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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

FALSELY ACCUSED.

Bertha Graylum's chamber was one of a pretty suite in the elegant residence of the rich Widow Westerly, and Bertha was an orphan niece who had been taken into the family five years before the opening of this story. A shaded lamp burned dimly, showing a trunk which stood near, with one or two packages on top, as if it had been placed there the last thing before retiring. Over a chair at the foot of the bed a gray traveling dress was carefully placed, as to shield it from crease or wrinkle.

It did not appear to be the same light now which Bertha had carried; there was another which was apparently just brought in. Soft footsteps had moved through the darkened chamber; there had been a smothered cry, and a quick, frightened movement. At the door appeared a beautiful but haggard-looking man, oh! so cautiously. The air was caught up with a comb, but his locks, half curling, still hung down untroubled. The eyes distended, were fastened on the bed where Bertha slept. Then cautiously she advanced; quietly she detached a key from the few trifles with which it was placed, and kneeling down, opened the trunk. She then cut the string, and between that and the trunk thrust some bank notes and a necklace. She then re-arranged the things and closed the lid. She caught the traveling dress, and into the pocket slipped a diamond ring, then turned and hurried from the place to her own chamber—but not to sleep.

"My love, how pale you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly, the next morning, as Bella entered the breakfast room.

"No wonder, mamma! The loss of my chain and ring weighs upon me so that I can hardly sleep. I am glad that I sent the officer for a warrant, as I intend to have every nook and corner searched, and every trunk in the house."

"Not mine, I hope!" said Bertha, smiling, looking very pure and delicate in her well-fitting traveling dress.

"I shall have somebody's trunk searched in whose possession I saw my amethyst ring and a bank note last night," returned Bella, her voice shaking slightly.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Westerly, suddenly putting her hand into her pocket. "It is not here—my hundred pound note! Why, are we surrounded by thieves?"

"Perhaps Bertha can account for at least one of the notes," replied Bella, reading her voice with a great effort. Bertha spoke not, but stammered at the accusation, stood looking from one to the other.

"I did not intend to spy on you, Bertha, but I saw you last night examining my costly diamond ring and bank note," said Bella. "But of course you have no objection to our being the inside of your pocket?"

"Oh, Bella! I have forgiven insult and insult, but I cannot forgive you this! I! with your diamond ring!"

"Bertha, empty your pocket," said Mrs. Westerly, firmly. "Of course, if you are innocent, there will be nothing here."

"If I—am—innocent!" gasped Ber-

tha. "Oh, Mrs. Westerly, have you the courage to outrage a poor orphan girl? No—put your hand in—I'll not resist you."

"Mrs. Westerly immediately emptied the pocket of the poor orphan girl and out rolled the ring and bank note."

"Why, Bertha, you wicked girl! you a thief!"

A slight shriek burst from Bertha. "I never touched that ring—I never had it in my hands! This is some cruel dream—me—me!"

"Please'm, an' officer be here!" said a servant, and Mrs. Westerly and Bella left the room.

"Bertha," said Mrs. Westerly, again appearing in the door, "where is the key of your trunk?"

"I left it on the table," said Bertha; and, becoming indignant, "Aunt Westerly, how can you—how dare you—suspect me?"

But Mrs. Westerly was gone, and Bertha was alone. Let us not dwell on the finding of the money and necklace in the trunk.

"You may take her," exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. And with that she and Bella left the poor girl in the hands of the officer.

"Please'm, a gentleman be in the hall, and won't go till he sees you. I told him you wasn't at home, but he said he'd wait," said the servant.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. "I wonder who it can be, Bella? But show him in."

The young man entered, and after bowing coldly to the ladies said—

"I am Tom Latimer, Bertha Graylum's cousin."

"Ah, I wish she had never come here!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly.

"So, most devoutly, do I! If the man that was to marry her comes to the rescue, as he will, he'll leave no stone unturned, I warrant you."

Bella started as if stung when he said this, and her face grew yet more ashy. Mrs. Westerly raised her head, and asked—

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that my sister Linda has been the confidant of Bertha; that Bertha told her that she was to be married to Gilbert Grey."

"Absurd! Why, Mr. Gray is a particular friend of my daughter's. He had been coming to this house years before Bertha ever saw him. Well," she added, with a faint laugh, "that is as cunning a thing as she has done yet."

"When Bertha said that he was to marry her, she told the truth, and I am going to wait until he returns; we will find out who is guilty."

And, without looking at them, he left the house.

"Bella, if Gilbert Grey should stand in this relation to Bertha it looks serious."

A smothered cry was Bella's only answer.

It was nearing twilight. The blush of the sun was touching the tops of the waters for the last time; it lingered yet in mid-sky, crimsoning the swelling sails. Two men were standing at the bow, viewing the distant clouds. One of them was the young commander, the other a passenger, an old and somewhat weather-beaten man, who

came on board just as the vessel was getting under way.

"What is it, Antony? Do you wish to speak to me?" said Gray to an old sailor who was near, and who had for some time been standing awkwardly twisting his hat.

"If you please, sir, I would like to say something to the other gentleman."

"Certainly; come this way."

"Sir," said the sailor, "I know you; do you remember me?"

"I cannot say I remember you, my friend," said the tall, grave old gentleman.

"You remember when the boy fell from the yard? You was Capt. Graylum then; I do not forget you."

"Antony!" exclaimed the old gentleman, grasping the sailor's hand. "I remember you now. Yes, you saved the life of my darling nephew."

"Sir, did I hear the name of Graylum?" said Gray interrupting him.

"That is my name, though I have gone by my given name since I went to Australia. My whole name is Henry Wakefield Graylum."

"And—you spoke of a child—a daughter," said Gray. "May I ask if her name is Bertha?"

"You know her then—my precious child?"

"I know a Miss Bertha Graylum. She stays or was staying, with a family by the name of Westerly."

"Yes, you have seen my child! Tell me, how is she? Did she ever speak of me?"

They proceeded to the young commander's room. He opened a drawer, and took from it a miniature of Bertha and handed it to the captain.

"Is this my Bertha," said Captain Graylum, putting the face to his lips.

The ship was neither detained by contrary winds nor deferred by calms. The next morning, as it touched the dock, a young man jumped on board and pressed quickly forward to Gray.

"Why, Tom, how are you?" grasping him warmly by the hand. "I have brought home your uncle, the father of Bertha. Capt. Graylum, Mr. Tom Latimer."

"Tom, Tom!" cried the old gentleman, holding him at arm's length.

"Well, this beats all! A great man with a beard! But Bertha—have you heard from her lately. Why do you turn away. Is she well? Is she —"

"She has been cruelly used; but all will come right."

And then he told the whole story.

"This is terrible!" said Gray. "Oh, my poor Bertha. Is she utterly stricken down. Captain Graylum, compose yourself. Tom, take care of him—I am going to the Westerlys."

While this was taking place, Mrs. Westerly and Bella were sitting in their own sumptuous apartment. Oh, how wan and pale was Bella! No more roses on her cheeks. But suddenly Mrs. Westerly broke the silence, and said, "So, Gray has returned. I wonder where he will stay."

"Oh, there will be places enough, I fancy," replied Bella, trying to speak lightly.

"I wonder if that cousin is still in town," quired Mrs. Westerly.

Bella shuddered as she remembered Tom's threat.

(To be Continued.)

The Tramp's Story.

Toronto News.

"Say, pard, you've stood by me through thick and thin, you have. It will be one white spot in the next world, that will. Raise my head up; there, that'll do, old pard. You and I have been so long on the same road."

"Aye, that we have Joe."

"Do you know, pard, I'm going on a long tramp in a little while?"

"You? why, where, Joe? You and I can't give up the road now."

"Ah, yes, pard, we must; you'll stay here. These pains—the cold, wet garments; they have done the job for me, pard. I'm going too apply at the next door in a short while."

"Why, you're sick, Joe. You'll have to rest in this old barn till I can brace up your tired body a bit."

"Ah, friend, I've no need for bodily rest now. It's the soul, the mind that is heavy. I've kept up as long as I could, pard. But I didn't want to give out till I reached this spot."

"Why, Joe, what do you mean—have you ever been here before?"

"Before? Come, pard, I'll tell you something. Do you see those beams up there?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I was a lad I played tag many a time up there on the same beams. Those holes cut in the clapboards up there under the eaves—I cut for my doves. Open the barn door—there, that'll do. Do you see that little red house there at the further end of the lot?"

"Yes, Joe."

"I was born in that house—yes, I was. I've felt this body growing weaker and weaker every day, pard; but I kept up—I wanted to die near the old home."

"Yes, this was the home of my boyhood. Here, in this barn, I've helped father thresh many a bushel of wheat. I've pulled the waggon out of that corner many a Sunday morning, hitched the horse to it, and took the old folks to church. It was too good to last, pard. I must go to the city, I thought. When I left the dear old home, I was honest, yes, honest—and I would wrong no man of a cent knowingly."

"Well, I went to the city. I went into ways of temptation—and I fell. The old folks grew worried, and I, God help me, went from bad to worse. I forged my employer's name to a check—was detected and sent up for four years. They told me of my mother's death after she heard of my fall. I served the term out. I could get no work—you know how that is. To-day when we came past the graveyard, you'll remember, I stopped at two graves—mother and father—both gone. That's all—I'm happy now. I can—see the old home—and—dark—mother—keep—your—poor—boy, for—"

Joe, the tramp, was dead—dead with his eyes fixed on his old home; and his pard went out into the world—alone.

The Hotel Waiter.

Philadelphia Call.

Guest—"Who owns this hotel?"

Waiter—"Mr. Blank am de proprietor, sah."

Guest—"Glad to hear it. I thought from your actions that the waiters owned the hotel."

Waiter—"Oh, no, sah. We don't own nuffin but de guests."