UNFINISHED MUSIC.

I sat alone at the organ, At the close of a troubled day, When the sunset's crimson embers

On the western altar lay. I was weary with vain endeavor. My heart was ill at ease, And I sought to soothe my sadness With the voice of the sweet toned keys,

My hands were weak and trembling, My fingers all unskilled To render the grand old anthem With which my soul was filled. Through the long day's cares and worries. I had dreamed of that glorious strain, And I longed to hear the organ Repeat it to me again.

It fell from my untaught fingers Discordant and incomplete, I knew not how to express it, Or to make the discord sweet: So I toiled with patient labor Till the last bright gleams were gone. And the evening's purple shadows Were gathering one by one.

And touched the noisy keys, And lo! the discord vanished And melted in perfect peace. I heard the great organ pealing My tune that I could not play, The strains of the glorious anthem That had filled my soul all day.

Down through the dim cathedral The tide of music swept, And through the shadowy arches The lingering echoes crept; And I stood in the purple twilight And heard my tune again, Not my feeble, untaught rendering,

But the master's perfect strain. So I think, perchance, the Master, At the close of life's weary day, Will take from our trembling fingers

The tune that we cannot play; He will hear through the jarring discord The strain, although half expressed; He will blend it in perfect music, And add to it all the rest.

SELECT STORY.

## BERYL BRENTANO -OR-

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I had almost finished when you sum led me. Send her up for the basket in half an hour." At the end of the studio, near the open windows, Beryl had placed the plateau basket of orchids on the table; and she stood before an easel, transferring to the surface of a concave brass plaque the

fluted outlines of the scarlet and orange ribbons when Sister Joanna threw open and I should only be a stumbling block in the door, and ushered in a party of visit- the scheme you contemplate. You do not ors, consisting of two gentlemen and a understand, perhaps; but believe me, I lady. One was Mr. Kendall, a member prove my gratitude by refusing your kind of the Chapter of Trustees.

"Good evening, Sister, Bishop Douglas, of our State, and Miss Gordon, from the South. I have been boasting to them of the success of the 'Anchorage' as an in- very atmosphere of X- would numb dustrial institution. Will you show us | me by reviving harrowing memories." some of the work done in this depart-

As on a swiftly revolving wheel, Beryl saw the black eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles of Leighton Douglas; the slender a return to the scene of your sufferings. wide, startled hazel eyes of Leo, who but I am sorry you refuse to oblige me." made a step forward, then paused irreso-

A crimson tide overflowed Leo's cheeks, my conscience forbids." but accepting the cue of silence, she refrained from any manifestation of previous acquaintance; and bending over the pictures, listened to the grave, sweet voice that briefly though courteously answered all inquiries concerning the school.

Unrolling from a wooden cylinder a twenty inches wide, she displayed an elaborate arabesque pattern done in sepia for a sgraffito frieze, sixteenth century, which had been ordered by the architect of the new museum of art.

"A bit of your favorite Florentine cousin, and peering closely at the scroll

scarcely expects a glimpse of Andrea Feltrini," answered Leo. "What are your sources of information?"

inquired Bishop Douglas. "We have a carefully selected collection of engravings, and a few good sketches and cartoons; moreover, some of our

Sisterhood have been in Italy." In attempting to roll the strip, it slipped from her fingers. Both women stooped to catch it, and their hands met. Looking

into Leo's eyes, Beryl whispered: "See

ton Douglass.

ject, because Miss Gordon hopes to es- and broken life may be accounted worthy tures poised high above the dead, the free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms tablish a similar institution near her the seal of a sacramental sacrifice. I have marauding dogs crouched in the windhome in the South, where so many of our ceased to question, to struggle to plan. swept sand, watching their banquet, decountry women rendered destitute in con- Like a blind child, fearing to stumble into creed by the king. The dust had been sequence of the late war, need training ruin, I stand, and stretch out my hands scattered from a black vase that bore on to enable them to do faithful remuner- to Him, who has led me through deep its front, in a circular medallion, the lurid ative work without compromising their waters, along frightful gorges. I asked to head of grinning Hecate; and the last feminine refinement. The South is so see you alone, in order to beg that you rite to appease the unquiet manes was No cure, no pay. Send for book. Adrich in fine materials that appear to offer will increase my debt of obligations by performed by the uplifted right arm that dress M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave, a premium for carving, that we wish to promising to reveal to no one the place of poured libations from a burnished brass investigate this branch of 'decorative' my retreat. Accident has betrayed to you urn, held aloft over the pall of earth that labor, and hope you can help us by some | that which I am axious to keep secret, | defined the figure beneath. The left hand

"The carving is a distinct branch that met me." does not belong to my department; but if "Why should you hide, as though you ful, stern face, bent a little downward in Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer you will knock at the arched door on the were a culprit? You have been so com- invocation of the infernal gods, one read complaints, and after a fair trial have right hand side of the hall, Sister Katrina, pletely exonerated from the imputation sublime self-surrender, grief for Œdipus, proved it a sure cure both in my own case who has charge of that work, will take of guilt which once hung over you, that regret for Hæmon, farewell to life - and others of the family. pleasure in exhibiting the process. Per- you owe it to yourself to front the gaze of mingled with exultant consciousness that LAURATTA WING, New Dundee, Ont. mit me to offer you some copies of our the world fearlessly. What have you to new prospectus, and also a photograph of dread?" this building, as a slight souvenir of your | "The failure of something, which,

square envelope stamped with an anchor mote. I am trying to be loyal to my in red ink, and handing it to Miss Gordon, duty, even when the command is to the threshold Leo turned, and looked in- not, cannot understand. God grant you

low me a little further conversation this the present. Those reasons I can explain afternoon, or shall I call again?"

shall gladly furnish any information you and to keep my secret. You trusted me may desire. Our matron has placed my in the terrible exigencies of the past; and time at your disposal."

"Mr. Kendall, if you will kindly ac- knows-I do indeed deserve your conficompany the Bishop to the wood-carving | dence." room, I can remain here a little while to ask Sister some questions, which could and bowed her head upon it. scarcely interest you gentlemen."

hands and took Leo's. She stood a moment, holding them in a tight clasp.

"Thank you for considerately witholding a recognition that would have embarrassed me. I hoped that the habit of our Order would in some degree disguise me, yet, at a glance, you knew me." "Shall I infer that your history is un-

known here?" "Sister Ruth, our matron, is thoroughly acquainted with my past life, but she kindly respects my sorrows, and deems it innecessary to publish the details among the Sisterhood. Do you know me so little that you imagine I am capable of abusing the confidence of the head of the establishment which mercifully shelters an outcast?" She stepped back and motioned he

visitor to a seat near the balcony. "I should be very reluctant to ascribe any unworthy motive to you; therefore I fail to understand why you desire to preserve your incognito, especially since the signal vindication of your innocence. The news of the extraordinary discovery of the

picture on the glass, and of your complete acquittal, even of suspicion, gave me so much pleasure that I should have written you my hearty congratulations had I been able to obtain your address." "I felt assured you would rejoice with me; and because I hold your good opin-

ion so valuable, let me say that my happiness in the unexpected vindication of my character was enhanced by the proud consciousness that in your estimation I needed none. All the world suspected: you trusted me. You offered your noble name as bond, and made a place for me at your own sacred hearthstone. What would I not do - what would I not suffer - to secure your peace, and to prove my grati-

"Suppose I intend to put your gratitude to the test? You have exaggerated the debt which you acknowlege; are you prepared to cancel it? If I say to you, because I believed in you, trusted you, will you repay me now, by granting me a favor which I shall ask?

"I think Miss Gordon could express no wish that I would not gladly execute, in order to promote her happiness."

"Will you come back to X-and help are destitute alike of money and of I shall be haunted by no fears of failure. Once I gave you my sympathy; now when I need help, will you give me

"Beryl shivered, and looked wondering at her companion.

"Oh, Miss Gordon! That is the one thing in all the world that for your sake as well as mine I could never do. No, no; "Why not for my sake, since I desire it

and she threw back her small head chal-

she bear to wound that proud spirit? "Go back to X-? To X-! It would be a renewal of my martyrdom, forced me to seek seclusion."

"I think I understand; and if I am willing to run the risk, what then?" "Do not ask of me the impossible. The

"Had not every shadow of suspicion manifested delight in your triumphant innocence, I should never have suggested

nisunderstood; but sometimes duty Only half a minute sufficed to gird points to lines that subject us to harsh Beryl, and with no hint of recognition in and bitter censure. I bear ever a heavy her tranquil countenance she moved for- burden; do not increase my load by conward, opened the drawers, and spread out demning me as ungrateful. God knows. for inspection various specimens of draw- you hold a warm and holy place in my ing and painting in all stages of advance- heart, and your happiness is more to me

"How long have you been here?" "It will be two years to-morrow since I entered these peaceful walls."

"Then your probation ends, and you become permanently a Sister of the 'Anch-

"Not yet. I have been permitted to strip of thick paper, two yards long and earn my daily bread here, upon condilations that usually govern the institution. ness, and above the wail and sob of the contingent upon circumstances, which melodies which the immortal harper, may call me hence to-morrow. Sister Hope, played always in the marvellous facade," said the Bishop, addressing his Ruth generously allows me the latitude of palace of the Muses. finished my work I hope to come back, to

reflected in your face. Patience has had and to Antigone she rendered the homage its perfect work; and that 'peace that of a boundless admiration, an unwavering passeth all understanding 'is the reward | fealty.

Leo held out her hand, and Beryl took it between both hers.

"Dear Miss Gordon, grapes yield no young dreams. wine until they are crushed, trampled, be-"Do you find that the demand for beautiful color; but the Lord of the vine- years slowly flowered into a large paintpurely ornamental work renders this de- yard is entitled to His own. I was a very | ing, which represented Antigone standing partment self-sustaining?" asked Leigh- proud, self-reliant girl, impatient of poverty, daringly ambitious; and what I to sepulchre the form dimly outlined at "I think the experience of the 'Anch- deemed a cruel fate, threw me into the her feet. The sullen red sunset of a temvat to be trodden under foot. It may be, pestuous day flared from the horizon "We are particularly interested in ac- that when the ferment ends, and time across a desolate plain; showed the city quiring accurate knowledge on this sub- mellows all, the purple wine of my bruised walls in the background, the hungry vul-

and I trust you will tell no one where you was stretched, not heavenward, but shield-

though its accomplishment costs me very She fitted papers and picture into a dear, I shall not relax my efforts to prowalked to the door and opened it. On strangle my own weak heart. You do never will. There are reasons why it is "Are you sufficiently at leisure to al- best for me to live in strict seclusion for neither to you, nor to any other human "I am entirely at your service, and being; and yet I ask you to respect them, you must trust me now, for - oh! God

She raised the hand folded in her own, "You have my promise. Without your Closing the door, Beryl put out both | permission, I will mention our meeting

"The day may come when I can find it

There was no tremor in the voice that answered quickly:

"If you refer to Mr. Dunbar, you have been led astray by the gossip in X ---Once there seemed a probability that our lives might be united; but long ago we found that ardent friendship could not take the place of love; and rather more than three years have passed since we

have even seen each other." With a startled movement Beryl dropped her companion's fingers, and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Oh! do not tell me, that you have

oroken your engagement!" The two looked steadily at each other, and while Leo's proud face gave no hint of pain or embarrassment, Beryl's blanched, quivered.

"How did you know that any engagenent ever existed?" "All X --- knew it. Mrs. Singleton and Sister Serena told me."

"I dissolved that engagement before ! went to Europe." "Then you rashly wrecked your beautiful future. Why did you cast him off? He would have made you happy; he is worthy, I think, even of you."

"Yes, he is worthy, I believe, of any voman whom he may really love; but my happiness is not in his keeping, and my future holds. I trust, something much orighter than our marriage would have proved to me."

"You have thrown away the substance for the shadow. Before it is too late, consider your decision; give him an opportunity to reinstate himself in your affection. You have both been so kind to me that I have hoped you would find lifelong happiness in each other."

"Dismiss that delusion. His path and nine diverge more and more, and we no longer'dwell in the same state. He has inherited a large amount of property in Louisiana, and now lives in New Orleans; family ties? When you preside over it, hence you can readily perceive how far apart the currents of our lives have drifted. I rejoice in my freedom; and he, I suspect, s not inconsolable for my loss."

Through Beryl's whirling brain darted the recollection of a rumor that Leighton Douglass was suitor for his cousin's hand, and that Miss Dent favored the alliance What meant the light that broke upon her, as if the walls of a heaven had fallen and let all the glory out?

After a moment she said, solemnly "I pray God to overrule all earthly A bright flush had risen in Leo's cheeks, things for your welfare, for your heart's truest happiness, and for the realization For a moment Beryl wavered. Could has been accomplished, and duty lifts her seal from my lips, I may try to see you once more, and explain the necessity that

"I believe I understand; and I trust your reward will not be delayed. You and I can lean with confidence upon the wisdom and the mercy of the God we worship; but each must serve out His appointed time of bondage in the Egypt of suffering. If ever you should need an earthly friend, remember me; and if all

other refuge fail you, my home can be al-Hand in had they walked to the door, and Leo pitied the future of this woman, whose lover was a wandering outlaw, with a price set upon his head; and beneath her grey flannel habit, Beryl's ness of dwelling, unrebuked by configure by his side, draped in soft brown | Certainly I cannot press the payment of heart was torn with conflicting emotions tint of surah silk, the blond hair, the a debt which you volunteered to cancel; as she watched the placid, proud face, that showed no vestige of the storm of persistently defied and shunned was ir-"It is hard, Miss Gordon to be always disappointment which had strained her revocably hers. The sharpest pain that

sweetest hope in life. tender care.

"Good-bye, dear Miss Gordon. I will locked herself in the studio.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN ANSWER AT LAST. From her tenth year, Beryl had begun to build her castle in the Spain of Art.

of a friend, whose influence secured my father into the solemn mysteries of Greek admission. After a while, when I have tragedy and her own plastic nature had spend the residue of my earthly days, and cult. Among the throng of Attic types, an immoral statue of filial devotion and "The peace of your new life is certainly sisterly love had attracted her irresistibly,

To become a skillful artist and paint the portrait of Antigone, was the ambition that had shaped and colored Beryl's

In some degree, Beryl's artistic dream reft of bloom, of rounded symmetry, of had been realized; and the study of beside the heap of dust, strewn reverently

ingly over the mound, and on the beauti-

to no one. I trust you; and perhaps if a successful sacrifice had been accomp-you would trust me, I might render you lished for Polynices, and that the spirit of the brother rested in peace.

The soul of the artist seemed to look compatible with duty to tell you the triumphantly through the solemn, purpsecret of my life. In future years, when lish blue eyes of the young martyr, and you are a happy wife, I shall, by God's Bervl knew that her own heart beat under help, be able to seek you and your hus- the painted folds of the diploidion; that band, and thank you both for many kind- she had epitomized in a symbolic picture nesses. I pray that you may be as happy the history of her own joyless youth.

The canvas had been framed and hung at the art exhibition of the new Museum, opened in September; and only the "U" traced in one corner beneath an anchor, ndicated that it was the work of the Umilta Sisters' "Anchorage." The public peered, puzzled, shook its

sapient head, shrugged its authoritative refunded. shoulders, and sundry criticisms crept into the home work, according to universal canons, rarely finds favour among home awarding committees, whose dullness its uncomprehended excellence affronts.

Undismayed, Beryl withdrew her picture, erased the ciphers in the corner, and shipped it to New York to Doctor Grantlin, who had recently returned from Europe, requesting him to place it a picture-dealer's on Broadway, and to withhold the name of its birthplace.

Two weeks later, a popular journal published an elaborate description of "A painting supposed to have been obtained abroad by a New York collector, who merited congratulation upon possession of lous technique of Gerome, the atmosphere of Jules Breton, the rich, mellow colouring, and especially the scrupulous fidelity of archaic detail, which characterized Alma Tadema, and was conspicuously manifest in the red shoes so distinctively typical of

Theban women." Mr. Kendall caused this article to be copied into the leading newspaper of his own city; and the first mail thereafter carried to New York an offer of eight Punch. hundred dollars for the painting, from the President of the "Museum" Directors. who had been so shocked by the unknown significance of the "red shoes." After a few days it was generally known, but entioned with bated breath, that the mercantile, household and farm. Facts, "Antigone" had been bought by a statistics, hints and hits are dealth with. wealthy Philadelphian, who paid for it Everyone should have a copy. Sent on two thousand dollars, and hung it in his receipt of a three cent stamp, by T. Milgallery, where Fortunys, Madrazos, and

Diazs ornamented the walls. It was on the 26th of October a week subsequent to the receipt of the letter which contained the cheque sent in paynent for the picture, that Beryl sat down on the stone sill of her oriel window to yers."-Dorchester Beacon. rest in the seclusion of her room after the

labors of the day. It was the anniversary of her ill-starred visit to X-, and melancholy memories had greeted her at dawn, and renewed the pain which time had in some degree mother's feverish lips on hers in a parting kiss. To-day she thought of the pride of your dearest hopes. When my mission her picture would have aroused in her devoted father; of the comforts the money would have purchased for her invalid

Wearily Bervl closed her eyes, as though the white lids availed to shut out visions of the past. If she had defied her nother's wishes, and refused to go to X-, now different the world would seem to her! But what was a world worth that

had never known Mr. Dunbar? Over burning ploughshares she had walked to meet one destined to stir to its depths the slumbering sea of her tenderest love; and to forgo the pain, would she relinquish the recompense?

During the months that elapsed after Leo's visit to the "Anchorage," Beryl had surrendered her heart to the great happiscience, upon the precious assurance that the love of the man whom she had so can harrow womanhood springs from the "Good-bye, Beryl; God keep you in His | contemplation of the superior right of another to the object of her affections. After the long struggle to aid Miss Gorpray for your happiness so long as I live." don's accepted lover in keeping his vows She stooped, drew Leo's hands to her of loyalty, the discovery of his freedom face, pressed her trembling lips twice and the belief that Bishop Douglass had ed?" "Does it? One grocery bill doth than my own; yet the one thing you ask, upon them; then turned quickly and supplanted him in the affection of her tread upon another's heels, so fast they generous benefactress, had brought to follow."—Indianapolis Journal.

Beryl an equisite release.

THE HEAD SURGEON. In darkest nights, through hissing rain Of the Lubon Medical Company is now tions somewhat at variance with the regu- of its starry vanes smiling through murki- either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young I have not applied for admission to per- storms that had swept over the waste old, or middle-aged, who find themselves manent membership, because my stay is places of her youth, she heard the divine nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork,resymptoms: Mental depression, premature Ruth generously allows me the latitude of choice; not for my own sake, but for that In early girlhood she had followed her bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, been moulded in unison with the classic pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the arine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of heared with leaden ircle, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having losts its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse com cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot pain in the heart which beats strong rapid and irregular, the second heart beat breast bone, etc., can positively be cured.

IN ALL CASES. DEAR SIES .- I have used Dr. Fowler's

EXGELLENGE. RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C., ton, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered sely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used acobs oil with marvelous results. Before the second a was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured. NEURALCIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

IT HAS NO EQUAL

THE LOVERS LAMENT. Your face is like a drooping flower, Sweetheart! I see you fading, hour by hour,

Sweetheart! Your rounded outlines waste away, In vain I weep, in vain I pray,

What power Death's cruel hand can stay? Sweetheart, Sweetheart! Why nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the failing system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally, is unequaled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it

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> Drawing-Room Inanities .- She - No don't sit there, Mr. Splosher - that's my ugly side! He (wishing to please)-Well -a-really I don't see any difference !-

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Jarvis-Do you see that fellow across the street? He has killed his man. Chappie-Deah me! What did his man

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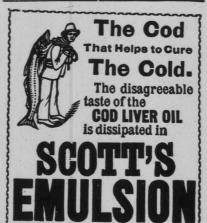
and tones and strengthens the entire system, thus positively curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and similar Dickey Club-My college days were ripe with experience. His Chum-Yes, I know. That is why you were plucked .--

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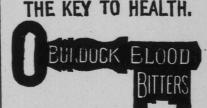
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and never saw any
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