# THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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CHAPTER X.

THE beer being done, the Doctor chafed bitterly while Jean-Marie finished his cakes. "I burn to be gone," he said, looking at his watch. "Good God! how slow you eat!" And yet to eat slowly was his own particular prescription, the main secret of longevity!

His martyrdom, however, reached an end at last; the pair resumed their places in the buggy, and Desprez, leaning luxuriously back, announced his intention of proceeding to Fontainebleau.

"To Fontainebleau?" repeated Jean-Marie.

"My words are always measured," said the doctor. "On!"

The doctor was driven through the glades of paradise; the air, the light, the shining leaves, the very movement of the vehicle, seemed to fall in tune with his golden meditations; with his head thrown back, he dreamed a series of sunny visions, ale and pleasure dancing in his veins. At last he spoke.

"I shall telegraph for Casimir," he said. "Good Casimir! a fellow of the lower order of intelligence, Jean-Marie, distinctly not creative, not poetic; and yet he will repay your study; his fortune is vast, and is entirely due to his own exertions. He is the very fellow to help us to dispose of our trinkets, find us a suitable house in Paris, and manage the details of our installation. Admirable Casimir, one of my oldest comrades! It was on his advice, I may add, that I invested my little fortune in Turkish bonds; when we have added these spoils of the mediaeval church to be our stake in the Mohammedan empire, little boy, we shall positively roll among doubloons, positively roll! Beautiful forest," he cried, "farewell! Though called to other scenes, I will not forget thee. Thy name is graven in my heart. Under the influence of prosperity I become dithyrambic, Jean-Marie. Such is the impulse of the natural primeval man. And I—well, I will not soul; such was the constitution of refuse the credit—I have preserved my youth like a virginity; another, who should have led the same snoozing, countrified existence for these years, another had become rusted, become stereotyped; but I, I praise my happy constitution, retain the spring unbroken. Fresh opulence and a new sphere of duties find me unabated in ardor and only more mature by knowledge. For this prospective change, Jean-Marie—it may probably have shocked you. Tell me now, did it not strike you as an inconsistency? Confess—it is useless to dissemble—it pained you?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"You see," returned the doctor, with sublime fatuity, "I read your thought! Nor am I surprised—your education is not yet complete; the higher duties of men have not been yet presented to you fully. A hint—till we have leisure—must suffice. Now that I am once more in possession of a modest competence; now that I have so long prepared myself in silent meditation, it becomes my superior duty to proceed to Paris. My scientific training, my undoubted command of language, mark me out for the service of my country. Modesty in such a case would be a snare. If sin were a philosophical expression, I should call it sinful. A man must not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to evade his obligations. I must be up and doing; I must be no skulker in life's battle."

CHAPTER XI.

SO HE rattled on copiously greasing the joints of his inconsistency with words; while the boy listened silently, his eyes fixed on the horse, his mind seething. It was all lost eloquence, no array of words could unsettle a belief of Jean-Marie's; and he drove into Fontainebleau filled with pity, horror, indignation, and despair.

In the town Jean-Marie was kept a fixture on the driving-seat, to guard the treasure; while the doctor, with a singular, slightly tipsy airiness of manner, fluttered in and out of cafes, where he shook hands with garrison officers, and mixed an absinthe with the nicety of old experience; in and out of shops, from which he returned laden with costly fruits, real turtle, a magnificent piece of silk for his wife, a preposterous cane for himself, and a kepi of the newest fashion for the boy; in and out of the telegraph office, whence he dispatched his telegram, and where three hours later he received an answer promising a visit on the morrow; and generally pervaded Fontainebleau with the first fine aroma of his divine good humor.

The sun was very low when they set forth again; the shadows of the forest trees extended across the broad white road that led them home; the penetrating odor of the evening wood had already arisen, like a cloud of incense, from that broad field of tree-tops; and even in the streets of the town, where the air had been baked all day between white walls, it came in whiffs and pulses, like a distant music. Halfway home, the last gold flicker vanished from a great oak upon the left; and when they came forth beyond the borders of the wood, the plain was already sunken in pearly grayness, and a great, pale moon came swinging skyward through the filmy poplars.

The doctor sung, the doctor whistled, the doctor talked. He spoke of the woods, and the wars, and the deposition of dew; he brightened and babbled of Paris; he soared into cloudy bombast on the glories of the political arena. All was to be changed; as the day departed, it took with it the vestiges of an outworn existence, and to-morrow's sun was to inaugurate the new. "Enough," he cried, "O this life of maceration!" His wife (still beautiful, or he was sadly partial) were to be no longer buried; she should now shine before society. Jean-Marie would find the world at his feet; the roads open to success, wealth, honor, and posthumous renown. "And oh, by the way," said he, "for God's sake keep your tongue quiet! You are, of course, a very silent fellow; it is a quality I gladly recognize in you—silence, golden silence! But this is a matter of gravity. No word must get abroad; none but the good Casimir is to be trusted; we shall probably dispose of the vessels in England."

"But are they not even ours?" the boy said, almost with a sob—it was the only time he had spoken.

"Ours in this sense, that they are nobody else's," replied the doctor. "But the state would have some claim. If they were stolen, for instance, we should be unable to demand their restitution; we should have no title; we should be unable even to communicate with the police. Such is the monstrous condition of the law.* It is a mere instance of what remains to be done, of the injustices that may yet be righted by an ardent, active, and philosophical deputy."

*Let it be so, for my tale!

Jean-Marie put his faith in Madame Desprez; and as they drove forward down the road from Bourron, between the rustling poplars, he prayed in his teeth, and whipped up the horse to an unusual speed. Surely, as soon as her character, and bring this waking they arrived, madame would assert nightmare to an end.

Their entrance into Gretz was heralded and accompanied by a most furious barking; all the dogs in the village seemed to smell the treasure in the noddy. But there was no one on the street, save three lounging landscape painters at Tentaillon's door. Jean-Marie opened the green gate and led in the horse and carriage; and almost at the same moment Madame Desprez came to the kitchen threshold with a lighted lantern; for the moon was not yet high enough to clear the garden walls.

"Close the gates, Jean-Marie!" cried the doctor, somewhat unsteadily alighting. "Anastasie, where is Aline?"

"She has gone to Montereau to see her parents," said madame.

"Here, quick, come near to me; I don't wish to speak too loud!" he continued. "Darling, we are wealthy!"

"Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

"I have found the treasure of Franchard," replied her husband. "See, here are the first fruits; a pineapple, a dress for my ever-beautiful—it will suit her—trust a husband's, trust a lover's taste! Embrace me darling! This grimy episode is over; the butterfly unfolds its painted wings. To-morrow Casimir will come; in a week we may be in Paris—happy at last! You shall have diamonds. Jean-Marie, take it out of the boot, with religious care, and bring it piece by piece into the dining-room. We shall have plate at table! Darling, hasten and prepare this turtle; it will be a whet—it will be an addition to our meagre ordinary. I myself will proceed to the cellar. We shall have a bottle of that little Beaujolais you like, and finish with the Hermitage; there are still three bottles left. Worthy wine for a worthy occasion."

"The turtle, my adored, the turtle!" cried the doctor; and he pushed her toward the kitchen, lantern and all.

Jean-Marie stood dumbfounded. He had pictured to himself a different scene—a more immediate protest, and his hope began to dwindle on the spot.

CHAPTER XII.

THE doctor was everywhere, a little doubtful on his legs, perhaps, and now and then taking the wall with his shoulder; for it was long since he had tasted absinthe, and he was then reflecting that the absinthe had been a misconception. Not that he regretted excess on such a glorious day, but he made a mental memorandum to beware; he must not, a second time, become the victim of a deleterious habit. He had his wine out of the cellar in a twinkling; he arranged the sacrificial vessels, some on the white tablecloth, some on the sideboard, still crusted with historic earth. He was in and out of the kitchen, plying Anastasie with vermouth, heating her with glimpses of the future, estimating their new wealth at ever larger figures; and before they sat down to supper, the lady's virtue had melted in the fire of his enthusiasm, her timidity had disappeared; she, too, had begun to speak disparagingly of the life at Gretz; and as she took her place and helped the soup, her eyes shone with the glitter of prospective diamonds.

All through the meal, she and the doctor made and unmade fairy plans. They bobbed and bowed and pledged each other. Their faces ran over with smiles; their eyes scattered sparkles, as they projected the doctor's political honors and the lady's drawing-room ovations.

"But you will not be a Red!" cried Anastasie.

"I am Left Centre to the core," replied the doctor.

"Madame Gastein will present us—we shall find ourselves forgotten," said the lady.

"Never," protested the doctor. "Beauty and talent leave a mark."

"I have positively forgotten how to dress," she sighed.

"Darling, you make me blush," cried he. "Yours has been a tragic marriage!"

"But your success—to see you appreciated, honored, your name in all the papers, that will be more than pleasure—it will be heaven!" she cried.

"And once a week," said the doctor, archly scanning the syllables, "once a week—one good little game of baccarat?"

"Only once a week?" she questioned, threatening him with a finger.

"I swear it by my political honor," cried he.

"I spoil you," she said, and gave him her hand.

He covered it with kisses.

Jean-Marie escapes into the night. The moon swung high over Gretz. He went down to the garden end and sat on the jetty. The river ran by with eddies of oily silver, and a low, monotonous song. Faint veils of mist moved among the poplars on the farther side. The reeds were quietly nodding. A hundred times already had the boy sat, on such a night, and watched the streaming river with untroubled fancy. And this perhaps was to be the last. He was to leave this familiar hamlet, this green, rustling country, this bright and quiet stream; he was to pass into the great city; and his dear lady mistress was to move bedizened into saloons; his good, garrulous, kind-hearted master to become a brawling deputy; and both be lost forever to Jean-Marie and their better selves. He knew his own defects; he knew he must sink into less and less consideration in the turmoil of a city life; sink more and more from the child into the servant. And he began dimly to believe the doctor's prophesies of evil. He could see a change in both. His generous incredulity failed him for this once; a child must have perceived that the Hermitage had completed what the absinthe had begun. If this were the first day, what would be the last? "If necessary, wreck the train," thought he, remembering the doctor's parable. He looked round on the delightful scene; he drank deep of the charmed night air, laden with the scent of hay. "If necessary, wreck the train," he repeated. And he rose and returned to the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TO MELT SNOW.

**A Simple Scheme to Clean the Numerous Streets of Large Cities.**

Among those who have given considerable thought to the problem of quickly and efficiently disposing of the snow which falls on the streets of the city, and which the bureau of street cleaning is frequently unable to force street cleaning contractors to remove as rapidly and thoroughly as it should be removed, is Robert G. Mueller, an engineer and architect in the office of Otto C. Wolf, at Broad and Arch streets, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Mr. Mueller's plan involves the turning of the accumulated snow into water, which afterward runs off through the gutters into sewers. "This can be done," said Mr. Mueller, "both cheaply and successfully. In melting the snow I would use electricity upon such streets as have trolley lines running upon them. On other thoroughfares steam would be used. After the sweepers and snow plows have thrown the snow into a long pile between the tracks and the curb laborers could thro it into carts, which would haul it to the nearest corner. Here I would have the melting machine. It would be in the form of a radiator, say 9 by 3 feet, on wheels. A wire connects it with the trolley wire. The heat generated by the electric current will melt the snow as rapidly as it can be hauled up and thrown on the melting machine. The water runs out through a pipe at one corner of the machine into the gutter or sewer opening.

"I have calculated that with six men and carts all of the snow on a square like any of those on Market street between the city hall and the river can be gathered up and melted in half an hour."

Mr. Mueller estimates the cost of each machine at not more than $250. The electricity, he thinks, the traction company would be willing to supply for nothing, as it would derive an equal advantage with the city in the rapid removal of the snow. Mr. Mueller has prepared working drawings of his plan and will submit them to the bureau of street cleaning.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "A QUEEN'S REIGN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

**Preached at Beatrice, Nebraska, from the Bible Text, "What Wilt Thou Queen Esther?"—Esther, Chapter V. Verse III.—Victoria Has Done Some Good Things.**

THIS question, which was asked of a queen thousands of years ago, all civilized nations are this day asking of Queen Victoria. "What will thou have of honor, of reward, or reverence, or service, of national and international acclamation? What wilt thou, the Queen of the nineteenth century?" The seven miles of procession through the streets of London day after tomorrow will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudinous tramp will encircle the earth. The celebrative anthems that will sound up from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in London will be less than the vibration of one harpstring as compared with the doxologies which this hour roll up from all nations in praise to God for the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest Queen amid many centuries. From five o'clock in the morning of 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the embarrassed and weeping and almost affrighted girl of eighteen years with the startling words, "Your Majesty," until this sixtieth anniversary of her enthronement, the prayer of all good people on all sides of the seas, whether that prayer be offered by the three hundred millions of her subjects or the larger number of millions who are not her subjects, whether that prayer be solemnized in church, or rolled from great orchestras, or poured forth by military bands from forts and battlements and in front of triumphant armies all around the world, has been and is now, "God save the Queen!" Amid the innumerable columns that have been printed in eulogy of this Queen at the approaching anniversary — columns which, put together, would be literally miles long—it seems to me that the chief cause of congratulation to her and of praise to God has not yet been properly emphasized, and in many cases the chief key-note has not been struck at all. We have been told over and over again what has occurred in the Victorian era. The mightiest thing she has done has been almost ignored, while she has been honored by having her name attached to individuals and events for whom and for which she had no responsibility. We have put before us the names of potent and grandly useful men and women who have lived during her reign, but I do not suppose that she at all helped Thomas Carlyle in twisting his involved and mighty satires, or helped Disraeli in issuance of his epigrammatic wit, or helped Cardinal Newman in his crossing over from religion to religion, or helped to inspire the enchanted sentiments of George Eliot and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning, or helped to invent any of George Cruikshank's healthful cartoons, or helped George Grey in founding a British South African Empire, or kindled the patriotic fervor with which John Bright stirred the masses, or had anything to do with the invention of the telephone or photograph, or the building up of the science of bacteriology, or the directing of the Roentgen rays which have revolutionized surgery, or helped in the inventions for facilitating printing and railroading and ocean voyaging. One is not to be credited or discredited for the virtue or the vice, the brilliance or the stupidity, of his or her contemporaries. While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity. Beginning with that scene at five o'clock in the morning, in Kensington Palace, where she asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to pray for her, and they knelt down, imploring Divine guidance, until this hour, not only in the sublime Liturgy of her Established church but on all occasions, she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." I declare it, fearless of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity today is the throne of England. The Queen's book, so much criticised at the time of its appearance, some saying it was not skilfully done, and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor Castle. Was her son, the Prince of Wales, down with an illness that baffled the greatest doctors of England? Then she proclaimed a day of prayer to Almighty God, and in answer to the prayers of the whole civilized world the Prince got well. Was Sebastopol to be taken and the thousands of bereaved homes of soldiers to be comforted, she called her nation to its knees, and the prayer was answered. See her walking through the hospitals like an angel of mercy! Was there ever an explosion of fire damp in the mines of Sheffield or Wales and her telegram was not the first to arrive with help and Christian sympathy? Is President Garfield dying at Long Branch, and is not the cable under the sea, reaching to Balmoral Castle, kept busy in announcing the symptoms of the sufferer?

I believe that no throne since the throne of David and the throne of Hezekiah and the throne of Esther has been in such constant touch with the throne of heaven as the throne of Victoria. From what I know of her habits, she reads the Bible more than she does Shakespeare. She admires the hymns of Horatio Bonar more than she does Byron's "Corsair." She has not knowingly admitted into her presence a corrupt man or dissolute woman. To very distinguished novelists and very celebrated prima donnas she has declined reception because they were immoral. All the coming centuries of time cannot revoke the advantages of having had sixty years of Christian womanhood enthroned in the palaces of England. Compare her court surroundings with what were the court surroundings in the time of Henry VIII., or what were the court surroundings in the time of Napoleon, in the time of Louis XVI., in the time of men and women whose names may not be mentioned in decent society. Alas! for the revelries, and the worse than Belshazzar feasts, and the more than Herodian dances, and the scenes from which the veil must not be lifted. You need, however, in order to appreciate the purity and virtuous splendor of Victoria's reign to contrast it somewhat with the gehennas and the pandemoniums of many of the throne rooms of the past and some throne rooms of the present. I call the roll of the queens of the earth, not that I would have them come up or come back, but that I may make them the background of a picture in which I can better present the present septenarian, or soon to be an octogenarian, now on the throne of England, her example so thoroughly on the right side that all the scandal-mongers in all the nations in six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made to stick: Maria of Portugal, Isabella and Eleanor and Joanna of Spain, Catharine of Russia, Mary of Scotland, Maria Tersea of Germany, Marie Antoinette of France, and all the queens of England, as Mrs. Strickland has put them before us in her charming twelve volumes; and while some queen may surpass our modern queen in learning, and another in attractiveness of feature, and another in gracefulness of form, and another in romance of history, Victoria surpasses them all in nobility and grandeur and thoroughness of Christian character. I hail her! the Christian daughter, the Christian wife, the Christian mother, the Christian Queen! and let the Church of God and all benign and gracious institutions the world over cry out, as they come with music and bannered host, and million-voiced huzza, and the benedictions of earth and heaven, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

* * *

But as all of us will be denied attendance on that sixtieth anniversary coronation, I invite you, not to the anniversary of a coronation, but to a coronation itself—aye, to two coronations. Brought up as we are, to love as no other form of government that which is republican and democratic, we, living on this side of the sea, cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea, appreciate the two coronations to which all up and down the Bible you and I are urgently invited. Some of you have such morbid ideas of religion that you think of it as going down into a dark cellar, or out on a barren commons, or as a flagellation; when, so far from a dark cellar, it is a palace, and instead of a barren commons it is a garden, atoss with the brightest fountains that were ever rainbowed, and instead of flagellation it is coronation, but a coronation utterly eclipsing the one whose sixtieth anniversary is now being celebrated. It was a great day when David, the little king who was large enough to thrash Goliath, took the crown at Rabbah—a crown weighing a talent of gold and encircled with precious stones—and the people shouted, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Petrarch, surrounded by twelve patrician youths clothed in scarlet, received from a senator the laurel crown, and the people shouted, "Long live the poet!" It was a great day when Mark Antony put upon Caesar the mightiest tiara of all earth, and in honor of divine authority Caesar had it placed afterward on the head of the statue of Jupiter Olympus. It was a great day when the greatest of Frenchmen took the diadem of Charlemagne and put it on his own brow. It was a great day when, about an eighth of a mile from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky pallid with thickest darkness, and on a mountain trammeled of earthquake, and the air on fire with the blasphemies of a mob, a crown of spikes was put upon the pallid and agonized brow of our Jesus. But that particular coronation, amid tears and blood and groans and shivering cataclysms, made your own coronation possible. Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium, but when that old missionary, with crooked back and inflamed eyes, got a glimpse of the crown coming to him, and coming to you, if you will by repentance and faith accept it, he went into ecstacies, and his poor eyes flashed and his crooked back straightened as he cried to Timothy, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Corinthians, "These athletes run to obtain a corruptible, we an incorruptible crown." And to the Thessalonians he speaks of "the crown of glory," and to the Philippians he says, "My joy and crown." The Apostle Peter catches the inspiration and cries out, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," and St. John joins in the rapture and says, "Faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and elsewhere exclaims, "Hold fast, that no man take thy crown." Crowns! crowns! crowns! You did not expect, in coming here today, to be invited to a coronation. You can scarcely believe your own ears; but in the name of a pardoning God and a sacrificing Christ, and an omnipotent Holy Spirit and a triumphant heaven, I offer each one a crown for the asking. Crowns! Crowns! How to get the crown? The way Victoria got her crown, on her knees. Although eight duchesses and marquises, all in cloth of silver, carried her train, and the windows and arches and roof of the Abbey shook with the Te Deum of the organ in full diapason, she had to kneel, she had to come down. To get the crown of pardon and eternal life, you will have to kneel, you will have to come down. Yea! History says that at her coronation not only the entire assembly wept with profound emotion, but Victoria was in tears. So you will have to have your dry eyes moistened with tears, in your case tears of repentance, tears of joy, tears of coronation, and you will feel like crying out with Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." Yes, she was during the ceremony seated for awhile on a lowly stone called the Lia Fail, which, as I remember it, as I have seen it again and again, was rough and not a foot high, a lowly and humble place in which to be seated, and if you are to be crowned king or queen to God forever, you must be seated on the Lia Fail of profound humiliation. After all that, she was ready for the throne, and let me say that God is not going to leave your exaltation half done. There are thrones as well as crowns awaiting you. St. John shouted, "I saw thrones!" and again he said, "They shall reign forever and ever." Thrones! Thrones! Get ready for the coronation. But I invite you not only to your own coronation, but to a mightier and the mightiest. In all the ages of time no one ever had such a hard time as Christ while he was on earth. Brambles for his brow, expectoration for his cheek, whips for his back, spears for his side, spikes for his feet, contumely for his name, and even in our time, how many say he is no Christ at all, and there are tens of thousands of hands trying to push him back and keep him down. But, oh! the human and satanic impotency! Can a spider stop an albatross? Can the hole which the toy shovel of a child digs in the sand at Cape May swallow the Atlantic? Can the breath of a summer fan drive back the Mediterranean euroclydon? Yes, when all the combined forces of earth and hell can keep Christ from ascending the throne of universal dominion. David the Psalmist foresaw that coronation, and cried out in regard to the Messiah, "Upon himself shall his crown flourish." From the cave of black basalt St. John foresaw it, and cried, "On his head were many crowns." Now do not miss the beauty of that figure. There is no room on any head for more than one crown of silver, gold or diamond. Then what does the Book mean when it says, "On his head were many crowns?" Well, it means twisted and enwreathed flowers. To prepare a crown for your child and make her the "Queen of the May," you might take the white flowers out of one parterre, and the crimson flowers out of another parterre, and the blue flowers out of another parterre, and the pink flowers out of another parterre, and gracefully and skillfully work these four or five crowns into one crown of beauty. So all the splendors of earth and heaven are to be enwreathed into one coronal for our Lord's forehead—one blazing glory, one dazzling brightness, one overpowering perfume, one down flashing, up-rolling, out spreading magnificence—and so on his head shall be many crowns.

### He Was Alive.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness: One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The emperor of France turned and pointing with pride to the great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said:

"What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

"And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers that can inflict them?"

Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied gravely:

"The man who did it is dead."

### He Got the Gold.

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them. We borrow the story from an English paper. A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for fourteen one pound bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan bank only cashed its own notes.

"Then yould ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman in his simple way.

"Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the fourteen notes as desired.

The Irishman took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying, "Would yie gie me gold for these, sir?"

And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.

If the landed surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, it would be found that each would get a plot of 23½ acres.