IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH

At length she [illegible] tears, looked her father [illegible] in the eye.

"I do not wish to do anything to grieve or displease you, papa," she said [illegible] "but I love Ned with my whole heart. If he should be arrested and proven guilty of this terrible crime, it would kill me. But," with an air of resolution, and a gleam of [illegible] "until he is, I will not doubt him; I shall be true to him—I shall stand bravely by him until the end."

Mr. Langman looked deeply troubled, and a flush of anger swept over his face, for he well knew that Gertrude inherited his own strong will, as previous experience had proven.

He seldom crossed her directly, but when he did, he always meant to carry his point.

"This is beyond all reason," he said, impatiently, "and I positively forbid you to regard yourself as in any way bound to him from this time forth. I will not have our name connected with any such disgraceful affair. Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa."

"Will you obey me?"

There was a moment of hesitation; then the beautiful girl said firmly, but with downcast eyes and trembling lip:

"I cannot, papa. I gave myself unreservedly to Ned, and I must be as true to him, 'for better or for worse,' as if I had already promised before the altar. I will never believe he is guilty until he is proven so beyond dispute."

Mr. Langmaid could not help admiring this noble loyalty to her lover, while at the same time he was irritated by her obstinacy.

"This is simply the most absurd folly, Gertrude," he sternly enjoined, "and I will not allow you to live up to it. If you make yourself conspicuous in the affair, you will incur my severest displeasure. I hope you understand me."

He did not give her an opportunity to reply, but abruptly left the room, closing the door in no gentle manner, while Gertrude sank upon the floor, bowed her face upon a chair and burst into a passion of tears."

But despite the fact the girl had been so tenderly reared she possessed a strong character, which only needed something to draw it out and test it.

She did not allow herself to spend much time in useless weeping and weak repining. There were other things besides her own regrets and sorrow to be considered, and her thoughts flew at once to the unhappy mother of her lover.

"Poor Mrs. Heatherton," she murmured, in a sympathetic tone, "she must be nearly heart-broken. How can she bear it? I must go to her and tell her that I believe in Ned, even though all the world is against him."

She secretly resolved that she would go to Mount Vernon street early the next morning to try and comfort the sorrowing woman. But when the morning came, the poor girl, who had not closed her eyes during the whole night, because of her anxiety regarding her lover, was too ill to rise. She had a high fever and was exceedingly nervous, almost verging upon hysterics.

Mr. Langmaid was alarmed and called the family physician, who said she was not seriously ill, but needed perfect quiet for a few days.

She was not allowed to leave her bed until Friday, when she called for the papers, but her father had taken care that none should be found in the house, for he had no intention of allowing her mind to be harrowed by reading the sensational versions of the bank robbery, and the numerous conjectures regarding young Heatherton's continued absence.

But Gertrude was, determined to know the worst, and about 11 o'clock she informed her mother that she thought she would feel better for a drive.

The horses were accordingly ordered, and the fair girl drove directly to a news-stand, where she obtained the papers she wished, and eagerly devoured all that she could find relating to the matter which so deeply concerned her.

It was while thus engaged that she learned of Mr. Lawson's sudden death and of his burial the previous day.

She was terribly shocked, and with a heart full of sympathy for Mrs. Heatherton, she ordered the coachman to drive her directly to Mount Vernon street.

"Yes, Mrs. Heatherton is at home," the servant said, in answer to her inquiry for that lady, "but I don't if she is able to see any one."

"I am sure she will see me, Nellie," Gertrude said, with a warm smile that went to the girl's heart, for she had shrewdly suspected how matters stood between her and Ned. "Let me go directly up to her room; I must see her, Nellie; indeed, I must."

So she was allowed to enter, and a moment later she was tapping lightly upon the door of Miriam's room.

"Come in," called a tearful voice, and Gertrude passed in and found the unhappy woman nearly prostrated after her trying interview with Richard Heatherton and his father, for she had but just come from the library.

The fair girl was beside her in an instant; her arms around her, and with the brown head pillowed upon her breast.

"Dear Mrs. Heatherton," she sobbed, tears raining over her cheeks, "don't give up; don't lose courage; Ned will come back—I am sure he will; soon everything will be explained, and his name cleared from all suspicion. Oh! do not be so disheartened." The command, the overwrought woman wept afresh at this evidence of sympathy and faith. "I know that he is innocent—he could not be guilty of a crime like that, and I shall never lose faith in him."

Miriam drew the girl close to her heart, and kissed her fondly.

"You are a precious comforter," she sobbed, finding it a blessed relief to give way to the tears which had been so long pent up. "I, too, am sure Ned is not guilty—that he is only the victim of some terrible plot; but the suspense regarding his fate, together with all this newspaper sensation, and the loss of our best friend had driven me nearly frantic. It was kind of you, dear, to come to me in this dark hour. Oh, Gertrude, what do you suppose has become of the dear boy?"

Gertrude's fair face paled at this

She knew that he could not do a mean or unworthy act. But his fate!—the thought of that appalled her. The fear that some desperate person had waylaid him, believed, murdered him, to get possession of the keys he held, made her heart faint within her, and chilled her to the soul with dread. The two heavy-hearted women talked long, but their mutual sympathy could not allay the fears of each other; they were strengthened to bear it by the exchange of confidence and sympathy, during which Gertrude whispered the secret of her own and Ned's love and hopes for the future.

She remained for a couple of hours, then returned to Arlington street, not only believing in her lover more firmly than ever, but strengthened in her determination to stand by him to the end, in spite of the opinions of the world and her father's commands.

The next day she returned with Mrs. Page to Halifax, and the following Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid sailed for Europe.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Richard Heatherton and his father at once set about the settlement of Mr. Lawson's property.

The former proved his identity and legal claim as next of kin, and filed a petition to be appointed as executor of the estate.

The two men came to the conclusion that it would be useless, as well as very unwise, to try to turn Miriam out of her home; accordingly they decided to allow her to remain and everything to go on the same as during Mr. Lawson's life, for the present.

Mr. Lawson had left considerable real estate, and Richard Heatherton knew enough of law to understand that if the court should grant his petition, he could never dispose of any real estate without the signature of his wife, therefore he wisely concluded to bide his time, hoping to induce her later on by either bribery or strategy to accede to his plans.

* * * * * *

But let us ascertain what was happening to Ned during all this time.

We left him just as he lost consciousness in one of the state rooms of Mr. Gould's yacht, where he slept heavily and profoundly, as those who, after long suffering, are quieted and subdued by morphine.

It was perhaps nearly an hour later that the door to his state room was cautiously opened, and a face peered in upon the unconscious man.

It was that of the villain who had turned Ned to the port, and a look of fiendish triumph swept over his features as he saw that his victim was helpless and at his mercy.

He entered, shutting the door behind him, then, with dextrous hands and rapid movements, he went through Ned's pockets, but abstracting nothing until he found the precious keys for which he was searching.

A gleam of exultation lighted his eyes as he transferred them to his own pocket.

"Ahem," he chuckled, "now I shall have things all my own way. If this isn't the easiest climb to fortune a man ever had, I am much mistaken."

Then he stood for a few moments looking thoughtfully down upon the prostrate form of his victim.

"You are a fine fellow," he muttered, "I'm blest if you aren't, and it seems almost a pity to ruin your life like this. I can't help it though—money I must and will have at any cost. I will not harm a hair of your head," he continued, with an involuntary shiver, "you shall simply be my prisoner until I can land you safe in another country; then I'll try to get you a good position, and set you on your legs again."

He stood a moment earnestly regarding Ned, noticing his fine proportions, his well-shaped head, intellectual brow, and handsome face, then turning away, he went softly out of the room, locking the door after him.

This occurred, it will be remembered, on Saturday afternoon.

After leaving Ned, Gould went immediately on deck, where he called the sailor who had rowed him and the young man to the yacht, ordered him to lower the boat, and a few moments later they were making rapidly for the wharf again.

As Gould stepped upon the rude stairs he remarked in a low tone to his companion:

"You will be waiting here exactly at midnight to-morrow, and will remain perfectly quiet until you see me light a cigar, and make the usual signal."

"Ay, ay, sir," the sailor responded; then as Gould leaped up the stairs and walked rapidly uptown, he reentered the boat and rowed back to the Night[illegible].

The next night, a little past midnight, two men stealthily approached Rowe's Wharf from different directions.

Each bore a good-sized satchel, but when they met neither spoke, simply walking with swift, noiseless steps to the point where Gould had landed the evening previous.

Arriving there, one of the men lighted a cigar and whirled it in a circle three times.

The signal was almost immediately answered by a sound like the chirp of a bird, from the water just below where they stood.

The cigar was instantly extinguished, then the men made their way quietly down the water's edge, and stepped into the boat that was waiting for them there.

"Now, get out of this quick," was the low spoken command of one of them, and the boy shoved from the wharf, and ere long its occupants were climbing the stairs to the deck of the Bald Eagle.

They disappeared with all possible speed down the companionway leading to the cabin, bearing their satchels with them, but after a short time returned without them, after which they repaired again to the boat, and were rowed back to the wharf. Then they slipped quietly away by different routes into the town.

We already know what occurred the next morning when it was discovered that the Bank had been robbed of a [illegible] amount. What excitement reigned when it was ascertained that young Heatherton had disappeared, leaving not the slightest clue by which he might be traced, while strong indignation and consternation prevailed among the stockholders and bank officials, who felt almost crushed at the [illegible]

[illegible] man Gould appeared as usual upon the street, going and coming upon his ordinary pursuits with the most independent and unconscious air, betraying much interest in the newspaper accounts of the "bold and daring crime," and discussing it as freely as any one.

Consequently no suspicion attached to him, although he was in the very heart of the excitement, and so the wonder and speculations regarding the real criminal went on.

Meanwhile poor Ned was heavily under the effects of the powerful drug which had been administered to him.

When he began to come to himself the first thing that attracted his attention was the fact that the yacht was speeding through the water at a rapid rate.

He realized this but vaguely at first—it seemed more like a dream than a reality; there was a strange numbness and stiffness throughout his body, and his head felt heavy and unnatural, as if it belonged to someone else, while a terrible nausea began to make itself manifest.

He lay moaning and tossing in his berth for a long time, too utterly wretched, physically, to make any effort to collect his thoughts, but finally outraged nature made an exertion to restore herself; after which, though weak and exhausted, his mind became clearer, and he began to think.

The result of this, however, was a state of great mental distress, which far exceeded all that he had endured physically, until he was almost ready to pray that he might die.

He made a feeble effort to examine and found as he feared that the precious keys were gone.

A groan of agony burst from him, and he felt as if life henceforth would be an unendurable burden.

Finally he slept again, this time naturally and restfully, and when he next awoke, he felt both strengthened and refreshed.

He was surprised to find that someone had entered his room during these hours of slumber, and left a tray containing a tempting repast upon a chair by his side.

There was an appetizing steak, boiled eggs, hot and cold bread, and a cup of strong coffee.

He was both faint and hungry from his long fast, and sitting up drew the tray toward him, eager to appease his hunger.

But he suddenly paused in the act of raising the coffee to his lips.

"How do I know but that this is also drugged like the other?" he muttered, quickly putting down the cup. "But," he reasoned, after a moment, "the eggs, at least, cannot have been tampered with, and the bread, having been cut from a loaf, is doubtless free from any drug."

So he ventured to eat the eggs and bread, and drank a glass of water from his own pitcher.

While this simple repast did not satisfy the craving of his appetite, he felt stronger for it, and was forced to be content.

Then he lay down in his berth again, and tried to calmly consider his situation.

A gloom from his sure room sunlow told him that he was out upon the broad ocean, while the rapid motion of the [illegible] was under a high pressure of steam.

This fact of itself [illegible] him that the bank had been robbed, while he believed that the treasure had been brought aboard the yacht and was being borne to some place where the villain who had committed the crime would feel secure in the enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains.

These thoughts drove him nearly wild, and yet, at the same time, a thrill of hope crept into his heart.

He did not stop to ask himself what his own fate was to be, it was enough to know that he was alive and restored to consciousness; that he had not been poisoned, as he believed, when he felt his senses leaving him, and that horrible benumbing sensation creeping through every nerve and fibre of his body.

His whole mind was now concentrated on one idea—if the bank's treasure was on board the Bald Eagle, could he not manage, by some means, to secure and restore it to his employers?

While he had life there was surely hope; and this thought renewed his strength and courage.

He sat up again, a flush of excitement creeping into his pallid cheek, and began to critically examine his state-room.

It was like any other state-room, but very nicely furnished and handsomely furnished with every comfort and convenience that could be desired by anyone upon a voyage of pleasure.

But hark! What was that sound? Ned paused in his examination and listened.

His ears had not deceived him, for now he heard it again.

It was a groan, followed by an exclamation of angry impatience.

It proceeded from the other side of the partition which doubtless divided his state-room from another.

"Can it be that there is another prisoner on board the yacht?" Ned murmured, with a sudden heart-thrill. "Can this man have been practicing his nefarious schemes upon others? If such is the case, I will find some one to ally himself with me, and some one to join in the same villainous trap that he has laid for me, we might establish communication with each other and [illegible] escape."

The thought sent an indomitable courage and energy thrilling through his veins.

He stepped and [illegible] his berth, and [illegible] stantly, for as the [illegible] broad [illegible]

"If I could succeed in removing this casing," he muttered, "the panel would slide outside easily enough, and would enable me to obtain an entrance to the other state-room."

He th[illegible] and drew forth his knife.

But his face fell as he looked at the broadest blade, for he knew it would not be strong enough for the work he contemplated.

Then his eye fell upon the knife which lay upon the tray that contained his breakfast.

It was heavy and strong, and he believed that he could make it serve his purpose.

He seized it, and creeping beneath his berth, immediately but cautiously began his work.

He labored steadily for an hour with both the table knife and his own, which was the sharper of the two, and was useful in cutting, when suddenly a touch upon the handle of the state-room door told him that some one was about to enter.

He had just time to slip quietly into his berth and cover himself [illegible] the room, glanced inquiringly at the occupant of the berth, and, believing him to be asleep, quietly took up the tray, without observing that the knife was missing, and noiselessly departed, shutting and relocking the door after him.

This was hardly done before Ned was once more out of his berth and at his work underneath it.

He was very industrious, cutting and prying without regard for the costly woodwork he was mutilating.

He made some noise, too, but he felt sure that it could not be heard by any of the crew above the creaking of the vessel and the movements of the machinery.

One thing struck him as strange—the utter silence which prevailed in the room adjoining his! He had not heard a sound since that one exclamation of angry impatience.

Finally he succeeded in removing three sides of the casing to the panel.

A little more perseverence and he would have an opening.

But it was hard work; his arm ached, and he was frequently forced to rest on account of the cramped position he was obliged to assume in his close quarters.

But after half an hour he went at it again, and the last side of the casing was at length removed.

Running the stout blade of the breakfast knife beneath the panel, Ned pried at it with all his strength.

It yielded a little; just enough to show him daylight in the adjoining room, and to convince him also that it was firmly nailed to a framework there, corresponding to that which he had labored so assiduously to remove.

This discovery told him that it would require more strength than he possessed, to detach the panel from its place, and with a sigh of discouragement he threw down his tools and wondered what he should do next.

CHAPTER XL.

Ned leaned back upon his elbow to rest, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the unyielding board, and fell into a brown study.

But suddenly he was astonished to see the panel move inward, as if pressed by some one on the other side of the partition.

Then the toe of a boot was thrust into the aperture to hold it, while some one demanded in authoritative but subdued tones:

"Who are you in there, and what are you about?"

Ned's heart bounded into his throat at these questions, but bending his face down to the opening, he answered:

"I have been trapped aboard this yacht, drugged and robbed. Who are you?"

"Aha!" was the eager and exultant rejoinder. Then the same voice continued, "Well, then, I'm another victim of one of the most devilish scamps that walks the earth. But, hold on a bit and I'll tell you more. I'll just brace myself and push on this side of the panel with my feet, while you pull on yours, and we will soon be able to converse without any trouble."

No sooner said than done, and Ned [illegible] and exerting all his strength. [illegible] minutes he had the board in his hands, while he peered through the opening with curious eyes [illegible]

He was a man perhaps fifty years of age, with a [illegible] face, a massive head and brow, keen, dark eyes, and [illegible] with iron gray hair and beard.

"So, so, you are a young fellow," the stranger remarked, after an earnest inspection of Ned's countenance.

"Yes, sir; and, if as you say, you are also a prisoner on board this vessel, I can safely make a confident of you," Ned responded, thinking it would be policy to be perfectly frank at the outset of their acquaintance.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD-BYE, DOBBIN.

The Advantages of the Motor Vehicle are Becoming More Evident

It has been gradually recognized that an enormous field exists for a form of transport intermediate between horse drawage and railway, which, while independent of fixed route, should possess greater latitude, and show economy superior to that of the horse.

The traction engine partially fulfils these conditions, but the one great objection to its employment is that its full economy can be secured only when, comparatively speaking, very heavy loads are dealt with. This objection however does not hold good with the auto-carriage, which provides just that rapid and cheap form of independent direct transport for which so great a need exists at the present day. Apart from the pecuniary saving, the benefits following in the train of the general adoption of motor traction cannot be over-estimated. The [illegible] both of commercial [illegible] to point of view of the public health, should rank almost before economy, [illegible] recognized [illegible] many epidemics, and also that fatal disease tetanus, are due in very large measure due to the air of our streets forming which originates that a [illegible] in the predominating portion of the dirt caused by horse traffic in dry weather. But with cleaner streets the contest [illegible] public opinion is never far astray. [illegible] facts that prove Dr. Chase's famous remedies to be of such unusual [illegible] as to command the confidence of sick and suffering. There is hope [illegible] you in the prescriptions of Dr. Chase.

Tourist—How many children have you, Mr. Green?

Farmer Green (doubtfully)—Well, I don't cannot exactly. There's Bob an' Jack, an' Alice, an' Nellie, how many children are there?

Mrs. Green—Seven; five boys and two girls.

Tourist—A fine family and a fine farm, Mr. Green. You've a large stock, I presume.

Farmer—Aye. I've 173 head of cattle, 8 horses, 781 sheep and 27 pigs. Then there's 313 geese, 18 turkeys an' just 250 fowls.—The Western World.

Two men were killed and two badly wounded at the election of a Justice of the Peace in Tennessee.

Politics and the Coinage

Would Work in Actual Practice.

[illegible] many years ago, [illegible] the cost of manufacturing the coins. [illegible] Government will allow [illegible] gold coins for a pound of gold bullion, the prices of the two must be exactly equal.

If the Government gave a pound of gold, either coin or bullion, for sixteen pounds of silver that would fix the relative values of the two metals at 16 to 1. But as it takes about 32 pounds of silver in the market to buy a pound of gold the Government's supply of gold would soon be exhausted and it could no longer control the price. It has never been seriously proposed that the Government should give gold for silver; the Chicago and Kansas City demand is that the United States should give a pound of silver coins for a pound of silver bullion, as has been already explained, the value of the coin and the bullion then would be identical, and at the present price of silver the amount of silver in a dollar, and the dollar itself, would be worth less than fifty cents. There would then be a gold dollar and a silver dollar, each worth the same as an equal weight of the bullion it is made of; the gold dollar would weigh one-sixteenth as much as the silver dollar, but its bullion value in proportion to its weight would be not sixteen times that of the silver dollar, but about thirty-three times.

The legal tender law would permit a debt of $1,000 to be discharged by the payment of 1,000 silver dollars, which would cost only half as much as 1,000 gold dollars. The first effect would be that no one would use a gold dollar if an obligation could be discharged in a silver dollar worth half as much. All gold would disappear from monetary use. But the law can only affect obligations previously incurred; it cannot regulate current prices, and when these came to be expressed in silver they would rise; it would take more silver dollars to equal a suit of clothes than gold dollars. The values of things would not be changed, but frightful confusion in prices would be caused by changing the unit of measurement. If the wheat bushel were made by law 30 instead of 60 pounds it would throw the trade into chaos, but it would not increase the amount of wheat, or benefit the farmer, except on contracts for delivery made before the change.

ONE CULINARY COURTSHIP.

Amusing Puzzle for Dinner or Luncheon Party.

TO DISSIPATE DULL FORMALITY.

SOUPS.

First—The groom was a Frenchman, what was his name?

Second—What was the weather on the wedding day?

FISH.

First—With what was the bride's dress trimmed?

Second—How was it sent to her home?

MEATS AND THEIR SAUCES.

First—Who was the bride's favorite author? The groom was a government official, where was he employed?

Second—What did his mother-in-law give him?

Third—What did his small brother-in-law indulge?

Third—Who was the groom's favorite essayist?

BREADS.

First—In what manner did the bride dress her hair?

Second—What were her wedding presents from the groom?

VEGETABLES.

First—When asked to marry, what did the bride say?

Second—What did they hope for in their wedded life?

Third—What did they have in the house her father built for them?

ENTREES AND RELISHES.

First—The best man was an official of the Chinese Legation, what was his name?

Second—They received congratulations from one who was prominent in the Dreyfus case, what was his name?

Third—What did the bride do in the conservatory?

DESSERTS.

First—The bride was a brunette, what was her nickname?

Second—What did the groom ask her to bestow upon him?

Third—With what did he salute her?

Fourth—The wedding invitations met with an accident at the printing office, what did they then become?

DRINKS.

First—In the excitement of the wedding feast what did the groom call his father-in-law?

Second—What did his small brother-in-law then give him?

Third—What did the best man have when called on to respond to a toast?

Answers to Culinary Courtship.

SOUPS.

First—Julienne. Second—Clear.

FISH.

First—Scallops. Second—C. O. D. (Cod).

MEATS AND THEIR SAUCES.

First—Lamb. Mint. Second—Cold Shoulder. Third—Bacon.

BREAD.

First—Rolls. Second—Gems.

VEGETABLES.

First—Lettuce. Second—Peas. Third—Mushroom.

ENTREES AND RELISHES.

First—Chow chow. Second—Paty du Clam. Third—Picalili.

DESSERTS.

First—Brown Betty. Second—Lady Fingers. Third—Kisses. Fourth—Pie.

DRINKS.

First—Pop. Second—Punch. Third—Champagne.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

GOLDEN OPINIONS

From People Who Have Proven the Exceptional Efficacy of the Home Remedies of Dr. A. W. Chase.

WEAK HEART AND NERVES.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take sinking spells and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, although my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me.

"I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

BILIOUSNESS.

Mrs. Faulkner, 8 Gladstone place, Toronto, states: "After doctoring without success for biliousness, liver complaint, and sick headache for over three years, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I am feeling better in every way, and my headaches have entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I have ever used, and I freely commend them."

CHAFING.

Mr. M. A. Smith, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I suffered many years with chafing, burning and itching of the skin, and never found anything to do me good or even give relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to always have it on hand."

Imitations don't dare to reproduce the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, which are on every box of the genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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