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IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ned found it very hard, as he had said, to assume a cheerfulness that was so foreign to his mood...

It was very discouraging, but Mr. Lawson always spoke cheerfully when Ned referred to the subject...

One morning, as Mr. Lawson was crossing the common, he met with a startling adventure.

He was walking quite slowly, with beat head and hands clasped behind him, apparently absorbed in some important subject...

"I suppose you mean by this," Heatherton began.

"I mean," interrupted his companion, "that the wrong which you did that young girl is going to rebound upon yourself."

"What do you know of Miriam Wallingford?" demanded his nephew.

"I don't believe it," Richard Heatherton burst forth, excitedly.

"You lie!" cried Richard Heatherton, fiercely and with such a startled look that Mr. Lawson involuntarily recoiled.

"I don't matter to you where she is," Mr. Lawson replied; "she has no wish to ever look upon your face again."

who has been a wanderer for more than twenty years," he remarked, in an injured tone...

"The worst of my sins!" repeated his nephew, "I am not conscious of having done you any other wrong than that of leaving some rather heavy bills for you to settle, when I so unceremoniously left the country."

"Your wrong against me is the least of your guilt," was the stern rejoinder.

"You deal in enigmas. What can you mean, Uncle Ben?"

"It is useless for you to feign ignorance, for I know, though you may think I do not, how you wronged and deserted a beautiful young girl—"

Richard Heatherton staggered as if his uncle had struck him in the face, as he uttered these surprised exclamations.

"What do I mean?—what do I know?" now severely questioned his accuser.

"I have no patience with that senseless adage," cried Mr. Lawson, testily.

"The Book of Wisdom, and all nature also, teaches that 'whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap.' All this talk about 'sowing wild oats,' as if it were something to be expected and condoned in a young man, exasperates me beyond endurance...

"I don't believe it," Richard Heatherton burst forth, excitedly.

"I don't matter to you where she is," Mr. Lawson replied; "she has no wish to ever look upon your face again."

what my intentions may be regarding them."

"O, but it does, my dear uncle. I assure you I feel a most lively interest in the matter," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Of one thing you may be very sure," said Mr. Lawson, sternly, "and that is, you shall never touch a penny of my fortune."

"Yes, next to my mother, I am your only heir, and—Uncle Ben, I am really very close to the weather just now," whined the reprobate, plaintively.

"Then harvest your 'wild oats' and sell them for what you can get," was the laconic response of his disgusted relative.

"My father has lost every dollar of his property; he failed only a month ago, and he is now as empty as the last year's bird's nest."

"I cannot face my mother," the man said, in an empty, last year's bird's nest, and dropped his eyes to the ground.

"Humph!—that's the first glimpse of a heart that you've shown to-day, curried returned the other man, and asked: 'Do your father and mother know that you are living?'"

"Not a dollar. I could forgive a spendthrift, perhaps, but a libertine and a despoiler of virtue—never!" was the relentless response, as Mr. Lawson, with a backward glance upon the man whom thus, for the second time, he uttered.

Richard Heatherton stood watching him for several minutes, with angry eyes and wrathful face.

"You wretched old miser!" he fiercely muttered, "I'll find a way yet to squeeze your money bags until they are as empty as the last year's bird's nest. But—thunder and lightning! can what he told me be true?—can it be possible that Harriet is an orphan, and that she is now in the hands of a man who would sell her for a few dollars?"

"I don't believe it," Richard Heatherton burst forth, excitedly.



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which made it seem more attractive with every change. She was dressed in a richly-embroidered robe of spotless white, caught here and there with ribbons of cherry-colored satin...

"My darling," he cried, a quiver of passionate love and feeling in his voice, "how you love me! How I love you! What should I do without you?"

"What should I do without each other, my Ricardo? Ha! ha!" and the clear, musical laugh echoed cheerily through the luxuriant room as she snatched another kiss—"we are more like a pair of lovers than like a staid, dignified paterfamilias, and a harmonious daughter—oh, my poor!"

"I know that no nobler woman lives than Miriam Wallingford Heatherton," he said.

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FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

How do robins build their nests? Robin Redbreast told me. First a wisp of amber hay. In a pretty round they lay. Then some shreds of downy floss. Feathers, too, and bits of moss. Woven with sweet, sweet song. This way, that way and across. That's what robin told me.

GEORGE'S PA

Talks on the Drawbacks of Civilization. "The man that first started this moving business," paw sed one nite after he got home from not finding a house for us to live in...

WARM HEARTED LADY.

A warm hearted lady was old Miss To. When the cold weather was a-coming, she bought leggings to put on the legs of her table.

ORIGIN OF THE PENKNIFE.

Do you know why the little pocket-knives are often called penknives? Perhaps some of you have often wondered and did not like to ask.

THE FUNNY CHAMELEON.

While every schoolboy knows that the chameleon can change its color at pleasure, few are aware of the fact that it can likewise change its form.

LITTLE JOKES.

Little Jim was sent into the parlor to entertain his sister's best young man. He made quite a success of it.

SONGS THEY SING.

Many insects make a noise of some sort, at least most of them do, and as the noise is of different kind in different animals, so it is produced in different ways.

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