

# THE TREASURE

## FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning there was a most unusual outcry in the Doctor's house. The last thing before going to bed, the Doctor had locked up some valuables in the dining-room cupboard; and behold, when he rose again, as he did about four o'clock, the cupboard had been broken open, and the valuables in question had disappeared. Madame and Jean-Marie were summoned from their rooms, and appeared in hasty toilets; they found the Doctor raving, calling the heavens to witness and avenge his injury, pacing the room barefooted, with the tails of his night-shirt flapping as he turned.

"Gone!" he said; "the things are gone, the fortune gone! We are paupers once more! Boy! what do you know of this? Speak up, sir, speak up! Do you know of it? Where are they?" He had him by the arm, shaking him like a bag, and the boy's words, if he had any, were jolted forth in inarticulate murmurs. The Doctor, with a revulsion from his own violence, set him down again. He observed Anastasie in tears. "Anastasie," he said, in quite an altered voice, "compose yourself, command your feelings. I would not have you give way to passion like the vulgar. This—this trifling accident must be lived down. Jean-Marie, bring me my smaller medicine chest. A gentle laxative is indicated."

And he dosed the family all round, leading the way himself with a double quantity. The wretched Anastasie, who had never been ill in the whole course of her existence, and whose soul recoiled from remedies, wept floods of tears as she sipped, and shuddered, and protested, and then was bullied and shouted at until she sipped again. As for Jean-Marie, he took his portion down with stoicism.

"I have given him a less amount," observed the Doctor, "his youth protecting him against emotion. And now that we have thus parried any morbid consequences, let us reason."

"I am so cold," wailed Anastasie. "Cold!" cried the Doctor. "I give thanks to God that I am made of fierier material. Why, madame, a blow like this would set a frog into a transpira-

tion. If you are cold, you can retire; and, by the way, you might throw me down my trousers. It is chilly for the legs."

"Oh, no!" protested Anastasie; "I will stay with you."

"Nay, madame, you shall not suffer for your devotion," said the Doctor. "I will myself fetch you a shawl." And he went upstairs and returned more fully clad and with an armful of wraps for the shivering Anastasie. "And now," he resumed, "to investigate this crime. Let us proceed by induction. Anastasie, do you know anything that can help us?" Anastasie knew nothing. "Or you, Jean-Marie?"

"Not I," replied the boy steadily.

"Good," returned the Doctor. "We shall now turn our attention to the material evidences. (I was born to be a detective; I have the eye and the systematic spirit.) First, violence has been employed. The door was broken open; and it may be observed, in passing, that the lock was dear indeed at what I paid for it: a crow to pluck with Master Goguelat. Second, here is the instrument employed, one of our own table-knives, one of our best, my dear; which seems to indicate no preparation on the part of the gang—if gang it was. Thirdly, I observed that nothing has been removed except the Franchard dishes and the casket; our own silver

has been minutely respected. This is wily; it shows intelligence, a knowledge of the code, a desire to avoid legal consequences. I argue from this fact that the gang numbers persons of respectability—outward, of course, and merely outward, as the robbery proves. But I argue, second, that we must have been observed at Franchard itself by some occult observer, and dogged throughout the day with a skill and patience that I venture to qualify as consummate. No ordinary man, no occasional criminal, would have shown himself capable of this combination. We have in our neighborhood, it is far from improbable, a retired bandit of the highest order of intelligence."

"Good heaven!" cried the horrified Anastasie. "Henri, how can you?"

"My cherished one, this is a process of induction," said the Doctor. "If any of my steps are unsound, correct me. You are silent? Then do not, I beseech you, be so vulgarly illogical as to revolt from my conclusion. We have now arrived," he resumed, "at some idea of the composition of the gang—for I incline to the hypothesis of more than one—and we now leave this room, which can disclose no more, and turn our attention to the court and garden. (Jean-Marie, I trust you are observantly following my various steps; this is an excellent piece of education for you.) Come with me to the door. No steps on the court; it is unfortunate our court should be paved. On what small matters hang the destiny of these delicate investigations! Hey! What have we here? I have led you to the very spot," he said, standing grandly backward and indicating the green gate. "An escalade, as you can now see for yourselves, has taken place."

### CHAPTER XIV.

SURE enough, the green paint was in several places scratched and broken; and one of the panels preserved the print of a nailed shoe. The foot had slipped, however, and it was difficult to estimate the size of the shoe, and impossible to distinguish the pattern of the nails.

"The whole robbery," concluded the Doctor, "step by step, has been recon-

structed. Inductive science can no further go."

"It is wonderful," said his wife. "You should indeed have been a detective, Henri. I had no idea of your talents."

"My dear," replied Desprez, condescendingly, "a man of scientific imagination combines the lesser faculties; he is a detective just as he is a publicist or a general; these are but local applications of his special talent. But now," he continued, "would you have me go further? Would you have me lay my finger on the culprits—or rather, for I cannot promise quite so much, point out to you the very house where they consort? It may be a satisfaction, at least it is all we are likely to get, since we are denied the remedy of law. I reach the further stage in this way. In order to fill my outline of the robbery, I require a man likely to be in the forest idling. I require a man of education, I require a man superior to considerations of morality. The three requisites all center in Tentallion's boarders. They are painters, therefore they are continually jouncing in the forest. They are painters, therefore they are not unlikely to have some smattering of education. Lastly, because they are painters, they are probably immoral. And this I prove in two ways. First, painting is an art which merely addresses the eye; it does not

In any particular exercise the moral sense. And second, painting, in common with all the other arts, implies the dangerous quality of imagination. A man of imagination is never moral; he outsoars literal demarcations and reviews life under too many shifting lights to rest content with the invidious distinctions of the law!"

"But you always say—at least, so I understood you"—said madame, "that these lads display no imagination whatever."

"My dear, they displayed imagination, and of a very fantastic order, too," returned the Doctor, "when they embraced their beggarly profession. Besides—and this is an argument exactly suited to your intellectual level—many of them are English and American. 'Where else should we expect to find a thief?—And now you had better get your coffee. Because we have lost a treasure, there is no reason for starving. For my part, I shall break my fast with white wine. I feel unaccountably heated and thirsty to-day. I can only attribute it to the shock of the discovery. And yet, you will bear me out, I supported the emotion nobly.'"

The Doctor had now talked himself back into an admirable humor; and as he sat in the arbor and slowly imbibed a large allowance of white wine and picked a little bread and cheese with no very impetuous appetite, if a third of his meditations ran upon the missing treasure, the other two-thirds were more pleasantly busied in the retrospect of his detective skill.

About eleven Casimir arrived; he had caught an early train to Fontainebleau, and driven over to save time; and now his cab was stabled at Tentallion's, and he remarked, studying his watch, that he could spare an hour and a half. He was much the man of business, decisively spoken, given to frowning in an intellectual manner. Anastasie's born brother, he did not waste much sentiment on the lady, gave her an English family kiss, and demanded a meal without delay.

"You can tell me your story while we eat," he observed. "Anything good to-day, Stasie?"

He was promised something good. The trio sat down to table in the arbor, Jean-Marie waiting as well as eating, and the Doctor recounted what had happened in his richest narrative manner. Casimir heard it with explosions of laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### TWO CLASSES OF READERS.

Those Who Like Dickens and Those Who Adore Thackeray.

"About fifteen years ago readers used to be divided roughly into two classes—those who 'liked Dickens' and those who 'adored Thackeray,'" says the Ladies' Home Journal. "Each class used to view the other with more or less contempt. Of the two the Thackeray people felt themselves considerably superior to the Dickens people.

### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TRIBUTE TO LAWYERS IN LAST SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text: "Bring Zenas the Lawyer"—Titus Chapter 3, Verse 13—Trials, Temptations and Triumphs of the Profession.



THE profession of the law is here introduced, and within two days in the capital city 303 young men joined it, and at this season in various parts of the land other hundreds are taking their diplomas for an illustrious profession, and is it not appropriate that I address such young men from a moral and religious standpoint, as upon them are now rolling the responsibilities of that calling represented in the text by Zenas the lawyer.

We all admire the heroic and rigorous side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn ship while the jack-tars of the Mediterranean are cowering in the cyclone; as when he stands undaunted amid the marbles of the palace, before thick-necked Nero, surrounded with his twelve cruel lictors; as when we find him earning his livelihood with his own needle, sewing hair-cloth, and preaching the gospel in the interstices; as when we find him able to take the thirty-nine lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work; as when we find him, regardless of the consequence to himself, delivering a temperance lecture to Felix, the government inebriate. But sometimes we catch a glimpse of the mild and genial side of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was a barrister by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had formed the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court-room. Perhaps, sometimes, when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law, he went to this Zenas, the lawyer. At any rate, he had a warm attachment for the man, and he provides for his comfortable escort and entertainment as he writes to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

This man of my text belonged to a profession in which are many ardent supporters of Christ and the Gospel. Among them, Blackstone, the great commentator on English law; and Wilberforce, the emancipator; and the late Benjamin F. Butler, attorney general of New York; and the late Charles Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar; and Chief Justices Marshall, and Tenterden, and Campbell, and Sir Thomas More, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his aghast executioner: "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty; my neck is very short; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister, have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the supreme court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as "low, ribald and vulgar deism and infidelity;" as when Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton College commencement, advocating the literary excellence of the Scriptures; as when Edmund Burke, in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, not only in behalf of the English government, but in behalf of elevated morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster Hall, by saying: "I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the house of commons, whose national character he has dishonored; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced; in the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings."

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you now in the words of Paul to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

By so much as his duties are delicate, and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard. We all become clients. I do not suppose there is a man fifty years of age, who has been in active life, who has not been afflicted with a lawsuit. Your name is assaulted, and you must have legal protection. Your boundary line is invaded, and the courts must re-establish it. Your patent is infringed upon, and you must make the offending manufacturer pay the penalty. Your treasures are taken, and the thief must be apprehended. You want to make your will, and you do not want to follow the example of those who, for the sake of saving \$100 from an attorney, imperil \$250,000, and keep the generation following for twenty years quarreling about the estate, until it is all exhausted. You are struck at by an assassin, and you must invoke for him the penitentiary. All classes of persons in course of time become clients, and therefore they are all interested in the morality of the Christian integrity of the legal profession. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

But how is an attorney decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme, Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The inno-

cence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you must save your client." So says Lord Brougham. But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say: "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when Lord Erskine sacrificed his attorney-generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called "The Rights of Man," while, at the same time, he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's irreligious sentiments. Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what shall the attorney do? God alone can direct him. To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney between whose office and the throne of God there is perpetual, reverential, and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake. True to the habits of your profession, you say: "Cite us some authority on the subject." Well, I quote to you the decision of the supreme court of heaven: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

There are two or three forms of temptation to which the legal profession is especially subject. The first of all is scepticism. Controversy is the lifetime business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental or accidental with us; but with you it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, although not contrary to it, has but little chance with some of you. A brilliant orator wrote a book, on the first page of which he announced this sentiment: "An honest God is the noblest work of man!" Scepticism is the mightiest temptation of the legal profession, and that man who can stand in that profession, resisting all solicitations to infidelity, and can be as brave as George Briggs, of Massachusetts, who stepped from the gubernatorial chair to the missionary convention, to plead the cause of a dying race; then on his way home from the convention, on a cold day, took off his warm cloak and threw it over the shoulders of a thinly clad missionary, saying: "Take that and wear it, it will do you more good than it will me;" or, like Judge John McLean, who can step from the supreme court room of the United States on to the anniversary platform of the American Sunday School Union, its most powerful orator—deserves congratulations and encomium. Oh, men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to quit asking questions in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story, and Kent, and Mansfield, became Christians, not through their heads, but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, Oh, man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole thing out in regard to God and Christ and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

Another mighty temptation of the legal profession is Sabbath breaking. The trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court until ten o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counsellor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day under such circumstances. And yet, if he does, he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before twelve o'clock Saturday night, or after twelve o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day. My intimate and lamented friend, the late Judge Neilson, in his interesting reminiscences of Rufus Choate, says that during the last case that gentleman tried in New York, the court adjourned from Friday until Monday, on account of the illness of Mr. Choate; but the chronicler says that on the intervening Sabbath he saw Mr. Choate in the old "Brick Church," listening to the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring. I do not know whether, on the following day, Rufus Choate won his cause or lost it; but I do know that his Sabbath rest did not hurt him any harm. Every lawyer is entitled to one day's rest out of seven. It is a surrender that, he robs three—God, his own soul, and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration of intellect on the ground that they were unintermittent in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh. "Poor fellow!" it was non-observance of the Sabbath." Chief Justice Hale says: "When I do not properly keep the Lord's day, all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment." I quote to-day from the highest statute book in the universe: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for awhile to be advantaged; but in the long run, the men who observe this law of God will have larger retainers, vast-

er influence, greater professional success than those men who break the statute. Observance of the law of God pays not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars, or bank bills.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to artificial stimulus. No one except those who have addressed audiences knows about the nervous exhaustion that sometimes comes afterward. The temptation to strong drink approaches the legal profession at that very point. Then a trial is coming on. Through the ill-ventilated court room, the barrister's health has been depressed for days and for weeks. He wants to rally his energy. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulus. It is either to get himself up, or let himself down, that this temptation comes upon him. The flower of the American bar, ruined in reputation and ruined in estate, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying on a borrowed bed, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, that I may not be crowded; I always have been crowded."

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the absorbing duties of the profession to shut out thoughts of the great future. You know very well that you who have so often tried others, will after a while be put on trial yourselves. Death will serve on you a writ of ejection, and you will be put off these earthly premises. On that day, all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No certiorari from a higher court, for this is the highest court. The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the house of commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovat; the days when Charles I and Queen Caroline were put upon trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhasset was brought into the court room because he had tried to overthrow the United States government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear summoned before the Judge of quick and dead. There will be no pleading there "the statute of limitations;" no "turning state's evidence," trying to get off yourselves, while others suffer; no "moving for a nonsuit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you selected him? The Lord chancellor of the universe. If any man sin, we have an Advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called on. "Be ye also ready."

### A THRILLING REMINISCENCE.

A Forty-Niner's Tale of Escape from the Apaches.

From the Detroit Free Press: "Bout th' closest call I ever had," said the long-legged man on a backless chair in front of the grocery, "was when I was emigratin' to Californy in '49. There was 'bout fifty of us started together, but didn't agree very well, so ten of us seprated from th' rest, an' run a expedition of our own. We got along all right till we got among them Apaches. They was soon hangin' on our trail an' one day they s'rounded us. They was fifty to our one an' all we could look for'ard to was to die fightin'. They kep' a circlin' an' a circlin' an' a gittin' nearer all th' time, an' us stan'in' with our backs together waitin' till we could shoot to kill. Just when we was a whisperrin' good-bye to each other them red devils took to their heels like th' United States army was arter them. It was an airtquake done it, an' we wasn't troubled no more."

"Was they a volcano there?" asked the little man with high shoulders and a weakened face.

"Naw! What'er you talkin' 'bout volcaneyns? I said airtquake."

"I heard you. But I went through that same deestrick that year. Them Apaches got after us an' we hustled them up into th' crater of a volcano so as to stan' 'em off. We built a kin' of a platform inside an' they couldn't a took us in a thousand years if we'd hed grub. One mornin' when we was just about starved, that ole volcano kim to life, cut loose like a dynamite explosion an' we was blowed ninety miles to th' west afore we landed in a san' hill. Not a darn one of us had a scratch." The long-legged man reached for his weazel skin, took on a sickly grin and said: "What'll you fellers take?"

### Depew and the Scotchman.

Scotchmen do not like to be reminded of the saying that it requires a surgical operation to make them see a joke, and, as a matter of fact, they are as susceptible to the influence of most good stories as anybody else. Dr. Depew, however, seems hardly to believe this, though he has many warm friends among Scotchmen, including Ian MacLaren himself. Once at a Scotch dinner the doctor said that if the jokes uttered by him that evening were not instantly appreciated they surely would be by the time the next annual dinner was held.

"I don't think that's a very funny thing to say," was the growling comment of a handsome old Scot sitting near by.

"Oh," said Depew, "that's all right. You'll see the fun of it a year from now."—Exchange.

### Unhandy Savings Bank.

"He says that he intends to lay up treasures in heaven."

"I wonder why he doesn't put them where he can get them some time."—New York Herald.

The proportion of people in Norway who speak English is larger than in any other country of the world.



HEY! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

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There were not so many of them, for one thing, and that in itself gave them a feeling of exclusiveness. But Thackeray's complete works for \$3.99 rapidly abolished the aristocracy. Artificial barriers do not long count for much with a great writer. You no doubt very soon found out that in certain moods there was nothing more satisfying to you than 'Pendennis,' and at another time the best novel that you ever read was 'David Copperfield.' I have no doubt that in the long run deep in your heart you will cherish a finer affection for the one than the other. That is a matter of temperament and your surroundings. The one you like best fits best into your life as you are making it. You will discover that a change of scene or occupation often brings you sympathy with a writer whom you never before appreciated. A great sorrow will sometimes reveal George Eliot to you; a little journey in England will show you new beauties in Trollope; a wave of war feeling in Europe and people begin re-reading Tolstoi's 'War and Peace.'

### Wisdom.

"I can't see why they speak of the wisdom of the serpent."

"Well, you never heard of a serpent getting its leg pulled, did you?"