

POETRY.

CHICKENS HOME TO ROOST.

The world is wide and the faithful tide Returns to the welcome sands...

Be careful, then, ye sons of men, What reckless words ye say...

Many a time you've dipped in slime The name of a modest maid...

The words you say are hidden away On the faithful judgment shelf...

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER VI.

"I think I must have been only half awake, and with my mind fixed on my dream, I ran out in front of the station-house..."

"Her statement impresses me differently. She is either entirely innocent, or she had an accomplice, whose voice she recognized, and this clue should be investigated."

"No one can help me now." She turned and looked at her face, and silently followed the deputy sheriff...

"When he would have assisted her, she haughtily repelled him. 'I will follow you, because I must; but do not put your hands on me.'"

"With your honor's permission I should like to ask the prisoner whom she expected to see, when she recognized the woman?"

"A person who is very dear to me, but who is not in the United States." "What is the name of that person?"

"Her lips moved to pronounce his name, but she swiftly intuitive warning restrained the utterance. Suddenly a new horror, a ghastly possibility, thrust itself for the first time before her, and she felt as though some hand of ice clutched her heart."

"Those who watched her so closely, saw the blood ebb from cheeks and lips; noted the sally pallor that succeeded, and the strange groping motion of her hands. She staggered toward the platform, and when the magistrate caught her arms, she fell against him like some tottering marble image, entirely unconscious."

"So prolonged and death-like was the swoon, and so futile the usual methods of restoration, that the prisoner was carried into the small ante-room, and laid upon a wooden bench; where a physician, who chanced to be in the audience, was summoned to attend her. Finding restorative ineffectual, he took out his lancet."

"This is no ordinary fainting fit." He attempted to roll up one of her sleeves, but seeing this was impracticable, would have unfastened her dress, had not Judge Dent arrested his hand.

"No, doctor; cut out the sleeve, if necessary, but don't touch her otherwise." "Let me assist you; I can easily bare the arm."

"As he spoke, Mr. Dunbar knelt beside the bench, and with a small, sharp pen-knife ripped the seam from elbow to shoulder, from elbow to wrist, swiftly and deftly folding back the sleeve, and exposing the perfect moulding of the snowy arm."

"Just hold the hand, Dunbar, so as to keep it steady." Clapping closely the hand, which the physician laid in his palm, the attorney noted the exquisite symmetry of the slender fingers and oval nails. He bent forward and watched the frozen face. When the heavily-lashed lids quivered and lifted, and she looked vacantly at the bold, compassionate countenance leaning over her, a certain tightening of the grip upon her fingers drew her attention. Her gaze fastened on the lawyer's blue eyes as if by a subtle magnetic fascination. The veil that shrouded consciousness was rent, not fully raised; and as in some dream the solemn eyes appeared to search his, a strange, shivering thrill shot along his nerves, and his quiet, well-regulated heart, so long the docile, obedient motor, fettered vessel of his will, bounded, strained hard on the steel cable that held it in thrall.

"You feel better now?" asked the physician, who was stanching the flow of blood. Still her gaze seemed to penetrate the inmost recesses of the lawyer's nature, calling into sudden revolt dormant elements that amazed and defied him.

"At the mercy of Tiberius. At the mercy of Tiberius." Those present looked inquiringly at each other. "Her mind wanders a little. Sheriff, give her some of that brandy. She is as weak as a baby."

Judge Dent raised her head, and the officer held the tumbler to her mouth; while the former said gently: "My poor girl, drink a little; it will strengthen you."

"With a gesture of loathing, she rejected it, and she attempted to raise herself, all the dire extremity of her peril rushed back upon her mind, like a black overwhelming tide from the sea of the past. "Lie still, until I have banded your arm. Here, Dunbar, you acquitted yourself so dexterously with your knife, just lend a hand. Hold the arm until I secure the bandage."

wrenching herself free, she struggled into a sitting posture, then staggered to her feet. The heavy coil of hair, loosened when they bore her from the court-room, now released itself from restraining pins, and fell in burnished waves to her knees, clothing her with a glory, such as the world's great masters in art reserve for the beautiful. Had all the blood that fed her heart been drained, she would not have appeared more deadly pale; and in her wide eyes was the desperate look of a doomed animal, that feels the hot fangs of the hounds and the cold steel of the hunters.

"Be persuaded, for your own sake, to swallow some stimulant, of which you are sadly in need. You will require all your strength, and as a physician, I insist upon your taking my prescription."

"If I might have some water. Just a little water." Some one brought a brown stone pitcher, and she drank long and thirstily; then looked for a moment at the faces of those who crowded about her.

"What will be done now?" Every eye fell to the floor, and after a painful silence Judge Dent said very gently: "For the present, the magistrate will retain you in custody, until the action of the grand jury. Should they fail to indict you, then you will at once be released."

"I am to go to prison? I am to be thrust among convicts, vile criminals! I—? My father's Beryl? O, righteous God! where is Thy justice? O Christ! Is Thy mercy a mockery?"

She stood, with her chin resting on her clinched hands, and a long violent shudder shook her from head to foot. "I hope your imprisonment will be only temporary. The grand jury will be in session next week. Meantime diligent search may discover the persons whose consideration you overheard at the station; and if you be innocent, we are all your friends, and the law, which now seems so stern, will prove your strongest protector and vindicator."

Judge Dent stood close beside her, as he essayed these words of comfort, and saw that she caught his breath as though in mortal agony. Her face writhed, and she shut her eyes, unable to contemplate some hideous apparition. He suspected that she was fighting desperately an impulse that suggested succor; and he was sure she had strangled it, when her hands fell nerveless at her side, and she raised her bowed head. If the finger of paralysis had passed over her features, they would not have appeared more hopelessly fixed. Mechanically she twisted and coiled her hair, and took the hat and shawl which the officer held out to her.

"If I can assist you in any way, you have only to send for me." She looked at Judge Dent intently for an instant, then shook her head. "No one can help me now."

"Even your chivalrous compassion can scarcely digest this knotty solution of her movements which is right. As a fabrication, it does little credit to her ingenuity." "Her statement impresses me differently. She is either entirely innocent, or she had an accomplice, whose voice she recognized, and this clue should be investigated."

"The district solicitor rose and bowed to the magistrate. "With your honor's permission I should like to ask the prisoner whom she expected to see, when she recognized the woman?"

"A person who is very dear to me, but who is not in the United States." "What is the name of that person?" Her lips moved to pronounce his name, but she swiftly intuitive warning restrained the utterance. Suddenly a new horror, a ghastly possibility, thrust itself for the first time before her, and she felt as though some hand of ice clutched her heart."

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"To find herself surrounded by men, helpless in the grasp of strangers, with no womanly touch or glance to sustain her, served to intensify her misery; and

be done with that poor young woman No. 19. One of the under-wardens, Jarvis, sleeps this week under her cell, and he tells me that all night long she turns up and down, without cessation, like some caged animal. This is her third day in, and she has not touched a morsel; though, at Judge Dent's request, I ordered some extras given to her. Jarvis said she was not sulky, but he thought it proper to report to me that she seemed to eat very strangely, so I went up to see after her. When I opened the door, she was walking up and down the floor, with her hands locked at the back of her head, and I declare, she looks five years older than when she came here. There are great dark hollows under her eyes, and two red spots like coals of fire on her cheeks. I said, 'Are you sick that you reject your meals?' To which she replied, 'Don't trouble yourself to send me food; I cannot eat.' Then I told her my name, and she said she was restless at night, and I advised her to take a mixture which would quiet her nerves. She shook her head, and I could not bear to look at her; the eyes seemed so like a wounded falcon's, bristling with misery. I asked her if there was anything I could do, to make her more comfortable, or if she needed medicine. All this time she kept up her quick walk to and fro, and she answered, 'Thank you; I need nothing—but death; and that will come soon. Now what could I say? I felt such a lump in my throat, that if Solomon had whispered to me some kind speech I could not have uttered it; so I got out of the room just as fast as possible, to try the tears that somehow would soothe my eyes. When they are early or snappish, or violent, or insolent, I know exactly what to do, and have no trouble; but hang me if I know what to do with this lady—there it is out! She is a lady, every inch, and as much out of place here as I should be in Queen Victoria's drawing-room. Men are clumsy brutes, even in kid gloves, and bruiser much other than that. Whenever I am in that girl's presence, I have a queer feeling that I am walking on eggs, and tip-toe as I may, shall smash things. If something is wrong, it will be ill on our hands, and a funeral will be the bloodhound's."

"Oh, hush, Ned! You give me the shivers. My heart years toward that beautiful young creature, and I believe she is as innocent as my baby. It is a burning shame to send her to prison, and there is no doubt of her guilt. Judge Dent is too shrewd an old fox to be baited with chaff, and I am satisfied, from what he told you, that he believes her statement. There is nothing I would not do to comfort her, but I would rather my own chest should witness her suffering. The day I carried to her a change of clothes, until her own could be washed, and sewed up her dress sleeve, I did nothing but cry. I could not help it when she moaned and wrung her hands, and said her mother's heart would break. I have heard all my life that justice is blind; I have learned to believe it, for it stumbles and gropes, and lays iron claws on the wrong person. These close walls seem a friendly shelter from the horrible faces that cluster outside. You can form no idea how I dread contact with the vile creatures, whose crimes have brought them here for expiation. The thought of breathing the same atmosphere pollutes me. I think the loathsomeness of perdition must consist in association with the depraved and evil. It is the mingling flames which afflict me, but the doom of eternal companionship with outcast criminals. No! No! I would sooner freeze here, than wander in the sunshine with those hideous wretches I saw the day I was thrust among them."

"You know now I must think you pure and worthy. I have given you the strongest possible proof, for only the good could be allowed to testify that my dead boy's lips have consecrated. Now come out with me, and get some pure, fresh air." Beryl shrank back.

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"I am going to trust, and help, and love you, if you will let me; and in the adjoining mine, where you will have no fear of wicked neighbors."

"That will be merciful, indeed. May God bless you for it, for I thought I was down iron stairs cases and through dim corridors bordered with dark cells, gloomy as the lairs of wild beasts whom the besotted inmates resembled, the two women walked; and once, when a clank of chains and a hoarse human cry broke the dismal silence, Beryl clutched her companion's arm, and her teeth chattered with horror."

"I don't wonder she is mad! People cannot dwell here, and retain their reason; and madness is a mercy that bessees them with forgetfulness."

Beryl shivered, and her eyes glittered with an unnatural and ominous brilliance. The warden's wife paused before a large door with solid iron panels, and rung a bell. Some one on the other side asked: "What is the order? Who rang?"

"Mrs. Singleton; I want to get into the chapel. Let me out, Jasper."

The door swung slowly back, and the guard touched his hat respectfully. "Through an open arcade, where the sunlight streamed, Mrs. Singleton led her companion; then up a short flight of stone steps, and they found themselves in a large room, with an altar railing and pulpit at one end, and rows of wooden benches crossing the floor from wall to wall. Even here, the narrow windows were iron barred, but sunshine and the sweet, pure breath of the outside world entered freely. Within the altar railing, and at the right of the reading desk where a Bible lay, stood a cabinet organ. Leaving the prisoner to walk up and down the aisle, Mrs. Singleton opened the organ and drew out the stops, and after waiting a few moments, began to play."

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES." Simply apply "SWANKE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWANKE'S OINTMENT.

PROCRUSTIAN. "Did yer father lick yer, Jimmie?" "Yep." "Did yere put the jography in yer pants?" "Yep." "Then what yer cryin' fur!" "Ah—h—h—I didn't have time to get in pants on—boo-boo!"

If old people are forgetful, they always remember to use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

yet; the grand jury will not find a true bill. "Yes that tiger-eyed lawyer will see that they do. He knows that law is a cunning net for the feet of the innocent and the unwary. He set his snare dexterously, and he will not fail to watch it." "You mean Mr. Dunbar? Yes, you certainly have cause to dread him; but you should be indicted, for you have twelve human hearts full of compassion to appeal to—and I can't think it possible a jury of sane men could look at you and condemn you. You must fight for your life; and what is far more to you than life; and what is far more to your name, for your character. Suspicion is not proof of crime, and there is no taint on you yet; for sin alone stains, and if you will only be brave and clear yourself as I know you can, what a grand triumph it will be. If you starve yourself you seal your doom. Another stomach will do you more harm than that grand jury and all the lawyers; for it utterly upsets your nerves, and makes your brain whirl like a top. For three days and nights you have not tasted food; now just to please me, since I have taken so much trouble, sit down here by me, and eat what I have brought. I know you would rather not; I know you don't want it; but, my dear child, take it like any other dose, which will strengthen you for your battle. It is very fine to rant about heroism, but starvation is the best factory for turning out cowards; and even the courage of old Cesar would have had the 'dwindle,' if he had been stunted in his rations."

She removed the napkin, and displayed a tempting luncheon, served in pretty gilt-edged white china. Another stomach will do you more harm than that grand jury and all the lawyers; for it utterly upsets your nerves, and makes your brain whirl like a top. For three days and nights you have not tasted food; now just to please me, since I have taken so much trouble, sit down here by me, and eat what I have brought. I know you would rather not; I know you don't want it; but, my dear child, take it like any other dose, which will strengthen you for your battle. It is very fine to rant about heroism, but starvation is the best factory for turning out cowards; and even the courage of old Cesar would have had the 'dwindle,' if he had been stunted in his rations."

Beryl laid her hand on Mrs. Singleton's shoulder, and her mouth trembled. "Thank you, sincerely, for your sympathy—and for your confidence; and to show my appreciation of your kindness, I wish I could eat that dainty luncheon; but I think it would strangle me—I have such a ceaseless aching here, in my throat. I feel as if I should stifle."

"See here! I brought you some sweet rich milk in my little boy's cup. He was my first-born, and I lost him. This was his christening present from my mother. It is very precious, very sacred to me. If you will only drink what is in it, I shall be satisfied, and I shall say my angel baby's cup. That would hurt me."

She raised the pretty "Bo-Peep" silver cup to the prisoner's lips, and seeing the kind hazel eyes swimming in tears, Beryl stooped her head and drank the milk.

The warden's wife lifted the cup, looked wistfully at it, and kissed the same engraved on the metal. "You know now I must think you pure and worthy. I have given you the strongest possible proof, for only the good could be allowed to testify that my dead boy's lips have consecrated. Now come out with me, and get some pure, fresh air."

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Judge (to prisoner)—"You say that you were driven by hunger to commit this crime." Prisoner—"Just so, your honor." "But a hungry man is not likely to steal a whole loaf." "I know that; but I didn't have my pocket knife with me, or I'd have only cut off a few pounds."

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. 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. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

"You get right out of here or I'll call my husband. Tramp—Y'r husband ain't at home." Sour faced woman—How do you know he ain't? Tramp—"I've allers noticed man, that w'en a man is married to a woman wot looks like you, he never is at home except at meal time."

FOR PAIN OR COLDS. Gentlemen—Fifteen months ago I had a healing balm. I tried a number of remedies but got no relief. I then tried Hagyard Yellow Oil, which gave me instant relief. It is the best thing I ever used for all kinds of pain or cold. Mrs. J. J. CONNOR, St. Mary, Ont.

"James, how much is four plus eight plus one?" asked the teacher. "Don't know," said James. "Well, suppose I give four apples to Henry eight apples to Charlie and one to you. What would it be?" "A old day for me."

A CHANCE FOR THE BETTER. Sirs—I have taken three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and find it a splendid medicine for constipation and poor appetite. I will continue taking it as it is a great blessing and I feel a great change in my health since taking it. Mrs. J. V. GAWNEY, 5 Sydenham St., Toronto, Ont.

"What's the difference between prohibitionist and an old toper?" "Why, the latter is full of drams and the former is full of scruples."

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE. Gentlemen—Your Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late influenza epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it. W. PEMBERTON, Editor Reporter, Delhi, Ont.

It is said to have been a San Diego minister who announced from his pulpit on a recent Sunday morning: "I have forgotten my notes and shall have to trust to Providence, but this evening I will come better prepared."

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There are men who button up their coats so tight they can't get their hands into their pockets whenever they get down on their knees to ask God to give them a missionary spirit.

Smythe—"How was Peterby injured in the service so as to entitle him to a pension?" Tompkins—"Why, the provost guard hurt his feelings drumming him out of the camp."

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphate, or any injurious. E. W. CILLETTE, Toronto, Ont.

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R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, TINSMITH, AND WOULD inform the people of Fredes ton and vicinity that he has re-organized on Queen Street, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO bottles free of charge to any sufferer who will send me his ADDRESS and a card stating the name of the writer season. Beware of substitutes and imitations. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 126 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. ULEY, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

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R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, TINSMITH, AND WOULD inform the people of Fredes ton and vicinity that he has re-organized on Queen Street, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

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