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

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

ht 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 ecure it," he resolutely remarked.
At all events, we will be in no hurry Not an events, we will be in in harry to settle with our haughty relatives."

Ned was immediately received back into the bank, but advanced to a more orable position, with a proportion-

A portion of the reward offered for he recovery of the treasure was also endered to him, but he refused to ocept one dollar of it. He was more than pald, he said, in

the satisfaction he experienced over the return of the money and papers, and to know that he once more stood

and to know that he once more stood a clean man before the world. The robber Gould was tried, found gullty, 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 Hunting

One morning, just as Ned was on the point of leaving for the bank, the bell point of leaving for the bank, the bell rang, and presently a servant came to him, saying there was a gentleman in the library who wished to see him. The man looked fifteen years older than when he had seen him, and seemed both ill and broken in spirit.

He greeted Ned with much of his former coldness and hauteur, how.

former coldness and hauteur, how-ever, and stated that his son having been called away on a long journey, he had been empowered to act as his attorney, in the settlement of Mr. Lawson's affairs, and it was his desire to come to some terms with Ned and his mother without further delay.

out further delay.

Ned courteously replied that he had been so busy since his return to Boston that he had not been able to give much thought to the matter; but that he would at the matter; but that he would at once seek the advice of some reliable lawyer, and promptly communicate his decision to Mr. Heatherton.

His manner, though fraught with all the respect due to one so much older than himself, was characterized by a self-possession and dignity which made the man so realize the true nobility of his hitherto despised grand-son that he appeared both con-strained and uncomfortable before

im. Indeed, Ned remarked afterward that he acted as if oppressed with a

sense of guilt. That same afternoon, as Ned was walking toward Court Square, and wondering whom he should employ as a lawyer to conduct the negotiations

with Mr. Heatherton, some one came up beside him and held out a hand in friendly greeting.

Looking up he saw an elderly gentleman, whom he had met occasionally at Mr. Lawson's, and who, he knew, had been upon very amicable terms with him for many years.

with him for many years.

"How are you, my young friend?"
he cordially inquired. "I have been meditating a visit to you ever since my return from Europe, a week ago, as I have some important business to

"Yes, sir, and we miss him more than I can express," Ned answered, sadly. "No doubt—no doubt," remarked Mr. Marble, gravely. Then, assuming an air of business, he inquired: "Ara

you at liberty—can you spare me a little of your time for a private talk?"

"Certainly, sir; I am at your service for as long as you wish, and I am not sure but you are the very man I need to attend to a legal matter for me." Not resulted as he very whered Ned replied, as he remembered that the man was considered a very

that the man was considered a very shrewd lawyer.

"Well, well, one thing at a time. I'll get my own burdens off my mind, and then I will attend to yours," said the gentleman, smiling. Then he aded: "Suppose we slip into the Parker House, where we can talk without the fear of interruption."

ruption."

Ned agreed to this proposal, and, upon repairing thither, Mr. Marble edgaged a private room, where, after they were comfortably seated, he inquired of his companion, while he fixed a searching look upon him:

"Heatherton, did you ever hear Mr. Lawson say anything about making a will?"

Ned started at the question. It seemed a strange coincidence that he man should have broached the very subject that was in his own

mind.
"No, sir; Mr. Lawson never mentioned in my presence, his intentions regarding the disposition of his property," he replied; "but, shortly before his death, he confided to my mother the fact that he had made a

"Ah! Did he give her any informa-tion regarding its contents?"
"Yes, sir," Ned replied, but with

"Yes, sir, Ned Volume to some embarassment.

"Then, of course, you know to whom he intended to leave his form."

It is bid he to leave his form. Where this fr. Marble in young man

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 grandlather, their proposals for settlement, and his their proposals for settlement, and hi own perplexity over the matter. Mr. Marble listened attentively t

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. Then he asked me 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 purioning 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 property of the bod imparined that

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 this 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 already told him.

The gentleman readily agreed to this, and set the next afternoon for

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

He introduced Mr. Marble to his grandfather, whereupon the law-yer at once stated the nature of his business and produced the will of Mr. Lawson, in corroboration of his

assertions.
Thomas Heatherton was confounded by this unexpected piece of news, and at first utterly refused to believe it. But when Mr. Marble produced the will, and he saw Benjamin Lawson's signature, supported by those of two reliable witnesses, both of whom were then living in Boston, the lawyer said, he realized the solidity of the indisput-

He was utterly crushed by the revel-"I am ruined," he said, with a groan,

as his head dropped heavily upon his breast, his whole air indicating de-

remarked.
"Yes, I do mean it—it is true," the "Yes, I do mean it—it is true," the old gentleman replied, dejectedly, "for I have recently been very unfortunate. I have lost all my own property, and, at my time of life, that is no light misfortune. I believed, however, that I should be provided for, as I supposed that the property of my late brother-in-law would fall to—to my son. But now every hope is crushed; I am a stricken old man, and life will henceforth be a burden to me."

I am a stricken old man, and life will henceforth be a burden to me."

Ned experienced deep pity for the old gentleman, for he really appeared to be utterly disheartened. He could hardly believe that he was the same person, who had seemed so hale and hearty and so proudly self-assured, when he had seen him upon the Nan-tasket steamer only the summer be-fore.

ransact with you."

Ned looked surprised, and wondered what he could mean; bût he returned his greeting and remarked that he was looking unusually well.

"Yes, yes; the voyage did me a world of good," Mr. Marble responded, "but I was greatly shocked to learn of the death of my friend. It was very sudden, was it not?".

"Yes, sir, and we miss him more than ion."

"Yes, sir, and we miss him more than ion."

"Yes, sir, and we miss him more than ion."

"I regret very much if your circumstances are so straitened," Mr. Marble gravely responded. "But surely your son will come to your future. By the way, allow me to ask where Mr. Richard Heatherton is?—why is he not here to attend to this matter for himself?"

"He—has been called away on—on imperative business," faltered Mr. mperative business," faltered Heatherton, looking so utterly wretch-ed that the hearts of both his visitors were touched; "but," he added, "I am authorized to act as his attorney during his absence."

"I suppose, in view of this," said

Mr. Marble, tapping the will with his finger, "that you will now oppose no obstacles to the settlement of

no obstacles to the settlement of Mr. Lawson's property according to his wishes, as herein expressed?"
"No-no; of course, it would useless for me to attempt to do so," was the dejected response. "I can only submit to the inevitable and cipk into obscurity and heterotica per only submit to the inevitable and sink into obscurity and insignificance. Oh, to think of a Heatherton coming to—that!" he concluded, in a most heart-rending tone, an expression of utter despair on his aged face. But after a moment he made an effort to recover himself, and sitting erect, he said, with sorrowful dig-

nity:
"Pardon me, gentlemen, if I ask
"Pardon me, my misery, you to leave me alone in my misery, since there is no further need of pro-longing this painful interview.

The two men could, of course, do nothing but bid him a courteous goodby, and take their departure; but, Ned's kind heart was very heavy in view of the wretchedness which his own triumph had occasioned. It was hard, indeed, he thought, for

an old man to be so impoverished when the vigor of life was well-nigh spent, and there was so little time to rebuild his fallen fortunes.

And yet he could not quite under-stand how the mere loss of money could so utterly crush a person.

It had seemed to him that there was

something rather strange in the ex-cessive grief and distress of his grand-father as manifested that afternoon. It might be that it was the combined lt might be that it was the combined loss of fortune and prestige added to the death of his wife, that had so stricken him, and yet, somehow, he was impressed that there was some more potent cause back of these. As they left the hotel Mr. Marble informed Ned that he would immediately proceed to have the will of Mr. Lawson probated and then he could

Lawson probated, and then he could at once come into the poss They parted at the corner of Win-"Her father-my son-oh, shame

that I live to say it!" cried the man, white to his lips with morti-floation and angulsh of mind, "Vera's father occupies a—felon's cell."

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 bequests was the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, which was to be settled without restrictions upon herself.

Ned feit 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 bade 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 years, 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 feally casting their shadows," for, 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:

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 immediately see you, 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

the physician?

This was signed by the clerk of the hotel, and the servant said that the messenger, who had brought the note, was to wait for an answer, unless Mr. Heatherton would return with him. Ned replied that he would go immediately, and the messenger need not wait. not wait.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CHAPTER XLVI.

When Ned again entered the Adams house, accompanied by his mother, he was conducted at once to Mr. Heatherton's room.

They found him reclining upon his bed, looking very ill, while by his side sat a young girl, who was gently bathing his feverish brow.

Ned started, as he beheld her, for he instantly recognized Vera Heath—the lovely eirl whom he had rescued from

instantly recognized Vera Heath—the lovely girl whom he had rescued from the blockade of vehicles on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets

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 he indicated. She bowed and flushed a vivid scarlet; the other eyes fell beneath his glance, and a look of perplexity flitted over her features. ted over her features.

Ned then turned to Mr. Heather-

Ned then turned ton.

"I am sorry to find you ill, sir," he said, in a gentle, respectful tone, "and, if there is anything that I can do for you I am at your service."

A look of pain flashed into the eyes of the sufferer.

A look of pain indeed into the of the sufferer.

He did not reply directly to Ned's remark, but, turning to the girl by his side, he said:
"Vera, you are very tired; go and
rest until I send for you again."
The maiden arose, and quietly left
the room, while Ned and Mrs. Heatherton, watching her, wondered
what she could be to the old man to

whom she seemed to be so attentive. When the door closed after her, Thomas Heatherton turned his glance Thomas Heatherton turned his glance again upon Ned, and remarked:

"You were good to come, though I did not merit it from you. I was taken very ill almost immediately after you left this afternoon, and something tells me that I have not long to live;

tells me that I have not long to live; indeed, I do not care to live—my heart is broken, my hope and courage are gone, and life henceforth holds no attraction for me."

Tears started to the gentle eyes of Mrs. Heatherton at this hopeless speech, and the old man, observing her emotion, flushed and continued, addressing her:

"I wonder that you can have the slightest feeling for me, Miriam Heatherton! I know that I deserve only your scorn and indifference, and it moves me deeply—melts my proud heart, if you can believe it—to see tears in your eyes for me."

Heart, if you can believe it—to see tears in your eyes for me."

He paused a moment as if to collect his thoughts, then resumed, as he turned again to \$led:

"I have sent for you to entreat that you will perform a colour duty for "I have seat for you to entreas and you will perform a solemn duty for me. You saw the child who just left me—do you know who she is?"

"I know her only as Miss Vera Heath—I met her a few weeks ago
"Ned boren when Welfasther."

—" Ned began, when Mr. Heather-ton interrupted him.
"I know about that," he said, "she told me of the adventure. But Vera Heath, as you call her, is Vera Heath-erton, and—and your half-sister."
Ned and his mother exchanged looks of undisguised amazement at this revelation

Then Miriam flushed to the waves of bright brown hair lying so lightly on her brow, as she comprehended the

stuation.
She well knew that Ned could have sne well knew that Ned could have no "half sister"—at least, none who could have any legal claim upon him as such; but it struck her as a singular and significant coincidence that Richard Heatherton, the man who had so-deliberately planned to wrong her—should have an acknowledged daughter, whose position must be

had so-deliberately planned to wrong her—should have an acknowledged daughter, whose position must be just what for years she had believed Ned's to be—that of a nameless child. "Can that be possible," Ned said, gravely, as soon as he could recover himself sufficiently to speak.

"It is the truth, said the sick man, with a sigh, and then he proceeded to relate the story of Vera's life, as we already know it.

Both Ned and his mother were deeply interested, but they were also saddened by the pathetic tale, and the blight which they knew must always rest upon the fair young girl through no fault of here.

"The child has been left in my care," Mr. Heatherton, said in conclusion, while an expression of keen pain swept over his face, "and it was more on her account than my own that I was so crushed by the loss of Benjamin Lawson's property."

"But where is—her father?" Ned inquired, in surprise.

He could not understand why these two should have been left alone at such a critical times.

uch a critical times

such a critical times.

Thomas Heatherton darted a startled look at the young man.

"Why do you ask me such a question? Do you not know where he is?" he demanded, sharply, and with a deep indrawn breath of agony.

"No—how should I know? I have never seen the man," Ned replied, with a bewildered expression.

"You have never seen Richard Heatherton!" ejaculated the sick man, regarding him incredulously.

"No—at least, not to know him."

"Then. I must tell you; but will you keep the secret from the world?

will be guided entirely by your wishes in the matter," Ned gravely returned.

"Hen father my someth sharm!

"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!" crie

"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 condemued for a stupendous robbery—who had drugged and robbed him on the train coming from Albany—who had lured him on board the Bald Eagle, where he had deliberately drugged him again, to get the keys with which to carry on his vile 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 heartlessly 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

"Heavens!" Ned cried again, as he paced the floor in great excitement, it is too dreadful to think of. Was not the measure of his wickedness full enough before, without thus violating every kindred the and deliberately planning the ruin of his own flesh and blood? Gould—that cunning thief—that dastardly villain—my father! No, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"It is true," groaned the sick man, "and to be the father of such a man is also a curse almost too heavy to be

is also a curse almost too heavy to be

is also a curse annost to borne."

Ned thought so, too, and a feeling of deep compassion for the wretched man took possession of his heart; while the excessive misery which he had betrayed earlier in the day, and which had so puzzled him was now explained.

which had so puzzled him was now explained. He now recalled some circums-stances which had seemed very strange at the trial of Albert Gould. When he had been asked to state When he had been asked to state his name, he had grown as white as 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.

The counsel had pronounced it after him, then asked:

"Is that your real name?"

"Yes, my name is Albert Gould," reiterated the prisoner, speaking more firmly and lifting a half defiant glance to the lawyer.

There was no one present to gainsay his statement, and the name was so recorded. Ned had never known him by any other name. His

say his statement, and the name was so recorded. Ned had never known him by any other name. His mother—who could have him—was not present at the trial,—and no one else there appeared to have any knowledge of the man's previous history to controvert his assertion.

ssertion.
(To be Continued.) DANGERS THAT FLY PAST.

Locomotive Engineers are Unnerved

The old engineer had finished grou The old engineer had finished grooming his engine for the night's run and was whiling away the half hour before train time in swapping yarns with his firemen. It was his turn at a story. After puffing reflectively on his pips for a moment or two, he said, half questioningly: "I don't believe we've ever run over anybody, Eill, since you been in the cab. "But it isn't running over that scares you," he continued, "though that is bad enough. It's the coming so all fired close to it and missing that

so all fired close to it and missing that takes the tuck out of a man. After you once hit anything the worst you can do is to plough right along, but when you see a man on the track and blow your whistle and shut off steam and put on the brakes and then the man turns out to be deaf or drunk or something of the kind and you know you can't help striking him, then's the time you wish you were running a steamboat or a fire engine. takes the tuck out of a man.

"The closest shave I ever had was "The closest shave I ever had was when I was pulling the President's special up to Albany. We were trying to make a record run. We had passed the Poughkeepsie bridge and were doing better than a mile a minute what I saw a man walking down the track toward us. The fireman blew the whistle, but the man never budged from between the rails. As we got closur I saw he was walking with his head down and paying no attention to what was going on. I shut off the steam, jummed on the brakes and reversed her, but we slid

shut off the steam, Jimmed on the brakes and reversed her, but we slid along at a pretty fair gait. He never stirred until just as the engine was going to hit him. Then he jumped out of the way, gruned up at me and put his fingers to his nose.

"'Get after him,' I yelled, but before the fireman could climb down from the cab the man was running down the track for all he was worth and that wasn't more than 30 cents. We didn't have any time to spare, so we hustled on again, and I've been trying ever since to decide whether our friend was drunk or crazy, or had a darned pscu i i dead of humor. Anyway, I wish I'd had a little more time. Td like to have taken a chance at him with a coal shovel."—New York Mail and Express.

Cemetery Picnic Parties. Passing through Brooklyn's cem

Passing through Brooklyn's ceme-tery district on the troiley roads, says the New York Sun, one observes with amazement parties seated in shady spots in the cemeferies enjoy-ing luncheon and apparently pichick-ing. Some time ago it became neces-sary at one of the large cemeteries to forbid the entrance of pichic baskets, as the place threatened to become entirely too popular as a pleasure ground. But the undaunted picture is not dismayed by any regulation of this sort and luncheons are secreted and carried in in sad-looking breadles or blook leather grips.

bundles or black leather grips.

Instructions
Indignant Patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?
Doctor Quack—Yes, sir. I never fail the property of the property

MRS. WINSTON'S BABY. nd the Life by Rule She Trie Make it Lead.

The Winston baby is being bro according to the newest ideas child study. Mrs. Winston is young firm, and she says that her chil science. The baby has been bat fed 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 and mother came to visit her.

The visit was paid primarily the new grandchild. As soon as the entered the house Mr. and Mrs. Custright demanded the baby. Mrs. Win stou raised her eyebrows. "Baby i just being fed," she said, "You must wait until 2,30."

Her father had heard of her system, but he laughed and said: "Oh, beach through the miles for one and

tem, 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 till I find her," the grandmother said the laughed and said with the said the laughed and sa

"If you don't I'll go over the house till I 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.

"Oo little sweet Tootsey—tome to oor grammuvver," said Mrs. Cudbright.

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

Meanwhile the grandfather had taken the baby from the reluctant arms of the nurse, Mrs. Winston turned to him. "Father, I don't allow anybody but the nurse and myself to hold baby. It makes it nervous and it is against rule 9."

She attempted to take the baby from his hold, but he resisted. "Oh, see here, Laura, your mother and I raised eight children and I guess I know how to hold a baby at my time of life." He tucked the baby into the crotch of his arm and walked away, singing, "Rocked in the Cradie of the daughter followed him. "Fath-"

It is as Carefully Cons

His daughter followed him. "Fath-His daughter followed him. "Father, I will not allow you to walk the floor with the child. We have never done it. It is against rule 7 and singing to it is against rule 13. What will become of our regimen if you act this way?"

"Oh, blank your regimen, Laura."

Mrs. Cudbright interfered. "Now, arther the state of the content of the co

ars. Cuddright interfered. "Now, don't get mad," she said. "Laura has a right to bring up her own child in her own way. Now you give me that child and I'll sit down on the sofa with it."

"That's against rule 1989," her. "That's against rule 1989," her husband replied grimly, but he handed over the baby. Mrs. Cudbright had hardly closed her arms about it before she said: "Why, the child is getting the colic! Father, you go to my little satchel and get the peppermint bottle and run into the kitchen and get a mite of hot water and surar."

and sugar."

Her daughter had been talking in the alcove with her husband, but now she returned at the word peppermint. "Why, Mother Cudbright, would you give that baby peppermint?"

mint?"

"Of course," the grandmother said, trotting the baby on her knee.
"You drank quarts of it before you were a year old."

Mr. Cudbright was delving in the small satchel. "Why, here's paregoric—that's better yet," he said, bringing out a hottle.

ing out a bottle.
"You shan't give the baby that!" Mrs. Winston cried. "And mother, it's against rule 21 to trot her on your knee. The nurse will take her upstairs. It's better to have a little colic than to give her drugs. I never

Mrs. Cudbright straightened up and

Mrs. Cudbright straightened up and Mr. Cudbright set the paregoric bottle down on a marquetry table. "Laura," he said, "you're the most inhuman—"

"Father! Father!" Mrs. Cudbright put in. Mr. Winston looked expectant. "You are the most inhuman and unnatural mother I ever knew. Your mother and I raised eight children—and you were one of them — and they all turned out well but you. Now, if me'n your mother aren't go-Now, if me'n your mother aren't going to be allowed to look at that child or touch her for fear we'll break rule 78,654, we're going to leave Chicago on the next train. Even grandparents have some rights."

Winston broke down and

Mrs. Winston broke down and wept. She said that if her father and mother would only the said that if her father and mother would only the said that if her father and mother would only the said that if her father and mother would only the said that if her father and mother would only the said that if her father and th nd mother would only stay she could suspend the rules until their

departure.
Winston gave his father-in-law a glance of the most polgnant gratitude. Mr. Cudbright took the baby from his wife and hung it over his arm in the old-fashioned way. "Mother," he said, "I guess you'd bet-

er show Laura how to mix nint and paregoric __it's ti

MUSCLE AND CCAL. ation of Energy and its Re

chief developed power at the
he horse power hour for each
one-half pounds of coal conhas been said to be the greatevelopment of marine boilers and
nes. Static power producers have
better than this. At the Edison
yer plant power has been developed. wer producers an wer producers have the rate of one horse power hour each pound of coal consumed. Here take or plant worthy each pound of coal consumed. Here an achievement worthy of driving take or planting a monument in highway of civilization. A few equations from this starting point lead us to:

lead us to:
pound coal equals one horse
hour.
thousand pounds coal equals horse power hours.
thousand pounds coal equals
power days of ten hours

one horse power hour equals four-teen man power hours.

Two thousand pounds coal equals
2,800 man power days of ten hours

Two thousand pounds coal equals nine man power years of 311 days each.
Value of 2,000 pounds coal, exclud-

Potentiality in man power years of 40,000,00 tons of coal, 2,160,000,-240,000,00 tons of coat, 2,100,000,000 years.
Estimated number of male producers in the United States, 2,000,000.
Ratio between 20,000 000 male workers and the potential of 240,000,000

That is to say, 20,00,000 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

foreign importation. They haven't as yet met with general favor, although at two or three of the leading watering places in this country it is rather a fad to wear a cloak down to the water and then hand it to one's maid, who wait again to throw it over the shaders of the bather after she con out. The cloaks are made long and full and are of silk or mohair. They are not cut at all becoming, and, oddly enough, seem to make the bather more conspicuous than appearing in the regular bathing suit.

There is nothing immodest in the smart bathing suit of to-day. The skirt is short, of sourse, as it must needs be to allow of swimming, but it is long enough to cover the knees. The waist has short sleeves, puffs that are pushed up to the shoulder, so as to let the arm have free play. The loose blouse or waist is made, if for a woman at all inclined to be stout, on a fitted lining with bones at the side seams. There is no dangerous compression of the figures, but the waist at the same time looks neat and trim.

Bathing corsets are made expressly

ooks neat and trim.

Bathing corsets are made expressly for the purpose, with as few bones as possible and of light material. They are only intended as a support to the figure and not to be laced in. The belt is of material like the suit or of mohair or turkey red with such ands

sash ends. Pepper and Cress.

Bilter—How is your cook getting on?
Tuckerly—I don't know. She didn't
leave her address.—Brooklyn Life.
"Funny thing about me," remarked
the umbrella, "What's that?" asked
the hallrack. "The only time I'm any,
good for use is when I'm used up."
"Is he afman of much calibre?" 'No;
just the old fashloned smooth bore."
—Judge.
"Those Hyroller boys are worthless
fellows. Two of the three are rapidly

going to the bad." "How about third?" "Oh, he's there already Lady (engaging a new cook)—Can you clean bleycles? Cook—No. lady; tuff I can give you the address where I have mine cleaned.—Illustrated Bits. I have mine cleaned.—Illustrated Bits.
"Here I've been hard at work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four dur-

ing the last fortnight on my new treatise, in which I am trying to de-monstrate the necessity of an eight-hour labor day."—Lustige Blaetter. The contract for erecting the Imperial Starch Company's factory at Prescott has been let to Wilson Bros., of Kingston, the amount of the contract being about \$45,000.

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).

Not a single day passes but we are reminded of the value of keeping the body supplied with an abundance of body supplied with an abundance of herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstantian. rich rcd, life-sustaining blood.

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

beauty preumonia and consumption cannot find a beginning in the healthy body, which is supplied with plenty of pure blood to rebuild and reconstruct

herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without ctarting up and crying out in excitement.

"As she was growing weaker and weaker, I became alarmed and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

Doctor Quack—Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed. Indignant Patron—My son took your medicine for a year and then died.

Doctor Quack — My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it for two years.

The resignation of Mr. S. A. D. Bertrand as member of the Manitoba Legislature for St. Boniface has been received by the beater.

Chase's Nerve Food, the blood-builder and nerve restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new, rich, red blood, and this accounts for its phenomenal success as a system builder. It is as certain as the laws of nature, because it gets away down at the foundation of disease and cures by making the blood prevents and cures disease by creating an abundance of rich blood, and nerve force in the system. In pill form, 50 cents a term of the Manitoba Legislature for St. Boniface