

# THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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## CHAPTER I.

HEY had sent for the doctor from Bourron before six. About eight some villagers came round for the performance and were told how matters stood. It seemed a liberty for a mountebank to fall ill like real people, and they made off again in dudgeon. By ten Madame Tentailon was gravely alarmed, and had sent down the street for Doctor Desprez.

The doctor was at work over his manuscripts in one corner of the little dining-room, and his wife was asleep over the fire in another, when the messenger arrived.

"Supper!" said the doctor, "you should have sent for me before. It was a case for hurry." And he followed the messenger as he was, in his slippers and skull-cap.

The inn was not thirty yards away, but the messenger did not stop there; he went in at one door and out by another into the court, and then led the way by a flight of steps beside the stable, to the loft where the mountebank lay sick. If Doctor Desprez were to live a thousand years, he would never forget his arrival in that room; for not only was the scene picturesque, but the moment made a date in his existence. We reckon our lives, I hardly know why, from the date of our first sorry appearance in society, as if from a first humiliation; for no actor can come upon the stage with a worse grace. Not to go further back, which would be judged too curious, there are subsequently many moving and decisive accidents in the lives of all which would make as logical a period as this of birth. And here, for instance, Doctor Desprez, a man past forty, who had made what is called a failure in life, and was moreover married, found himself at a new point of departure when he opened the door of the loft above Tentailon's stable.

It was a large place, lighted only by a single candle set upon the floor. The mountebank lay on his back upon a pallet; a large man, with a Quixotic nose inflamed with drinking, Madame Tentailon stooped over him, applying a hot water and mustard embrocation to his feet; and on a chair close by sat a little fellow of eleven or twelve, with his feet dangling. These three were the

his with the same inquiring, melancholy gaze.

At last the Doctor hit on the solution at a leap. He remembered the look now. The little fellow, although he was as straight as a dart, had the eyes that go usually with a crooked back; he was not at all deformed, and yet a deformed person seemed to be looking at you from below his brows. The Doctor drew a long breath, he was so much relieved to find a theory (for he loved theories) and to explain away his interest.

For all that, he despatched the invalid with unusual haste, and, still kneeling with one knee on the floor, turned a little round and looked the boy over at his leisure. The boy was not in the least put out, but looked placidly back at the Doctor.

"Is this your father?" asked Desprez.

"Oh, no," returned the boy; "my master."

"Are you fond of him?" continued the Doctor.

"No, sir," said the boy.

Madame Tentailon and Desprez exchanged expressive glances.

"That is bad, my man," resumed the latter, with a shade of sternness. "Every one should be fond of the dying, or conceal their sentiments; and your master here is dying. If I have watched a bird a little while stealing my cherries, I have a thought of disappointment when he flies away over my garden wall, and I see him steer for the forest and vanish. How much more a creature such as this, so strong, so astute, so richly endowed with faculties! When I think that, in a few hours, the speech will be silenced, the breath extinct, and even the shadow vanished from the wall, I who never saw him, this lady who knew him only as a guest, are touched with some affection."

The boy was silent for a little, and appeared to be reflecting.

"You did not know him," he replied at last. "He was a bad man."

"He is a little pagan," said the landlady. "For that matter, they are all the same, these mountebanks, tumblers, artists, and what not. They have no interior."

But the Doctor was still scrutinizing the little pagan, his eyebrows knotted and uplifted.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Jean-Marie," said the lad.

Desprez leaped upon him with one of his sudden flashes of excitement,

trellis; now he would draw all sorts of fancies on the path with the end of his cane; now he would go down and watch the river running endlessly past the timber landing-place at which he moored his boat. There was no time, he used to say, for making theories like the early morning. "I rise earlier than any one else in the village," he once boasted. "It is a fair consequence that I know more and wish to do less with my knowledge."

The doctor was a connoisseur of sunrises, and loved a good theatrical effect to usher in the day. He had a theory of dew, by which he could predict the weather. Indeed, most things served him to that end; the sound of the bells from all the neighboring villages, the smell of the forest, the visits and the behavior of both birds and fishes, the look of the plants in his garden, the disposition of clouds, the color of the light, and last, although not least, the arsenal of meteorological instruments in a louver-boarded hutch upon the lawn. Ever since he had settled at Gretz, he had been growing more and more into the local meteorologist, the unpaid champion of the local climate. He thought at first there was no place so beautiful in the arrondissement. By the end of the second year, he protested there was none so wholesome in the whole department. And for some time before he met Jean-Marie he had been prepared to challenge all France and the better part of Europe for a rival to his chosen spot.

"Doctor," he would say—"doctor is a foul word. It should not be used to ladies. It implies disease. I remark it, as a flaw in our civilization that we have not the proper horror of disease. Now I, for my part, have washed my hands of it; I have renounced my laureation; I am no doctor; I am only a worshiper of the true goddess Hygieia. Ah, believe me, it is she who has the ceptus. And here, in this exiguous hamlet, she has placed her shrine; here she dwells and lavishes her gifts; here I walk with her in the early morning, and she shows me how strong she has made the peasants, how fruitful she has made the fields, how the trees grow up tall and comely under her eyes, and the fishes in the river become clean and agile at her presence.—Rheumatism!" he would cry, on some malapert interruption. "O, yes. I believe we do have a little rheumatism. That could hardly be avoided, you know, on a river. And of course the place stands a little low; and the meadows are marshy, there's no doubt. But my dear sir, look at Bourron! Bourron stands high. Bourron is close to the forest; plenty of ozone there, you would say. Well, compared with Gretz, Bourron is a perfect chameleon."

The morning after he had been summoned to the dying mountebank, the Doctor visited the wharf at the tail of his garden, and had a long look at the running water. This he called prayer; but whether his adorations were addressed to the goddess Hygieia or some more orthodox deity, never plainly appeared. For he had uttered doubtful oracles, sometimes declaring that a river was a type of bodily health, sometimes extolling it as a great moral preacher, continually preaching peace, continuity, and diligence to man's tormented spirits. After he had watched a mile or so of the clear water running by before his eyes, seen a fish or two come to the surface with a gleam of silver, and sufficiently admired the long shadows of the trees falling half across the river from the opposite bank with patches of moving sunlight in between, he strolled once more up the garden and through his house into the street, feeling cool and renovated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Mira Bascom Found She Was Still Beautiful.

He did not call on her that first evening, though he walked past the gate four times, unaware of the fact that behind one of those slanting shutters a pale woman stood watching him pass and re-pass, says Lippincott's. The nun in her self-elected cell had made use of means of communication with the world, in the shape generally of Jimmy the choreboy. She knew whose was the tall figure on the sidewalk. She stood at the window when she could no longer see him; she heard his slow footsteps go by for the last time and die away. Half an hour later she went upstairs to her bedroom. Between his two windows hung a long, old-fashioned mirror, with carved candelabra on either side. She lighted the three candles in each. The mirror showed a tall, slim figure, a face as colorless as an anemone, an abundance of auburn hair carefully arranged. Mira Bascom studied this reflection closely. Then she unlocked a black-walnut chest which stood in a corner and lifted out its contents till she came to a mass of pale muslin, which diffused an odor of lavender as she shook it out. It was a white gown with lilac sprigs, made with the full skirts and sleeves of a bygone fashion. She put it on, fastened the belt of lilac ribbon, which still fitted exactly, and standing again before the mirror loosened slightly the bands of her beautiful wavy hair and pulled it into little curls about her face. It was a vision of youth which looked back at her from the glass. Not a thread of gray showed in the hair; the fine lines about the placid eyes were invisible. The skin had the dead whiteness of things kept from the sun. But as she gazed a delicate flush overpread her face; her red-brown eyes lit up till their color matched her hair; she smiled in startled triumph. She was still beautiful.

Then a swift change came over her. She blew out all but one of the candles and, turning her back on the mirror, took off her gown with cold, staking fingers.

CHAPTER II.  
DOCTOR DESPREZ always rose early. Before the smoke arose, before the first cart rattled over the bridge to the day's labor in the fields, he was to be found wandering in his garden. Now he would pick a bunch of grapes; now he would eat a big pear under the

## ARE MAKING FACES.

THAT IS WHAT THE DEMOCRATS ARE DOING.

Meantime the Republicans Are Going on with Their Duties—They Are Pushing the Tariff and Bimetallic Conference and Making Good Progress, Too.

(Washington Letter.)

The Bryan and Bailey factions of the democracy are continuing to make faces at each other across the hall of the house of representatives at Washington. The followers of Representative McMillan who wanted to keep up the combination made with the Populists last fall and support the sockless Simpson in his attacks upon Speaker Reed, were mercilessly spanked by the Baileytes in caucus the other day. The populist leader appealed to the Democrats for their co-operation in his joust at Speaker Reed, and a few of the Bryan followers had the temerity to respond to the call when "Speaker" Bailey adjourned the house, called a caucus in five minutes and after reading the riot act to the Bryanites voted them down two to one and adopted a resolution ordering them to desist from further co-operation with the Populists, at least in the matter then under consideration.

Those Democrats who were at first inclined to exult over their party's successes in the recent municipal elections, are finding the figures cold comfort. In Chicago they were unable to at all increase their vote and only held their own in numbers by reason of the fact that a large number of those who always vote against them in national elections co-operated with them on this occasion on purely local issues. This was found to be the case everywhere. National issues cut no figures at all in the municipal elections while in the state of Rhode Island in which the national questions were the leading issues the Republican vote increased 20 per cent over that of the presidential election of 1896.

## A Week of Good Work.

Tariff and bimetallic, those two great issues of the campaign, have been prominently at the front during the present week in Washington. And those people who doubted or professed to doubt the sincerity of the professions of the Republican party on either of these subjects have found that they were mistaken. A thoroughly protective tariff, one which looks after the interests of the farmer and the working man; that is what the new Dingley act is to be when it gets upon the statute books, what it is, in fact, today, for the probabilities are that it will be little changed by the senate. Earnest and intelligent efforts in behalf of international bimetallic—that is what this week's work means upon that subject. The appointment of the commission whose names have already been given the public assures prompt, vigorous, and, it is to be hoped, successful work.

## The Bimetallic Commission.

The appointment of Senator Wolcott of Colorado, ex-Vice-President Stevenson of Illinois, and Hon. C. J. Paine of Massachusetts as commissioners to pave the way for an international conference has been cordially commended. Until this week nobody knew definitely what the president's plans were in regard to this question. It was known that he was extremely anxious to take the proper steps toward carrying out the pledge of the party looking to international consideration of the silver question, but just how he proposed to bring this about or to take the initiative, nobody was able to say. It now appears that, as usual, he has chosen the wise plan and one most likely to be successful. Not only has he chosen the plan most likely to be successful, but the one likely to be most successful. By this is meant that if he is able to carry out the plans thus inaugurated the international conference will be brought to the doors of every American voter. President McKinley's hope is that it may be practicable to hold this conference in the United States and in the city of Washington. If this shall happen every American citizen will have the full benefit of the discussion which there arises. It will be as though the meeting of the representatives of the great nations was brought to his own doorway. With press associations carrying the full proceedings of the conference and the hundreds of special correspondents in Washington commenting upon the proceedings in the papers which they represent, every citizen who feels the slightest interest in this question would be able to follow the proceedings and study them in their proper light, thus knowing for himself that the work was well done. The commissioners who are to go abroad to try to bring about an agreement for a conference are highly commended by members of all parties as especially judicious selections. Mr. Wolcott, by reason of his long study of the question and discussion on two previous trips abroad of this same subject, will be of much greater value than any man who has not had these experiences; ex-Vice-President Stevenson representing the silver element of the democracy and well known by reputation and in person abroad will instantly command attention, while Mr. Paine, as a close student of this subject will prove equally useful and influential. It does not follow that these men who are selected for this work are to be the representatives of the United States in an international conference if they are successful in bringing one about; on the contrary it is expected that other men will be selected to represent the government in that conference.

## Progress of the Tariff.

The people who are assuming that the tariff bill is likely to drag through

the summer and keep the business of the country in an unsettled condition awaiting final action, are to be disappointed. The next week or ten days at the furthest are likely to see the bill perfected by the Republican members of the finance committee and it is likely to get into the senate before the month ends. Prospects now seem to be good for a final vote upon it in June and its completion in time that it may go into effect at the beginning of the fiscal year July 1st.

The changes made by the senate committee are much less in extent and importance than had been expected. The pressure for a reduction in the duties on wool has not been successful thus far and the chances seem to be that they will not be. The demand of the sugar trust for changes in the schedule advantageous to them has been promptly rejected. The wall of the standard oil trust and of sundry other corporations of this character have passed unnoticed. These Democrats and Populists and other enemies of the Republican party who had hoped to be able to make political capital by charging that the tariff bill was favorable to corporations and trusts are disappointed. And they will continue to be disappointed.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

## Business Revival.

The wholesale merchants of Kansas City report that they received larger and more numerous orders in the month of March than they received in any month of last year. In nearly every branch of trade there is more activity, with indications that things will grow better from this time forward. Such reports as these are the best evidence that a healthful revival of business is at hand. Many retailers have not yet experienced any substantial gain in business, but their trade is less rapidly affected by improved conditions. The wholesalers first feel the effects of restored confidence and the release of hoarded money. Such evidence as they give refutes the taunts of those who demand spectacular results, as if there had been any promise that the new administration would witness an immediate revival of all the interests that flourished before the great depression. The most hopeful change is that indicated by the gradual increase in the volume of trade, for that denotes natural and conservative enterprise. There is nothing fictitious about the improvement in business conditions, whatever the scope of that improvement may be. But when it is shown that in a single state 100,000 more men are employed now than were employed before November last, and when large dealers make like comparisons between the trade at this time and that before the presidential election, the pessimists and the sneerers should be silent.—Kansas City Journal.

## "Inexcusable Cowardice."

The men who style themselves "silver Republicans" have told the country why they refused to vote on one side or the other on the Dingley bill when that measure passed the house. "We took this course," said Representative Hartman, of Montana, "to prevent the diversion of the great issue of current politics from silver to the tariff. Our object was to emphasize the fact that the tariff is not and can not be made the main issue, and to give warning that the silver people will not accept the tariff as the paramount question of the time." According to the same authority another reason for the refusal to vote was that the joint caucus of the Populists of both branches of congress and a private conference of the Tellerites urged this inaction.

This is presumption and cowardice of a particularly inexcusable character. A handful of men arrogate to themselves the right to dictate to the great body of congress what is and what is not an issue, without having the courage or capacity to reveal their position in a manly and practical way.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Trouble for Two.

Two classes of people have failed to prosper since the election of McKinley. One of these classes is composed of silver advocates, the other the trusts. The election of McKinley and the rejection of the free silver proposition started similar action by some other nations which had been looked to as supporters of the silver theory, and the friends of free coinage have witnessed with dismay the transfer of Japan, Russia and China to the gold standard column. The trusts have also fared as badly. The railroad corporations, the sugar trust, the standard oil trust and many minor organizations of this character have received stunning blows within the few months since the election of 1896, and will suffer still more when the new tariff law goes into effect and deprives them of the advantages which they have enjoyed under the Wilson law.

## Wilson's Wall.

Ex-Postmaster-General Wilson, in continuation of his protest against the new tariff bill, has evidently persuaded himself that the measure will in some way be injurious to the farmers. He doesn't tell why or how, but he hints at an explanation in this vague and uncertain way:

"For thirty years the farmer was deluded by the cry of a 'home market,' and of the benefit in store for him from 'bringing the factory to the farm.' Factories were built up, but he saw them filled, not with living consumers of his products, but chiefly with machinery of iron and steel."

Mr. Wilson's sneer at the "home market" idea is distinctly that of the free trade theorist who imagines that it is better for the American farmer to sell one bushel of grain to English buyers

than it is to sell three bushels to American consumers. The fact that the home market absorbs 80 per cent of our agricultural products counts for nothing with Mr. Wilson. He doesn't consider that this market needs or deserves any protection, and he would neglect it or impair its purchasing power by forcing its industrial elements into wage-cutting competition with foreign labor. The farmer's real interest lies in a system that will maintain and expand the domestic demand for his produce, and this is to be found in a tariff that will open the mills, provide employment for labor and encourage the extension of native enterprise. Agricultural prosperity cannot exist without industrial prosperity. They are dependent on each other. When one thrives the other will thrive with it, and the man who attempts to convince the farmer and the mechanic that their interests are conflicting is an enemy to both.—Mail and Express.

## Save the \$100,000,000.

A payment of about \$100,000,000 annually to foreign countries for a product adapted to our own soil and climate is plainly an industrial error. Within the last ten years attention has been directed to this wasteful method of conducting business, and signs are multiplying that the proper remedies will be applied. Last year every pound of wheat and flour exported was required to pay for the sugar imported. Our exports of cotton were only double the value of the sugar imported. The value of all exports of live and dressed beef, beef products and lard just about balanced that of the sugar bought abroad. It is now known beyond question that the sugar beet can be grown in many of our states and of a quality unsurpassed anywhere. The genius of Americans in the use of machinery is an assurance that the sugar beet factories will return good dividends. What measure of protection should be granted by the government is a subject to be considered with care. Meantime, states and localities are disposed to encourage the new industry with so many millions in it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Senate and the House.

Generally speaking, whatever the house is enthusiastically in favor of the senate regards with cool and critical calmness, and vice versa. In the same way, no matter how much in sympathy the congress may be with the executive, it is sure to guard jealously its rights in all financial matters. It is said that President McKinley has a comprehensive plan of currency reform which he will recommend in his message next December. As the President is an old hand in congressional matters—having in that a huge advantage over Mr. Cleveland—he ought to know that no congress will be likely to follow the dictates of the President in any matter of taxation or finance. Already the men who hope to be on the house committee on banking and currency and the senators on the finance committee are saying that they understand their own business, and propose to originate any currency scheme which is presented to the country.—Illustrated American.

## Factories and Protection Sentiment.

The springing up of factories throughout the south has been followed by a growth of protective sentiment and Republican membership in congress from that section. More than thirty votes from the south were cast for a protective tariff measure in the house, and the southern states had thirty-three Republican members in last congress, while in no preceding congress had the party been represented by more than half that number from that section. When Democrats from North and South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas join with the Republicans in supporting protective views and a protective tariff bill, there can remain no doubt of the growth of Republican principles in that section.

## Five Bad Months for Silver.

The five months since the election have been bad ones for the silver cause. Japan, to which the silver people were accustomed to point as the most brilliant exponent of the advantages of the free coinage of silver, has adopted the gold standard at the ratio of 32 to 1. Russia, which was accounted a silver country, has announced that she is going to the gold standard. China, which, with her 400,000,000 people, was accounted in the list of silver users, announced through her officials a currency change which is equivalent to the adoption of the gold standard. Truly these are depressing days for the free silver theorists.

The only persons who are expressing dissatisfaction with the new tariff bill are the foreigners and importers. Germany, Canada, England, and other foreign countries are scolding about the Dingley bill; so is the reform club, at New York, which is made up principally of importers.

The Reform club of New York is spreading broadcast over the country an offer of newspaper plate matter with which it proposes to attack the Dingley bill. This is not surprising. The Reform club is composed mostly of importers, who naturally want a low tariff, and are against protection.

The chief objection offered to the Dingley bill is that it is a bill. The people want it to become an act, and that very promptly.

Ex-Candidate Bryan called upon Vice-President Hobart during his recent visit to Washington. It is observed, however, that he did not call upon prospective candidate Hattie.



FELT HIS PULSE.

only occupants, except the shadows. But the shadows were a company in themselves; the extent of the room exaggerated them to a gigantic size, and from the low position of the candle the light struck upward and produced deformed foreshortenings. The mountebank's profile was enlarged upon the wall in caricature, and it was strange to see his nose shortened and lengthened as the flame was blown about by draughts. As for Madame Tentailon, her shadow was no more than a gross hump of shoulders, with now and again a hemisphere of head. The chair legs were spindled out as long as stilts, and the boy sat perched atop of them.

It was the boy who took the Doctor's fancy. He had a great arched skull, the forehead and the hands of a musician, and a pair of haunting eyes. It was not merely that these eyes were large, or steady, or the softest ruddy brown. There was a look in them, besides, which thrilled the Doctor, and made him half uneasy. He was sure he had seen such a look before, and yet he could not remember how or where. It was as if this boy, who was quite a stranger to him, had the eyes of an old friend or an old enemy. And the boy would give him no peace; he seemed profoundly indifferent to what was going on, or rather abstracted from it in a superior contemplation, beating gently with his feet against the bars of the chair, and holding his hands folded on his lap. But, for all that, his eyes kept following the Doctor about the room with a thoughtful fixity of gaze. Desprez could not tell whether he was fascinating the boy, or the boy was fascinating him. He busied himself over the sick man; he put questions, he felt his pulse, he tested, he grew a little hot and sore; and still, whenever he looked round, there were the brown eyes waiting for

