

SHE SAVED HER FATHER.

"Yet my father shall not, shall not die!" she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and, turning to her father, said calmly: "We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied; "my father ask not now; but pray for me and bless me, but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a day-faring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of the hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "main guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before; and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James V. had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and, after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and he threatened to be a night of storms. The clouds were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea; sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate, and dreary muir of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, and here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, hurriedly splashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly. The horseman, numb and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but, in a moment, the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the muir, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days have passed away, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed; and, before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dunderdale, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed; and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful; and a second time the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die!" Again the rider with the mail had reached the muir of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed; he looked cautiously before, behind and around him; and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said—

"Give me thine arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and, without venturing a reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now, go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me the horse, and leave with me the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again

prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said—

"It is good—the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not yet past when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dunderdale rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house—the family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered. J.T.B.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire!"

Sir John glanced at them, started, and became pale—they were his death-warrants. "My deliverer!" exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life? My father—children—thank him for me!"

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced his knees; and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—"my own child!—my saviour!—my own Grizel!"

Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

FINGER RINGS.

Some Famous Rings of the Old Times—Shakespeare's Seal.

The finger ring is not alone a woman's possession, as any casual observer must confess. The great glancing settings of red, green, and white, the resplendent clusters of diamonds which form a striking feature of many men's hands, render it certain that woman has no exclusive right in the finger ring, as she has in the neck lace, the bracelet, and the brooch and the ear-rings. And why should she, when, from time immemorial kings and their male subjects have supported the bauble? The art lavished on the construction of the ornament by the artisans of today scarcely equals that practised by the jeweller of 200 years ago. The designs and mounting of rings in Queen Elizabeth's time have not been excelled in later days, owing, doubtless, to the limited scope for invention offered by the circular form and necessary light body of the metal.

A superb cabinet known as the Londerboro is the best collection of finger rings in Great Britain. It contains numerous rings of early English, and some few of Roman times. Private hands, however, possess most of the finger treasures of England's great dead. In France such relics pass by a kind of gravitation into the hands of the government; in England it is just the contrary. Noble houses preserve their treasures, and to this day some of the choicest of old mementoes are possessed by humble persons, descendants of those to whom the treasures originally belonged. Signet rings were at an early day adopted as evidence both of nobility and authority. Then they soon gained a commercial value, and every leading tradesman had his mark upon his hand, that it might be used when required as his signature.

A ring possessing a strong claim to notice purports to be the seal ring of William Shakespeare, and was found March 16, 1810, by a labourer's wife in the mill close adjoining Stratford-on-Avon churchyard. Rings were at Shakespeare's time an almost necessary part of the outfit of a gentleman—they indicated rank and character by their style or devices. Hence the wills and inventories of the era abound with notices of rings, many persons wearing them in profusion, as may be seen in portraits painted at this time. The Germans particularly delighted in them, and wore them upon many fingers and upon different joints of the fingers, the forerunner especially, a whimsical custom still kept by their descendants. The ladies even wreathed them in the bands of their head-dresses.

At the commencement of the present century harlequin rings were very much in vogue. At the present time a simple gold band is favoured, with immense settings of diamond mixed with rubies or turquoise. For ladies the rings are shown in all sorts, colours, and sizes. Perfect masses of diamonds, made up to represent petals of different flowers, are quite the style, but very costly.

"My Ruthers."

I tell you what I'd rather do—
If I only had my ruthers—
I'd rather work when I wanted to
Than be bossed round by others;
I'd want to kind o' get the swing
O' what was needed, first, by jing!
Afore I went at anything!

If I only had my ruthers,
In fact, I'd aim to be the same with all men, as my
brothers,
And they'd all be the same with me, if I only had
my ruthers.

I wouldn't likely know it all—
If I only had my ruthers;
I'd know some sense, and some base ball,
Some old jokes, and—some others;
I'd know some politics, and how
Some tariff speeches, same as now,
Then go hear Nye on "Brains and how
To detect their presence."—Tollers
If I only had my ruthers,
At stayed away, I'd let 'em stay; all my dissentin'
brothers
Could choose shore a kill or kyoure, if I only had
my ruthers.

The poor 'ud git their dues sometimes,
If I only had my ruthers,
And be paid dollars 'stid o' dimes,
For children, wives, an' mothers;
Their boy 'at stokes; their girl 'at sews,
Fee others—not herself, God knows!
(The grave's her only change o' clothes).
If I only had my ruthers,

They'd all have "stuff" and time enough to answer
one another's
Appealin' prayer for "lovin' care," if I only had
my ruthers.

They'd be few folks 'ud ast for trust,
If I only had my ruthers,
And blame few business men to bust
Their selves—or hearts of others;
Big guns 'at come here durin' fair,
Week could put up jest anywhere
And find a full-and-plenty there,
If I only had my ruthers.
The rich and great 'ud sociate with all their lowly
brothers,
Feelin' we done the honour—et I only had my
ruthers.

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Dear Widow Brown, my love is true!"
"Your smoking, sir, against you pleads."
"I'll give up smoking, dear, for you."

"Then I'll give up my weeds."

Rounds—I've seen people laugh till they cried; but I never knew of a fellow crying till he laughed. Nephews—Guess you never lost a rich uncle!—Puck.

If you are told that you resemble a great man say nothing. It may be that the resemblance will cease the moment you open your mouth.—Atchison Globe.

"I'm on to you," said the drop of ink to the blotter, in a tone of considerable asperity. "Dry up," replied the blotter, savagely.—Munsey's Weekly.

"Waiter, how long have you worked here?" "Oh, about ten days." "My steak was ordered before your time then. Tell one of those other waiters to come here."—West Shore.

"And now, dear," asked a governess, "what can you tell me about Minerva?" "She was the goddess of wisdom, and she never married," was the reply.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"How good of you to come, doctor! I didn't expect you this morning." "No; but I was called to your opposite neighbor and thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone."—Judge.

"I hid behind the sofa last night when my sister's beau called. It was lots of fun; but I nearly got caught. I sneezed." "That was a tight squeeze." "Yes I guess that's why I wasn't caught."—Epoch.

Harry—"Is Miss Maud a particular friend of yours?" Reginald—"Well, I should say she was, from the way she gave me the mitten last night. She's too particular, altogether."—Detroit Free Press.

Bob Taylor—Deal away; but you know I never play for money. Jack Potter—I do; but I notice the other fellow usually gets it. Bob Taylor—Oh, very well, I don't care if I do try my luck just this once.—Puck.

Mrs. Hicks Explains—Hicks—"Why is it I always find my hat in the very last place I look for it?" Mrs. Hicks—"As a usual thing, when you find it you know enough to stop looking."—New York Herald.

A teacher asked a very juvenile class which of them had ever seen a magnet. A sharp urchin at once said he had seen lots of them. "Where?" inquired the teacher, surprised at his proficiency. "In the cheese."—Ex.

"What is the feminine of friar?" asked a teacher of his class. First boy—"Hasn't any." "Next?" Second boy—"Nun." "That's right," said the master. First boy, in an indignant tone, "That's just what I said!"—Ex.

Maude (looking at the bonnets in the window)—"Oh, aren't they too sweet for anything?" Alice (whose eyes are elsewhere)—"Aren't they! Especially the tall one with the golden moustache!"—Boston Traveller.

Citizen—"Mr. Greatmann, I heard a curious debate the other evening. The subject was, 'Can a politician be a Christian?' What is your opinion?" Mr. Greatmann (local statesman)—"He kin, but he'll git licked."—New York Weekly.

One matron—"No, I do not allow my husband to address me by my christian name." Another matron—"I shouldn't mind that at all. It is the unchristian names he breaks out with every once in a while that I object to."—Indianapolis Journal.

Newly-made widow: He is a fashionable undertaker, but even his charges are far below what I can afford, and I want to give my husband the most expensive funeral I can, you know. The friend: Why don't you get a plumber to bury him, then?—Life.

Little Chicago girl—"We're going to have a lot of people at our house to-night." Little Chicago boy—"What is it; a birthday party?" Little Chicago girl—"No; this is the second year that I've had the same papa, and we're going to celebrate."—Judge.

It is reported that a tardy clerk in the treasury department attributed his tardiness to the McKinley bill. "How do you make that out?" inquired his chief. "Because the cars were all going up and none were coming down." The excuse was accepted.—Washington Star.

Mrs. Hicks—That's a dreadfully uncouth trick of yours, brushing off the chairs before you sit down. It appears as though you were afraid you would get your trousers soiled. I was terribly mortified last evening. Mr. Hicks—Never you mind, Mariar; I taught a district school for fourteen years before I married you.—Puck.

"Hear about Chappie's little adventure last week?" "No." "Why, he called on Miss Ethel Lettie and found Chollie there, and offered to fight him on the spot." "Did she scream?" "Heavens, no. She just spanked them both and sent them home."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Lozier Hope—May I—may I—speak to your father, Miss Cole? Miss Vera Cole. It is useless, Mr. Hope. I can never be your wife. Mr. Lozier Hope—Excuse me, I wished to speak to him about that fifteen dollars he borrowed of me week before last. I'm getting a little nervous about it.—Puck.

Customer—"I want a two-cent stamp." Druggist—"Cert'nly, ma'am. Anything else?" Customer—"No. Please be sure and send the stamp home in time for the mail." Druggist—"Yes, ma'am. Shall I send the boy to lick the stamp?" Customer—"No; that will not be necessary."

"How much?" Druggist (with a sigh)—"Two cents." Customer (paying him)—"It does seem as though we ought to have cheaper postage. Good-morning."—Harper's Bazar.

Cholly Slimleigh—"I don't believe in mind-weakness, you know." Miss Allert—"I supposed they could do anything. Slimleigh—"They're all frauds, all frauds. We had one at the club last night, ye know, and he tried to wead my mind."

Made a failure of it—total failure. Had made it up. Miss Allert—"Don't you think the joke was cruel?" Slimleigh—"There wasn't any joke about it, I assure you. He tried and tried and couldn't make anything out of it. But we tweated him well—gave him all the cigawettes he would smoke and told him we didn't doubt his ability to wead obdinaway minds, you know, to make him feel comfortable." Miss Allert—"Poor fellow!"—Chicago Times.

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