

Poetry.

One Kiss before I Go.  
As that the moment drew near  
When we must bid "good by,"  
There came a flash of light  
A hope and a dream  
I'd have shed within the void,  
Your vision future show,  
A star whose light was  
By me hidden away  
I humbly ask you to bestow  
But one kiss before I go.

Yet why should I be so true?  
The future of my life,  
Or why your eyes should drop  
Your eyes, sparkling gems,  
Lift up, my modest maid,  
No longer hidden away  
The light of hope may never fade  
Shows smiles within  
More came to seek in their pure glow  
That one sweet kiss before I go.

The dew that freshens morning leaves  
My eyes, my eyes, my eyes,  
And yet the memory that it leaves  
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Literature.

The Adopted Daughter.

CHAPTER XL.

"AMBER," said her singular companion  
proceeding along the street in silence,  
but the maiden's heart was busy with  
the mingled emotions. Was she about  
to learn the secret of her birth? she asked  
herself. Was she about to be restored to  
the parents of whose love and tenderness  
she had all her life been deprived? Al-  
though these questions, she did not  
notice the malignant joy and triumph that  
beamed in the bold black eyes of her com-  
panion.

The woman was so delighted with the  
success of her wicked scheme in inducing  
Amber to accompany her home that her  
senses seemed to be in a whirl of delight.

Amber was so unconscious of any plot  
and so unassuming of any treachery on  
the part of her guide, that she stepped  
as if she were going to a friend's house,  
and she again became the prisoner of  
Blair Moreland.

But the Providence who always protects  
the innocent had ordained that Amber  
should be delivered from her peril, and that  
her trials and misfortunes should soon  
be terminated.

As Amber and the woman were crossing  
a street, each absorbed in her own  
thoughts, a sudden cry was raised from  
the people on the sidewalks, and the  
maiden instantly became aware that they  
were directly in the path of a runaway  
horse, which was approaching them at a  
terrific speed.

With a cry of warning to her companion  
she flew toward the sidewalk.

The woman attempted to follow her,  
tripping, stumbling, and fell prostrate on  
the ground.

The next moment one of the horse's  
feet was planted upon her head, and two  
wheels passed over her body.

A cry of horror arose from the bystand-  
ers as the horse flew on its course and  
the woman made no attempt to rise. A small  
crowd immediately gathered around her  
and, finding her dead, carried her into an  
apothecary shop near at hand, where they  
discovered that she still lived.

The apothecary, who was also a surgeon,  
dismissed the crowd and, after examining  
the woman, he said to her companion,  
"Oh, I can not breathe," declared Miss  
Warr, in a hollow whisper. "I am going  
to die. Tell me I shall live!"

Her anguished gaze rested pleadingly  
upon the surgeon's face, but she derived  
no hope from his expression.

"Oh, must I die?" she whispered, with  
a faint and hollow moan. "I am not fit  
to die."

The surgeon looked at her playfully,  
and she resumed:

"You mean that I must die? Tell me  
how long I can live?"

"Not more than two or three hours, I  
should judge," said the surgeon, looking  
at her as he spoke.

"You had better tell me how long you  
will live for your friends to take you home, or  
to a hospital," whispered the woman, her  
poor, crushed breast heaving convulsively.  
"Only two or three hours to live! Only two or three hours!"

She sobbed bitterly.

Amber's tender heart was touched by  
the misery of the woman as well as hor-  
rified at her sudden calamity, and she  
sobbed aloud:

"Oh, who is that?" whispered Miss Warr,  
realizing, "Crying for me! Let me  
see your face."

Amber lifted her tear-stained counte-  
nance into the woman's face, and gently  
pressed her hand.

"You are my mother!" said the woman.  
"Strange! And I have injured you so!  
Oh, I can not die with this load of guilt  
upon me! I can not die without doing  
one act of justice. Perhaps Heaven may  
pardon my sins if I restore you to your  
friends."

The thought seemed to afford her some  
comfort, and she became eager to act  
upon it.

Whispering to Amber to draw her purse  
from her pocket, she bade her pay the  
surgeon, and have a cab called within an  
instant.

To Amber's surprise, the purse was very  
well filled.

The surgeon sent out for a cab, con-  
vinced by the dying woman's earnestness  
that the most made of her brief re-  
main of life, and he assisted her into the  
vehicle, offering to go with her.

His offer was accepted, and he assisted  
Amber into the carriage, following him-  
self.

"Tell him to drive to the Marquis of  
Ardenmore's, Park Lane," whispered  
Miss Warr.

The surgeon obeyed, and they drove off.

Amber listened to the address given  
with wonder and incredulity. She feared  
that Miss Warr had become delirious when  
she heard the name of the noble Marquis  
of Ardenmore, but one glance at the  
clear, though glassy eyes of the woman,  
assured her that she still retained her  
senses.

The journey was long, or it appeared so,  
and the surgeon continually applied  
restoratives to the woman's eyes, and  
the dying woman, but by the time they  
had arrived at the destination the shen  
hues of approaching dissolution had  
begun to spread over her features.

"Will the Marquis see you?" asked  
the surgeon, when the cab stopped before  
an imposing-looking residence. "What  
message shall I send him?"

The woman whispered a few words in  
the surgeon's ear, which made him start  
and survey Amber narrowly.

Losing no time, however, he ascended  
the marble steps, knocked, and deman-  
ded to see the Marquis. He then dis-  
appeared within the dwelling, but almost  
immediately reappeared, followed by a  
couple of servants in livery.

Miss Warr was carefully lifted from her  
uncomfortable position in the vehicle,  
and carried into the house, Amber follow-  
ing her in a state of bewilderment. They  
were ushered into a reception-room, the  
woman placed upon a couch, and the  
servants dismissed.

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Since the revelations of his father on  
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"Yes, all false. I never knew of them  
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"Accept my earnest prayers for your  
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"False," interrupted the maiden, in-  
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"Yes, all false. I never knew of them  
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