

Beautiful But Poor.

By JULIA EDWARDS.

Author of "The Little Widow," "Prettiest of All,"
"Stella Stirling."

(Continued.)

But the steamer was hours behind, and though Mr. Bishop, the chief engineer, drove the firemen to their work, the steamer could not make Fall River within four hours of the regular train time. But the captain told his passengers at the breakfast table that there would be a special train ready when that boat reached her wharf to take them right on, and he added that it was better to be late and safe than early and in peril, adding a remark which he credited to his engineer.

"I'd rather get to Fall River six hours behind time than to go to perdition on time."

Only the reporters on board new, and it had been given to them on condition that they should not repeat it there, how near to destruction they had been; and the captain, with manly delicacy and honor, had refrained from pointing out Miss Butler to them as the heroine, thus saving her from the torture of being interviewed.

At breakfast Captain Smith was very polite and attentive to our heroine, but as he was always to all his passengers that did not expose her.

At last the noble steamer, much to the joy of all on board, and of friends and agents on shore, made her port, and ran into her regular wharf.

"Miss Butler," said the captain, "when you return to New York please take passage on my boat, and if you purchase a ticket I shall feel hurt. The complimentary card, which contains my name, will pass you on the railroad at all times, and I want you to think how much I owe you when you do me the real favor to accept it."

He was escorting her to the boat from the cars when he said this, and she could not refuse to accept his card, whether she ever used it or not.

In five minutes more the cars bore the glad passengers toward the city so often called the "Hub"—I hardly understand why.

And now I must draw a sorrowful picture there. In a chamber in one of the most pretentious houses on Beacon Hill, in the city of Boston, a lady hardly past middle age, who must in health have been very beautiful, lay dying.

A minister, two physicians, and several weeping friends were near, and the former was speaking words which he hoped would comfort her, or lessen the agony of that dread moment.

The physicians had endeavored to get her to take an opiate to lessen her pains, which were wearing her out, but she would not, but kept crying out:

"Oh, my daughter! She will come—I know she will come to forgive me before I die. I want all my senses. I want to tell her what I have suffered through my false pride. Her father is dead—died praying

that he might only see and bless his child. And I must die, too, without seeing her? Oh, no. God is too merciful. Pray—oh, pray, minister of God, that she be sent to me before I die."

And her white, thin lips moved all the time he knelt in prayer.

And before he arose to his feet, while the others, kneeling, listened and wept, a wild, glad cry broke from that mother's lips.

"She is coming! My Georgiana is coming! I heard a carriage stop at the door. It is she—thank Heaven, it is my daughter!"

How a mother's ear, even when that mother was on her death-bed, could hear what no one else had heard, how she could feel so certain her child was near, is beyond our ken. But it was so.

A minute, scarcely that, had elapsed, when the door softly opened, and mother and child wept in each other's arms.

It was a holy scene. No word of recrimination, no breath of the past, only this:

"Mother, dear mother!"

"My child! God bless my only child—my love!"

There was not a dry eye in the room—those who had wept with grief before over a dying friend, now wept with joy to think her eyes had not closed before that meeting—that reconciliation took place.

But the physicians knew that the strength of Mrs. Lonsdale could not last—that the spark so near gone, flashing up, could last but little longer.

And the change began almost before they expected it.

We need not say that Georgiana Emeline Lonsdale was the real name of our heroine, but that was the name of the dying lady's daughter, and what daughter was our heroine.

"Raise me up. Let me look at you. Oh, Georgiana—my dear—dear child!" gasped the mother. "I prayed but to live for this—and—God has been good. My will—here—under my pillow all the time!"

The physicians pressed forward. With a moan of sorrow Georgiana pressed that wan face to her beating heart.

"Mother—mother—live for me," she sobbed.

"Bless—blessed—child—thank God!"

"She lives forever in a brighter world," said the minister, with touching solemnity.

And our heroine, yet clasping that form, so dear that nothing of the past could come to mind, looked down on a smiling face frozen in the still snow of death.

Gently the kind friends removed her clasp, tenderly the good pastor said: "Blessed is He who gives. Blessed is He who takes away."

Long, long the poor girl wept, and would not be comforted. What to her was the costly mansion, furnished as few other houses in the city were adorned? What to her a bank account second to few in Boston? What to her, horses, carriages, old family plate, jewels that had been owned generation after generation by her ancestors, now all her own? Her father, ever kind, her mother, with whom she had parted in anger when she chose a heart's idol, all too early cast down, were gone—forever gone from earth.

It was well her sorrow found relief in tears. She wept until exhausted, and then herself needing a physician, she sank to sleep. She had not till then slept one moment since the night before she started from New York.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. W— was up and out bright and early that Sunday morning, anxious to see the Sunday papers, daily and weekly, most of which he knew did not go to press till late in the night, or rather early in the morning, and he hoped from these to hear something about the storm on the Sound—something to assure him of the safety of the one who was first and foremost in his thoughts. All that he could find in these papers was that just as they were closing up their columns to go to press a fearful gale was blowing from the northeast, and that disasters on the Sound and all along the Atlantic coast might be expected. But none had been heard from yet. All the Sound line steamers left at their regular hour, and must meet and face the gale en route.

And this was all he could learn without telegraphic news came of sufficient importance to cause the issue of extras. Nervously he watched for these, and at last, not far from noon—a little after it—he heard a street Arab shouting:

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