

# THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

**CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)**  
"Have you been to Franchard, Jean-Marie?" inquired the Doctor. "I fancy not."  
"Never," replied the boy.  
"It is ruin in a gorge," continued Desprez, adopting his expository voice; "the ruin of a hermitage and chapel. History tells us much of Franchard; how the recluse was often slain by robbers; how he lived on a most insufficient diet; how he was expected to pass his days in prayer. A letter is preserved, addressed to one of these solitaries by the superior of his order, full of admirable hygienic advice; bidding him to go from his book to praying, and so back again, for variety's sake, and when he was weary of both to stroll about his garden and observe the honey bees. It is to this day my own system. You must often have remarked me leaving the Pharmacopoeia—often even in the middle of a phrase—to come forth into the sun and air. I admire the writer of that letter from my heart; he was a man of thought on the most important subjects. But, indeed, had I lived in the Middle Ages (I am heartily glad that I did not) I should have been an hermit myself—if I had not been a professed buffoon, that is. These were the only philosophical lives yet open; laughter or prayer; sneers, we might say, and tears. Until the sun of the Positive arose, the wise man had to make his choice between these two."  
"I have been a buffoon, of course," observed Jean-Marie.  
"I cannot imagine you to have excelled in your profession," said the Doctor, admiring the boy's gravity.  
"Do you ever laugh?"  
"Oh, yes," replied the other. "I laugh often. I am very fond of jokes."  
"Singular being!" said Desprez. "But I divagate (I perceive in a thousand ways that I grow old). Franchard was at length destroyed in the English wars, the same that leveled Gretz. But

not smiling; cards, dice, opera singing, orchestra, castles, beautiful parks and gardens, big ships with a tower of sailcloth, all lying unborn in a coffin—and the stupid trees growing overhead in the sunlight, year after year. The thought drives one frantic."  
"It is only money," replied Jean-Marie. "It would do harm."  
"O come!" cried Desprez, "that is philosophy; it is all very fine, but not to the point just now. And besides, it is not 'only money,' as you call it; there are works of art in the question; the vessels were carved. You speak like a vessel. You weary me exceedingly, quoting my words out of all logical connection, like a parrot."  
"And at any rate, we have nothing to do with it," returned the boy, submissively.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
THEY struck the Route Ronde at that moment; and the sudden change to the rattling causeway, combined with the Doctor's irritation, to keep him silent. The nobby jiggered along; the trees went by, looking on silently, as if they had something on their minds. The Quadrilateral was passed; then came Franchard. They put up the horse at the little solitary inn, and went forth strolling. The gorge was dyed deeply with heather; the rocks and birches standing luminous in the sun. A great humming of bees about the flowers disposed Jean-Marie to sleep, and he sat down against a clump of heather, while the Doctor went briskly to and fro, with quick turns, culling his simples.  
The boy's head had fallen a little forward, his eyes were closed, his fingers had fallen lax about his knees, when a sudden cry called him to his

"I saw you—well, I—I saw your future," he concluded, rather feebly. "I have just discovered America," he added.  
"But what is it?" asked the boy.

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the Doctor; and, throwing his brown straw hat upon the ground, he whooped like an Indian and sprang upon Jean-Marie, whom he suffocated with embraces and bedewed with tears. Then he flung himself down among the heather and once more laughed until the valley rang.

But the boy had now an interest of his own boy's interest. No sooner was he released from the Doctor's accolade than he ran to the bowlders, sprang into the niche, and, thrusting his hand into the crevice, drew forth one after another, incrustated with the earth of ages, the flacons, candlesticks, and patens of the hermitage of Franchard. A casket came last, tightly shut and very heavy.  
"Oh, what fun!" he cried.  
But when he looked back at the Doctor, who had followed close behind and was silently observing, the words died from his lips. Desprez was once more the color of ashes; his lips worked and trembled; a sort of bestial greed possessed him.

"This is childish," he said. "We lose precious time. Back to the inn, harness the trap, and bring it to you back. Run for your life, and remember—not one whisper. I stay here to watch."  
Jean-Marie did as he was bid, though not without surprise. The nobby was brought round to the spot indicated; and the two gradually transported the treasure from its place of concealment to the boot below the driving seat. Once it was all stored the Doctor recovered his gaiety.

"I pay my grateful duties to the genius of this dell," he said. "Oh, for a live coal, a heifer, and a jar of country wine! I am in the vein for sacrifice, for a superb libation. Well, and why not? We are at Franchard. English pale ale is to be had—not classical, indeed, but excellent. Boy, we shall drink ale."  
"But I thought it was so unwholesome," said Jean-Marie, "and very dear besides."  
"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the Doctor gayly. "The inn!"

And he stepped into the nobby, tossing his head, with an elastic, youthful air. The horse was turned, and in a few seconds they drew up beside the palling of the inn garden.

"Here," said Desprez—"here, near the stable, so that we may keep an eye upon things."  
They tied the horse, and entered the garden, the Doctor singing, now in fantastic high notes, now producing deep reverberations from his chest. He took a seat, rapped loudly on the table, assailed the waiter with witticisms; and when the bottle of Bass was at length produced, far more charged with gas than the most delicious champagne, he filled out a long glassful of froth and pushed it over to Jean-Marie. "Drink," he said; "drink deep."  
"I would rather not," faltered the boy, true to his training.

"What?" thundered Desprez. "I am afraid of it," said Jean-Marie; "my stomach."  
"Take it or leave it!" interrupted Desprez fiercely; "but understand it once for all—there is nothing so contemptible as precision."

Here was a new lesson! The boy sat bemused, looking at the glass but not tasting it, while the Doctor emptied and refilled his own.

"Once in a way," he said at last, by way of a concession to the boy's more rigorous attitude, "once in a way, and at so critical a moment, this ale is a nectar for the gods. The habit, indeed, is debasing; wine, the juice of the grape, is the true drink of the Frenchman, as I have often had occasion to point out; and I do not know that I can blame you for refusing this outlandish stimulant. You can have some wine and cakes. Is the bottle empty? Well, we will not be proud; we will have pity on your glass."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Precious Volume.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was then believed to be an original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 277 B. C., careful copies of the Hebrew text having been prepared at that date for the use of seventy translators. The offer to Julius was 20,000 pounds, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of \$50,000. Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money to maintain the Holy League which the pope had organized against France, but in spite of this lack of funds he declined the offer.

## Hot Milk as a Tonic.

If any one doubts the nourishing properties of milk, let a test be made of the following preparation of it. When very weary or weak from exhaustion heat some milk to a scalding point, until a thin skin begins to wrinkle upon the surface, and then drink it as hot as possible. It refreshes almost instantly and restores the exhausted vitality to a surprising extent as soon as it is taken. It is more nutritious than any of the best beef teas made from meat extracts, or that made from fresh beef which is carefully strained, as many of the recipes direct that it shall be.

## Metallic-Finished Cambric.

Metallic-finished cambric, which has all the gloss of a real satin, is a new lining for thin dresses. It comes in all the pretty colors, costs only 25 cents a yard, and is fully a yard wide.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "THE FIRST WOMAN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And When the Woman Saw that the Tree Was Good for Food and Designed to Make One Wise, She Took of the Fruit Thereof—Gen. 3:6."



It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the water in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest, and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon, and orange groves from the tropics, and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall, and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of my text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Ghion, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being idollium and onyx stone! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eye sauntering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree; I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl—"The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw, and sting, and tooth, and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blastings on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science, and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and widest comet lassooed with respondent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polyphi and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beach leaf, and the light under a fly's wing, and the terrible eye-gleance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalcules that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns, and spheres, and constellations, and galaxies that blaze on the march of God. Healthful cu-

riosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, and levers, and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain, until the earth jars, and roars, and rings, and crackles, and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire, draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying-glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison; but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage; but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chirchat and Governor Smaltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this Goddess of Splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians falling in this computation of moral algebra: good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of Paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-walling.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch; but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life! The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catharine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming the Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill-temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven-high is no apology for vice hell-deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow batteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence; and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined

the race by one fruit-picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's savior; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover; or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the Celestial City; and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother; and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessings on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream of death;  
One army of the living God,  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

## LORD NELSON'S KINDNESS.

A Charming Anecdote Showing His Remarkable Human Fellowship.

Capt. Mahan, in his "Life of Nelson," just published, claims the following as an original story showing the inherent kindness of the great sailor. The Fleet letters had just been sent off, when Nelson saw a midshipman come up and speak to Lieut. Pasco, the signal officer, who, upon hearing what was said, stamped his foot in evident vexation and uttered an exclamation. The admiral, of whose nearness Pasco was unaware, called him and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most exacting of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on board the Victoria, and the message which put me out was this. I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off the mailbags that he forgot to drop his own letter into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket!"

"Hoist the signal to bring her back," was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action tomorrow? His letter shall go with the rest." And the dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone.

## The Strangest Dinner.

Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was that given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels. At the dinner were apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England. The repast was washed down with wine that was old when Columbus was playing with the boys of Genoa. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, and was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been preserved but a few months.

## In Sweet Simplicity.

Truth in sweet simplicity expresses the thoughts that bind and the words that burn conviction in human understanding, and steadily, with unfailing eye, detects and discloses to the brave spirit that stands by what it believes. One has said that "truth, like light, travels in straight lines"—that it is a divine essence.—Philadelphia Methodist.

## Taken from Life.

Manager—I wish to congratulate you. You have managed to draw a picture of absolutely consummate repulsiveness for your villain. Author—Thanks, awfully; but the compliment is due to my better half. It is a description of me by my wife when I refused to buy her a new bonnet.—Tit-Bits.

Metaphorically Speaking.  
Skiller—Do you traded your old horse for this one, did you? What did you get to boot? Skillier—Myself.—New York Tribune.



WHOOPED LIKE AN INDIAN.

—here is the point—the hermits (for there were already more than one) had foreseen the danger and carefully concealed the sacrificial vessels. These vessels were of monstrous value, Jean-Marie—monstrous value—priceless, we may say; exquisitely worked, of exquisite material. And now, mark me, they have never been found. In the reign of Louis Quatorze some fellows were digging hard by the ruins. Suddenly—tack!—the spade hit upon an obstacle. Imagine the men looking one to another; imagine how their hearts bounded, how their color came and went. It was a coffer, and in Franchard the place of buried treasure! They tore it open like famished beasts. Alas! it was not the treasure; only some priestly robes, which, at the touch of the eating air, fell upon themselves and instantly wasted into dust. The perspiration of these good fellows turned cold upon them, Jean-Marie. I will pledge my reputation, if there was any thing like a cutting wind, one or other had a pneumonia for his trouble.

"I should like to have seen them turning into dust," said Jean-Marie. "Otherwise, I should not have cared so greatly."

"You have no imagination," cried the Doctor. "Picture yourself the scene. Dwell on the idea—a great treasure lying in the earth for centuries; the material for a giddy, opulent, opulent existence not employed; dresses and exquisite pictures unseen; the swiftest galloping horses not stirring a hoof, arrested by a spell; women with the beautiful faculty of smiles,

feet. It was a strange sound, thin and brief; it fell dead, and silence returned as though it had never been interrupted. He had not recognized the Doctor's voice; but, as there was no one else in all the valley, it was plainly the Doctor who had given utterance to the sound. He looked right and left, and there was Desprez standing in a niche between two bowlders, and looking round on his adopted son with a countenance as white as paper.

"A viper!" cried Jean-Marie, running toward him. "A viper! You are bitten!"

The Doctor came down heavily out of the cleft, and advanced in silence to meet the boy, whom he took roughly by the shoulder.

"I have found it!" he said, with a gasp.

"A plant?" asked Jean-Marie.  
Desprez had a fit of unnatural gaiety, which the rocks took up and mimicked. "A plant!" he repeated scornfully. "Well—yes—a plant. And here," he added suddenly, showing his right hand, which he had hitherto concealed behind his back—"here is one of the bulbs."

Jean-Marie saw a dirty platter, coated with earth.

"That?" said he. "It is a plate!"

"It is a coach and horses," cried the Doctor. "Boy," he continued, growing warmer, "I plucked away a great pad of moss from between these bowlders, and disclosed a crevice; and when I looked in, what do you suppose I saw? I saw a house in Paris with a court and garden, I saw my wife shining with diamonds, I saw myself a deputy,