A LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER.

'A renegade! A rebel against his king! A black-hearted traitor! You dare to tell me that George Winthrop loves you! Son of canting, lying Ezra Winthrop! By the Eternal, I'll shoot him on sight if he comes this side!'

'While old John Bedell was speaking he tore and flung away a letter, reached for his long rifle on its pins above the chimney place, dashed its butt angrily to the floor, and poured powder into his palm.

'For Heaven's mercy, father! You would not! You could not! The war is over. It would be murder!' cried Ruth Bedell, sobbing.

'Wouldn't I?' He poured the powder in. 'Yes, by gracious, quicker'n I'd kill a rattlesnake!' He placed the round bullet on the little square of greased rag at the muzzle of his rifle. 'A rank traitor—bone and blood of those who drove out loyal men!'—he crowded the tight load home, dashed the ramrod into place, looked to the flint. 'Rest there, old Sure-death—wake up for George Winthrop!' and the fierce old man replaced rifle and powder-horn on their pegs.

Bedell's hatred for the foes who had beaten down King George's cause, and imposed the alternative of confiscation or the oath of allegiance on the vanquished, was considered ferocious, even by his brother Loyalists of the Niagara frontier.

'The Squire kind o' sees his boys' blood when the sky's red,' said they in explanation. But their inference erred. Bedell was so much an enthusiast that he could almost rejoice because his three stark sons had gained the prize of death in battle. He was too brave to hate the fighting men he had so often confronted. But he abhorred the politicians, especially the intimate civic enemies on whom he had poured scorn before the armed struggle began. More than any he hated Ezra Winthrop, the lawyer, arch-revolutionist of their native town, who had never used a weapon but his tongue. And now his Ruth, the beloved and only child left to his exiled age, had confessed her love for Ezra Winthrop's son! They had been boy and girl, pretty maiden and bright stripling, together, without the squire suspecting—he could not, even now, conceive clearly so wild a thing as their affection! The confession burned in his heart like veritable fire—raging anguish of mingled loathing and love. He stood gazing at Ruth, dumbly— his hands clenched, and sometimes mechanically quivering, anger, hate, love, grief, tumultuous in his soul.

Ruth glanced up—her father seemed about to speak—she bowed again, shuddering as through the coming words might kill. Still there was a silence—a long silence. Bedell stood motionless, poised, breathing hard—the silence oppressed the girl—each moment her terror increased—expectant attention became suffering that demanded his voice—and still there was silence save for the dull roar of Niagara that more and more pervaded the air. The torture of waiting for the words—a curse against her, she feared—overwore Ruth's endurance. She looked up again suddenly, and John Bedell saw in hers the beloved eyes of his dead wife, shrinking with intolerable fear. He groaned heavily, flung up his hands despairingly, and strode out towards the river.

How craftily smooth the green Niagara sweeps toward the plunge beneath that perpetual white cloud above the Falls! From Bedell's clearing below Navy Island he could see the swaying and rolling of the mist, ever rushing up to expand and overhang. The terrible stream had a profound fascination for him; with its racing eddies eating at the shore; its long weeds visible through the clear water, trailing close down to the bottom; its inexorable, eternal, onward pouring. Because it was so mighty and so threatening, his stern soul rejoiced grimly in the awful river. To float, watching cracks and ledges of its flat bottom-rock drift quickly upward; to bend to his oars only when white crests of the rapids yelled for his life; to win escape by sheer strength from points so low down that he sometimes doubted that the greedy forces had been tempted too long; to stake his life, watching tree tops for a sign that he could yet save it, was the dreadful pastime by which Bedell sometimes quelled passionate promptings to revenge his exile. 'The falls is bound to get the Squire, some day,' said the banished settlers. But the Squire's skiff was clean built as a pickerel, and his old arms iron-strong. Now when he had gone forth from his beloved child, who seemed to him so traitorous to his love and all loyalty, he went instinctively upon the river.

Ruth Bedell, gazing at this loaded rifle, shuddered. Her filial love seemed to have died with those threats. Her fears were deep, but she had not told all. George Winthrop himself, having made his way secretly through the forest from Lake Ontario, had given her his own letter asking leave from the Squire to visit his newly made cabin. From the moment of arrival her lover had implored her to fly with him. But filial love was strong in Ruth to give hope that her father would yield to the yet stronger affection freshened in her heart. Believing their union might be permitted, she had pledged herself to escape with her lover if it were forbidden. Now he waited by the hickory wood for a signal to conceal himself or come forward.

When Ruth saw her father far down the river, she stepped to the flagstaff he had raised before building the cabin—his first duty being to hoist the Union Jack! It was the largest flag he could procure; he could see it flying defiantly all day long; at night he could hear its glorious folds whipping in the wind: the old Loyalist loved to fancy his foemen cursing at it from the other side, nearly three miles away. Ruth hauled the flag down a little, then ran it up to the mast-head again.

At that a tall young fellow came springing into the clearing, jumping exultingly over brush-heaps and tree-trunks, his queue waggling, his eyes bright, glad under his three-cornered hat. Joying that her father had yielded, he ran forward till he saw Ruth's tears.

'What, sweetheart!—crying? It was the signal to come on,' cried he.

'Yes; to see you sooner, George. Father is out yonder. But, no, he will never, never consent.'

'Then you will come with me, love,' he said, taking her hands.

'No, no, I dare not,' sobbed Ruth. Father would overtake us. He swears to shoot you on sight! Go, George! Escape while you can! Oh, if he should find you here!'

'But, darling love, we need not fear. We can escape easily. I know the forest path. But,—then he thought how weak her pace. 'We might cross here before he could come up!' cried Winthrop, looking toward where the squire's boat was now a distant blotch.

'No, no!' wailed Ruth, yet yielding to his embrace. 'This is the last time I shall see you forever. Go, love—forever and forever goodbye, my love, my love.'

But he clasped her in his strong arms, kissing, imploring, cheering her—and how should true love choose hopeless renunciation?

* * * * * *

Tempting, defying, regaining his lost ground, drifting down again, trying hard to tire out and subdue his heart-pangs, Bedell dallied with death more closely then ever. Often he could see the wide smooth curve where the green volume first lapses vastly on a lazy slope, to shoulder up below a hugh calm billow, before pitching into the madness of waves whose confusion of tossing and tortured crests hurries to the abyss. The afternoon grew toward evening before he pulled steadily home, crawling away from the roarers against the cruel green, watching the ominous cloud with some such grim humor as if under observation by an overpowering, but baffled enemy.

Approaching his landing, a shout drew Bedell's glance ashore to a group of men excitedly gesticulating. They seemed motioning him to watch the American shore. Turning, he saw a boat in midstream, where no craft then on the river, except his own skiff, could be safe, unless manned by several good rowers. Only two oars were flashing. Bedell could make out two figures indistinctly. It was clear they were doomed—though still a full mile above the point whence he had come, they were much farther out then he had been when near the rapids. Yet one life might be saved! Instantly Bedell's bow turned outward, and cheers were flung to him ashore.

At that moment he looked to his own landing place, and saw that his larger boat was gone. Turning again, he angrily recognized it, but kept right on—he must try to rescue even a thief. He wondered Ruth had not prevented the theft, but had no suspicion of the truth. Always he had refused to let her go out upon the river—mortally fearing it for her.

Thrusting his skiff mightily forward—often it glanced, half-whirled by upwhelming and spreading spaces of water—the old Loyalist's heart was quit of his pangs, and sore only with certainty that he must abandone human soul to death. By the time that he could reach the large boat his would be too near the rapids for escape with three!

When George saw Bedell in pursuit, he bent to his ash blades more strongly, and Ruth, trembling to remember her father's threats, urged her lover to speed. They feared the pursuer only, quite unconscious that they were in the remorseless grasp of the river. Ruth had so often seen her father far lower down than they had yet drifted, that she did not realize the truth, and George, just arrived from a distant district, was unaware of the long cataracts above the Falls. He was also deceived by the stream's treacherous smoothness and, instead of half-upward, pulled straight across as if certainly able to land anywhere he might touch the American shore.

Bedell looked over his shoulder often. When he distinguished a woman he put on more force, but slackened soon—the pull home would tax his endurance, he reflected. In some sort it was a relief to know that one was a woman; he had been anticipating trouble with two men equally bent on being saved. That the man would abandon himself bravely, he, being brave, scarcely doubted. For a while he thought of pulling with the woman to the American shore, more easily to be gained from the point where the rescue must occur.

But he rejected the plan, confident he could win back, for he had sworn never to set foot on that soil. Had it been possible to save both, he would have been forced, despite his vow, but the squire knew that was impossible—three would overload his boat beyond escape.

Having carefully studied landmarks for for his position Bedell turned to look again at the doomed boat. At the glance a well-known ribbon caught his attention! The old man dropped his oars, confused with horror.

'My God, my God, it's Ruth!' he cried, and the whole truth came with another look, for he had not forgotten George Winthrop.

'Your father stops, Ruth. Perhaps he is in pain,' suggested George to the quaking girl. She looked back.

'What can it be?' she cried, filial love returning overmasteringly.

'Perhaps he is only tired.' George affected carelessness—his first thought being to secure his bride—and pulled hard away to get all advantage from Bedell's stop.

'Tired! He is in danger of the falls', then screamed Ruth. 'Stop! Turn! Back to him!'

Winthrop instantly prepared to obey. 'Yes, darling,' he said, 'we must not think of ourselves. We must go back to save him!' Yet his was a sore groan at turning; what duty was so hard—he must give up his love for the sake of his enemy?

But while Winthrop was still pulling round the old Loyalist began rowing with a more rapid stroke that soon brought him alongside.

In those moments of waiting all Bedell's life, his personal hatreds, his loves, his sorrows, had been reviewed before his soul. He had seen again his sons, the slain in battle, in the pride of their young might; and the gentle eyes of Ruth had pleaded with him beneath his dead wife's brow. How poor seemed hate—how mean and poor seemed all but Love and Loyalty! Yes, for he had looked through the veil into the eternal, too, and stood, a trivial creature, before the Almighty, knowing his meaning. Wherefore resolutions and deep peace had come upon the man.

They wondered at his look. No wrath was there. The old eyes were calm and loving, a gentle smile flickered about his lips. Only that he was very pale, Ruth would have been wholly glad for the happy change.

'Forgive me, father,' she cried, as he laid hand on their boat. 'I do, my child,' he answered. 'Come now without an instant delay to me.'

'Oh, father, if you would let us be happy!' cried Ruth, heart-torn by two loves.

'Dear, you shall be happy. I was wrong; child, I did not understand how you loved him. But come! You hesitate! Winthrop, my son, you are in some danger. Into this boat instantly! Both of you! Take the oars, George. Kiss me, dear, my Ruth, once more. Good bye, my little girl. Winthrop, be good to her. And may God bless you both forever!'

As the old soldier spoke, he stepped into the larger boat, instantly releasing the skiff. His imperative gentleness had secured his object without loss of time, and the boats were apart with Winthrop's readiness to pull.

'Now row! Row for her life to yonder shore! Row well up! Away, or the falls will have her.'

'But you!' cried Winthrop, bending for his stroke. Yet he did not comprehend Bedell's meaning. Till the last the old man had spoken without excitement. Dread of the river was not on George—his bliss was supreme in this thought, and he took the squire's order for one of exaggerated alarm.

'Row, I say, with all your strength,' cried Bedell, with a flash of anger that sent the young fellow away instantly. 'Row! Concern yourself not for me. I am going home. Row! for her life, Winthrop! God will deliver you yet. Good bye, children. Remember always my blessing is freely given you.'

'God bless and keep you forever, father!' cried Ruth, from the distance, as her lover pulled away.

They landed, conscious of having passed a swift current, indeed, but quite unthinking of the price paid for their safety.

Looking back on the darkling river, they saw nothing of the old man.

'Poor father!' sighed Ruth, 'how kind he was! I'm sore hearted for thinking of him at home, so lonely.'

Left alone, Bedell stretched with the long, heavy oars for his own shore, making appearance of strong exertion, But when he no longer feared that they might turn back with sudden understanding, and vainly, to his aid, he dragged the boat slowly, watching her swiftly drift down—down toward the towering mist. Then, as he gazed at the cloud, rising in two distinct volumes came a thought spurring the Loyalist's spirit in an instant. Thereafter he pulled steadily, powerfully, noting landmarks anxiously, studying currents, considering always their trend to or from his own shore. Half an hour had gone when he again dropped into slower motion. Then he could see Goat Island's upper end between him and the mist of the American Fall.

Now the old man gave himself up to intense curiosity, looking over down into the water with fascinated inquiry. He had never been so far down the river. Darting beside their shadows, deep in the clear flood, were now larger fishes than he had ever taken, and all moved up as if hurrying to escape. How fast the long trailing, swaying, single weeds and the crevices in flat rocks whence they so strangely grew went up stream and away as if drawn backward. The sameness of the bottom to that higher up interested him—where then did the current begin to sweep clean? He should certainly know that soon, he thought, without a touch of fear, having utterly accepted death when he determined it were base to carry his weary old life a little longer and let Ruth's young love die. Now the Falls' heavy monotone was overborne by terrible sounds— a mingled clashing, shrieking, groaning, and rumbling, as of great boulders churned in their bed.

Bedell was nearing the first long swoop downward at the rapids' head when those watching him despairingly from the high bank below the Chippewa River's mouth saw him put his boat stern with the current and cease rowing entirely, facing fairly the uprushing mist to which he was being hurried. Then they observed him stooping, as if writing, for a time. And then he knelt with head bowed down. Kneeling, they prayed, too.

Now he was almost on the brink of the cascades. Then he arose and, glancing backward to his home, caught sight of his friends on the high shore. Calmly he waved a farewell. What then? Thrice round he he flung his hat with a gesture they knew full well. Some had seen that exulting waving in front of ranks of battle. As clearly as though the roar of waters had not drowned his ringing voice, they knew that old John Bedell, at the point of death, cheered thrice 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the King!'

Floating with the heaving water in the gorge below the falls, they found his body a week afterward. Though beaten almost out of recognition, portions of clothing still adherred to it, and in a waistcoat-pocket they found the old Loyalist's metal snuff-box with this inscription scratched by knife point on the cover: 'God be praised! I die in British waters. John Bedell.'

The Queen of Italy is said to be the best-dressed woman in Europe.

Saved Her Life.

MRS. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

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Living for Years with a Broken Neck.

Foster Brooks, who is visiting friends in Bellevue, Ky., is a wonder. His home is at Franklin, Tenn., and he is sixteen years old. He is six feet six inches tall and weights 130 pounds. His extraordinary height is due to the strange growth of his bones and the disease, if it may be called such, came of a broken neck. There is no other case like it on record. When Foster was five years old he climbed a tree to "skin the cat" on a limb. He was an expert at it, but this time he fell. When picked up his head was thrown forward and turned slightly to the left, in which position it was locked.

It was ascertained that the boy's neck was broken, and the doctors gave up hope. He was still living, however, and, acting on a theory that while there is life there is hope, the physicians went to work. He was placed on a cot, with a strap drawn under his chin and back of his head. From the strap a rope ran back from the top of his head, working on a wheel and having an eight-pound weight attached to it. For ten days he lay thus without moving. All this time he was practically paralyzed from his neck down. At the end of that time the head came into place, and in a month he was able to be up. For years he could not move his head to the fraction of an inch, but in time the power slowly came back, and he can now turn it at will. Physicians who have examined the young man say the hook joining the bones in the joint of the neck was broken off instead of being pulled out and the spinal cord was left uninjured.

Young Brooks seems to have suffered no ill effects from his strange experience, the only noticeable thing being his extraordinary height and abnormal bone development.

"What Else Did the Defendant Say?"

One of the late Lord Coleridge's peculiarities was his habit when on circuit of strolling round and round the court in order to keep himself awake. This was a frequent practice of his when sitting late to finish a case, and was extremely disconcerting to the counsel, who happened to be addressing him, as the barrister had to follow his lordship all over the court with his eyes, and hurl his arguments at him in different parts of the building. Lord Coleridge also had a trick when on the bench of sometimes closing his eyes and assuming an expression as if wrapped in the most refreshing of slumbers, when, as a matter of fact, he was wide awake and listening with both ears. On one occasion he was sitting at nisi prius, and a long winded young barrister was opening the case for the complainant. In the middle of the address Lord Coleridge apparently dropped off to sleep. The counsel did not notice it for some time, and when just remarking, "our contention is, my lord, that the defendant said"—when he stopped short, looked in a bloodthirsty way at the somnolent judge, and ejaculated in an undertone, "Oh, damn it." Lord Coleridge quietly opened his eyes, and inquired in his blandest manner, "Yes, Mr. Robinson. What else did the defendant say besides 'Oh, damn it'?"

Almost Raised from the Grave.

A Montreal Mother Tells How Her Babe was Saved.

THE LITTLE ONE NOW FAT AND STRONG.

"Having used your celebrated Lactated Food for several months for my baby, I have now much pleasure in testifying to its great superiority.

"Before using Lactated Food I was feeding my baby with other makes of food. She became very sickly, and we thought she would die.

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This is the testimony of Mrs. A. L. Gagnon, of 275 St. Charles Borrommee street, Montreal.

Mothers who are sad and despondent about their weak, puny and sickly babes, should take comfort and encouragement from the above letter.

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Another Bishop Story.

The Bishop of London, so runs the story, not long after he was appointed to his see, became dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace of Fulham, and called in an architect of eminence to advise him as to the alterations that could be made.

The architect heard what was needed to be done, inspected the building throughout and then drew up a report of the expense that would be entailed by the required work. On receiving the statement of the expenditure which would inevitably be involved, the Bishop decided to allow things to remain as they were. But before the architect left his lordship said—

"I shall be glad if you tell me now for how much I shall draw a cheque on account of the trouble you have taken."

"I thank your lordship—a hundred guineas," was the disconcerting reply.

"A hundred guineas?"

"Yes, my lord, that is my fee."

"But, sir, many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's services."

"That may be very true, my lord; but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession."

It is perhaps superfluous to add that the cheque was paid over in silence.

The Last Words of Alkali Ike.

Judge Stringer (to Alkali Ike)—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say before the sentence of the court is passed upon you?

Alkali Ike (bursting headlong through the window)—Good-bye!

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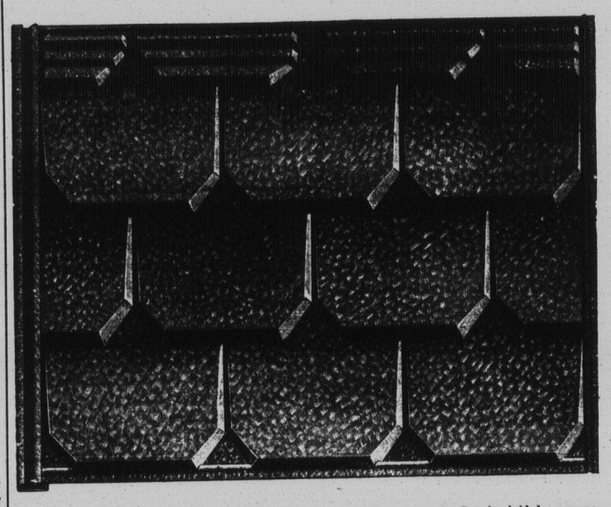

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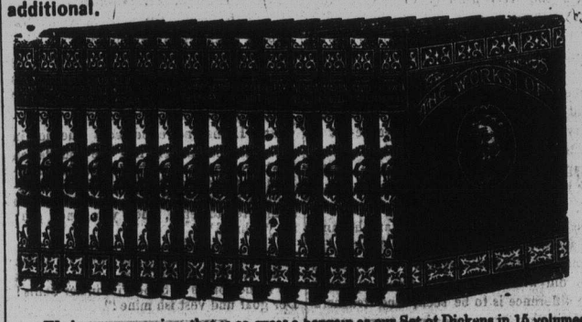

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