

POETRY.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES.

Keep your troubles to yourself; Put them on an upper shelf; Far away as it may be, Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share of affliction; Why should you, though sorely tried, Burden them with yours beside?

Daily brooding over your grief In no way afflicts the mind; But intensifying the smart, Turns the arrow in the heart.

Think of others who have known Greater sorrows than your own; Keeping all their wounds concealed, Heroes on life's battle-field!

Give of treasures your possess, Loving care and tenderness; Cheerful smiles or sorrowed lips, But keep your troubles to yourself.

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER II.

CONTINUED.

Gradually the storm approached, and she thought that an hour had elapsed, when the dust-tainted smell of rain came with the rush of cold air. There was no steady gale, but the tempest broke in spasmodic gusts as though it had lost its reckoning, and simultaneously assailed all the points of the compass; while the lightning glared almost continuously, and the roar of the thunder was uninterrupted. Once the whole air seemed ablaze, and the simultaneous shock of the detonation was so violent, that Beryl involuntarily sank on her knees, and hid her eyes on a chair. The rain fell in torrents, that added a solemn sullen swell to the diapason of the thunder figure, and by degrees a delicious coolness crept into the nostrils of the night.

When the cloud had wept away its fury, and electric fires burned low in the far west, a gentle shower droned on the roof, and lulled by its cadence Beryl fell asleep, still kneeling on the floor, with her head resting on the chair where the cat lay coiled.

In dreams, she wandered with her father and brother upon a Tuscan hillside draped with purple-fruited grape vines, and Beryl was crushing a luscious cluster against her thirsty lips, when some noise startled her. Wide awake, she sprang to her feet, and listened.

"There isn't no train till daylight, 'cepting it be the through freight," "When is that due?" "Pretty soon; it's mighty high time now, but it don't stop here; it goes on to the water tank, which it blows for the railroad bridge."

"How far is the bridge?" "Only a short piece down the track, after you pass the tank."

Beryl had rushed to the window, and looked out, but no one was visible. She could scarcely make out that peculiar voice, and was so assured of its identity, that she ran out under the awning and looked up and down the platform in front of the station building. The rain had ceased, but drops still pattered from the tin roof, and a few stars peeped over the ragged ravellied edge of the only drifting clouds. By the light of a gas lamp, she saw an old negro man limping away, who held a stick over his shoulder, on which was slung a bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief, and while she stood watching, he vanished in some cul de sac. With her basket in her hand, and her shawl on her arm, she sped down the track, looking to right and left.

"Bertie! Bertie!" "Once she fancied she discerned a form flying ahead of her, leaping from cross tie to cross tie to avoid the water, but when she started to follow, she saw the form of her own voice broke the silence.

Was it merely an illusion born of her vivid dreams of her brother; and while scarcely awake had she confounded the tones of a stranger with those so long familiar? She could not shake off the conviction that Bertie had really spoken, and only a few yards from her, and while she stood irresolute, puzzling over the problem, the through freight train dashed by the station and left a trail of sparks and cinders.

To avoid it she sprang on a pile of cross ties beside the track, and when the sly serpent wound out of sight, she reluctantly retraced her steps. How long the night seemed! Would day never dawn again? She heard the telegraph operator whistling at his work, and as she re-entered the waiting-room, she saw the ticket agent standing in his office.

"What time is it?" "Half-past two o'clock. I might as well have looked up as usual, for after all you did not stay here."

"Yes I did." He eyed her suspiciously. "I came back from supper, and brought a pitcher of cold tea, thinking you might relish it, but you were not here. I waited nearly an hour; then I went home."

"It was so hot, I walked about outside. What a frightful storm!" "Yes, perfectly awful. Were you exposed to the worst of it?" "No, I was here."

He shook his head, smiling, and went into the next room, knowing that he was not in the building, and that he had seen her coming up the railway track. The bustle of preparation soon began; the baggage wagons thundered up to the platform, porters called to one another; passengers collected in the waiting-room, carriages and omnibuses dashed about; then at 2.30 the long train of north bound cars swept in. With her shawl and basket in one hand, and the odorous bunch of chrysantheums clasped in the other, Beryl stepped upon the platform. She found a seat at an open window, and made herself comfortable, placing her feet upon the basket which contained the jewels that constituted her sole earthly fortune. The bell rang, the train glided on, and as it passed the office door, she saw the agent watching her, with a strangely suspicious expression.

The cars wound around a curve, and she sank back and shut her eyes, rejoicing in the belief that her mission to Elm Bluff, and its keen humiliation, were forever ended.

CHAPTER IV.

"BETRAYED MURDERED."

"I concede that point. Your lover is amply endowed with brains, and I suppose he has vast amount of shrewdness, all that is requisite to secure success and eminence in his profession; but to-day it seems as much a matter of astonishment to me—as it certainly was six months ago, when first you told me of your engagement—that you, Leo Gordon, could ever fancy just such a man as Lennox Dunbar."

"I am very sorry, Aunt Patty, that he finds no favor in your eyes, and I think he is aware of the fact that he is not in your graces. You both look so vaguely uncomfortable when thrown into each other's presence; but for my sake you must try to like Lennox."

Miss Gordon bent her pretty head over a square of ruby velvet, wherein she was embroidering a wreath of pansies, and the delicate flush on her fair face deepened to a vivid carmine.

"My likes or dislikes are a matter of moonshine, in comparison with your happiness. Because you are an orphan, I feel a sort of responsibility; and sometimes I am not exactly easy over the account of my stewardship. I must render to my poor dead Marcia. The more I see of your lover, the more I dread your marriage. A man who makes no profession of religious belief, is an unsafe guardian of any woman's peace of mind. You who have been reared almost in the shadow of the altar, accustomed to hearing grace at your meals, to family prayers, to strict observance of your ritual, will feel isolated in a man who makes no profession of a godless man, who rarely darkens the door of the sanctuary. 'Be ye not unquorally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

Miss Patty bent back her spectacles, wiped them with the string of her white muslin cap, and adjusting them firmly on her nose, plucked nervously at the fluted lace fringed around her white forehead, and collected and scattered them. Certain mining interests were protected, and some valuable plantations in distant sugar belts were secured. As guardian of his sister's daughter, he changed or renewed investments in stocks which rapidly increased in value, and which he had inherited, had accumulated; and verifying figures justified his boast, that his niece and ward was the wealthiest heiress in the state.

child's father to be present at the baptism. Fate cruelly vetoed all the details of the program, carefully arranged by maternal affection; and the heirloom that sat in clouds of smoke on one of the most desperate battles of the confederacy, saw Colonel Gordon's brave, patriotic soul released on that long "furlough" which glory granted her horses; saw his devoted wife a widow. Four days after Colonel Gordon's death, his frail young wife welcomed the summons to an everlasting reunion; she laid her cold hands on her baby's golden head, and died, as she whispered: "Name her Leo, for her father."

So it came to pass, that the clergyman and the business service beside the mother's coffin, lifted the cooling infant in the midst of a weeping funeral throng, and with a faltering voice baptised her, in the presence of the dead, Leo Gordon.

To the care of her sister Patty, and of her widowed brother, Judge Dent, Mrs. Gordon had consigned her child, never to be transplanted so early to her uncle's house, the orphan knew no other home.

In the general malstrom, Colonel Gordon's large estate went to pieces; but after a time, Judge Dent took lessons from his new political masters in the science of wrecking, and by degrees, disintegrated and hereditary, he collected and scattered them. Certain mining interests were protected, and some valuable plantations in distant sugar belts were secured. As guardian of his sister's daughter, he changed or renewed investments in stocks which rapidly increased in value, and which he had inherited, had accumulated; and verifying figures justified his boast, that his niece and ward was the wealthiest heiress in the state.

Reared in a household which consisted of an elderly uncle and aunt, and a middle-aged governess, Leo Gordon had never known intimate association with younger people; and while her nature was gentle and tranquil, she gradually imbibed the grave and rather grim ideas which were in vogue when Miss Patty was the reigning belle of her county. Although petted and indulged, she had been occasionally, and remained singularly free from the selfishness usually developed in the character of an only child, nurtured in the midst of mature relatives. When eighteen years old, Leo, accompanied by her governess, Mrs. Dent, and a friend, set out on a tour of study to New York and Boston for educational advantages, which it was supposed that her own section of the country could not supply; and subsequently the two went abroad, gleaning knowledge in the great centres of European art. During their sojourn in London, Mrs. Dent died after a brief illness; and returning to her southern home, Leo found herself the object of social homage.

Thoroughly well-bred, accomplished, graceful and pretty, she commanded universal admiration; yet her manner was marked by a quiet, grave dignity, and a peculiar reserve, at variance with the prevailing type of young ladyhood, now as then; too dominant; whose premature emancipation from home rule, and old-fashioned canons of decorum renders "American girlhood" synonymous with rampant coquetry, and whose occasional women who were imbued with the spirit of Richter's admonition: "Girls like the priestesses of old, should be educated only in sacred places, and never hear, much less see, what is rude, immoral, or violent."

The plane of Leo's character showed unmistakably the petting's marks. She shrewdly surmised that the knowledge of her unusual wealth contributed to swell the number of her suitors, and she was twenty-four years old when Lennox Dunbar, for whom she had long secretly cherished a partiality, succeeded in placing his ring on her fair, slender hand. In character they differed widely, and the deep and tender love that filled her heart, found only a faint echo in his cold and selfish nature, which had carefully calculated all the advantages derivable from this alliance.

He cordially admired and esteemed his brown-eyed fair-haired bride, considered her the personification of feminine refinement and delicacy; and congratulated himself warmly on his great good fortune in winning her affection; but tender emotions found little scope for exercise in his busy life, which was devoted to the attainment of scientific honors, and the merely dynamic apparatus which did duty as his heart, had never been disturbed by any feeling sufficiently deep to quicken his calm, steady pulse.

There were times, when Leo wondered whether all accepted lovers were as unemotional as his own, and she would have been happier had she occasionally forgotten professional aspirations in the charm of her presence; but her confidence in the purity and fidelity of his affection was unshaken, even by the dismal predictions of Miss Patty, who found it impossible to reconcile herself to the failure of her darling scheme, that Leo should marry her second cousin, Leighton Douglas, D. D., and devote her fortune to the advancement of his church.

To-day, as she sought pleasant work in arranging the ferns and carnations of her conservatory, her thoughts reverted to the previous evening in which Mr. Dunbar had spent with her; and she could not avoid indulging regret, that he should have allowed business affairs to interfere with their engagement for horseback riding, but her reverie was speedily interrupted by the excited tones of her aunt's voice.

"Leo! Leo! Where do you hide yourself?" "Here, auntie, in the conservatory." "Oh! my child, such dreadful news! Such a frightful tragedy!" "What a frightful tragedy!" "Patsy and I were sitting on the arcade, and stumbled over a barricade of potted plants on the threshold of the door."

"What is the matter? Is it my uncle, or—Lennox?" "Leo sprang to her feet, and caught her aunt's arm. "Horrible! horrible! General Darrington was robbed, and then most brutally murdered last night!" "Murdered! Can it be possible? Murdered by whom?" "The whole town is wild about it. My brother is at Elm Bluff, with the body, and I shall take the carriage and drive over there at once. Dear me! I am so nervous I can't stand still, and my teeth chatter like a pair of castanets."

"Perhaps there may be some mistake. How did you hear it?" "Your Uncle Mitchell sent a boy to tell me why he was detained. There was an old coroner's inquest, and of course, as an old and intimate friend of General Darrington's, Mitchell feels he must do all he can. Poor old gentleman! So proud and aristocratic! To be murdered in his own house, like some common pauper! Positively it makes me sick. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!" "Amen!" murmured Leo.

"Will you go with me to Elm Bluff?" "Oh, no! Not for worlds. Why should I? Women will only be in the way; and who could desire to contemplate so horrible a spectacle? It will merely harrow your feelings, Aunt Patty, and you can do no good."

"It is my Christian duty as a neighbor; and I was always very fond of the first Mrs. Darrington, Helena Tracy. What is this wicked word coming to? Robbery and murder stalking barefaced through the land. It will be a dreadful blow to Mitchell, because he and Lake Darrington have been intimate friends all their lives. I see the carriage coming round, so I must get my bonnet and wrap."

"I presume Mr. Dunbar is engaged in the same melancholy details which occupy my uncle."

"Doubtless he is, because his father was General Darrington's attorney until his health failed; and Lennox is now his lawyer and business agent. It is a thousand pities that Prince is away in Europe."

Two hours after the carriage had disappeared on the road leading to Elm Bluff, Leo crossed the grassy lawn, and sat down near the gate, on a rustic bench under a cluster of tall lilacs, which gave their name to her uncle's home.

How serene, harmonious and holy all nature appeared; and yet a few miles distant, into what a fierce seething whirlpool of conflicting passions, of hatred and bloodthirsty vengeance, had human crime plunged an entire community. We plunge ourselves upon nineteenth century civilization, upon ethical advancement, upon Christian progress; and we shudder at the mention of the vice at the remembrance of the tortures of Regulus, but will the Cain type ever become extinct? When will the laws of heredity, and the by-laws of agnation result in an altruism, where human bloodshed is an unknown horror?

Mr. Dunbar caught a glimpse of his betrothed, as he rode along the public road outside the boundary of Judge Dent's lawn, sitting behind the hedge of lilacs, and he lifted his hat, hoping that she would meet him at the entrance; but although she bowed in recognition, he was forced to open the gate and admit himself. Throwing the reins at one of the groom's iron spikes of the fence, and taking off his gloves, he approached the bench.

"Dear I flatter myself, that my queen deigns to meet me half way?" "He took her outstretched hand, and held it so long, while his glance roved over the features of his betrothed, every detail of her handsome fair-colored dress, with its jabot of creamy lace, and the cluster of crimson carnations in her belt. The touch of his lips on her fingers, deepened the flush in her cheeks, and, making room for him beside her, she reposed her head on his shoulder."

"Sit down, and tell me if this dreadful news about General Darrington be indeed true? I have hoped there might be some mistake, some exaggeration."

"Some horrors exceed the possibility of verbal exaggeration, and last night's tragedy is one of that class. General Darrington was most brutally murdered!" "Poor old gentleman! How incredible it seems that such awful crimes can be committed in our quiet neighborhood? Who could have been so guilty; and what motive could have prompted such a heinous act?"

"The one all-powerful evil passion of mankind—greed of gold; lust of filthy lucre. He was first robbed, then murdered by the thief, to avoid detection and punishment. There is unmistakable evidence that the robbery was chloroformed while he slept; but he must have awakened in time to discover the robber, with whom he struggled desperately, and by whom he was struck down. The coroner's inquest developed some startling facts."

"Has any one been discovered which would identify the murderer?" "A handful of clues." "Then you have a theory concerning the person who perpetrated this awful crime?" "My dear Leo, not a theory, but a conviction; I might almost say an absolute knowledge."

"Would it be pardonable for me to ask whom you suspect; would it be a violation of professional etiquette for you to tell me?" "Certainly, my dearest, you can ask me anything you wish— I paused a moment; and she put her hand quickly on his arm. "I see. Do not tell me more suspicions; they might cruelly wrong an innocent person; and I ought not to have asked the question."

"My hesitation arose from a totally different source, and I was merely wondering whether you, my sweet saint, could believe that a woman committed the bloody deed?" "Oh, Mr. Dunbar, impossible! A woman guilty of such a crime? It is a crime of the most heinous nature, and I can only believe that the murderer is a man."

"Passing his hand lightly over her crimson hair, and looking down into her eyes, as brown as the back of a thrush, her lover replied: "I feel that no nobler and purer a woman's heart is, the less she credits the existence of vice and the possibility of crime among her own sex. I feel as reluctant to shake your faith in womanhood, as to dash the dew from a rose-bud, or to see the bloom from a cluster of grapes; but the grim truth must be told, that our old friend was murdered by a woman."

"One of her servants? They all seemed devotedly attached to him." "No, by his grand-daughter, a young and very beautiful woman; Beryl Brentano, the child of General Darrington's daughter Ellice, whom he had disowned on account of her wretched marriage with a foreigner, who taught her music and the languages. Of course you have heard from your aunt and uncle all the details of the family episode. Yesterday this girl Beryl suddenly presented herself at Elm Bluff, and demanded money from her grandfather; alleging that her mother's life was in danger for want of it. I learn there was a stormy interview, part of the conversation having been overheard by the servant; and the general, who was as vindictive as a Medea or a Cosack, drove her from his room, out through the door leading down to the roastery. This occurred in the afternoon, immediately after I left Elm Bluff, where I went to see this signature to a deed to some lands recently sold in Texas. I saw the girl sitting on the front steps, and when she rose and looked at me, her superb physique impressed me powerfully. She is as beautiful and stately as some goddess stepping out of the Norse Edda; and altogether I know not what a person. It will appear in evidence, that the general hastily refused her pleadings, and made a point of assuring her that his will, already prepared, would forever debar her mother and herself from any inheritance at his death; and the general, who was evidently a remarkable looking person, the will was kept, as during the interview persons in the next room distinctly heard the peculiar noise made by the sliding door of the iron vault, where General Darrington kept all his valuable papers. She disappeared from Elm Bluff about sunset, going toward town; and last night at ten o'clock, when I left you and rode home, I saw her lurking in the pine woods not very far from the bridge over the branch, near the park gate. She was evidently hiding as she sat on the ground half screened by a tree; but my horse shied and plunged badly; and when she rose, the full moon showed her face and figure distinctly. There was something so mysteriously in her movements that I asked her to get up, and she refused to do so; to which she curtly replied that she had not.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures letter, 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 SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the Yews improvements are being made on this one street?" "It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen who was showing him about the village, majestically. "This is the street I live on. I am president of the town board, sir."

Mrs. WISLOW'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. Wislow'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. Wislow's Soothing Syrup."

Black were the eyes—as black as jet— Of the country maid I knew; I kissed her and her love came— And mine are jet black, too.

ENJOYING A BLESSING. DEAR SIRS.—Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Finally we applied Hagar's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health. ANNE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B.

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We must have an organ to support us, as the man said to his monkey.

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