

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

True, Mr. Lawson believed in him, and had done everything to shield him from the evil consequences of that calamity.

It was very discouraging, and he wondered, to-night, as he sat there in Mr. Lawson's library alone, what Gertrude would say if she should learn what had happened; this thought had made him absent-minded and depressed that afternoon while riding with her; he wondered also what Mr. Langmaid's attitude toward him would be.

But at length a distant clock chimed the hour of one, and Ned started, surprised to find how late it was. Whether he was guided by some instinct of impending danger, or whether the feeling of excessive loneliness made him doubly careful, he could not tell; but he went all over the house and carefully examined every door and window in it.

Of course he discovered that the window behind the writing desk had been left unfastened.

He was considerably surprised to find it thus, but supposed it had been overlooked through the carelessness of one of the servants while cleaning it.

He secured it, and then having seen that everything else was safe, he retired to his own room and to bed; while that figure outside, which had been watching him, made little signs of discontent with a fierce oath of disappointment, and disappeared from the locality.

Two days later—Saturday—just at noon and while the bank was on the point of closing, Mr. Cranston spoke to Ned, who was at work at one of the desks.

"Heatherthorn, where is Mr. Butler?" he inquired.

"He went out a moment ago—he said he had an important engagement."

"That is unfortunate," said Mr. Cranston, looking grave. "I am to leave for my vacation this afternoon, and I wanted to hand to him the keys to the safe and vaults, and to take my place while I am gone."

"Did he know you were going to-day?" Ned asked.

"No; I did not expect to go until Monday, but circumstances compel me to start this evening. Let me see," Mr. Cranston interposed, reflectively. "Mr. Butler is spending the summer at Nantasket, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he goes back and forth every day."

"Hum—didn't I hear you say that Ned was going down this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; I am going to spend Sunday with my mother and Mr. Lawson."

"Well, then, why can't you take the keys to Mr. Butler?"

"I will, sir, if you wish," Ned readily replied.

or, touching his cap respectfully, as his companion turned from him and walked back toward the pier from which the Nantasket boats sailed.

Reaching this, he seated himself where he could command a good view of every person passing to or from the steamer. Not a person came or went unnoticed; his quick, sharp eyes scanned every face with an eager look of interest which betokened some deep purpose of heart.

It was a long time to wait—from twelve-thirty until two—but the man exhibited no signs of impatience; it was like the silent, passive, but intent watching of a cat, before the hole of a mouse—an alert, persistent vigilance, that was ready to pounce upon its victim the instant it appeared in sight.

About fifteen minutes before two the water espied a little, many form coming down the long walk, with a quick, firm step, and rising, he leisurely sauntered toward it.

"How are you, Heatherthorn?" he exclaimed in tones of general welcome, which had a note of surprise in them, as if the meeting was wholly unexpected. "Going down the harbor this afternoon?"

"Ah! Mr. Gould; how are you, sir?" Ned responded. "Yes, I'm bound for Nantasket for over Sunday."

"Nantasket place—right pleasant; and just the day for such a trip," Mr. Gould responded, appreciatively. "I'm about starting for the same place myself for a few days' outing—only feeling by yacht instead of by steamer."

"By yacht! are you?" exclaimed Ned, his face lighting eagerly, for a yacht was his delight.

"During previous summers he had often been invited by gentlemen to accompany them upon their trips; but this year he had not even been on board a yacht of any description."

"Well," he added, with a quickly repressed sigh, "you couldn't have a nicer afternoon for the trip."

"That is so, only I invited a friend to go with me and he has disappointed me, and I am rather upset to have to take the sail alone." Mr. Gould remarked, with a somewhat downcast air.

"I've had suddenly struck him, 'why can't you come along with me if you do not mind the extra time it will take? Are you fond of yachting?'"

"Yes, sir, I'm a great admirer of it," Ned said, eagerly. "Your invitation is a great temptation, and I have a mind to accept it," he added, thoughtfully.

"Come on, then—there'll be a crowd on the steamer this afternoon, for most of the city clerks have a half-holiday, and we'll have a cozy time by ourselves. I imagine there's a boat waiting for me now—I was loitering about in the hope that I should find someone to keep me company, and linking his arm familiarly within Ned's, the wily schemer led him, all unsuspecting of any trap, toward the pier, where the boat was moored. It took but a moment to seat themselves within it, and in another they were speeding over the water, propelled by the strong, steady strokes of the sailor who handled the oars."

"What a beautiful yacht!" Ned exclaimed, enthusiastically, as they glided near the graceful vessel, which looked like a huge white bird resting upon the still water, "and a steaming yacht, too. Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, and she is indeed a beauty," Ned replied, as the man replied, as his glance rested proudly on the gleaming sails: "a fast sailer, too. She is not so very large, but staunch and trustworthy. I've a most efficient crew, and I'll give you a good time this afternoon. Here we are, my young friend—welcome aboard the 'Bald Eagle.'"

The boat ran smoothly up to the flight of iron steps which led to the deck. Mr. Gould stepped out and stood one side to allow Ned to pass up before him, as he thus bade him welcome. "The vessel was perhaps a hundred feet long, of very graceful proportions, painted white, with narrow bands of gilt, and otherwise beautifully finished with natural woods. Everything about her was taught and trim, and daintily clean, and, with white sails spread, Ned thought she was like a spotless swan riding upon her native element with stately grace."

page to "finish off with," but Ned politely declined, saying he never indulged in wine of any kind, whereupon Mr. Gould offered a cup of coffee to be brought to him instead.

Ned, wondering by the vessel did not start on her trip, and began to be somewhat impatient at the delay, as he was anxious to reach Nantasket before Mr. Lawson's dinner hour, lest the mother should worry on his account. But he felt delicate about questioning his host regarding the matter, and kept hoping that they would soon weigh anchor and sail.

As they arose from the table Ned stooped to pick up a nut which he had dropped, resting one hand upon the edge while doing so.

Almost at the same time he heard a crash and the tinkle of glass, while something cold trickled over his head; and looking up, he saw that Mr. Gould had upset and broken a wine glass, spilling the contents upon his hand.

"A thousand pardons!" the gentleman exclaimed, regretfully; "that was exceedingly awkward of me; but just step into yonder state-room for a wash, and you will then be all right again—you will find water and towels, and anything else that you may need."

He crossed the saloon, opened the door, and held it while Ned passed in. Then it was quietly shut, and, with a strange shock of surprise, accompanied by a feeling of dismay, Ned heard the key turned and the bolt shoot into its socket.

"What does this outrage mean? Let me out at once!" Ned shouted again; but, as before, there came no answer to his call.

Again he exerted all his strength to open the door, but in vain; then, these efforts being unnoticed, he kicked vigorously at one of the panels, hoping that he might be able to break through.

But he might as well have kicked against a rock, for the door was too strong and well made for him to make any impression upon it, other than to mar its beautiful finish.

"What does it all mean?" he cried, at length desisting from his efforts to get out, and trying to compose himself sufficiently to consider his situation.

Then, like a flash, a conviction of the truth came to him, filling him with a sickening, benumbing horror. It had been known by the bank, also those to the safe and vaults were in his possession!

It was his possession! He had been trusted! He had been deceived! He had been deceived!

And now he believed that he was in the power of a villain, who, by some means, had gained knowledge of the fact, and who had deceived him to open the safe for the purpose of obtaining them.

Now he understood why the boat had not started on the proposed trip to Nantasket. He did not believe that Mr. Gould had intended to go going thither, but, instead, had planned to make him a prisoner in order to secure the keys in his possession, that he might rob the bank that very night, while he was enjoying his Sabbath. The idea was too horrible to contemplate.

What could he do? How could he save the bank and the officers which lay in the heart of that building, and for which he could be held accountable by the officers of the bank? How could he save himself from the power of the traitor who had lured him hither?

All strength seemed to forsake him as these thoughts flashed through his mind. He sank upon a chair and dropped his head upon the edge of the berth with a groan of despair over his utter helplessness to do anything to mitigate the terrible situation.

"I believe I shall go mad!" he cried, after a moment, and again starting to his feet. "This will be the second time that I have believed I have been false to my trust. They will all believe that I have robbed the bank and absconded with my ill-gotten booty. I may be murdered here and sunk to the bottom of the ocean, and no one will ever know the truth, while the wretch who perpetrates the deed will be thousands of miles away, enjoying the gold for which I am sacrificed."

strength suddenly forsook him, the chair dropped from his nerveless hands, his limbs refused to sustain him, and, staggering back, he sank again upon his berth, a strange heaviness and drowsiness coming over him, and him and rendering him almost powerless.

"What does this mean?" he muttered, his eyes rolling wildly in the effort to conquer the stupor which seemed to benumb his senses, while his face grew crimson, and a sensation of invisible cords binding all his muscles and joints came over him. Then, with a terrible heart-sinking, he almost screamed, as a feeling of suffocation and deadly faintness rendered him nearly helpless: "Oh! he has poisoned me; but—I will not die thus!"

He made a superhuman effort, started up again, seized the pitcher of water, pouring out howl, and dashed the cool liquid over his face, dipping his whole head into it, in the hope of bringing relief to his heated brain.

He tore off his necktie and collar, threw open his shirt, and deluged his heaving chest, rubbing himself vigorously, and even pinching his flesh cruelly to try and restore the sensation of feeling.

For a moment these efforts revived him, but soon the faintness and deadly sickness began to steal over him again, and he knew he must succumb.

He was growing blind now, and, groping back to his berth, he fell heavily into it, moaning:

"Oh! He'll kill me! To die like this with such a stain on my young life, when I meant to be so true, so noble all my life long! And Gertrude, my love, you are lost forever! I shall never believe me false to all honor! Oh! I am indeed lost! lost!"

His voice had gradually grown fainter until it ceased, and he lay breathing heavily and muttering intelligibly, with a look of heart-rending agony upon his fine young face.

Five minutes later he was utterly unconscious. The work of the crafty villain who had lured him hither, had been thoroughly accomplished. Ned lay in his bed, as if he had been dead.

It was a lovely evening. There was not a cloud to be seen as the sun sank in golden splendor behind the dark, wooded hills, and the sea of glass in the gradually softening and fading light.

Benjamin Lawson and Miriam Heatherthorn were sitting at the table, and of their cottage, waiting for the coming of Ned. They had expected him early in the afternoon, and were greatly disappointed when the three o'clock train had not come.

Four, five, six, and still he did not come. Dinner could not be delayed again, and Miriam thought that Mr. Lawson should eat while it was fresh and hot.

Afterward they had both repaired to the veranda, where they watched the gorgeous sunset, and tried not to betray how impatient they were for the coming of him whom they both so dearly loved.

The off-off horizon beyond the water was taking on a purple haze, when a messenger boy approached and handed Mr. Lawson a telegram.

The man's cheek paled a trifle, as he took it, and with a sense of impending evil, while as he ran his eye hastily over the few words which the message contained, a low exclamation of pain broke from him.

"Is it anything about Ned?" she tremulously inquired.

"No; but my only sister, Rachel Heatherthorn, is dead, Mr. Lawson replied, with faltering lips, tears starting into his aged eyes. "She has been very delicate for many years, and this morning the end came very suddenly."

BITS ABOUT ROBERTS.

Stories of the Little Man Now So Much in Public Eye.

HOW HE GOT HIS V. C.

It is not generally known that Lord Roberts has with him at the present time in South Africa a warm personal friend, who faced death with him in India more than forty years ago. The grey-haired veteran who rode by the side of the Commander-in-Chief into Koomstad recently, and whom Lord Roberts familiarly addressed as "Jimmy," was Lieut.-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, of Dolan Cothy, in Carmarthenshire. The two old friends have much in common. Both, curiously enough, are very short of stature, both have had in India veritable hair-breadth escapes from death. There is a very considerable personal resemblance, and both have won the Victoria Cross. The two are indeed quite inseparable. Lord Roberts has more than one occasion visited him at his beautiful Welsh home, and it was at the Commander-in-Chief's express desire that Sir James Hills-Johnes became godfather to "Bob's" son, the gallant young officer who died at Colenso.

Boys Together

The friendship began when the pair were at school together, as cadets at Addiscombe. Lord Roberts joined the Bengal Artillery at the close of 1851, and Sir James Hills-Johnes, who is just eleven months Lord Roberts' junior, joined the same corps in 1853, so that nearly half a century ago these friends to-day were situated in the same corps in India. Both experienced the dangers and perils of the Indian Mutiny; both were present at the siege of Delhi; both were in the operations at the relief of Lucknow; both were dangerously wounded at the capture of Delhi; both made miraculous recoveries; and both, before the Mutiny, received the Victoria Cross. A decade later, both took part in the Abyssinian Campaign; they served together in the Kabab and other operations, and both, in 1881, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Matrimonial

There is, however, one great difference between these friends of half a century. Lord Roberts married when still a subaltern in 1859. It was not until Sir James Hills-Johnes had finished his fighting days that he, in the 'eighties, married Miss Mary Jones, daughter of the late Mr. John Jones, of Dolan Cothy, Carmarthenshire. Sir James Hills, for such, up to that time, had never been married. Sir James, in 1883, by Royal license, he assumed the name of Jones. He has since lived a quiet and uneventful life at his beautiful Welsh home. He is much beloved in the county, in the public affairs of which he has come to take a good deal of interest. In 1896 he was High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire, and he is still a County Councillor.

How the V. C. Was Won

Sir James, in fact, since the days when they studied at Addiscombe, is mentioned no less than eleven times in Lord Roberts' book, "Forty-one Years in India," in which a very stirring account is given of the deeds by which Hills won his V. C. Mr. Steele in "On the Face of the Waters" also tells the tale, in words somewhat different, in matter the same. This is what she says:

It was an eager company, as it dispersed. Lieutenant Hills' exploit of the morning, and asked for the latest bulletin of that reckless young fighter with fists against swords, "Carabineer" did not stand second, except their officer. So Hills charged instead. By George, I'd leave given a fiver to see him at it. You know what a little chap he is—a boy to look at. He said he thought he charged it would be a diversion, and give time to load up. So he rode slap at the front, cut down the first fellow, slashed the next over his face, and then the tall shank half crushed into him and down he went at such a pace that he only got a slice to his jacket, and yay sang till the troop, 150 or so, broke over him and he was down. He got up and looked for his sword. Had just found it ten

CHINESE NAMES.

How an Authority on the Language Would Pronounce Them.

An authority on the pronunciation of Chinese names, as translated into English assures us that there need be no serious difficulty in sounding the many Chinese names now appearing in the newspapers. The speaker will remember that the vowels in these names are uniformly those of the Italian or continental alphabet, namely: 1. A is always about as an in far; e always approximately as e in far; o then; i very like i in machine or pin; u as either the o of song or how, and u always as the u of rule. 2. Also it should be remembered, every syllable has an independent value and should be given that value in pronunciation. 3. As for consonants, they are pronounced exactly as written. These three rules will secure as correct a pronunciation of Chinese names as can be secured without oral instruction. For example, under the first rule, one would say tak-ko, for Tak, not take-yoo, as one may frequently hear the Chinese pronounce. Lee-hoong-chang for Li Hung Chang, not like lee-hung-chang. Peh-king for Pekin, not peek-in. Shung-hai-see for Shanghai, not shung-hay. Tsoong-lee-yahmen for Tsung Li Yamen, not tsung lie yahmen, and so on. Under the second rule Tien Tsin is pronounced teyen tsin, according to the yen syllable; not teen tsin. General Nih's name is Nee-yeh. The Chinese name of the city of Yunnan fu is yoon-nan-foo, not yun-nan fu. In like manner all words are pronounced with syllabic distinctness and with uniform vowel sounds. Under the third rule the province name Szechuan is sounded, not szechuan, but seehooan, as szechooan, touching the choo very lightly; Ngan-hwei as ing-gahng-hoo-way, dropping the initial i sound; Lian-tong peninsula is lee-ahng-tong, and the German possession Kiau Chau is Keeehoo Chahoo.

A Child With a Tail.

An example of the rare abnormality of a caudal appendage in the human subject was shown by Dr. Watson at a recent meeting of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Medical Society, in a male child three months old. The appendage, which was two inches and a quarter long, sprang from the situation of the tip of the coccyx, but seemed to contain no bone or cartilage. When the child cried, the tail shrank half an inch in length by a sort of "telescoping" retraction of the distal portion. This is of especial interest, as it illustrates an example of human reversion usually only observed in creatures lower in the organic scale.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY. Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clareville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used

two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

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CONSTIPATION. Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to give me relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more, and all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

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