

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

It was a joyful day to Ned when he once more entered the bank in Boston, and was most heartily and kindly welcomed back by every one employed there.

There was much to be told on both sides, and Ned was not a little astonished to learn among other things of his father's return and of the stand he had taken regarding Mr. Lawson's property.

He was, of course, very indignant over the proposals that had been made to his mother to relinquish her right of dowry.

"If Mr. Lawson made a will, leaving his fortune, or any portion of it, to us, we will have it, if it is possible to secure it," he resolutely remarked.

Ned was immediately recalled back into the bank, but advanced to a more honorable position, with a proportionate increase of salary.

A portion of the reward offered for the recovery of the treasure was also tendered to him, but he refused to accept one dollar of it.

He was more displeased, he said, in the satisfaction he experienced over the return of the money and papers, and to know that he once more stood a clean man before the world.

The robber Gould was tried, found guilty, and condemned to fifteen years' hard labor in the State Prison at Charlestown; and Bill Bunting, as his accomplice, received a sentence for seven years.

An additional sentence of five years was pronounced upon each for having defrauded William Huntington of a sizable sum of money, and for depriving him of his liberty for many months.

was stolen, I do not think he discovered the fact, or else he did not have time to make a thorough examination of his papers before the fatal shock," Ned explained.

He thought a moment, then he proceeded to confide to his companion all that had occurred regarding the claims of his father and grandfather, their proposals for settlement, and his own perplexity over the matter.

Mr. Marble listened attentively to his recital, and then remarked: "Now, my young friend, I will solve this knotty problem for you. I drew up Mr. Lawson's will, and after it was signed and sealed, he delivered it into my hands to be cared for until his death.

He had intended to give him a copy of it. I thought this was a somewhat peculiar request, but my friend was peculiar in some respects, so I did as he desired and asked no questions.

Accordingly, if there has been any foul play in the purloining of his papers, it was only a copy of the will that was stolen and not the original. I have that document in my own possession, and, young man, you are the sole heir to Benjamin Lawson's property, with the exception of three or four minor bequests to other individuals.

Ned was much astonished by this revelation, for he had imagined that no will would ever be found, and that, if he ever secured any portion of his friend's fortune, he would have to fight for it. But his disclosure smoothed all his difficulties, and he proposed that Mr. Marble should go with him to the Adams House and state to his grandfather what he had told him.

The gentleman readily agreed to this, and set the next afternoon for the interview, as he said he wished to take the will along with him to prove his assertions.

At the appointed hour, he and Mr. Marble repaired to the hotel where Mr. Heatherton was stopping.

As they were shown to the old gentleman's private parlor, Ned caught sight of the flutter of a spotless white dress, as it vanished into another room, and wondered if the lady could be his mother. He was sure it was not a servant, for the robe was too elaborate to be worn by any menial.

ter street, and Ned went directly home to relate to his mother the events of the day, and to tell her also that one of Mr. Lawson's papers, worth the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, which was to be settled without restrictions upon herself.

Ned felt very grateful to his dear old friend for his great generosity; for it was a handsome fortune that had been willed to him, and he knew that his future now had fair to be a very bright and happy one.

Still, as he and his mother talked it all over, and laid plans for the coming year, he frequently found his mind wandering to the unhappy old man, whom he had left "alone in his misery"; that afternoon, and whose hopes had been crushed by his prosperity.

It seemed as if "coming events were foreshadowing their own fate," and he felt that he had a desire to be singularly enough, while they were at dinner only a little later a servant entered the room, and handed a note to Ned.

Opening it, he read the following: Mr. Edward Heatherton: Dear Sir,—A relative of yours has been taken suddenly ill at the Adams House. He has expressed a desire to see you immediately, and also your mother, Mrs. Heatherton. Can you make it convenient to come at once, as the case is considered urgent by the physician?

This was signed by the clerk of the hotel, and the servant said that the messenger, who had brought the note, was a young girl, who was gently bathing his feverish brow.

Ned started, as he beheld her, for he instantly recognized Vera Heatherton, the girl whom he had rescued from the blockade of vehicles on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, only a few weeks previous.

"Miss Heath!" he exclaimed, in a low but surprised tone, as he took the chair which she indicated.

She bowed and flushed a vivid scarlet; the other eyes fell to the ground, and a look of perplexity flitted over her features.

that I live to say it!" cried the man, white to his lips with mortification and anguish of mind, and, "Vera's father couples a felon's cell."

"What!" exclaimed both Ned and his mother in one astonished breath. "It is strange that you do not know—that you have not suspected the truth," said the old man, wonderingly; "but Richard Heatherton and Albert Gould, the bank robber, are one and the same person."

"Heavens, can this be true!" cried Ned, starting almost wildly to his feet, as he realized all that this revelation involved.

Albert Gould, the man who had been tried and condemned for a stupendous robbery—who had dragged the body of the unfortunate man coming from Albany—who had lurched him on board the Bald Eagle, where he had deliberately drugged him again, to get the keys to the man's pocket, and to get the money which was hidden in his schemes, and enrich himself at the expense of his own son's honor—his father!

More than this, the man must have known the truth from the first, and had heartily plotted his ruin. It did not seem possible that any human being could be so lost to every principle of true manhood and paternal sentiment.

"Heavens!" Ned cried again, as he paced the floor in great excitement, "it is too dreadful to think of. Was he to wait for the opportunity to full enough before, without thus violating every kindred tie and deliberately planning the ruin of his own flesh and blood? Gould—that cunning thief—the dastardly villain—my father! No, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"It is true," groaned the sick man, "and the father's curse is upon me. It is also a curse almost too heavy to be borne."

"Ned thought so, too, and a feeling of deep compassion for the wretched man, who had grown so old and feeble, while the excessive misery which he had betrayed earlier in the day, and which had so puzzled him was now explained.

He now recalled some circumstances which had seemed very strange at the trial of Albert Gould. When he had been asked to state his name, he had given the name of a sheet, and hesitated before replying, "Albert Gould" he had said; but with a peculiar inflection which had attracted the instant attention of both judge and counsel.

MRS. WINSTON'S BABY, And the Life by Rule She Tried to Make it Lead.

The Winston baby is being brought up according to the newest ideas of the nurse, Mrs. Winston is young, firm, and she says that her child will have all the advantages of the science. The baby has been bathed and put to sleep on schedule time.

No friends have been allowed to kiss or fondle it, and the plan was working beautifully until Mrs. Winston's mother and another came to visit her.

The visit was paid primarily to the new grandchild. As soon as she entered the house Mr. and Mrs. Winston raised her eyebrows. "Baby just being fed," she said, "You must wait until 2.30."

Her father had heard of her system, but he laughed and said: "Oh, break through the rules for once and bring her down."

"If you don't I'll go over the house and I'll find her," the grandmother said firmly. Winston smiled.

So that baby was brought down to see them, although this was a direct infraction of rule 16. It is a beautiful baby, and its grandparents started toward it with cries of rapture.

"Do little sweet Toadsey—come to our grammarver," said Mrs. Cudbright.

"We don't talk baby talk—it is against rule 27," Mrs. Winston said, "It is irrational to expect a child to learn to speak correctly when you speak gibberish to it."

MAN, MUSCLE AND COAL. Consumption of Energy and its Re-creation.

One fact about the new steam engine is that it has developed power at the rate of one horse power-hour for each one-half pound of coal consumed.

Static power producers have done better than this. At the Edison power plant power has been developed at the rate of one horse power-hour for each pound of coal consumed.

Value of 2,000 pounds of coal, excluding transportation, \$1. Annual production of coal in the United States, 240,000,000 net tons.

Estimated number of male producers in the United States, 20,000,000. Ratio between 20,000,000 male workers and the potential of 240,000,000 tons of coal, 1 to 12.

That is to say, 20,000,000 workers without the aid of coal, would have to labor 108 years to develop a force equal to the potential energy of the present annual production of coal in the United States.

MODERN BATHING TOILET. It is as Carefully Considered as More Formal Costumes.

Bathing cloaks are among the newest innovations and are distinctly of foreign importation. They haven't as yet met with general favor, although they are worn by three of the leading water-ing places in this country.

There is nothing immodest in the smart bath of to-day. The skirt is short, of course, as it must needs be to allow of swimming, but it is long enough to cover the knees.

show Laura how to make pepper-mint and pargoric. It is time she learned to make them.

Blitter—How is your cook getting on? Tucker—I don't know. She didn't leave her address. Brooklyn Life.

"Funny thing about me," remarked the umbrella. "That's that," asked the hat.

"You are the most inhuman and unnatural mother I ever knew. You mother and I raised eight children—three of them are now in the hospital."

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THIN, WATERY BLOOD AND EXHAUSTED NERVES. The Cause of Endless Suffering and Fatal Disease—Restoration and Health Come With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (Pills).