

For a Father's Life.

This time Beatrice would not let Brandon row while the sun was up. They rowed at night, and by day tried to get under the shadow of the shore. At last a wind sprang up; they now sailed along swiftly for two or three days. At the end of that time they saw European houses, beyond which arose some roofs and spires. It was Sierra Leone, Brandon's conjectures had been right. On landing here Brandon simply said that they had been wrecked in the Falcon, and that he had been killed. He gave his name as Wheeler. The authorities received these unfortunate ones with great kindness, and Brandon heard that a ship would leave for England on the 6th of March.

The close connection which had existed between them for so many weeks, that this might perhaps remove that extraordinary power which he felt that she exerted over him. Not so, in her absence he found himself constantly looking forward toward a meeting with her again. When with her he found the joy that flowed from her presence to be more intense, since it was more concentrated. He began to feel alarmed at his own weakness.

The 6th of March came, and they left in the ship *June* for London. Now their intercourse was like that of the old days. Brandon, with his kindling eyes, which yet were softened by a certain emotion of indescribable tenderness—"I know can I forget? Twice you saved me from a fearful death, and then you told to save my life till you own sank under it."

"I would gladly give up a thousand lives," said Brandon, "to save you, while his eyes were illumined with a passion which had never before been permitted to get beyond control, but now rose visibly, and irresistibly."

"If you have a life to give," said Beatrice calmly, returning his fevered gaze with a look full of tender sympathy, "if you have a life to give, let it be given to that purpose of yours to which you are devoted."

"You refuse it, then," cried Brandon vehemently and reproachfully. Beatrice returned his reproachful gaze with one equally reproachful, and raising her calm eyes to heaven, said in a murmured voice:

"You have no right to say so—least of all to me. I said what you feel and know; and it is this that others require your life, in comparison with whom I am nothing. Ah, my friend," she continued, in tones of unutterable sadness, "let us friends here at least, on the sea, let it be given to reach England we must be separated for evermore!"

"For evermore?" cried Brandon, in agony. "For evermore," repeated Beatrice, in equal anguish.

"Do you feel any eager to get to England?" asked Brandon, after a long silence. "No," said Beatrice.

"Why not?" "Because I know that there is sorrow for me there."

"If our boat had been destroyed on the shore of that island," he asked, "almost an imploring voice, "would you have grieved?"

"No." "The present is better than the future. Oh, that my dream had continued forever, and that I had never awakened to the bitterness of life!"

"That," said Beatrice, with a mournful smile, "is a reproach to me, for watching you."

"Yet that moment of awakening was sweet beyond all thought," continued Brandon, in a musing voice, "for I had lost all memory of all things except you."

They stood in silence, sometimes looking at one another, sometimes at the sea, while the dark shadows of the future event gloomed in their eyes.

The voyage passed on until at last the English shores were seen, and they sailed up the channel amid the thronging ships that pass to and fro from the metropolis of the world.

"Tomorrow we part," said Beatrice, as she stood with Brandon on the quarter-deck. "No," said Brandon: "there will be no one to meet you here. I must take you to your home."

"To my home?" "You?" cried Beatrice, starting back. "You are not here."

"Do you know what it is?" "I do not seek to know. I do not ask; but yet I think I know."

"And yet you offer to go to the very last." "Be it so," said Beatrice, in a solemn voice. "Since it is the very last, I will take you to my home."

She looked at him with the solemn gaze of one whose soul was filled with thoughts that overpowered every common feeling. It was a look of lofty and serene and unimpassioned, like that of some spirit which has passed beyond human cares, but sad as that of some prophet of doom.

these were given me, I wished to know the secret of the man who had twice rescued me from death, and finally laid down his life for my sake. I did it not through curiosity. I did it," and her voice rose slightly with solemn emphasis—"I did it through a holy feeling that, since my life was due to you, therefore, as yours was gone, mine should replace it, and be devoted to the purpose which you had undertaken."

I opened first the metallic case. It was under the dim shade of the African forest, and while holding on my knees the head of the man who had laid down his life for me. You know what I read there. A read of a father's love, and agony. I read there the name of the one who had driven him to death. The shadow of the forest grew darker around me; as the full meaning of that revelation came over my soul they deepened into blackness, and I fell senseless by your side.

Better had Cato left us both lying there to die, and gone off in the boat himself. But he revived me, laid me down gently, and propped up your head, but never again dared to defile you with the touch of one so infamous as I.

There still remained the other package, which I read—how you reached that island, and how you got that MS. I neither know nor seek to discover; but only know that all my spirit awoke within me as I read those words. A strange, inexplicable feeling arose. I forgot all about you and your griefs. My whole soul was fixed on the figure of that bereaved and solitary man, who thus drifted to his fate. He seemed to speak to me, and I felt that I was in his right, on a space which could be covered by an ordinary sinner. The first blow left a deep, red mark, and soon blood and skin were flung away at every blow. I counted the strokes. At the end of every fifty the wielder of the bamboo was relieved by another man. Four men took their turn of this, making in the aggregate two hundred strokes. When the blows ceased I felt that I was no longer a man.

Three other prisoners were each in turn treated to one hundred strokes; they howled as they were whipped.

"I am not near you at that night. The palms sighed in the air. I dared not touch you. My brain whirled. I thought I heard voices out at sea, and figures appeared in the gloom. I thought I saw before me the form of Colonel Despard. He looked at me with sadness unutterable, and extended his hand to me, and blessed me. Madder fancies than ever then rushed through my brain. But when morning came, and the excitement had passed, I knew that I had been deceived."

"When that morning came I went over to look at you. To my amazement, you were not there. I thought you had been carried off by the natives. I was relieved of myself. I knelt down and prayed God for you, but did not dare to touch you. I folded up the treasure, and told Cato to put it in the boat, and to tell you that I was still around your neck. Then I watched you till you recovered."

But on that night, and after reading those MS., I seemed to see you pass into another stage of being. I can say things to you now which I would not have said to you before, and strength is given me to tell you all this before we part for evermore."

I have awakened to infancy; for what is infancy if it be not this? I have lost my name I hear? Something more than pride or vanity has been the foundation of that feeling of shame and hate with which I have regarded you. And I have now died to my former life, and awakened to a new one.

Louis Brandon, the agonies which he has suffered by those whom you seek to avenge. I can conjecture, but I wish never to hear. I pray God that I may never know. I might break my heart to learn. You must save them, you must also avenge them. You are strong, and you are implacable. When you strike your blow, it will be crushing. But I must go and bear my lot among those you strike; I will wait on among them, sharing their infamy and their fate. When your blow falls I will not turn away. I will think of those dear ones of yours who have suffered, and for their sake will accept the blow of revenge."

Brandon had held her hand in silence, and with a convulsive pressure during these words. As she stopped she made a slight effort to withdraw it, but he would not let her. He raised it to his lips and pressed it there.

Three times he made an effort to speak, and each time he failed. He was a strong exertion, he muttered in a hoarse voice and broken tones:

"O Beatrice! Beatrice! how I love you!" "I know it," said she, in the same monotone which she had used before—a tone of infinite mournfulness—"I have known it long, and I would have also, should be loved by one who bears my name."

The hours of the night passed away. They stood waiting for the dawn, speaking little. Brandon clung to her hand. They were sailing up the Thames. It was about 4 in the morning.

"We shall soon be there," said he, "sing to me for the last time. Sing, and forget for a moment that we must part." Then, in a low voice, of soft, penetrating tones, which thrilled through every fibre of Brandon's being, Beatrice began to sing:

"Love made us mortal; our unity is indissoluble by act or thing; For were this mortal being ended, And our freed spirits in the world above, Love, passing o'er the grave would join us there, As once he joined us here: And the memory of the life below Would but unite as closer evermore. No act of mine may loose Thee from the eternal bond, Nor shall Revenge have power To disseize us there!"

On that same day they landed in London. The Governor's lady at Sierra Leone had been replacing Brandon's wardrobe, so that she showed no appearance of having gone through the troubles which had afflicted her on sea and shore.

Brandon took her to a hotel and then went to his agent's. He also examined the papers for the last four months. He read in the morning journal a notice which had already appeared of the arrival of the ship of the *Nore*, and the statement that three of the passengers of the *Falcon* had reached Sierra Leone. He communicated to the owners of the *Falcon* the particulars of the loss of the ship, and earned their thanks for the way he was able to get their insurance without waiting a year, as is necessary where nothing is heard of a missing vessel.

He travelled with Beatrice by rail and coach as far as the village of Brandon, the inn engaged a carriage to take her up to her father's house. It was Brandon Hall, as he very well knew.

A little was said during all this time. Words were useless. Silence formed the best communion for them. He took her hand at parting. She spoke not a word; her lips moved, but no audible sound escaped. Yet in their eyes, as they fastened themselves on one another, there was a language of love, of longing, and of sorrow that each felt. The carriage drove off. Brandon watched it. "Kiss farewell, and welcome," he murmured, "and welcome Vengeance!"

(To be continued.)

FLOGGED WITH BAMBOOS.

Chinese Prisoners Beaten Till the Blood Ran.

The policemen and officials, hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, began to move about the court, and three or four of them made selections from among the bamboo laths. They weighed them, felt their balance, and sprung them against the ground.

The hangdog scoundrel moved to the centre of the cleared space, and trembled, unfastened his loose, baggy breeches.

Then two policemen seized him; one would some string around his legs, and another delivered a blow on his shoulders. His chest was flat on the ground, but his hips were turned sideways, with the right thigh uppermost.

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THE SOCIAL WORLD.

(By Ambrose Bierce, the "Poet Butcher.") "The Social World!" O, what a world it is! Where full grown men cut capers in the "german," "what you will, and whiz and spin and sprawl about like mermen."

I wonder if our future (Grant or Sherman) will be a success or a failure. If it is a success, it will be a success of arms, and if it is a failure, it will be a failure of arms.

I know they tell us about Waterloo, how, "foremost fighting, fell" the evening's dance. I regard it true. That soldiers who are skillful in "the dance."

Less often die of cannon than of cankers. Moreover, I am half persuaded, too, that David, when he danced before Achish, had the reporter's word to keep it dark.

Dancing young man, you tire! Your name, like maidens' brings is in the papers. You think it, doubtless, honorable fame, completing the cheap distinction gained. As does the monkey the blue-painted Believes becoming to him. 'Tis the same With men as other monkeys—all their tricks, and all their cunning, are of a piece.

Crave eminence on any kind of poles. But cynics (barking tribes) are all agreed That monkeys upon poles performing tricks, are not valued; they are only treed. A glory that is kindled by the papers, is kindled as the phosphorescent vapors That shine in graveyards and are seen, indeed. But while the bodies that supply the fuel, are turning into weeds to feed an end.

One can but wonder sometimes how it feels To be an ass—a beast—a beast—because, like yours, mine is in his heels. And he is prone to use them unobscuredly. The ladies (bless them!) say you dance like a devil. I like it better though, who does not.

PRUDENT.

He seized her slim white fingers in an ecstasy of adoration. "Ah!" he murmured, "I could die for you!"

A perceptible pallor overspread her countenance. "Goodness!" she said, "I hope you won't think of such a thing till we are married and I have the right to inherit."

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THE TIME TO DECLINE. "Strange about May. She doesn't get married because she doesn't know how to say no." "Indeed?" "Yes, when fellows ask her to sing for them she always complies."

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, induces Complexions, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One dose. Try them.

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It's just this: We have been in the knitting business for such a long time we are fully alive to the wants of the people and can suit any in the way of Knitted Woolen Goods. Our idea long ago to put in and keep it up, to use only the very best quality of woolen yarns has placed our goods with confidence to all who have used them. We can make to your order any line of Woolen Garments:

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In all we use the finest grade of English fingering.

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MEDICAL.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

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May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIR:—I may say that I have used your Cetocura with great result in my family. I have given a great relief, especially in nervous affections, and I am confident, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, Dr. J. M. Hall, Principal of College Institute, St. Catharines, Ontario.

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