Heatherton resumed, the sent for me to come to him, and told me that he should never appear as a me to come to him, and told me that he should never appear as a felon under his own name. He charged me not to show myself in court during his trial, nor allow Vera to suspect the truth. She was to be told that he had gone away on a long journey, during which she was to be left in my charge, and, by and by, I was to tell her that he was dead. The change in her name from Heath to Heatherton I was to explain as best I could; but she must never learn that her father was a condemned criminal. I swore that I would do his bidding, and thus, to all intents and purposes, Richard Heatherton has gone out of the world, and this beautiful girl is worse than an orphan. He charged me also to make every effort to secure Benjamin Lawson's property, so that Vera might not be left destitute. I was to be her guardian until her marriage and receive a comfortable income for my services as such. But, of course the will has overthrown all this. The anxiety, the disappointment and mental suffering which I have had to bear during the last few weeks have sapped my life and my energies, and, I feel sure that I have not long to live. Now, Edward Heatherton, I ask—and you can readily see how my pride has fallen to bring me to this—will you assume the care of your sister?—will you give me your to this—will you assume the care of your sister?—will you give me your promise that you will never allow her to want?—for, aside from me, she has not a friend in the world. She is a gentle, lovable creature, and as keenly sensitive as she is beautiful.

Old, I hope her life may not be ruined by the sins of her father," the man polantical contents. by the sins of ner respectively concluded.

Ned did not reply for several min with averted eye

Ned did not reply for several min-utes, but sat with averted eyes and a very thoughtful face, review-ing all the past. He recalled all his mother's sorrows—all the wrong and neglect which she had suffered at the hands of this man's son; all the strug-gles of the long years—before he was old enough to help her—which had so nearly wrecked his own life and hon-or, and defrauded him of his inheri-tance.

All this was summed up and stood out boldly against the cause of Vera, which had been laid before him.

But, on the other hand, he told himself that the girl was in no way resonsible for the sins of her father. She had never entertained a thought of warms toward him or his methes it. wrong toward him or his mother. It was her misfortune, rather than her fault, that she was the child of such a man, while her gentleness and purity of character would be admitted by any one who looked into her face.

How tovely she had seemed to him. that bright June day when. flushed and heated after the excitement and danger from which he had rescued her, she had looked gratefully up into his eyes, and sweetly thanked him for what he had done. He had thought her what he had done. had thought her, mext to Gertrude, the prettlest girl that he had ever seen, and yet he had never dream-ed that she could be anything to

But she was his sister! Yes, even but she was his sister: i.es, even though she had no legal right to bear his name, the same blood was flowing in their veins—there was a kindred tie that could not be ig-

mored.
Something like a thrill of gladmess shot through him at the thought; then he suddenly remembered that he could never claim this kindred tie without violating Mr. Heatherton's wishes and bringling sadness upon her young life. "How do you wish me to care for her?" Ned inquired, at this point. "You do not wish her to know the truth—you do not wish me to claim her as a sister."

Thomas Heatherton turned rest-lessly upon his pillow.

Thomas Heatherton turned restlessly upon his pillow.

"Oh, I don't know what to tell
you!" he grouned. "I realize the difficulties of which you are thinking.
I am afraid that she must learn the
truth regarding her birth if you assume the care of her, and yet I long
to spare her the sorrow—the shameOh, I will—I must leave it all with
you to do as your judgment directs,"
he concluded, helplessly.

The light of a brave and noble resolve came into Ned's face.

The light of a brave and noble resolve came into Ned's face.
"I will do as you wish." he quietly remarked, "and I submit this proposal to you. Benjamin Lawson has left me a large fortune—more than I need, for I am a man, and have a desire to do something for myself in the world. I will settle a certain sum noon Vera—enough to causal her with the world. I will settle a certain sun upon Vera—enough to supply her with every comfort. She need never know that it comes from me—let her believe that she inherits it from her father, if you choose—vou can appoint some competent person to act as her guardian, if you are unable to assume such duties, and thus she will be shielded in the future from the shame of any painful revelations. How will such an arrangement suit you?

A feeling of deep lumilitation— of contempt for himself and his arrogance—of shame for his treatment of Miriam—of repulsion for his selfishness and avarice, surged over the

ness and avarice, surged over the proud soul of Thomas Heatherton, as he at last fully realized the true nobility of the young man whom he ha ontry of the young man whom he had so despised and ignored, and the grand character of the woman who had reared him with such principles. Such manliness, such honor, and unselfishness shamed him as he had

weakened by pain and long contintinued anxiety, by sleepless nights and wretched days, he broke down utterly, and began to sob like a

CHAPTER XLVII.

was very hard, very sad, to see a proud, strong man weep with such abandonment. wound you. sir," he exclaimed,

appealingly. appealingly.

"No-no; but, my boy, you have conquered my hard old heart at last," he tremulously returned.

"I've known, from the first time I met you, that you were made of grander stuff than the Heathertons ever possessed, for they have all been haughty and nurse-proud. all been haughty and purse-proud, unless it was my dear wife; I can say no more to show you how I honor you. As for Vera, I would like her to be surrounded by love and sympathy, and something tells me that she would be happier with you

and your mother if-if you could and your mother if—if you could consent to have her in your home. But I leave everything to your judgment. I have explained to her that her name is Heatherton, and she imagines that her father dropped the latter part of it because of some quarrel with me. Doubtless she will surmise that you are relatives and you can tall your noubtless she will surmise that you are relatives, and you can tell her whatever you think best. And now," turning to Miriam with an appealing glance, "dare I ask you to pardon my past rudeness to you? I am appalled when I fecall it."

when I fecall it."
"Pray do not make so much of it,"
Miriam interposed, with fast-dropping
tears, for it was sad, indeed, to witness the proud man's deep humiliation,
to realize how heart-broken he was over his only son's crimes, his grand-daughter's shame and his own pov-erty; "and let me assure you." sho erty; "and let me assure you," she added, "that both Ned and I will do all in our power to shield Miss Vera

from sorrow or want."

He thanked her humbly, and then, He thanked her humbly, and then, the physician coming in, they arose to go, for he seemed very weary, but they promised to come again the next day to confer further with him.

Vera came to them in the parlor, just as they were going out, and thanked them for responding so promptly to the message which had been sent to them

been sent to them.

Mrs. Heatherton's heart went immediately out to the motherless and almost friendless girl, and she felt impelled to take her directly home, in pelled to take her directly home, in spite of the fact that she was the child of the man who had wronged her. That night Mr. Heatherton experi-enced an unfavorable change, and he wandered in his mind until nearly meaning.

vera refused to leave him, and sat by Vera refused to leave him, and sat by his side for many long hours, while she learned from his rambling talk that there were dark secrets connected with her own and her father's lives of which she had never had a suspicion.

"Don't tell Vera," was the burden of the old manier to leave the suspicion.

"Don't tell Vera," was the burden of the old man's cry; "she must never know, for it would break her heart." "Don't tell Vera what?" she ques-tioned, feeling as if all her strength was leaving her, and she seemed sud-denly congealed to lee as the reply came back in a cautious whisper: "That she isn't really a Heatherton after all, and be sure that she never suspects the awful truth about Dick." That was enough to tell her that there was some mystery about her

there was some mystery about her birth, and that something dreadful had happened to her father, and she knew that she never could rest until it was all explained to her.

He was a little better the next day, and continued to

it was all explained to her.

He was a little better the next day, and continued to improve for a week; but his physician said that he would never be well again, and advised his removal from the hotel to some more home-like place.

"What shall we do, mother?" Ned asked when he had told her what the

asked, when he had told her what the doctor said. "Neither of them has any friends, and, I fear, but very little "Whatever you think best, Ned. I-I do not feel right to be using Mr

Lawson's money for ourselves, when his sister's husband and grandchild are in need," Miriam gravely respond-

ed.

"That is just my feeling," the noble fellow returned. "Shall we bring them home and care for them here? Would it be disagreeable to you to have Vore with me?" era with us? 'No; she is a sweet girl. Ned, and l

think I could love her very dearly for herself," his mother answered. He leaned forward, and kissed her

He leaned forward, and kissed her softly on the lips.
"You blessed woman!" he fondly murmured. "I'm sure there will be a crown of gold for you somewhere by And thus Thomas Heatherton and

Vera went to Mount Vernon street to live, where the young girl devoted her-self entirely to the feeble old man

He did not suffer much pain, but he grew very helpless and childish, and clung to Ned with the most touching fondness and confidence.

When at last he passed away both

Ned and his mother felt very glad that they had done everything within their power to make him comfortable during those last days of feebleness and necessity.

After their return from New York, where they went to lay him beside his

where they went to lay him beside his wife, Vera sought Ned with a very wile, vera sought Ned with a very grave but determined face.
"Mr. Heatherton," she said, lifting her clear, searching eyes to his, "while grandpapa was ill and wandered he betrayed that there is some secret to meeted with my life and my father's absence. I did not like to trouble him when he was ill, so I have waited until now to ask what he meant, and—and, now to ask what he meant, and—and.

low to ask what he meant, and—and, lease, I want you to tell me all bout it." bout it."
Ned was both astonished and disnayed, and tried his best to evade her

But she was quietly firm and per

sistent.

"You cannot tell me that there is nothing that there is nothing that there is me, can you?" she asked.

Ned could not deny this, and finally confessed that Mr. Heatherton had confided a secret to him which he was unwilling she should know.

"Then tell me," she commanded, authoritatively. "I will know."

And he was forced to obey here but.

And he was forced to obey her, but he revealed the truth regarding her birth so gently and tenderly, and making her realize how dear she was becoming to him as a sister, that much of the sting was taken out of the bitter truth. But a harder trial was in store for him, for when the matter was all explained, she abruptly asked: "And now tell me where is my fether?"

Ned was greatly distressed, for it father?"

Ned was greatly distressed, for it father?"

"What did Mr. Heatherton tell you "What did Mr. Heatherton tell you to be a lime"

Ned inquired, to

gain time.
"That he has gone on a long journey; is that the truth? If so, where, and why?"
"Do not ask me; I cannot tell you,"
Ned said, firmly, but deeply trou-

bled.

"But'I must know. I shall be unhappy all my life if I have to live in suspense." Vera cried. a sharp agony in her voice. "I know—I feel that there is something dreadful about it. It is very strange, that papa should go away when we needed him so much, and you must tell me."

whom she trusted and loved was oc-cupying a felon's cell. But she was determined, and finalwas size trusted and loved was occupying a felon's cell.

But she was determined, and finally, seeing that he must do something, he said he would think of the matter for a day or two, and then she must be content to abide by his decision.

The next morning he went directly to the Charlestown prison, where he had an interview with Richard Heatherton, told him the whole story and asked what he should do.

He was shocked by the man's appearance.

He seemed to have aged twenty years, and it was evident that he

He seemed to have aged twenty years, and it was evident that he was breaking down beneath his load of shame and his confinement.

It was an added blow to him, too, to learn that Vera suspected something wrong, and insisted upon knowing the truth.

"You will have to tell her," he fin-

"You will have to tell her," he finally said, his white lips trembling with the agony within him. "Then," he added, with his clenched hands pressed close over his heart, "oring her here afterward, for I must see her if only for once—just once."

So Ned went home, but with a heavy heart, and broke the truth as gently as he could to the anxious girl. as he could to the anxious girl.

It was a terribble experience for one, so sensitive. She was shocked to the soul, and stood for one moment regarding Ned in a dazed way, then dropped like lead to the floor.

But when she recovered consciousness she astonished them all by her calmness, and demanded to be taken at once to her father.

at once to her father.

They had to wait a Ettle, however, as the law allows only one visit to each prisoner within a specified time; but the day came at last, and the two

but the day came at last, and the two were allowed to meet a last. No one ever knew what passed between them, but when they parted the beautiful girl seemed like a woman of twenty-five, whose life had known some blighting sorrow, while the wretched father watched her go out of his presence with a look of longing and despair on his white face that Ned never forgot. Two days later, when the turnkey unlocked the door of the man's cell, he found him lying upon the floor—dead.

dead.

A letter which he had committed to Vera, to be given to Ned, confess-A letter which he had committed to Vera, to be given to Ned, confessed, among other things, that it was he who had entered Benjamin Lawson's house during his absence, blown open and rifled the safe, and stolen the copy of his will, which he had destroyed, believing it to be the only document of the kind in existence.

Thus the pettel and pampered ch'll of fortune, the fast young man at college, who had boasted of the "wild oats" he had sown, reaped, in the end, only a harvest of shame, dishonor, and a suicide's death.

Late in the fall the Langmaids re Late in the fall the Langmaids returned from Europe, and no one rejoiced more over Ned's victory and complete vindication than these friends of his youth. Mrs. Langmaid's health was fully restored, the house at Arlington street was re-opened, and Gertrude returned to Boston once more. Of course there was now no reason why Mr. Langmaid should object to a formal engagement between Ned and his daughter, and as he felt that he was in a position to warrant the step, the young lover pleaded that an early day might be set for their marriage. Mr. Langmaid consented, and the ceremony was announced to occur on

Mr. Langmaid consented, and the ceremony was announced to occur on the fifteenth of January.

It was a brilliant affair. The marriage was solemnized in King's Chapel, and followed by an elaborate reception at Mr. Langmaid's residence on Arlangton street.

Ned had had the house on Mount Vernon street redecorated and re-

Ned had had the house on Mount Vernon street redecorated and refurnished and made all ready for his bride, when they should return from a trip of three months to Europe—the officials of the bank having given Ned that length of time, out of gratitude for what he had done toward restoring the stolen treasure. While, upon their return, Mrs. Edward Heatherton found awaiting her a gift from the same source of a handsome coupe and a pair of beautiful bay horses.

Vera and Mrs. Heatherton lived quietly in the house on Mount Vernon street during their absence, and

on street during their absence the young girl and her father's in-jured wife became very strong-ly attached to each other, while Miriam did everything hy attached to each other, while Miriam did everything in her power to dispet the sadness which had hung like a cloud over the poor child ever since she learned the facts regarding her history and her father's crimes.

Her efforts were not fruitless, for, gradually, she became more cheerful, and, though she never again would be so light-hearted as she had been on

so light-hearted as she had been on that day when Ned first saw her, Miriam felt assured that in time she would become a happy and useful

This belief was verified when three years later she married a promising young man—the eldest son of Mr. Cranston, the cashier of the —— Bank, who was also working his way up in that institution as Ned had done be

ore him.

Ned settled a handsome dowry upon
he abarming bride whom he had charming bride whom he had vn to regard with all the fondof a brother; while Vera was dess of a brother, while tell before heard to assert that "a nobler fellow did not live than her dear Ned. "You are a prince of royal blood," she said to him on the morning of her bridal, when he put his deed of gift into her hands as a wedding present, for you are akin to the king whose

ame is-' Love.' The Bald Eagle, which had been one of the extravagances that had sapped the fortune of Vera's mother, was sold, and when Richard Heatherton's debts were paid there was still a little left to be added to the young bride's

Mr. Hanting, after recovering pos-Arr. Hunting, after recovering possession of his valuable invention, settled in Boston, where, with Ned's and Mr. Langmaid's assistance, he succeeded in getting it on the market, where it was soon pronounced to be a grand achievement, and eventually yielded its inventor a handsome competence. petence.

petence.

Three children in time came to add joy to Ned's already happy home—two sturdy boys, "Lawson" and a "Ned junior," and a lovely girl, who was named for "Aunt Vera." Miriam Heatherton believed them to be the most wonderful children the world contained, while she often marvelled over the rare happiness and sweet content that were crowning her late life in the charming and peaceful household of her son, by whom, as each year wove the silver threads more thickly among her bright-brown hair, she became more tenderly beloved and re-

the family were at dinner—"what are 'wild oats?""

'Wild oats!" his father repeated, wile he regarded his son with unusual gravity.

"Yes, I heard some one of the Harvard ward by the state of the wild by the state of the state of the wild by the wild by the state of the wild by the state of the wild by th

"Yes, I heard some one of the Harvard boys out at the ball-ground to-day talking about somebody who had been 'sowing wild oats,' and then they all laughed as if 't was very funny,' the boy explained.

"Well, Lawson," said Ned, impressively, "the wild oats of which they were talking were doubtless acts of disobedience and lawicssness and excesses of various kinds, which, if persisted in must eventually lead to sin,

disobedience and lawiessness and excesses of various kinds, which, if persisted in, must eventually lead to sin, shame and dishonor. If you should live to go to college, my boy, or wherever you may be, never think it smart to sow 'wild oats'—so-called—for they will only bring you a harvest of sorrow and remorse."

"Did you ever sow any, papa?" questioned the boy, studying his father's unusually grave face and speaking with something of apprehension in his earnest tones.

Ned smiled reassuringly, for he read the child's fear in his clear expressive eyes; but before he could reply Miriam Heatherton answered for him.

"No, dear, he never did," she said, a tender smile wreathing her sweet eyes "and your father's harvest bids fair to be abundant sheaves of rich and golden grain. Try to be like him, dear boy, and you will be a noble and useful, as well as a happy man."

(The End.)

(The End.)

HONOR THE WHITE WOMEN.

Kaffirs Seldem Offer an Indignity to the Gentle Europeans. A Kaffir at Johannesburg was convicted a few days ago of the crime of assaulting a Boer woman. The sentence was confirmed by Gen. Lord Roberts and the man was shot. It is to the credit of the Kaffirs that there is seldom any reason to complain of their behavior toward the white women of South Africa. The blacks of that region outnumber the whites five to one, but in all the years of the white occupancy the men

whites five to one, but in all the years of the white occupancy the men of the native tribes have been conspicuously free from crimes against white women. This fact is all the more noteworthy because the blacks have frequently been at war with the whites, and they are also in overwhelming numbers in places where there are very few white settlers. It is also remarkable that there are so few crimes of this nature is view to Is also remarkable that there are so few crimes of this nature in view of the fact that the blacks are very badly treated in most of South Africa. At the Pan-African Congress in London last month several of the speakers told of the hardship and lumilitation inflicted upon the tlacks by the white races in South Africa. In many of the towns they are not allowed to walk on the sidewalks. In Natal they are not permitted to enter postwalk on the sidewalks. In Natal they are not permitted to enter post-offices by doors used by the whites, but special entrances are reserved for them. The Boers show the least consideration for the blacks of all the white races. The Boer tarmer regards the negro as no hing tut a beast of turden. The black man is not permitted in the Transvaal to own land nor even to be at large without a pass. The intelligence and character of some of to be at large without a pass. The in-telligence and character of some of the natives have lifted them consid-erably above their fellows and ena-abled them to acquire some wealth. This fact, however, makes no differ-ence with their social position as far-as most of the whites are concerned. One and all, they must travel in parts of the ratinged trains which as exof the railroad trains which, as one of the speakers expressed it, "are more fit for beasts than men." The franchise thus for his become believed. more fit for beasts than men." The franchise, thus far, has been wholly out of the question for any of the blacks in that most civilized part of Africa. G. W. Christion declared that in Rhodesia the negro is compelled to work without adequate pay, and that the chiefs are forced to find gangs of blacks for the gold mines, where they work for many months at the absolute mercy of the white overseers.

eers.
This is a fairly accurate, though gloomy, statement of the position of that part of the millions of blacks who come most into relations with the dominant, though numerically in-ferior white population. On the other may be said that the tribes of South Africa on the whole are not yet nearly so far advanced in civilization as the negroes of this country. Their efficiency as haborers on an average is considerably below that of our southern negroes. After they have earned a little money most of have earned a little money most of them wish to go home and remain in idleness till their cash is spent. So it happens that the labor question is a serious one in South Africa and many Indian coolies are imported to do work which the whites would gladly have the Kaffirs do if they were as yet developed so far as to be more reliable and industrious.—N. Y. Sun.

Width of a Lightning Flash.

The width of a flash of lightning The width of a flash of lightning has been measured by George Rumker, of the Hamburg Observatory. A photograph was secured last August as lightning struck a tower a third of a mile away, and from the distance of the tower and the focal distance of the camera objective it was possible to calculate the breadth of the discharge above in the of the discharge shown in the picture. It has been determined that the flash was one-fifth of an inch wide. Ramifications shown in the photograph on each side of the main discharge are attributed to the strong gale that was blowing, the phenomenon appearing like a slik ribbon with shreds (Conting in the wind) ing like a silk ribbo floating in the wind.

Humors of Battle.

While the news of the Chinese war While the news of the Chinese war has had little but sadness in it so far, the humor may come later. In the naval war with Japan in 1894 whenever the Japanese fired the Chinese immediately raised their umbrellas, to the great amusement of the officers on the English ships, whose laughter resounded for miles. There can be no doubt that the Chinese soldier has some customs as curious as that of the sallor, and news of them will be coming to us after a while.

Tiny Bull is This.

more to show you how I papa should go away when we need be surrounded by love and y, and something tells me would be happier with you bring himself to reveal that the man would be happier with you bring himself to reveal that the man would be happier with you about it. It is very strange, that wove the silver threads more thickly among her bright-brown hair, she became more tenderly beloved and recame more tenderly beloved to the tender tenderly tender to the tender tender tender to the tender tender tender to the tender t

Milan and Alexander:

The Unhappy Lives of Two Royal Couples-Alexander's Recent Marriage.

One spring night eleven years ago a stout gentleman with a red face, nutcracker features and prominent eye at the cathedral. Midnight found the Ministers and representatives from foreign courts gathered together in the palace to congratulate the

mysterious east.

His great-uncle began life by herding swine, then founding a dynasty. He himself had just renounced a throne. For the rest, he owed a Buda Pesth hosier 78 florins, with a trifle to his tailor. On reaching the hotel he popped into bed, like a philosophic monarch. He slept as he had never done in Service with the service with the service of the service with the via, where, under the style of Milan IV., he had been a pattern to his

Over in Belgrade his son Alexander, aged 12, reigned in his stead.

Queen Natalle, his divorced wife, preferred any other part of Europe. She was the daughter of a Russian colonel named Kechko, a large landowner in Bessarabia.
"I had a dowry of seven millions,"

she exclaimed sadly, to her lady-in-waiting, while the two were one day smoking cigarettes; "and my mother came of royal blood. I should have married better." Her husband concurred. He spoke of

Her husband concurred. He spoke of her as his worst enemy.
Their quarrels culminated in a fracas at the cathedral on Easter Sunday.
The service had just ended, and the court was filing out before the royal court was filing out before the royal pair. According to the national custom the King kissed each man upon the lips, the Queen each woman. A woman presented herself whom Natalie chose not to notice. The woman stood there expectant, stopping the procession, waiting to be kissed. The Queen, with face averted, stared coldly at the high alter. She was relies then were high altar. She was paler than that was all.

Refused a Kiss.

The significance of the episode pen-etrated from end to end of the cathe-'Milan turned.

He had come straight from dinner to attend the services, and showed

temper.

"Kiss Mme. ——," he whispered huski!y, clutching at his wife's arm. huski'y, clutching at his wife's arm.
"Kiss madam," he repeated, this
time in tones which could be heard
throughout the building. Natalie still
refusing, the king then and there
proceeded to personal violence. Many
asserted he tried to strangle her.
It is certain that some of the courting and foreign multistees found.

iers and foreign ministers found it necessary to interpose. They hurried the poor queen away.

She went abroad, taking the Crown Prince with her, July, 1888, found

them at Wiesbaden.
The woods behind the Platte, the The woods behind the Platte, the Kursaal gardens, where one of the most superb of string orchestras wails out Wagner twice a day, constitute an environment befitting afflicted royalty. But the rain fell that summer as it has never fallen any summer since. Natalie's villa, at the edge of the town, was desolation. On the most desolate day of all and at that most desolate hour when luncheon is just ended the son stood at the dining-room window thirsting after a break in the clouds. The bell at the front door rang. It proved the knell of a mother's happiness.

It proved likewise an emissary from Milan, who found that he exist no longer without his The events which there-King Milan, who found that he could exist no longer without his child. The events which there-apon ensued in the squalid tragedy these annointed sovereigns scan-

dalized Europe.
Those who participated make a picturesque assembly. First comes the unhappy mother, persistently dressunhappy mother, persistently dress-ed in deep mourning, appealing to every European potentate in turn and getting back sermonettes on postcards. Then there was the fire-eating general from Servia, who shall go nameless, and the Servian archbishop, the memory of whose un-brushed beaver is wistfully recalled in Wiesbaden today. In the centre of Wiesbaden to-day. In the centre of the combatants stands the little prince himself, the son of a marriage managed so badly, the descendant of peasants, the great-grand nephew of a man who herded swime.

Claimed by His Father.

Alexander, having been snatched off by the Prussian police, was re-turned to King Milan. That devoted parent had another little surprise store. He chose the birthday of

er in the palace to congratulate the sovereign.
Milan had not attended the service. He electrified the assemblage by the curt announcement that he proposed to resign. He was excited; his voice was feverish. He did not stop to explain, but plumped down on his knees before his son, in that attitude he galloped through the oath of fealty. No wonder the child burse into tears.

Thus we get back to the starting point of this sordid little tale: ExKing Milan safe in bed at Vienna, while the baby, Alexander I., reigned in his stead. The baby has grown up since then. Now is announced his marriage with a lady some seventeen. marriage with a lady some seventeen years his senior. She once belonged to Queen Natalie's household, and the to Queen Natalie's household, and the iministers declare that she is unworthy to sit upon the throne. Ex-King Milan has sent several comminatory telegrams. All Servia opposed the marriage, so much so, indeed, that the bride's house in Belgrade had to be guarded day and night. Meanwhile she and the King are quite happy, driving about the capital in an open carriage. an open carriage.

Sent His Mother Away.

Truly it is not good to be a king in Servia. The mother who bore this one and loved him visited Belgrade a few weeks after his accession. She lived a month within speaking dis-tance of Alexander's palace before tance of Alexander's palace before the regents suffered him to see her, he came at last, one cheerful afternoon, to invite her warmly to go away, "for dynastic reasons." She went and returned. For a third time in her life this Bessarabian heiress astonished Europe. When the king had secured himself again in his palace—again for "dynastic reasons"—his Ministers escorted the Queen to the quay. Adherents rescued her, not without bloodshed. In black, as always, Natalle smiled sadly on the students who dragged her carriage home. An effective deportation followed next day. She took boat for Odessa from a frontier town on the Danube. The public stage knows her no more.

Danube. The public stage knows her no more.

"She was too fond of politics." King Milan chanted Natalie's requiem from his little table on the boulevards, Behind the miserable domestic discord of that most miserable of married couples loomed Russia, the Queen's birthplace, whither she recturned. But in her husband's eyes Russia was the place where the assassins came from; where the rival dynasty. came from; where the rival dynasty, had helped to hatch their plots.

Retribution May Come.

King Alexander's appearances King Alexander's appearances before his people are coups detat. He began seven years ago, at the age of 17. Success in examinations spurred him on to invite the regents to dinner. At midnight that appanage of his race, an adjutant, placed a piece of paper in his hand. The king, following the inveterate habit of his father, straightway burst into rhetoric. Their authority, he told the regents, was ended. Henceforward he meant to rule, as well as reign. He then had them imas well as reign. He then had the mured in the dining-room while he vis-

mured in the dining-room while he visited the garrison.

Folities he pushed to one side at present. Yet anything may happen any midnight, from rhetoric to murder. Ex-King Milan is on the frontier, no doubt thinking seriously about another plunge into the mysterious east. Report says that his handsome daughter-in-law obtained her opportunity that he might spy upon his son. Then both have fooled him. Alexander wastes no time over idle triumphs.

vastes no time over idle triumphs. He boasts he used to wait hours in the cold for a glimpse of Madame Draga Maschin, now his brile. He may spend r. lifetime in the cold for the same reason—the woman can well prove the ruin of his life. So we still have another king in exile, whose inhave another king in exile, whose in-cilination went beyond his will. Exile or not, those cold hours of courtains must always prove a sweet remem-brance. They no doubt coincide with the first coup dictat, to be really king. He who rules himself, whispers the un-quenchable voice in each man's heart, is really king. He and no other. Washington Post.

WITH NERVES ON EDGE AND UNABLE TO SLEEP

Many Pale, Weak Men and Women Find Themselves Dail Growing Weaker and Fast Approaching Collapse and Nervous Prostration—Their Only Hope is in the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (Pills).

In sleep and rest alone can nature repair the daily waste of the body and store up the energy required for the duties of the day following. If the duties of the day following. If new life and vigor to the weak and the duties of the day following. If, the merves are weak and exhausted and you lie awake, longing for morning to come, you know that you will arise tired and worn-out and one day near to nervous coflapse, nervous prostration or paralysis.

Sleeplessness, irritability, headache, neuraigia, loss of energy and ambition, confusion of the mental powers and feelings of lassitude and despondency are among the indications of an exhausted nervous system.

There is no guesswork, no experimenting and no faith required when you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (phils). It is composed of the elements of nature which go to form new nerve tissue, and can no more fait than can be required worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature worker. Though many curses the composed of the elements of nature workers.

Prince is the name of a bull whose owner claims for him the distinction of being the smallest for his age in the first thought is to take some opinate to induce sleep, a grave error, indeed, against which many a nerty formant. Twenty-five inches high at the shoulder and weighing 170 pounds, he is well developed. He is a perfectly formed bull in miniature.

Ralsed in Bucks County, Pa., of Jersey stock, he surprised his owner, who tired of waiting to see him grow and gave him to his present owner in West Washington Market. Every day now large crowds at West Washing ten Market stop to admire this freak of nature.

The first thought is to take some opinate to induce sleep, a grave error, indeed, against which many a nerror vous and physical wreck could warn vous and physical wrec