

Poetry.

BEYOND.

It seems such a long way to me
Across that strange country,
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and dear
As my young friends bring distant countries
near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from
here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for my veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right round about us.

I cannot make it seem a day to dwell
When from this dear earth I shall journey
out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed
about.

I love this world; yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I
know.

I never stand about a pier and see
The seal of death on some well-loved
face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over
the sea."
One more to make the strange Beyond seem
fair.

And so to me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with a blessed supply of
And white, and face, a little strip of sea;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XXII.

The day of sailing came at last.
A good deal of confusion in getting the
family, with their endless supply of
luggage, from the Coolidge mansion to the
steamer, and in the midst of it all, Wilbur
managed several times to escape the
argus eyes of his watchful mother and
jealous sister, and get a word with
Brownie.

He would know if all her trunk boxes
had been attended to; if she had
forgotten anything, and if she was sure
she had made all needed provision for
herself against necessities, and a number
of other useful questions.

Every hour in his presence only served
to enthrall him more hopelessly. He
never weary of looking upon her bright
face, nor of listening to the sweet tones
of her voice. She wore a sweet spell
about him.

Mrs. Douglas, however, responded very
quietly, and with some dignity, whenever
he addressed her.

She was observing enough to perceive
that his attention to her was entirely
for her sake, and that she was being
so, without appearing to do so, she
avoided him, and devoted herself to her
charges, Viola and Alma.

But a little incident occurred, just as
they were going aboard the steamer,
which was to influence the young girl's
whole after life.

Brownie was the last to step aboard, ex-
cepting Wilbur, and not paying strict
heed to her steps, she caught her foot
in a coil of rope, stumbled, and would
have fallen had she not been quickly caught
and upheld by a strong arm. The shock
was so severe that, overcome with disor-
der, she lay almost unconscious for a
moment in the stranger's clasp.

"Ere she fainted," said Wilbur Coolidge,
in anxious tones, as he sprang for-
ward, too late to render service.

"I think not. It was only a moment;
she will rally in a moment," were the
words which Brownie, on coming to her
self, heard in such deep, rich tones, that
she was conscious of a sudden thrill run-
ning through her whole frame.

She opened her eyes, and found herself
looking up into a face that was strange,
yet familiar. For one instant her eyes
met his, and their souls met; through that
glance came a world of meaning, a
staining her fair cheek, as she realized
she was being held in the arms of a
stranger, Brownie gently disengaged her-
self, and tried to stand alone.

"Brownie Douglas," the stranger mur-
mured, in wondering surprise, and as if
the words were forced from him by some
previous memory.

As she caught them the color again flew
to her face, and he, seeing her embar-
rassment, hastened to say:

"I beg your pardon, but my surprise
made me forget myself. Will you take
my arm and allow me to conduct you to
the boat? I fear you are not quite strong
yet."

"Thank you," Brownie began, when
Coolidge suddenly interposed.

"I will attend to the lady, sir, thanking
you kindly for the service you have al-
ready rendered her," said, somewhat
haughtily, and offering Miss Douglas his
own arm.

She took it, and with a grateful little
bow to the stranger, she walked on more
rapidly than in his fine eyes, she
allowed Mr. Coolidge to lead her away.

All this had not occurred more than
two minutes, and yet during those two
minutes three hearts received a shock
from which they never recovered.

"Who was that gentleman, Miss Dou-
glas?" Wilbur Coolidge demanded, with
a grave face, when they had left him, and
he was carefully conducting her down the
companyway.

"I do not know; I have never met him
before, and yet—his manner was so in-
teresting, while her face was so puzzled
look."

"And yet what?" asked the young
man, trying to speak carelessly, yet with
the vestige of a frown.

"It seems to me as if I have seen his
face at some time, but where, I do not
remember." And the perplexed look
still remained upon her countenance.

"He seemed to know you," he said.
"Brownie Douglas," is that your name?"
The color flamed again in her cheeks
at the question. She had noticed the
stranger's involuntary attention of her
pet name, and had been strangely moved
by it.

"It seems to me when I had dear friends.
Here they found the rest of the family
who came thronging upon her at the
sound of her dear name."

"I cannot understand though how he
should come to know it as added after a
moment."

"Brownie—Brownie—it just suits you,
Miss Douglas," said Mr. Coolidge taking
in at an admiring glance the shining
coil of brown hair, the light shining
eyes, and the long, dark lashes which just
now half concealed them.

"My name is Metabell Douglas, Mr.
Coolidge," Brownie said, coldly, and with
dignity, not relishing his familiarity, nor
the tender cadence which his voice had
assumed.

He laughed aloud. "Pardon me," he said, "but such a
name for you is an abbreviation. Don't
you ever shorten it?"

and its steeple was curiously formed and
set with pearls.
The priest, it is said, used to use it, be-
cause it had been one of the things which
had been used last by Miss Metabell.
"Do look, mamma! Wherever did she
get it?" whispered Isabel.

"I'm sure I don't know, child; evi-
dently she belonged to a different sphere
from that of the people who are now
your grandfather had been at the pole
that night she went to the library to be-
cause she was the pretty face," returned
the maternal Coolidge, impatiently.

"Oh, you begin to think she is pretty,
do you?" sneered her doubtful daughter.
"Wilbur evidently thinks so, if I do
not," was the moody reply.

Brownie's quick ears had caught every
word, and she very coolly refused the
glass of ice-water which the young man
in question at that moment brought her.
She then settled herself upon the couch
and closed her eyes, thus intimating her
desire to be left alone.

Upon the deck above them there paced
a woman with bent head and thoughtful
frown.

He was tall and exceedingly well-
formed, his broad chest and square jaw
giving one the impression of great
strength and power of endurance.

He looked the Englishman every inch,
and a very noble one at that.

He had a stately way with him that
impressed one at first sight as if he were
to be before him a man of a true, good
face—a face to be trusted under any cir-
cumstances.

How does she happen to be here, I
wonder? he muttered, with a far-away
look over the waters. "I know she
is beautiful, but I don't know if she is
dead," he continued, "and though Gor-
don tried hard to find where she had gone
he could not. She faded out of the fas-
cinating world in which she used to move
as completely and suddenly as a fallen
star drops out of existence. I'm glad now
I did not leave her but with me, as she
wished me to do; no! I'll give it to her
with my own hands, or I will keep it forever."

"Well, it cannot be helped now; you
must not allow yourself to be so interest-
ing, agreeable that he will prefer your society
to that of any one else; you must mono-
polize him during the voyage, and when
he is once settled, and the ship is
not having any spare time to fill."

"Talk about her having a fall," con-
tinued the Coolidge indignantly, "I should
say she was a victim of a very real and
serious ailment, and not long after two
ladies drew near, and he overheard
the following conversation:

"Mamma, I tell you we shall have
trouble with that governess as sure as
the sun will shine."

"I hope not," replied the elder lady,
with a troubled look.

"Wilbur is over head and ears in love
with her already, and he will just like
her to lead him on for the sake of gaining
a good position in the world, and the
young lady's tone was exceedingly dis-
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They lifted her into the carriage, shut
the door, and drove away.
"Brownie Douglas—the name is as
sweet as she looks—good-by, Brownie,
we shall meet again," he murmured, and
with a deep tender look at her, he
drove away, leaving her to her own
thoughts.

From Liverpool, the Coolidges, after a
few days of rest, went to London, where
they proposed establishing their new
quarters for three or four months, while
they made excursions about the country.
Here they took up their abode in the
neighborhood of Regent's Park, and to Isabel's
delight, entered at once upon the gayeties
of the season.

Brownie's heart is stirred with various
emotions as she finds herself thus settled
among the very scenes of her aunt's for-
mer life.

Here Miss Metabell lived when she was
a girl; here she was wooed and won;
here she had lived that short, bright life
of love and beloved, and which was fol-
lowed by a life of mourning and sad-
ness.

She wondered if Lord Dunrobin was
still living, and if it would be her lot
to meet him. She hoped so, and she
was about to ask her mother, when she
saw from the picture which was now
in her possession, even though so many
years had passed, and he was an old man
of over sixty.

Of course, she never expected to meet
him of an equal, or even speak to him,
but she longed for a glimpse of his face,
to see if he had fulfilled the promise
of his early manhood, and to assure her
self that he was the noble, high-spirited
knight which her little romantic heart
had pictured from Miss Metabell's
description.

During the first hours of the day Miss
Douglas and her pupils dived deep into
the mystic lore, and so charming did
the study of the past become to them,
that they applied themselves with the
most diligence to their tasks, and soon
gave promise of becoming quite proficient.

The afternoon was devoted to sight-
seeing and riding, the evening to re-
ceiving company, attending drawing rooms,
the opera, or the theater.

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wished me to do; no! I'll give it to her
with my own hands, or I will keep it forever."

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grew suddenly conscious, and blushed
with a sense of her own beauty.
Her hair was drawn away from her
brow, low forehead, and knitted grace-
fully at the back of her small head.
Her beautiful neck gleamed through
the misty veil, and her rounded arms
were only half concealed by the fall
of delicate lace from her sleeves.

The dress was cut on a train, making
her slight figure look taller, and, with
a proud poise of her head, almost regal.
She wore a finely-wrought chain of
gold about her neck, from which was
suspended the beautiful coral cross, set
with brilliant, which her aunt had
given her at the same time she gave her
the other contents of the casket.

The butterfly hair ornament to match
look half to well with this dress, and
it sparkled and gleamed with her every
movement.

Her lip had quivered, and the tears
had started to her eyes when she took
them from the velvet bag, for it
was so vividly to her mind that last
interview with her aunt.

"Auntie," she said, as she softly
touched her lips to them, "you told me
to wear them; I have nothing that will
look half so well with this dress, and
my heart is full of love for you to-night."

She surely was lovely, as Viola said.
"I'm afraid your mamma will think
me too fine," she said, half regretfully,
as she looked at the young girl's words.
"But," she added, "this is the simplest
thing I have, unless I wear white, and
your mamma said Alma was to dress
in white."

Miss Douglas, who—what are you?
Viola asked, an expression of perplexity
on her young face.

"My dear, must I repeat my dread-
ful name? I am Metabell Douglas,
and a poor governess," Brownie said.
"How do you do?"

"I know that of course, but haven't
you been a fine lady at some time in
your life? I demanded the young girl, im-
patiently.

"That depends altogether upon what
you mean by the term fine lady, Viola.
Why, one who has everything rich
and elegant, and who goes among
fashionable people."

"Brownie smiled at this definition of
the term, and she replied, gravely, and
a little sadly:

"My dear, you have been so kind to
me, I will gratify you in this, only
please remember that I do not care to
have it spoken of as a boast. A year ago
I was as bright as you are now. But
death and misfortune took every-
thing from me, and I was obliged to do
something for my own support."

"Did you live in an elegant house,
and have servants, horses, and carriages?"

"Yes," she replied, "I was always
happy, and I was very kind to me, I
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"Did you live in an elegant house,
and have servants, horses, and carriages?"

"No one need know but that she is a
guest."
"It's fine, isn't it, to have your govern-
ment outside your door? I don't
hope this night's experience will teach
you wisdom," grumbled the envious girl.
(To be continued.)

DANGEROUS.—If you have diarrhoea
or dysentery check it at once. Use
Minard's Liniment freely on the bowels,
spread on brown paper and take it in-
ternally according to directions. It will
cure the worst case in a few hours.

In Germany, tests have been made in
the use of dynamite for pile driving,
with promising results. An iron-plate
five inches thick was placed upon the
top of the pile, and upon it a pound
and a half charge of dynamite was
exploded by electricity. It was driven
into the mud as far as it would have
been by a weight of 3,235 pounds fall-
ing upon it five times from a height of
10 feet.

Seriously Ill.
A person suffering with pain and heat
over the small of the back, with a weak
feeling and frequent headaches, is
seriously ill, and should look out for
kidney disease. Burdock Blood Bitters
regulate the kidneys, blood and liver,
as well as the