
aid, and I continue to use it and recom-  
mend it to my friends and neighbors.  
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Anodyne Liniment was correct," writes an  
friend.  
Teacher: "Now, Tommy, tell me who  
first discovered whalebone." Tommy:  
"Jonah."

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patronage bestowed on them in the past, and also to  
remind them that their Stock is now complete for the

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Fancy Goods, which will be found the largest and best assorted Stock ever seen in this city. All  
of which have been marked at prices that will find a ready sale, and we particularly invite you to  
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Too Numerous to mention.  
TOYS OF ALL KINDS,  
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DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S  
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver  
Oil. If you have consumption—Use it.  
For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.  
It's the woman who has a brown plush  
sauce on who can quickest tell a sealakin  
when she sees it on another woman.  
WINTER SPORTS.  
The gay winter season exposes many to  
attacks of cold, coughs, hoarseness, tight-  
ness of the chest, asthma, bronchitis, etc.,  
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