

AN HONORABLE ANCESTOR.



WHEN the bigotry of the last times compelled subjects to take up arms against him Sir John Cochrane was one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations, and one of the most prominent actors in Argyll's rebellion. For ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, joining their fortunes to the cause of the king. Sir John Cochrane was no exception. He was surrounded by the king's troops, and, after a long and desperate resistance, he was taken prisoner, and was tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his father awaited only the arrival of the death-warrant to lead him to execution. His friends had visited him and exchanged the last farewells—all but one: his daughter Grizel, the pride of his house, his dearest treasure, she alone had not come to receive his last blessing.

Night had fallen on the prison, and the father sat with his head pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, longing for a last look of his favorite child, when the door opened, and the keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful girl. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright, and fearless with a shadow deep to be woe away. The unhappy prisoner raised his head. "My child, my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, as he gazed on to his heart. "My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailer as he closed the door, and left them together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my precious child!" said Sir John. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my daughter, and that I should die more than death, but that art done, my love—thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father!"

"Nay, father, forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing, not thy last! My fathershall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," he said. "Wend to heaven that I could comfort thee, my own. But there is no hope; within three days thou and all my little ones will be—Fatherless, he would have said, but the words died upon his lips."

"Three days," she repeated, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days! then there is hope—my father shall live. Is not thy grandfather the friend of Father Peter, the confessor and tutor of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."



"DISMOUNT!" cried the stranger.

"Nay, my Grizel," he returned, "he not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed. Already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on his way."

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

"What do you mean, my child?" he inquired eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father, ask not now. 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 the door was closed between the father and daughter.

On the evening of the second day after this interview, a wayfarer man crossed the draw-bridge at Berwick from the north, and, proceeding along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench, by the door of an inn on the south side of the street, nearly fronting the spot 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 VI. of Scotland had taken up his residence, when on his way to England. The wayfarer wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round the waist by a leather girdle, and over it a short cloak of plain material. He was evidently a young man, and his features were drawn down, not as usual to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after eat-

ing a short time, rose to depart. Night was coming on, and a storm was threatening. The heavens grew black; the clouds rushed from the south; sudden gusts of wind moaned through 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 traveler passed him to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the wide and desolate moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a copse of thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, leaving the storm, which now raged with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled like a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable to longer brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some 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 plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was gripped by the bridle; the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him holding a pistol to his breast. "Dismount!" cried the stranger sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and fear-stricken, made an attempt to resist his grasp, but instantly 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 was senseless. The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it across 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, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane still 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 Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became the almost constant companion of her father. Nearly a fortnight had passed since the robbery of the mail, and protracted here 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 King James signed the death-warrant. Within little more than another day that warrant would reach the prison.

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

"Amen!" responded Grizel with wild vehemence; "yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed; he looked cautiously before, behind, and around, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath. He turned the angle of a straggling copse when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash in its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol went off, and his horse again rearing, he was thrown from the saddle. In a moment the robber, with his foot upon the breast of the messenger, was bending over him and brandishing a short dagger, saying:

"Give me thine arms, or die!"

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

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

The man arose, and returned to Berwick, and the robber, mounting the horse, 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 the second death-warrant, when the news arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days the prisoner's life would be prolonged. Putting his arms about his daughter, he said, "It is good. The hand of Heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied his child, and for the first time she wept, "said I not that my father should not die?"

"The fourteen days were not past when the prison-door flew open, and the earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and, after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, the king had sealed his pardon.

He hurried with his father to his own house; his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy. Grizel only was absent. They were marveling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger entered an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was dressed in a coarse cloak and a coarse jerkin, but his bearing seemed beyond his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his heaver, but did not remove it.

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

Sir John glanced them over—

started, and became pale. They were his death-warrants.

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed; "how—how shall I thank thee—how repay the savior of my life? My father—my children—thank him for me!"

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hand to his face, and burst into tears.

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

She stranger went aloud, and raising his heaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell over the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The reader can supply the rest, and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism we have briefly sketched, was the grandmother of the great-grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart of Allendale in Berwickshire and great-grandmother of Mr. Coates, the celebrated banker. Consequently she was the great-great-grandmother of Baroness Burdett-Coates.

A SHORT-LIVED EXOTIC.

Summer Men Steeped Up by One Who Knows Them Well.

The man who poses as a summer beau par excellence is generally far more silly than his feminine opposite. In many instances he is off on a vacation of but two weeks, and has saved up all his odd pennies toward the acquisition of a varied wardrobe with which he intends to dazzle the eyes of the girls with whom he comes in contact. He changes his clothes three or four times a day, and is as particular about having every article up to the top notch of fashion as a woman is regarding the fit of her gown.

As an excuse for his personal vanity it must be said that he is very young, says the Washington Sapper. Table. Some come with years, and he has no desire later on to pose as a summer man. Even though his concern over his various suits of clothes is his only weakness, when he arrives at a hotel he will undoubtedly acquire another one before he has been long under the roof, for the scarcity of men who are willing to dance attendance upon the caprices of the summer girl makes him popular at once, even though he may not have a grain of sense in his head or more than his two weeks' salary in his pocket.

This consideration, at once causes him to think that he is a very fascinating creature, and he acts on this principle until an influx of masculines on Saturday night opens his eyes to the fact he was all right if there were no others around, but when there are several to be commanded he is not so important a personage as he imagined.

Sometimes it is pitiful to see the way a summer man is snubbed when he is more worthy to be angled for than most of the boys, and yet from season to season he bobs up sorely, and is content to be the groat "I am" during the week and take second place over Sunday. As a parcel carrier, a candy buyer and an excellent target for flattery practice the summer man is all right, but as a husband who can be depended on in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, he is not to be recommended as yet.

A Dwelling-House in India.

Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas twenty feet deep, immense chambers (in the middle of which stand the beds), doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas, and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere and a dazzling sun blazing down on the Indian ocean in front. A dozen or more dusky Hindu servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright sashes around their waists, and bright turbans on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devoted to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me; he has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself. He is now brushing my hat for the twelfth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool lounging-places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast, (or "tilm," as we call it here) and dinner-table, and no end of kind attention. I am writing in my room on the day before Christmas, as if it were rather a hot August morning at home.—Phillips Brooks' Letters in Century.

One That Waxes.

Mr. Howell, of the firm of Gettuy & Howell—are the bank statements more favorable to-day, Mr. Addams? Book-keeper—Why—aw—not exactly. Here's one to the effect that you've overdrawn your account at the Fourteenth National.

The Coal Question.

Coal Dealer—You see the price of coal fluctuates. It goes up and down. Purchaser—Yes, but the weight remains stationary at seventeen hundred pounds to the ton.—Texas Sittings.

MORE BURIED TREASURE.

This Time Located in Argentine Republic.—Its Lengthy History.

There is a fortune buried near the town of La Plata, in the Argentine Republic, and the people down there are going crazy over it. The money is all in bank of England notes, and there is £350,000 for the man who is fortunate enough to find it.

When the civil war broke out in Chili President Balmaceda, realizing the importance of a navy in such a conflict, commissioned Colonel Pinto one of his most trusted friends, to proceed to England and purchase or build a couple of fast cruisers, which were to be manned by picked crews and sent out to Valparaiso as fast as steam could carry them. Pinto was given bills of exchange on several London banks to pay for the cruisers and he lost no time in starting on his mission, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The only possible way he could get to England was by taking passage on one of the steamers running between Valparaiso and Liverpool; and, as he had to go via Magellan's straits and up the Atlantic, the voyage took considerable time, especially as the steamer had to call at Montevideo, Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro.

Before Colonel Pinto could reach England and secure the cruisers he needed, Balmaceda saw how things were going, and realizing that lots of ready cash would be a good thing to assist him out of the country in case he was forced to leave, he telegraphed Pinto to let the cruisers go and hurry back to Valparaiso with the money as fast as he could.

Pinto took the precaution of changing the bills of exchange into bank of England notes, and with the \$360,000 safely stowed away in a steel box in his big trunk, he started on his trip back.

When the steamer reached Montevideo the news of Balmaceda's downfall reached him and he concluded that the Argentine Republic would be a more pleasant place to reside in for a while at least, as he was known to be a personal friend of the de-throned dictator. Pinto took up his residence in La Plata, and during his residence there formed the acquaintance of a gentleman named Parry.

After the excitement caused by the war had died down Pinto concluded to revisit Chili, but he did not want the money to fall into the hands of his enemies. He was afraid to place it in any of the banks for fear the victorious insurgents would put in a claim for it, so one night when everything was quiet he took the precious box out and buried it.

This done he went back to Chili with a light heart, but so soon had he set foot in Valparaiso than he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon and told that when he got ready to turn the money over to the government he would be released and not before. Some of Pinto's friends, however, told him that so long as he kept the money out of the hands of his enemies he was safe, but as soon as he turned it over to the government he would be taken out and shot as a traitor.

Pinto is a native of Buenos Ayres, and he concluded to use part of the money in effecting his release if possible. With this object in view he wrote to Mr. Parry telling him how matters stood and offering him one-fourth if he would induce the Argentine government to take up his case and demand his release. The location of the buried treasure was not given in the letter, but would be sent to Mr. Parry if he concluded to accept the proposition.

Mr. Parry by accident lost the letter, and the finder soon made known the fact that the big fortune in Bank of England notes was buried some where near the town, and the result is that about every man that can secure a spade is now out digging for the treasure and leaving everything else to take care of itself.

To Cross the Atlantic With Fresh Flowers.

"I can tell you how to cross the Atlantic with a fresh carnation in your buttonhole," said an experienced traveler the other day. His recipe was to start the voyage with two carnations and a raw potato. The carnations are to be worn on alternate days, and each, when not ornamenting the buttonhole, is to be thrust into a hole in the potato. At the end of a week at least one of them will be fresh enough to excite the surprise of fellow passengers.

A Hardy Little Animal.

Extensive drought will cause the small to close its doors to prevent the evaporation of its bodily moisture and dry up. These little animals are possessed of astonishing vitality, regarding activity after having been frozen in solid blocks of ice, and enduring a degree of heat for weeks which daily crisps vegetation.

Burials in Horses.

The Dalai-lama of Borneo never bury a dead member of their tribe until a slave can be procured, who is beheaded at the interment or cremation, to attend the deceased in the next world.

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by The Detroit News—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

(From the Detroit News.)

The following paragraph, which appeared in the Evening News a short time ago, furnished the basis of the following article. It is of sufficient importance to the News's readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. This disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

His injury came about in this way: One day nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that his recovery had been brought about by a very simple remedy. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians, who did all they could to alleviate this malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him, calling his attention to the case of a person there who had been cured of a disease similar to his own, and to the case of John Marshall of Hamilton, Ont., also cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Marshall was so well known that an account of his cure and recovery was published in detail by all the city papers. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. Those who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair, would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that has been wrought. He procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer, supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale."

Mr. Northrop declares, and he is a living example, that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk) at 50 cents a box, 5 boxes for 25 cents.

Counting the bearing and nonbearing orange trees in Florida, there are estimated to be 10,000,000 trees. California is credited with having 6,000,000 and Arizona about 1,000,000.