

POETRY.

WHERE'S BILL.

Where's Bill? Yes, o' course I'm glad to see th' old town once again; When I turned th' bend I had to see th' old town once again; I see that old steep stairs...

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On Saturday the regulations of prison discipline reduced the working hours much below the daily quota, and at two o'clock the ringing of the tower bell announced that the busy convicts were allowed leisure the remainder of the afternoon.

Jane had followed fast upon the heavy breath of May, and though the air at dawn was still filled with crystal dew, the sun had shown through the open windows of the little chapel, and burned fiercely on the unpainted pine seats.

On one of the front benches sat Iva Le Bongeois, with a pair of crutches resting beside her on the arm of the seat. Recovering slowly from the paralysis resulting from diphtheria, she had followed Beryl into the chapel, and listened to the hymn the latter had played and sung.

Helpless victim of her own outraged conscience, she seemed at times to be sinking into mental apathy more pitiable than that which had seized her physically; and the only solace possible she found in the encouraging words uttered by the voice that had prayed for her during that long night of mortal agony, in the gentle pressure of the soft hand that often guided her tottering footsteps.

The organ stops had been pushed back, the musical echoes vibrated no longer; and the bare room, filled with grayish sunshine, was so still that the drowsy grinding of a heel, high up on the window sash became monotonously audible.

Within the chancel, and to the right of the pulpit, a large blackboard had been placed, and on a chair in front of it stood Beryl, engrossed in putting the finishing touches to a sketch which filled the entire board.

The lesson selected for the Sunday afternoon Bible-class, which Beryl had so successfully organized among a few of the female convicts, was the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and at the top of the blackboard was written in large letters: "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost."

She had drawn in the foreground the flock crowded in security, rounded up by the collie guard in a grassy meadow; in the distance, overlooking the gorge, was a bald, precipitous crag behind which a wolf crouched, watching the shepherd, who tenderly bore in his arms the lost wanderer. On the opposite side of the blackboard had been carefully copied the gospel hymn beginning:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay; A peasant cry for Ev'ry Nine'sen's baby who had been playing by her chair, recalled Beryl's attention; and as she looked down at the wails, when the chaplain had christened "Dovie" on the day of her mother's burial, the little one held up her arms.

"So tired, Dovie? You can't be hungry; you must want your nap. There don't fret, baby girl. I will take you directly." She stepped down, turned the side of the blackboard that contained the sketch to the wall, and lifted the child from the floor. Approaching the figure who sat motionless as a statue of wax, she laid a hand on the drooping shoulder.

"Shall I help you down the steps?" "No; I'll stay here a while. This is the only place where I can get courage enough to pray. Couldn't you leave her—the child—with me? It has been years since I could bear the sight of one, but now my heart yearns toward this little thing."

"Certainly, if she will stay contentedly. See whether she will come to you." At sight of the extended arms the baby shrieked doer to Beryl, nestled her head under the girl's chin, and put up her lower lip in ominous protest. With an indescribably mournful gesture of surrender, the childless mother sank bank in the corner of the bench.

"I don't wonder she is afraid; she knows—everybody, everything knows I killed my baby—my own boy. Oh!" "Hush! She was frightened by your crying. She is sleepy now, but when she has had her nap, and wakes good-humored, I will fill her bottle and bring her down to you. Try not to torment yourself by dwelling upon a distressing past which you cannot undo; but by prayer anchor your soul in God's pardoning mercy. When all the world hoots and stoness us, God is our 'sure refuge.'"

"That promise is to pure hearts and innocent hands; not to such as I am." "No. One said: 'The whole need not a physician; but they that are sick.' Your soul is sick unto death; claim the pledged cure. Yonder I have copied the hymn for to-morrow's lesson. While you sit here, commit it to memory, and the Shepherd will hear your cry."

Hurrying from the wall of anguish that no human agency could lighten, Beryl carried the orphan across the yard, and up the stairs, leading to the corridor. The south-west angle of the building was exposed fully to the force of the afternoon sun, and the narrow cell was so hot that Beryl opened the door leading to the corridor.

The tired child was fretfully drowsing, but with the innate perversity of toddling babyhood, resented and resisted every effort to soothe her to sleep. Refusing to lie across the nurse's lap, Beryl rose and walked up and down, until the blue eyes closed.

Wearily the nurse laid her down in a cradle, and drawing it close to the table, Beryl straightened the white cross-barred mattress, and the woe too short to cover the rosy dimpled feet.

The Sister of Charity, who, in the darkest hours of pestilence, had shrouded the poor young mother, did not forget the wail stray in the world; but having secured a home for it in the asylum, to which she promised it should be removed, so soon as all danger of carrying the contagion was over, had appointed the ensuing Monday on which to bear it away.

"Poor, little blossom. Nobody's baby! A fly had drifted on a dead sea of sin. Dovie—Eve Warrick's child—but you will always be to me Dovie, my velvet-eyed cherub model."

Turning away, she bathed her face and hands, and leaned for awhile against the southern window. The current of air had swung the door back, leaving only a hand-breadth of open space, and while she sang to the baby, her own voice had drowned the sound of footsteps in the corridor.

On the whitewashed wall of the cell a sheet of drawing paper had been tacked, and taking her crayons, Beryl returned to the cradle, changed the position of the child's left hand, and approaching the almost completed sketch on the wall, refigured the outlines of the sleeping figure.

For weeks the elaboration of this sketch had employed every moment which was not demanded for the execution of her allotted daily task in the convict workshop; and knowing that on Monday she would be bereft of her pretty model, she had redoubled her exertion to complete it. Beside a hier kneeling winged figure, in act of stealing the rigid form, and to the awful yet strangely beautiful face of the messenger of gloom, she had given the streaming hair, the sunken, cavernous mouth, the radiant eyes of Maria Retzsch's weird image of Death. A white butterfly fluttered upward, and in mid-air—neither descending nor drifting, but waiting—poised on outspread pinions, hovered the Angel of the Resurrection, holding out his hands, and beneath the Destroyer rolled dense shadows, and all the light in this picture rayed out from the plumes above, and fell like a glory on the baby's face.

Cut off from all congenial companionship, thrown upon her own mental resources, the prisoner had learned to live in an ideal world, and her artistic tastes proved an indestructible heritage of comfort, while memory ministered lavishly with images from the crowded realm of aesthetics. Victorious over the stony limitations of dungeon walls and dungeon discipline, fetterless imagination soared into the kingdom of beauty, and fed her lonely soul, as Syrian ravens fed God's prophet.

Fourteen months had passed since Mr. Dunbar walked away from this cell, after the interview relative to Gen'l Darrington's will; and though his longing to see the prisoner had driven him twice to the entrance of the chapel, whence he heard the marvellously sweet voice, and gazed at the figure before the organ, no word was exchanged.

"I was not aware of it; but I am grateful for your effort in my behalf!" "I was disappointed. The pardon was not granted. Since then, fate, who frowned so long upon you, has come to your rescue. The truth has been discovered, proclaimed; and I came here this afternoon with an order for your release. For you the prison doors and gates stand open. You are as free as you were that cursed day when first you saw me and robbed my life of peace."

For a moment she looked at him bewildered; then a great dread drove the blood from her lips, and her voice shook. "What truth has been discovered?" "The truth that you are innocent has been established to the entire satisfaction of judge and jury, prosecution and governor, sheriff and warden, and you are free. Not pardoned for that which all the world knows now you never committed; but acquitted through my help, by the discovery of a fact which removes every shadow of suspicion from your name. You are at liberty, owing no thanks to human mercy; vindicated by a witness subpoenaed by the God of justice, in whom you trusted—even to the end."

"Witness? What witness? You do not mean that you have hunted down—" She paused, and her white face was pitious with terror, as pushing away the cradle, she came close to him. "I have seen the face of the man who killed Gen'l Darrington."

She threw up her arms, crossing them over her head. "Oh, my God! Have I suffered in vain? Shall I be denied the recompense? After all my martyrdom, must I lose the one hope that sustained me?"

Despite the rage which the sight of her suffering woe within his heart, he could not endure to witness it. "Can you find no comfort in release? No joy in this new comparison with your triumphant vindication?"

"None! If you have robbed me of that which is all I care for on earth, what solace can I find in release? Vindication? What is the opinion of the world to me? Oh! how I long to see the man who, that you persecute me so vindictively, that you stab the only comfort life can ever hold for me?"

"And you love him so insanely, that to secure his safety, existence here in this mortal city is sweeter in comparison with freedom unsharred with him? I have labored to liberate you; and now that I have come to set you free, you repulse and spurn me!"

She was so engrossed by one foreboding thought, that it was evident she had not even heard him, as moving to the bench in front of the window, she sat down, shivering. Her black brows contracted till they met, and the strained expression of her eyes told that she was revolving some possibility of succour.

"Where did you see my—my—?" "Not in Dakota mines, where I expected to find him."

"Mr. Dunbar." She pointed to the chair at her side. He shook his head, but approached and stood before her. "I am waiting for you."

"I sent you a telegram, promising information that would have prevented that journey."

"Unconsciously she was wringing her hands as her thoughts whirled. Grantin collected for his Christmas card. He retained only a portion of the amount, and sent me the remainder. Mr. Singleton kept it for me, and it is all that I need now."

The pulse contained also a ticket to New York, as it has been supposed that you would desire to return there at once."

"Take all back, with my earnest thanks. I prefer to owe X—only the remembrance of the great kindness which some friend has shown me. The officers here have been uniformly considerate and courteous to me; Mr. and Mrs. Singleton will ever be very dear to me for numberless kind deeds; and Sister Serena was a staff of strength during that frightful black week of the trial."

She passed, and her voice betrayed something of the tumult at her heart, while a sudden wave of scarlet overlaid her cheeks, she rose and held out both hands.

"I have some money which Doctor Grantin collected for his Christmas card. He retained only a portion of the amount, and sent me the remainder. Mr. Singleton kept it for me, and it is all that I need now."

"The farmer who believes in witches seldom believes in ditches."

Quicker than anything else on earth, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will reduce inflammation.

A name suitable for the sweetheart of a besieged general—Sally.

When a small boy saves up his cents until he accumulates a hundred, he is privileged to celebrate a centennial.

Used up ball players and athletes find Johnson's Anodyne Liniment a balm in Gilead.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and in my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXETER and P. O. address.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

How are you? Nicely, 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 fish product. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, 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.

CONSUMPTION.

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkcaldy, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHTS! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

ST. JACOBS OIL

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in that room at Elm Bluff, guarding that door; and the vigil was cheered by the picture hope drew; that when I came to lay your dear hands in mine, and tell me that, at least, gratitude would always keep a place for me warm in your noble heart. I have my recompense in the old currency of scorn. It was well for you if you had shown me your hatred less plainly; now I shall indulge less hesitation in following the clue the lightning lays in my grasp. I warn you that your release only expedites his arrest, and the day you hasten to him seals his fate. Long-imprisoned doves, when set free, fly straight to their distant mates; so take care lest the hawk overtake both."

Looking up at him, listening almost breathlessly to the tale of a deliverance that involved new peril for Beryl, the color came slowly back to her blanched face, and her parted lips quivered.

"If the picture means anything, it proves that Gen'l Darrington made the assault with a brass and iron, and in the struggle that followed, the man you saw might have killed him in self-defence."

"When he is brought to trial in X—, he shall never be allowed the benefit of your affectionate supposition. I promise you that I will annihilate your tenderly devised theory."

He ground his teeth in view of the transparent fact that she too intently considering the bearing of the revelation upon the safety of another to heed the thought of her own escape from bondage.

The little cluster of flowers fastened at her throat had become loosened, and fell unnoticed into her lap. He stooped, picked them up, and straightened them on his palm. When his eyes returned to Beryl, she had bowed her face in her shielding hands.

How little he dreamed that she was already praying for strength to deny the cry of her own beating heart, and to keep him from making shipwreck of the honor which she supposed was still pledged to Leo! Security for her brother, and unswerving loyalty to the absent woman who had befriended her in the darkest hours of the accusation, were objects difficult to accomplish simultaneously; yet at every hazard she would struggle on.

Because she had learned to love so well this man, who was the promised husband she had believed in, she was merciful to her own disloyalty.

Mr. Dunbar laid on the bench a small package sealed in yellow paper. "Knowing that your detention here has necessarily forfeited all the industrial engagements by which you maintained yourself before you came South, I have been requested to ask your acceptance of this purse, which contains sufficient money to defray your expenses until you resume your art labors. It is an offering from your twelve jurors."

"No—I could never touch it. Tell them for me that I am not vindictive. I know they did the best they could for me in view of the evidence. Tell them I am grateful for their offer, but I cannot accept it."

"You imagine I am one of the generous contributors? Be easy; I have not offered you a cent. I am merely the bearer of the gift, or rather, the attempt at restitution. Your refusal will grieve them, and add to the pang of regret that very justly afflict them at present."

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Mrs. Winslow'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. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, 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 all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Why do some of the religionists make such a fuss about tobacco? The whiff from a cigarette will surely keep the devil at bay.

WORTH SIX A BOTTLE. DEAR SIRS,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, and have found it to be the best medicine I ever used. I could not eat without suffering from a terrible burning pain in the pit of my stomach. I used six bottles of B. B. and am glad to-day, it completely cured me. I take a bottle every spring and would not be without it if it cost \$10 a bottle.

DAVID PRILEY, Morley, Alb.

Water will run up hill for anyone willing to pay the price of a private box to see the performance.

CHARLATANS AND QUACKS Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has parted to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction passed itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

A man's eyes may be his market, but they more resemble his marketing when he eats horse radish.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S Oxygenated Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have a cold—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

A proper interest in caring for the mowing machine will save the principle that'll buy a new one.

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND. DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with since childhood. She is now twelve years old.

Mrs. M. FAIRFIELD, Scotland, Ont.

Worry kills off as many as consumption or fever. You are your own doctor, too.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S Oxygenated Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

People who hire workers only own their time. Labor is bought, not the laborer.

Tired, languid people who lack energy and appetite should take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best tonic strengthener and purifier extant.

A well-kept beard is a prayer for mercy to which the Creator is never deaf.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S Oxygenated Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Absent-mindedness is usually found on the credit side of the ledger.

"Having used Burdock Blood Bitters for general debility, weakness and lack of appetite, I found it a safe cure."

HENRY HOWARD, Brunswick, Ont.

A good tenant pays his own rent; a poor one makes the land pay it.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S Oxygenated Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

The farmer who believes in witches seldom believes in ditches.

Quicker than anything else on earth, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will reduce inflammation.

A name suitable for the sweetheart of a besieged general—Sally.

When a small boy saves up his cents until he accumulates a hundred, he is privileged to celebrate a centennial.

Used up ball players and athletes find Johnson's Anodyne Liniment a balm in Gilead.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and in my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXETER and P. O. address.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

CONSUMPTION.

How are you? Nicely, 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 fish product. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, 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.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy.

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