

"When my son was presented," Mr. Heatherton resumed, "he sent for me to come to him, and told me that he should never appear as a felon under the name of Vera. I charged me not to show myself in court during his trial, nor allow Vera to suspect the truth. She was to be silent, and he was to go on a long journey during which she was to be left in my charge, and, by and by, I was to tell her the truth and desert. The change in her name from Heatherton to Vera I was to explain as best I could; but she must never learn criminal. I was to be true to his bidding, and thus, to all intents and purposes, Richard Heatherton has gone out of the world, and this is the only way to save her. I plan. He charged me also to make every effort to secure Benjamin Lawson's property, so that Vera would have no dispute. I was to be her guardian until her marriage and receive a comfortable income for my services as such. But, this, the anxiety, the despair, the torment and mental suffering which I have had to bear during the last few years, have nipped my life and my energies, and I have been obliged to long to live. Now, Edward Heatherton, I ask—and you can readily see my pride has fallen to bring me to this point—what father can tell you sister?—will you give me your promise that you will never allow me to see my friend Vera, aside from me, she has no friends, and she is, she is a gentle, lovable creature, and as keenly sensitive as she is beautiful. I hope her life may not be ruined by my foolish father," the man plaintively concluded.

Ned did not reply for several minutes, but sat with averted eyes and a heavy thoughtful frown, recalling all the past. He recalled all his mother's sorrows—all the wrong and neglect which she had suffered at the hands of her father, and the long, long years—before he was old enough to help her—which had so nearly wrecked his own life and honor—and defrauded him of his inheritance.

All this was summed up and stood out boldly against the cause of Vera, and Ned's heart was torn.

But, on the other hand, he told himself that the girl was in no way responsible for the sins of her father. He thought of the wrongs which he had done, and of the wrong toward him or his mother, was her misfortune, rather than her fault, that she was the child of such a man, and her gentleness and purity of character were admitted by any one who looked into her face.

And yet 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 at him, and he had felt that she thanked him for what he had done. He had thought her, next to Gertrude, the prettiest girl that he had ever seen, and that she could have never dreamed that she could be anything to him.

"But she was his sister! Yes, even Gertrude's, and he had no legal right to bear her name, to let her follow in their veins—there was a taint of that could not be ignored."

Something like a thrill of gladness shot through him at the thought; then he suddenly remembered that he could never claim her, and he felt that he was violating Mr. Heatherton's wishes and bringing sadness upon her young life.

How do you wish me to care for you?" Ned inquired, at this point. "You do not wish me to know the truth—you do not wish me to claim her as a sister."

"No," said Edward Heatherton, turned restlessly upon his side.

"Oh, I don't know what to tell you!" he groaned. "I realize the difficulty of which you are thinking. I am almost sure that you could not truth regarding her birth if you assume the care of her, and yet I long to spare her the sorrow—the shame."

"Oh, will you not tell me all with you to do as your judgment directs," he concluded, helplessly.

The light of a brave and noble resolve came into his eyes.

"I will do as you wish," he quietly remarked, "and I submit this proposal to you, Benjamin Lawson has consented to my marriage—more than I need, for I am a man, and I have a desire to do something for myself in the world. I will settle a certain sum for your support, and supply her with every comfort. She need not know that it comes from me—let her believe that she inherits it from her father. If, after that, you can appoint some competent person as her guardian, if you are unable to assume such duties, and thus she will be free from the stigma of the shame of any public revelation. How will such an arrangement suit you?"

A feeling of deep humiliation of contempt for himself and his arrogance—of a sense of the weakness of Miriam of repulsion for his selfishness and avarice, surged over the soul of Thomas Heatherton, and he said to himself, "I will not do the ability of the young man whom he had so despised and ignored, and the grand respect of the woman who had so treated him as a child."

Such manliness, such honor, and such unselfishness shamed him as he had never before been shamed; and, under the influence of this sudden anxiety, by sleepless nights and wretched days, he broke down utterly, and began to look like a child.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Ned was greatly distressed, for it was very hard, very sad, to see a proud, strong man weep with such abandonment.

"I have never not said anything to you would you give me," he exclaimed, appealingly.

"No—no; but my fortune, you have known, my hard old heart has been true to you."

"I am," Ned answered, from the first time I met you, that you were made of grander stuff than the Heathertons. I have never seen a man so proud, so haughty and purse-proud, unless it was my dear wife; I can say no more to show you how I have loved her. I could not and never to be surrounded by love and sympathy, and something tells me that she would be happier with you

and your mother—if you could consent to have her in your home. I leave everything to your judgment. I have explained to her that her name is Heatherton, and she imagines that it is because of some quarrel with me. Doubtless she will surmise that you are relatives, and you can tell her the truth, I think best. And now," turning to Miriam, "I have an appalling glance," "dare I ask you to pardon my past rudeness to you? I am appalled with real fear."

"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 see how he bowed his head over his only son's crimes, his granddaughter's shame and his own poverty; "and let me assure you," she said, "that I am sure Ned will do all in our power to shield Miriam from sorrow or want."

He thanked her humbly, and then, when the morning in, they arose to go, for he seemed to have made up his mind to come to the next day to confer further with him.

When he came to them in the parlor, just as they were going, he thanked them for responding so promptly to the message which he had sent to them.

His heart went immediately out to the motherless and almost friendless girl, and she felt impelled 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 experienced an unfavorable change, and he never from that time until nearly morning.

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

"I tell you," was the burden of the old man's cry, "my misery—my know, for it would break her heart."

"Don't tell Vera what?" she questioned, feeling as if all her strength was being drained away. She suddenly congealed to ice as the reply came back in a cautious whisper: "That she isn't really a Heatherton after all, I am sure that she never suspects the awful truth."

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

He was a little better the next day, and he was able to rest for a week, but his physician said that he would never be well again, and advised his removal from the hotel to some more homelike place.

"What shall we do, mother?" Ned asked, when he had told her what the doctor said. "Neither of them has any funds, and I fear, but very little money."

"Whatever you think best, Ned. I do not feel right to be using Mr. Lawson's money for ourselves, when he has so much more than we need are in need," Miriam gravely responded.

"That is just my feeling," the noble fellow answered, "I wish to bring them home and care for them here. It would be disagreeable to you to have Vera with us?"

"That is my sweet girl, Ned, and I think I could love her tenderly for herself," his mother answered.

He leaned forward and kissed her softly on the lips.

"You are a woman!" he fondly murmured. "I'm sure there will be a crown of gold for you somewhere by and by."

—Thus Thomas Heatherton and Vera went to Mount Vernon street to live, where the young girl devoted herself entirely to the feeble old man and the few remaining wicks of his life.

He did not suffer much pain, but he grew very helpless and childish, and his life was made with the most touching fondness and care.

When at last he passed away both Ned and his mother felt very glad that they had done everything within their power to ease his suffering during those last days of feebleness and necessity.

After their return from New York, where they went to lay him beside his wife, Vera sought Ned with a grave but determined face.

"Mr. Heatherton," she said, lifting her searching eyes to his, while she spoke, "I have been betrayed that there is some secret connected with my life and my father's secrets. I did not like to trouble him when he was so feeble, but I want now to ask what he meant, and—please, I want you to tell me all about it."

—Vera was both astonished and dismayed, and tried his best to evade her questions.

But she was quietly firm and persistent.

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

"I could not deny this, and finally confessed that she was right, and he confided a secret to him which he was unwilling she should know."

"Then tell me," she commanded, authoritatively.

"I have been forced to tell her, but he revealed the truth regarding her birth so gently and tenderly, and making her realize how much she was wronged, that I could not tell her, that much of the sting was taken out of the bitter truth."

That a harder trial was in store for her, Ned was not aware, until he explained, she abruptly asked:

"And now tell me where is my father?"

"Did Mr. Heatherton tell you regarding him?" Ned inquired, to gain time.

"That he has gone on a long journey, and that the truth? If so, where, and why?"

"Do not ask me; I cannot tell you," Ned said, firmly, but deeply troubled.

"But I must know. I shall be unhappy all my life if I have to live in suspense," Vera cried, a sharp, agonizing cry. Her voice seemed to tell 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."

Still Ned demurred; he could not bring himself to reveal that the man

The rally were at dinner—"what are 'wild oats'?"

"Wild oats!" his father repeated, while he regarded his son with unfeigned gravity.

"Yes," replied some one of the Harvard boys, "I noticed some one of the Harvard boys talking about somebody who had been sowing wild oats," and then they laughed. "It was very funny," the boy explained.

"Well, Lawson," said Ned, impressively, "the wild oats of which they were talking are doubtless seeds of disobedience and lawlessness, and excesses of various kinds, which, if persisted in, must eventually lead to sin, dishonor, and dishonor. If you should live to go to college, my boy, I trust that you may be, never think it smart to sow 'wild oats'—so-called—for they only bring you a harvest of sorrow."

"Did you ever sow any, papa?" questioned the boy, studying his father's unusually grave face and thoughtful expression.

Ned smiled reassuringly, for he read the child's fear in his clear expressive eyes. "No, never," he could reply. "Miriam Heathcote, my boy, has sown 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.)

HONOR THE WHITE WOMEN.

Kaffirs Seldom Offer an Indignity to the Gentle Europeans.

A Kaffir at Johannesburg was convicted a few days ago of the crime of assaulting a white woman. The sentence was confirmed by Gen. Lord Roberts and the man was shot.

It is to the credit of the Kaffirs that they seldom resort to violence to complain of their behavior toward the white women of South Africa. The blacks of that region outnumber the whites five to one, and in all the years of the white occupation 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 in view of the fact that the blacks are very jealous of their women with Africa. At the Pan-African Congress in London last month several of the speakers told of the hardship and humiliation which the blacks in the white races in South Africa and in many of the towns they are not allowed to walk on the sidewalks. In Natal they are not permitted to enter post-offices but are forced to pay fines, but special entrances are reserved for them. The Boers show the least consideration for the blacks of all the white races. The natives of the Transvaal to own land nor even to acquire property, and the natives have lifted them considerably above their fellows and enabled them to acquire some wealth. This fact, however, does not interfere with their social position as far as most of the whites are concerned, and, in all, they must travel in parts of the country where the natives of the speakers expressed it, "are more fit for beasts than men." The franchise, this far, has been wholly refused to the blacks in the white races in that most civilized part of Africa. G. W. Christian declared that in Rhodesia the negro is compelled to work for a meagre wage, and that the chiefs are forced to be gangs of blacks for the gold mines, where they work for many months at the absolute mercy of the white over-

This is a fairly accurate, though gloomy, statement of the position of that part of the millions of blacks scattered throughout the world who are the dominant, though numerically inferior, or white population. On the other hand, it may be said that the tribes of South Africa, as a whole, are civilized nearly so far advanced as the negroes of this country. Their efficiency as laborers on an average is considerably better than that of our southern negroes. They have earned a little money most of them wish to go home and remain in idleness till their cash is spent. So it is not surprising that the natives of each side in South Africa and many Indian coolies are imported to do work which the whites would gladly do themselves. It is true that the natives developed so far as to be intelligent and industrious.—N. Y. Sun.

Width of a Lightning Flash.

The width of a flash of lightning has been measured by George Rumber, of the Hamburg Observatory. A photograph was secured last August, at certain points, of a lightning discharge of a mile away, and from the distance of the tower and the focal distance of the camera objective it was determined that the width of the discharge shown in the picture, it has been determined that the flash was one-fifth of an inch wide. Rumber, who took the photograph on each side of the main, is of the opinion that the strong glare that was blinding, the phenomenon appearing as a broad ribbon with shreds floating at the end.

Humors of Battle.

While the news of the Chinese war has had little but sadness in it so far, the naval war with Japan, later, whenever the Japanese fired the Chinese immediately raised their officers' smiles. To the great amusement of the Chinese, the English ships, whose laughter resounded for miles, there can be no doubt that the Chinese soldier has some customs as different from those of the English, and news of them will be coming to us after a while.

Tiny Bull Is This.

Prince is the name of a bull whose owner claims for him the distinction of being the smallest for his age in the United States, says the New York Journal. Twenty-five inches high at the shoulder, weighing 70 pounds, he is well developed. He is a perfect formed bull in miniature.

Raised in Bucks County, Pa., of Jersey blood, he was sold to his present owner in West Washington Market. Every day he is taken to the New York Stock Market stop to admire this freak of nature.

A stout gentleman with red fangs ago a stout gentleman with a red face, nut-cracker features and prominent eye came tumbling into Vienna out of the mysterious east.

His great-uncle began life by herding swine, then founding a dynasty. He himself had just renounced a throne.

For the first time, he wore a Baden Fustian frock 78 florins, with a tuffet to his tallor. On reaching the hotel he popped into bed, like a philosophic monarch. He slept as he had never done in Servia. The next day, under the style of Milan IV., he had been a pattern to his people.

Over in Belgrade his son Alexander, aged 23, reigned in his woman state. Queen Natalie, his divorced wife, preferred any other part of Europe. She was the daughter of a Russian colonel named Tchikho, 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 thus to the emperor.

Their quarrels culminated in a fracas at the cathedral on Easter Sunday. The service had just ended, and the queen, dressed in black, "before me" a 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 mistook for the empress. She thought there expectant, stopping the procession, waiting to be kissed. The Queen, with face averted, stared coldly at the intruder. The latter was paler than usual—that was all.

Refused a Kiss.

The significance of the episode penetrated from end to end of the cathedral.

Milan turned.

"It had come straight from dinner to the king and the services, and showed temper."

"Kiss Mme. —," he whispered loudly, clutching at his wife's arm. The queen made no answer. This time the masses which could be heard throughout the building, Natalie still refusing, the king then and there proceeded to personal violence. Many of the bystanders fled. It is certain that some of the courtiers and foreign ministers found it necessary to interpose. They hurried away.

She went abroad, taking the Crown Prince with her. July, 1888, found them at Wiesbaden.

The wood-lane Platte, the Kursaal garden where one of the most superb of string orchestras valets out Wagner twice a day, constituted an environment befitting an imperial party. But the rain and that summer as it has never fallen any summer since. Natalie's villa, at the edge of the town, was desolate. The king sat down to drink champagne and at that most desolate hour when luncheon is just ended the son stood at the dining-room window watching after a break in the clouds.

The king tried to strangle the wind, approved the kuel of a mother's happiness.

It proved likewise an emissary from the Kaiser would try to strangle him could exist no longer without his child. The events which thereupon ensued in the squalid tragedy of the Kaiser's death, the reign of the little European.

Those who participated make a picturesque assembly. First comes the unhappy mother, persistently dressed in black, and the king, who to every European potentate in turn and getting back sermons on postcards. Then there was the fire-eating prince, the crown prince, who shall go nameless, and the Serbian archbishop, the memory of whose unwhimsical beaver is wistfully recalled in Wiesbaden to-day. In the centre of the group stands the young crown prince himself, the son of a marriage managed so badly, the descendant of peasants, the great-grand nephew of a man who herded swine.

Claimed by His Father.

Alexander, having been snatched off by the Prussian police, was released by the Kaiser. The emperor and parent had another little surprise in store. He chose the birthday of

the kingdom in the following March. The event had been due since the king at the cathedral. Midnight found the Ministers and representatives from foreign courts gathered together in the palace to congratulate the sovereign.

Milan had not attended the service. He electrified the assemblage by the cord announcement that he proposed to abdicate. He was expected and the voice was feverish. He did not stop to explain, but plumped down on his knees before his son, in that attitude sitting through the oath of fealty. No wonder the child burst into tears.

Thus we get back to the starting point of this sordid little tale: Ex-King Alexander is dead at Vienna while the baby, Alexander I., reigned in his stead. The baby has grown up since then. Now is announced his wedding with Lady Marie, who is 20 years his senior. She once belonged to Queen Natalie's household, and the Ministers declare that she is unworthy to sit upon the throne. Ex-King Milan has sworn to resign if the telegrams. All Servia opposed the marriage, so much so, indeed, that the bride's house in Belgrade had to be taken after her accession. While she and the King are quite happy, driving about the capital in 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 last year. She had been in exile lived a month within speaking distance of Alexander's palace where the regents suffered him to see her, to take tea after her usual 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, Elisabeth, left her native land. She had secured himself again in his palace—again for "dynastic reasons"—his Ministers escorted the Queen to the frontier. There they bade her, not without bloodshed. In black weeds, Natalie smiled sadly on the students who dragged her carriage away. An effective deportation followed next day. The look book took Odessa from a frontier town on the Danube. The public stage knows her no more.

"There is too fond of politics," King Milan chanted Natalie's requiem from his little table on the boulevard. Behind the miserable domestic distractions of the morning, the married couples loomed Russia, the Queen's birthplace, whither she returned. But in her husband's eyes Russia was the place where the assassins came from who murdered the king. He had helped to hatch their plots.

Retribution May Come.

King Alexander's appearance before his people are coups d'etat. He began seven years ago, at the age of 19, in success in examinations spurred him on to further study. He was never. At midnight that appanage of his race, an adjutant, placed a piece of paper in his hand. The king, following the lead of his father, the emperor, straightaway burst into rhetoric. The authority, he told the regents, was ended. Henceforward he meant to rule, as well as reign. He then had them immured in the dining-room while he visited the garrison.

Politics he pushed to one side at present. Yet anything may happen at the night-mass banquet for murder. Ex-King Milan is on no terms with no doubt; thinking seriously about another plunge into the mysterious underworld. He says that his handsome daughter-in-law obtained her betrothal that he might spy upon his son. Then both have fooled him. Alexander was no time over idle trifles.

He has been in the cold for a glimpse of Madame Draga Maschin, now his bride. He may spend a lifetime in the cold for the sake of a woman can walk through the streets of Belgrade and prove the ruler of his empire. He may have another king in exile, whose inclination went beyond his will. Exile or not, those cold hours of courtship must always remain a bitter memory. They no doubt come a day when the first coup d'etat is to be really king. Who rules himself, whispers the universal voice, will lose his crown. He is really king. He and no one else. Washington Post.

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 nerves 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 you will be unable to rise, nervous prostration or paralysis.

Sleeplessness, irritability, headache, neuralgia, loss of energy and nervous confusion of the mind, loss of power and feeling of lassitude and despondency are among the indications of an exhausted nervous system.

The first thought is to take some opiate to induce sleep, a grave error, indeed, against which many a nervous and physical wreck could warn you. Opiates are the cause of irritation in sleep, or rather unconsciousness, produced by opiates, and the deadening effect on the nerves merely hastens paralysis or prostration.

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