'What do you mean by that?" demanded his companion, getting very i in the face.
I mean that the story about his

entang ement with that girl was all That was so fully discussed years "That was so fully discussed years ago. Why do you recall it at this late day? What if it was true? Many a fellow has done the same thing, while he was sowing his wild oats; and since the boy is dead and gone, why rake it all up again?" hotly retorted the stranger.

od the stranger.
"For the same reason that I laid "For the same reason that it before you years ago—your duty to the girl whose life he had ruined,"

to the girl whose life he had ruined," gravely returned Mr. Lawson.

"My duty to the girl! She was nothing to me," wrathfully exclaimed the other. "Did you imagine I was going to create a disgraceful scanda! by hunting up and harboring a girl who had thrown herself away and got into trouble?"

"But suppose, as I suggested at the time, that she was really Dick's wife?"

If the boy did anything so rash as to marry her—which I never will believe—and was ashamed to own her, you certainly could not expect a family

you certainly could hot expect a family in our position to saddle ourselves with the low-born creature! Bah! I didn't think you were such an idiot. Ben Lawson," the man sneered.

"But suppose—just suppose that she was his legal wife—that she had a child, do you realize what relationship that child would sustain toward you?—that his father being dead, it would be the helr to every dollar of the Heatherton property?" demanded Benjamin Lawson, impres demanded Benjamin Lawson, impres

"She wasn't his wife-I'll swear to it. A Heatherton born and bred would never have been guilty of marrying a low-bred girl like that," cred Thomas Heatherton—for such was the man's name—in a towering passion, though his face had now grown as white as the snowy tie about his need.

"I'm not so sure that she was illbred—I—I've learned that she was
very beautiful and well educated," replied Mr. Lawson, in a low tone.
"I don't care if she was as beautiful as a Venus, nor how well educated she might have been; she was
poor—and that was enough for me to
know. Curse you for a meddling fool,
Ben Lawson, with all your suppositions, and I won't hear another word
about the matter," the man said,
with increasing wrath. Then, with an
effort at self-control, he continued,
with some curiosity, but in a sneering tone: "I suppose you have willed all your money to some orphan's
institution or old woman's home, as
you vowed you'd do, when you swore
that none of it should ever come into
my family."

"That remains to be seen." !aconineck. "I'm not so sure that she was ill-

That remains to be seen," laconi-"That remains to be seen," laconically returned the old gentleman.
"Evidently. Well, we'd better part company; it only makes bad blood between us to argue about the past, and I hope we may never meet again," was the angry rejoinder.

Mr. Lawson winced.

was the angry rejoinder.

Mr. Lawson winced.

"Then you never would own that gir! if she should some time put in an appearance and prove her marriage legal?" he questioned, obstinately returning to the fray.

"Blast you! I believe you really know something about her," gasped his companion; then he added, hastly, "but I don't care anything about it; I would never own her—never! never!"

"Very well; we'll drop that point for all time," Mr. Lawson quietly returned. Then, his face softening, he continued in a strangely gentle tone continued in a strangely gentle tone for him to use: "Rachel is with you?" "Yes, of course; I never go any-where without her." "I-I would like to see her once

"Not while I live," retorted the other, a hard look settling about his other, a hard look settling about his mouth. "I swore it when we quarreled, nearly twenty years ago, and I am not going to break my word now when you're a hundredfold more stubborn than you were then. You'd better be careful about showing yourself to her while we are here, if you don't want to make trouble in the camp," and turning upon his heel, this highlywant to make trouble in the camp, and, turning upon his heel, this highly-incensed individual walked from the place, while Mr. Lawson, with a dejected air and trembling lips, made his

way into the street.
"My only sister—my pretty, geutleinearted Rachel! It is rather hard
that we must be estranged like this.
Twenty years! It is a long time, and
we have not once looked into each
other's face or heard the sound of each
other's voice. But Tom Heatherton
other's voice, or generating me for denouncing into the street. other's face or heard the sound of the other's voice. But Tom Heatherton has never forgiven me for denouncing and disowning his scamp of a son, though, Heaven knows, he was as hard on him as anyone. I was very fond of Dick, though, when he was a boy—he was a keen, bright lad, and I hoped the backbone and principle manifested by boys who have to rough it and he'd make a good man. I'd have been glad enough to have left him my fortune if he had lived and hadn't been such a scamp. He was spoiled by being allowed too much money when he wyoung. Rich men's sons rarely struggic for a living. I'll just thoy Ned until he's of age, continues to stand fire in the

boy Ned until he's of age, to continues to stand fire in the as he has in the past, 're'll's the 'Orphans' Asylums' and 'den's Homes' getting my money 'Poor Rachel!' he continued, but he his thoughts' orted

"Toor Rachel!" he conting sight, as his thoughts eister. "I believe she'd the youngster if she could have her way; ways yielded to Tom, and dare to oppose him in this late day."

The old man gave utto ther heavy sigh as he going down Tremont store aching his home nice dinner awaiting him Heatherton, looking verweet in a pretty white ing to serve him; and Ben son wondered what his he ther-in-law would think in ther-in-law would think it

see that graceful, refine whom he had scorned as " The old gentleman had feel very content and com her presence, and he had t her presence, and he had and changed very percep

few years.
She was always gentle, and kind,

few years.

She was always gentle, and kind, and sociable; his home was invariably in the nicest order, his table daintily stread and bountifully supplied.

Ned, too, was ever courteous and respectful, and such a jolly boy to have about the house that the man often wondered what he should do without these two whom he had so strangely found and so strangely befriended.

"Low-bred,' indeed!" he thought that night, as he sat down to his dinner and glanced across the table at the beautiful woman presiding with such ease and quiet dignity behind the massive silver coffee-urn, "wouldn't I just like to bring that pompous old reprobate face to face with her—Tom Heatherton was always fond of a pretty face and figure; then, when he found out how charming and lovable she is, tell him who she is."

He thought it a strange coincidence that Miriam should ask

she is, tell him who she is."

He thought it a strange coincidence that Miriam should ask him, that very evening, if he supposed it would be possible for her to ascertain where her husband's relatives were.

"Humph!" he grunted, glancing keenly at her, "what do you want of them?"

"For one thing, I want them to "For one thing, I want them to know that their son was legally married, and that he had a son," she replied, a little note of pride thrilling her tones. "Besidest that," she continued, with heightened color, "Ned has completed the high-school course, and I would like him to have a collegiate education. Perhaps it is a foolish ambition, considering our circumstances, but I have it nevertheless, and it occurred to me that possibly Richard Heatherton's relatives, if they knew the truth, might be willing to help him to it."

"You would like your husband's family to acknowledge the kinship of

to help him to it."
"You would like your husband's family to acknowledge the kinship of Ned." said Mr. Lawson, inquiringly.
"It seems as if it is Ned's right that he should be acknowledged as his father's son; it night be for his advantage, and I wish to do the best that I can for him." Mrs. Heatherton thoughtfully replied.
"Hum—you might see what could be done," the man said, for he had his reasons for wanting his brother-inlaw to know the truth. "I used to know a man in New York by the name of Thomas Heatherton. If you'll give me the proofs of your marriage I will have them copied and sent to him, and a few days will serve to settle the question."

and, after casting a stealthy look at his wife and finding that she was absorbed in a letter, he arose and abruptly left the room.

He repaired to his sleeping apartment, and there continued his examination of the document, though he was evidently greatly excited and his powerful frame actually trembled with passion.

with passion.

The paper was a copy of the marriage certificate which the Rev. Dr. Harris, of Chicago, had forwarded to Mrs. Heatherton a few years previous, proving the legal union of Miriam Wallingford and Richard Heatherton.

iam Wallingford and Richard Heatherton.

Besides this, there was also a copy of the record of the birth of a son about a year later, and a lady-like letter, giving something of the forsaken wife's subsequent history, and describing, with all a fond mother's pride, her manly boy, who was now in his twentieth year, and ready for college; "but lacking the means to pairsue the course, Miriam wrote, in her touching but dignified appeal, she had ventured to communicate with her husband's father, in the hope that, for his son's sake, he might be willing to do something toward the education of his only child.

do something toward the education of his only child.

Thomas Heatherton could not fail to be favorably impressed with the cultivated and refined tone of this letter, but instead of appealing to the man's finer sensibilities it acted like a match applied to a powder-magazine, and he flew into a furious passion avent.

raiting to give the t, Thomas Heath-nd dashed off the son 20

Heaven! I don't know why I should have been cursed with such a son! my only child, too!" he interposed, passionately, his face growing white and drawn with pain. "It seems as if I could not bear it; and here Rachael and I are on the home stretch, with nobody in the world to love and care for us, sick or well, or to perpetuate our name or race when we are dead, and inherit the fortune which should have been Dick's. But I will never own that brat—nobody shall ever make me acknowledge the child of a low, clandestine marriage—if a marriage it really was; and if that girl imagines she is going to get any of my money for her boy, by any sach wheedling ways as this, she'll find herself mistaken. The youngster could inherit it, though, if these papers are legal," he went on, reflectively; "but I'll make my will just as soon as I go back to New York—I'll build a church or found a college, or do something else, so that that low-born de-Heaven! I don't know why I should

nearer to it.

Now he sees it distinctly as a head and a white face rise above the blue

go back to New York—Til build a church or found a college, or do something else, so that that low-born descendant of a clod-hopper shall not have one dollar of it."

He folded his letter with angry haste, addressed and stamped it, and rang for a boy to post it.

That afternoon Miriam Heatherton received it and the hot blood surged to her temples and her usually gentle eye flashed indignant fire as she read the coarse, insolent, cold-blooded lines which the cruel father of her no less cruel husband had penned.

"Why was I so foolish as to suppose that any appeal could touch

"Why was I so foolish as to suppose that any appeal could touch him?" she cried, with curling lips; "I might have known that the haughty father of a man, with no more principle than Richard Heather ton possessed could not have much heart. Ah! I pray heaven that no taint from their character may be a likewisten and the country of the c allowed to mar my dear boy's na-

allowed to mar my dear boys had ture."

When Mr. Lawson returned she had recovered her usual serenity of manner, and without making any comment, quietly handed Mr. Heatherton's letter to him!

He read it through, then passed it back to her without a word, but Mirliam caught the gleam of a vicious sparkle in the old man's eyes, while his mouth setted into rigid lines of scorn, and she knew that his heart and sympathles were with her, although she did not have a suspicion though she did not have a suspicion selectionship existed between the sallors were hurrying to lower a boat to go to the brave fellow's assistance.

There was a death-like stillness after that one outburst, while everyone

ter that one outburst, while everyone watched with bated breath and anxion

grasped her clothing! Another moment he raises her head above the water and lays it upon his shoulder, The form is slight and fragile—the

burden is not much in his strong arms although she is a dead weight because

of her unconsciousness, and Ned turns and strikes out boldly for the steamer, from which he sees a boat coming to meet him.

Another hearty cheer breaks over

Another hearty cheer breaks over the waters as he reaches its side and yields his precious burden into the hands of the eager sallors, who lay it gently in the bottom of the boat. Ned is then helped in, and the men row back to the vessel, where the savior and the saved are soon out of danger, for the heart of the lady is beating, and they know that she is living.

Ned would have preferred to his way without undergoing the ceremony of being effusively thanked for what he had done, but he would not be discourteous; so he followed the captain, and was so he followed the captain, and was

soon ushered into the presence of the

nost convulsive grasp, while he seen

most convulsive grasp, while he seemed greatly agitated.

"Heaven bless you! God reward you for the life you have saved, for I never car," he exclaimed, in tremulous tones. "Now tell me your name, my brave young friend, that we may know to whom we owe so great a debt."

ious hearts this desperate race life.

Ah! he has reached her. He has

scorn, and she knew that his heart and sympathies were with her, although she did not have a suspicion that any relationship existed between the two men.

She resolved that she would not say anything to Ned regarding what she had done, for if ne did not inherit any of the grosser qualities of his father's or grandfather's nature, he certainly did inherit a good amount of pride from herself, and it would have galled him exceedingly to know of this insulting rebuff to her appeal.

me the proofs of have them copied and sent to a few days will serve to settle the question."

"Thank you—I feel that you are very kind to take so much interest in the matter. You shall have the proofs immediately," Miriam grate-following the room to get them."

EHAPTER XVII.

Three days after the incidents relational last chapter, Thomas Hearth last chapter last chapter

therton was sitting with his white a delicate, sweet-faced woman, in the private parlor of their suite in the Adams House.

It was between nine and ten in the morning. The couple had just finished their breakfast, and the gentleman was reading the Advertiser, while his wife busied herself over a dainty piece of fancy work.

Suddenly there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Heatherton, and a servant entered, bearing a salver loaded with letters and papers which he deposited upon the table and then withdrew.

"Well! well! mother, we are favored with a large mail this morning," when gentleman remarked, with a smile, as he began to look over the collection: "two for you, three for me, besides this legal-looking document, not to mention several other papers. I wonder what this official envelope contains?"

He hastily tore it open and began to read the namer within.

There were still three months before the hastily tore it open and began to read the paper within.

A look of angry astonishment leaped into his eyes, his face became scarlet, and, after casting a stealthy look at desire.

Two or three days after the reception of Thomas Heatherton's cruel letter, Ned sought his mother and said:

"Mother, I am going down to Nans tasket for the afternoon. Mr. Lawson wants me to oper and air the cettage, and see if anything in the way of repairs is needed, before we go down for the summer."

"Very well, dear," Mrs. Heatherton replied; "but there is a cold east wind to-day, and you will do well to take your overcoat; it will be late and damp when you come home."

"What a thoughtin mother" and the modestly with drew from sight, hiding himself in a stateroom, and did not attempt to land until most of the passengers were ashore.

Then, as he was about to follow, a sailor sought him, and, touching his cap with almost an air of reverence, informed him that "the cap taln would like to see him in the saloon!"

Ned repaired thither, and that of lefer remarked, with his most genial smile:

"You're wanted, my young friend—the gentleman whose wife you come to the gentleman whose wife your overcoat; it will be late and damp when you come home." Ned repaired thither, and that offleer remarked, with his most genlal smile:
"You're wanted, my young friend—
the gentleman whose wife you saved
wishes to speak with you."
Ned would have preferred to go
his way without undergoing the
ceremony of being effusively damp when you come home."
"What a thoughtful mother," Ned
fondly remarked, as he kissed her
good-bye, and he ran zoftly downstairs, humming a snatch of a gay

He found quite a crowd of people

He found quite a crowd of people on the boat, but no one among them whom he knew, so he installed himself in a comfortable nook on the deck and fell to musing over his last interview with Gertrude, which had been an unusually delightful one.

There had been a severe storm during the night previous, and the sea was quite rough from it, but Ned noticed that a number of yachts were putting out as the steamer started, while as they went on they met several others coming in.

One in particular attracted his attention.

soon usbered into the presence of the party from the yacht.

As he entered the stateroom his glance rested first upon a beautiful old lady, with silvery hair and sweet, deleate features, who was lying in the lower berth, wrapped to the chin in soft rose-blankets.

"This is the young man, sir," said the captain, thus introducing Ned to a portly, fine-looking, but rather pompous old gentleman, who immediately seized his hand in an almost convulsive grasp, while he seemtention.

It was a dainty affair of white and gold, with spotless sails, and everything apparently fresh and new about her, while he could discern a party of three ladies and two gentlemen seated on her deck

on her deck.

It was a beauty, and Ned's gaze rested admiringly upon it, for he was a dear lover of sailing craft of every on her deck.

know to whom we owe so great a debt."

"Pray, sir, do not make the obilgation appear so great." Ned said, feeling embarrassed at being made so conspicuous before strangers, "it is better for me to swim—" it was badly managed, he could perceive; for, as the steamer drew near to each other, anddenly tacked, as if to the side of the channel, e steamer's track ' Ned muttered, g to his feet and great inxiety He is l never surely

Then a sudden flush rose to his brow.
There could be but one explanation of it all; these people must be connected in some way with the man who had so wronged his mother before his birth, and were consequently taken aback at being confronted by the man who had been guity of that wrong. work impossibilities, there was a slight shock, accompanied by screams from frightened women and children, shouts from men, then the steamer swerved to the right, revealing the disabled yacht careened upon one side, her deck almost on a line with the water, while Ned, to his consternation, water, while Ned, to his consternation, saw that there were now only two ladies on board, and these, in a state of abject terror, were clinging to a mast, while the men, one in particular, were making the most frantic gesticulations to the skipper and his assistants. Ned's heart sank as he wondered what had become of the third lady.

All! this was soon explained, for, and the best he saw and the same that the best he saw and the same that the same the

M

man who had been guity of that wrong.

Ned searched the man's face with an eager eye as these thoughts occurred to him, but he read there only pride, arrogance and an indomitable will, and was instantly repelled thereby.

Then he turned his glance from him to the frail figure reclining

Then he turned his glance from him to the frail figure reclining in the berth, and his heart went forth at once to the gentle, sweet-faced woman, for she seemed in every way the opposite of her haughty husband, and was regarding him with a surprised and eager wistfulness that touched him deeply. "What is it, dear?—why are you so disturbed? What did he say his name is?" she asked, in a gentle, but wondering tone, for she had not distinctly caught the name. "Heatherton—Edward Heatherton, madam." Ned responded, watching her closely as he said it. "Heather-ton! Why, the same as ours?" she said, catching her breath slightly in pronouncing it. Ned's heart gave a painful leap at her words. what had become of the third lady.
Al! this was soon explained, for, glancing beyond the boat, he saw an object struggling in the water, while the steamer, now putting about to aid the disabled yacht, drew near and

Now he sees it distinctly as a head and a white face rise above the blue waves.

It is the lady whom but a few moments previous he had seen upon the deck of the yacht.

It took but an instant for the brave boy to throw off his shoes, remove his coat and vest and spring upon the railing. The next he had cleft the sea and disappeared from sight. There was a moment of awful stience after this daring act.

Then cheer after cheer arose from a hundred throats as he came up from the depths and struck boldly out toward the unfortunate woman who was just on the point of sinking for the second time.

Ned was an expert swimmer.

Every summer during his sojourn at Nantasket he had spent a great deal of time on and in the water.

He loved the sea; he had learned to dive, to float, to tread water, and to swim with vigorous strokes, and felt almost as much at home in the water as upon land.

He was strong—he did not tire easy, for he knew how to save his strength, and he now put forth every effort,

Ned's neart gave a paintant teep her words.

The name of these people was Heatherton also! He had not thought of that. Could lit be possible that they were the parents of his father? "Yes—yes," the man here broke in, nervously. "I—I—er—lit seemed so strange to me that—that this young man's name should be the same, that strange to me that—that this young man's name should be the same, that I was—taken quite aback; for there are so few of us, you know. It's a—er —remarkable coincidence," he continued, drawing forth his handker-chief and wiping the perspiration from his crimson face—"don't you think so, captain? Doesn't it strike you so, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington?"—turning to his friends.

to his friends.

Then, without waiting for them to Then, without waiting for them to reply, he again addressed himself to Ned, though it was evident that habored under a painful constraint.

"I am sure we are anspeakably grateful to you, young man, for the inestinable service which you have endered us to-day; my wife surely would have been drowned but for your promptness and courage. I feel that we must try and make you some return; if—e—if, you will do me the honor to let me draw a cheque for—"
"Sir!" exclaimed Ned, with a mighty heart-throd of repuision at such a proposal.

"Weil, you always did have some high-flown notions, which I could never understand; but we will not discuss the matter any further now," her husband repuised, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the capted, as if desirous of dismissing the subject. Then, there is not the capted and the capted and the capted and we can load up again, the subject. Then, there is not the capted and the ca

Money for a lite!
Was the man's soul so mean and sor-Was the man's soul so mean and sordid that he gauged even human life by dollars and cents? And did he measure his, Ned's character, by the standard of his own vulgar nature? "On! husband!" breathed his more delicately organized wife, while she cast a deprecating look at Ned, as if beseeching him not to be offended, or judge her husband too harshly for his lack of refinement.

"Well, what is it now, Rachel?" he demanded, with a touch of irritation in his tone. "Surely the—the obligation is very great," he added, falteringly, for in spite of his natural tyrannical nature, his wife was his idol, and it unnerved him whenever he thought of how near he had come to losing her.

and the saved are soon out of danger, for the heart of the lady is beating, and they know that she is living.

At the command of the captain the sailors in the boat put off again for the yacht, and in less than fifteen minutes all on board are transferred to the steamer, the yacht is taken in tow, and on the steamer goes again.

There are two or three physicians on board, and they volunteer their services in behalf of the unconscious woman whom Ned had rescued.

She was borne to a double state-room, attended by her anxious husband and friends, where she soon recovered from her swoon, and was pronounced out of danger. She had been leaning over the railing at the time of the collision, and the shock had sent her with one bound over the side of the yacht into the sea.

Ned, meantime, had been furnished dry clothing by the captain, and, though the outfit was much too large for him, the wise suggestion of his mother, regarding his overcoat enabled him to conceal its awkwardness somewhat, while he found himself none the worse—though a little weary—from his sudden bath and exciting a hero of him, but he modestly withdrew from sight, hiding himself in a rannical nature, his wife was his idol, and it unnerved him whenever he thought of how near he had come to losing her.

"Yes—beyond any price," she murmured, with gentle emphasis. Then, turning again to Ned, she continued, with touching sweetness: "I bless you with touching sweetness: "I bless you with touching sweetness: "I bless you with all my heart, my young friend. I am more grateful than I can express for the noble service you have rendered me; for, even though I am growing old, the world and life are very pleasant to me and be my future years few or many, I shall never forget that I owe them to you."

She held out her delicate hand to him as she cassed speaking, and Ned saw there were tears in her eyes.

Ned took it—what a fair, slender, lady-like hand it was: and a strange thrill crept along the nerve of his arm to his heart. He believed that Ned took it—what a fair, slender, lady-like hand it was: and a strange thrill crept along the nerve of his arm to his heart. He believed that she was a woman whom he could both love and reverence.

"Believe me, dear madam, I could ask no greater reward for what I

"Believe me, dear madam, I could ask no greater reward for what I have done than to have won such kindly words from you," he said, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, then, gently releasing her hand, he bowed courteously, but with something of conscious dignity to the other witnesses of the scene, after which he turned and abruptly left the room before anyone realized his intentions.

He made his way as quickly as possible from the boat, for he had no wish for any further intercourse with the pompous man who had offered him

wish for any further intercourse with
the pompous man who had offered him
money, and, taking an omnibus on the
landing, was driven directly to Mr.
Lawson's cottage, where he exchanged his borrowed clothing for a suit
that had been left there the year before, and then sent the captain's back
to the boat with a note of thanks
for the use of it.

All day long his mind dwelt upon
the adventure of the morning, and he
was filled with wonder over the
strange coincidence of names.

Who were these people? Why had
the man been so overcome upon learn-

the man been so overcome upon learn

ing that he, too, bore the name of Heatherton? What relationship, if any, did they bear to him? which both har-

any, did they bear to him?—were some of the queries which both harrowed and perplexed him.
"They are old enough to be my grandfather and grandmother," he said to himself. "Really, I am half inclined to believe that they are—it would not be so very strange. But," with a proud uplifting of his hand-aome head, "I do not want anything to do with them—at least with him—the arrogant, purse-proud old aristocrat. That dear old lady was very lovely, though, and I could take he right into my affections. I shall always think of her as a sweet woman, with silver hair and a heart of gold," he concluded, waxing poetical in his admiration.

"Won't my mother be surprised when I tell her!" he went on, after a few moments of thought. "I wonder if it will be best for me to tell ings and make her unhappy; but then I shall have to explain about my wet clothing, so I suppose the truth will have to come out."

"What! he hasn't gone!" axclaimed Thomas Heatherton—for the man was none other than he whom Mr.

"What! he hasn't gone!" axcama-ed Thomas Heatherton—for the man was none other than he whom Mr. Lawson had followed into the Adams House a few days previous—as the door closed after Ned's abrupt de-

parture.

"Lam afraid you wounded him.
Thomas, by offering him money,"
said his wife regretfu.ly;

"We.l, and what should I offer?"
demanded her husband with some excitement.

"We could offer him nothing, as

"We could offer him nothing, as a return for my life, but simple gratitude," she gravely replied.
"But I do not like to rest under such a sense of obligation," responded Mr. Heatherton, restively.
"This is a case when one should be willing to feel the weight of obligation, since for the gift of life one can make no adequate return," mur-

uon, sance for the gette of life one can make no adequate return," murmured Mrs. Heatherton, with tremulous kips.

"Well, you always did have some high forms posters which I could "Well, you always did have some high-flown notions, which I could never understand; but we will not discuss the matter any further now," her husband replied, as if destrous of dismissing the subject. Then, turning to the captain, he asked: "How long before you go back? We would like to return to Boston with

from her accident, slept all the way back to the city, only awaking when the steamer touched her pier in Bos-

lack of refinement.
"Well, what is it now, Rachel?" he with Mr. Thomas Heatherton and its

writing to him that you lacked means to defray your college expenses, and I, too, am sorry that I did; but I do not regret having informed him that his son was legally married to me. I wish we could manage the college problem, though," she concluded, with a sigh. "I don't think we can mather." up, and ask Mr. Lawson to help me to get into business of some kind. Don't look so unhappy about it. mother, dear," he added, assuming a lighter tone, "for I expect to make my fortune by and by, and give you as handsome a carriage and pair as any lady on Beacon or Mount Vernon streets possesses."

"I would rather you should have the education than the fortune, Ned; and if I owned the carriage and pair at this moment, they should be sold to send you to college," Miriam responded, with starting tears.

to send you to college," Miriam responded, with starting tears.

Mrs. Thomas Heatherton awoke very early the next morning, and lay for a long time quietly thinking over the exciting events of the previous day.

(To be Continued.)

New York aldermen heartily wel-comed the Boer peace delegates.

Throbbing Through the Arteries Weakness and Disease are Impossible—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Makes the Blood Pure, Rich and Healthy.

so conspicuous before strangers, "it is but play for me to swim—"
"That may be," interposed the genteman, with increasing emotion, in the same, and the debt is not lessened by the fact. Your name, if you please, my dear fellow."
"Edward Heatherton, sir."
"Great Heaven!" cried the man, suddenly dropping the hand he held, as he would have dropped a red-hot coxi, and staggering back from Nedward if he had struck him a blow, interpretable to the same would have dropped as the same would have dro disease,
disease,
To guard against disease, to prolong life, to insure health, strength
and vigor to every organ you can
not possibly find a means so effective
as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the blood
builder and nerve restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the very elements of nature
which to to forn new, rich, red blood
and

Not a single day passes but we are reminded of the value of keeping the body supplied with an abundance of rich, red, life-sustaining blood.

Heart failure, brain troubles and nerve paralysis can only exist when the blood is in a thin, watery condition.

Deadly pacumonia and consumpt on onnot find a beginning in the healthy body, which is supplied with plenty of pure blood to rebuild and reconstruct the tissues wasted by disease.

To guard against disease, to prolong life, to insure health, strength and vigor to every organ you can strength to the result of the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and wells.