

THE TREASURE

FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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CHAPTER XVI—(CONTINUED.)

Indeed, in this particular winter, after the finding and losing of the treasure, the Desprezes had an anxiety of a very different order, and one which lay nearer their hearts. Jean-Marie was plainly not himself. He had fits of hectic activity, when he made unusual exertions to please, spoke more and faster, and redoubled in attention to his lessons. But these were interrupted by spells of melancholia and brooding silence, when the boy was little better than unbearable.

"Silence," the Doctor moralized—"you see, Anastasie, what comes of silence. Had the boy properly unbecomed himself, the little disappointment about the treasure, the little annoyance about Casimir's inclivility, would long ago have been forgotten. As it is, they prey upon him like a disease. He loses flesh, his appetite is variable, and, on the whole, impaired. I keep him on the strictest regimen, I exhibit the most powerful tonics; both in vain."

"Don't you think you drug him too much?" asked Madame, with an irrepresible shudder.

"Drug?" cried the Doctor; "I drug? Anastasie, you are mad!"

Time went on, and the boy's health still slowly declined. The Doctor blamed the weather, which was cold and boisterous. He called in his confrere from Bourron, took a fancy for him, magnified his capacity, and was pretty soon under treatment himself—it scarcely appeared for what complaint. He and Jean-Marie had each medicine to take at different periods of the day. The Doctor used to lie in wait for the exact moment, watch in hand. "There is nothing like regularity," he would say, fill out the doses, and dilate on the virtues of the draught; and if the boy seemed none the better, the Doctor was not at all the worse.

Gunpowder Day, the boy was particularly low. It was scowling, squally weather. Huge broken companies of clouds sailed swiftly overhead; raking gleams of sunlight swept the village, and were followed with intervals of darkness and white, flying rain. At times the wind lifted up its voice and howled. The trees were all scourging themselves along the meadows, the last leaves flying like dust.

The Doctor, between the boy and the weather, was in his elements; he had a theory to prove. He sat with his watch out and a barometer in front of him, waiting for the squalls and noting their effect upon the human pulse. "For the true philosopher," he remarked delightedly, "every fact in nature is a toy." A letter came to him; but, as its arrival coincided with the approach of another gush, he merely crammed it into his pockets, gave the time to Jean-Marie, and the next moment they were both counting their pulses as if for a wager.

CHAPTER XVII.

T nightfall the wind rose into a tempest. It besieged the hamlet, apparently from every side, as if with batteries of cannon; the houses shook and groaned; live coals were blown upon the floor. The uproar and terror of the night kept people long awake, sitting pallid faces giving ear.

It was past twelve before the Desprez family had retired. By half-past one, when the storm was already some past its height, the Doctor was awakened from a troubled slumber, and sat up. A noise still rang in his ears, but whether of this world or of the world of dreams he was not certain. Another clap of wind followed. It was accompanied by a sickening movement of the whole house, and in the subsequent lull Desprez could hear the tiles pouring like a cataract into the loft above his head. He plucked Anastasie bodily out of bed.

"Run!" he cried, thrusting some wearing apparel into her hands; "the house is falling! To the garden!"

She did not pause to be twice bidden; she was down the stair in an instant. She had never before suspected herself of such activity. The Doctor meanwhile, with the speed of a piece of pantomime business, and undeterred by broken slippers, proceeded to rout out Jean-Marie, tore Aline from her virgin slumbers, seized her by the hand, and tumbled downstairs and into the garden, with the girl tumbling behind him, still not half-awake.

The fugitives rendezvoused in the arbor by some common instinct. Then came a bull's eye flash of struggling moonshine, which disclosed their four figures standing huddled from the wind in a ruffle of flying drapery, and not without a considerable need for more. At the humiliating spectacle Anastasie clutched her night-dress desperately about her and burst loudly into tears. The Doctor flew to console her; but she showed him away. She suspected everybody of being the general public, and thought the darkness was alive with eyes.

Another gleam and another violent gust arrived together; the house was seen to rock on its foundation, and, just as the light was once more

calm—I would say cheerful. Can your priest do more?"

By the first glimpse of day the party sallied forth from the fireside into the street. The wind had fallen, but still charioted a world of troubled clouds; the air bit like frost; and the party, as they stood about the ruins in the rainy twilight of the morning, beat upon their breasts and blew into their hands for warmth. The house had entirely fallen, the walls outward, the roof in; it was a mere heap of rubbish, with here and there a forlorn spear of broken rafter. A sentinel was placed over the ruins to protect the property, and the party adjourned to Tentallion's to break their fast at the Doctor's expense. The bottle circulated somewhat freely; and before they left the table it had begun to snow.

For three days the snow continued to fall, and the ruins, covered with tarpaulin and watched by sentries, were left undisturbed. The Desprezes meanwhile had taken up their abode at Tentallion's. Madame spent her time in the kitchen, concocting little delicacies, with the admiring aid of Madame Tentallion, or sitting by the fire in thoughtful abstraction. The fall of the house affected her wonderfully little; that blow had been parried by another; and in her mind she was continually fighting over again the battle of the trousers. Had she done right? Had she done wrong? And now she would applaud her determination; and anon, with a horrid flush of unavailing penitence, she would regret the trousers. No juncture in her life had so much exercised her judgment. In the meantime the Doctor had become vastly pleased with his situation. Two of the summer boarders still lingered behind the rest, prisoners for lack of a remittance; they were both English, but one of them spoke French pretty fluently, and was, besides, a humorous, agile-minded fellow, with whom the Doctor could reason by the hour, secure of comprehension. Many were the glasses they emptied, many the topics they discussed.

"Anastasie," the Doctor said on the third morning, "take an example from your husband, from Jean-Marie. The excitement has done more for the boy than all my tonics, he takes his turn as sentry with positive gusto. As for me, you behold me. I have made friends with the Egyptians; and my Pharaoh is, I swear it, a most agreeable companion. You alone are hipless. About a house—a few dresses? What are they in comparison to the 'Pharmacopœia'—the labor of years lying buried below stones and sticks in this depressing hamlet? The snow falls; I shake it from my cloak! Imitate me. Our income will be impaired, I grant it, since we must rebuild; but moderation, patience, and philosophy will gather about this hearth. In the meanwhile, the Tentallions are obliging; the table, with your additions, will pass; only the wine is execrable—well, I shall send for some to-day. My Pharaoh will be gratified to drink a decent glass; aha! and I shall see if he possesses that acme of organization—a palate. If he has a palate, he is perfect."

"Henri," she said, shaking her head, "you are a man; you cannot understand my feelings; no woman could shake off the memory of so public a humiliation."

The Doctor could not restrain a titter. "Pardon me, darling," he said, "but really, to the philosophical intelligence, the incident appears so small a trifle. You looked extremely well—"

"Henri!" she cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Narrow Escapes.

Adam Vandever, one of the original settlers of Tallulah, Georgia, was a famous hunter and trapper. The historian of Georgia relates several of Mr. Vandever's hairbreadth escapes, from which we select the following:

At one time Mr. Vandever was encamped on a lofty mountain in Union county. To make an observation of his surroundings he climbed upon an immense boulder which stood upon the brow of a precipice. Just then he heard the howl of a wolf in the woods below. He stepped to the far side of the boulder, hoping to get a better glimpse of the enemy. As he moved, the great rock, which chanced to be delicately balanced, began to roll, and an instant later it was plunging over the precipice. Fortunately an oak tree drooped over the boulder, and in that moment of peril the woodsman gave an upward leap and grasped one of the branches and hung suspended in mid-air while the great stone went crashing down the mountain side.

"I felt my hair turn white," said the old gentleman afterward, "when I realized how near I'd come to going along with that rocking stone. The limb I hung too wasn't over-stout, and when I swung back from over the cliff and dropped to the ground I felt as weak as a baby."

Probably an Old Time Fugitive.

Parts of the skeleton of a prehistoric animal were found on the farm of Alexander Graham of Liberty township, Ind., the fragments indicating that the animal's jaw was probably four feet long. A part of the jaw is in good condition, as are some of the teeth, which are about a foot long, but most of the bones were so far decomposed when uncovered that they crumbled.

Chastisement.

Chastisement is the work of the Holy Spirit. When we sin the Holy Spirit lashes us through conscience and smites us, and we cast ourselves upon our knees and suffer more keenly sometimes than in any bodily agony.—Rev. R. A. George.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

The Buried City of Ceylon—Their Ruins Found in the Vast Forests of that Island—A Two Headed Turtle—A Giant Pterosaur.

Kindness Is the Word.

HAT is real good?" I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the Law Court; "Know ledge," said the school; "Truth," said the wise man; "Pleasure," said the fool; "Love," said the maiden; "Beauty," said the page; "Freedom," said the dreamer; "Home," said the sage; "Fame," said the soldier; "Equity," the secretary.

Spake my heart full sadly: "The answer is not here." Then within my bosom softly this I heard: "Each heart holds the secret—Kindness is the word."

The Buried Cities of Ceylon.

It may be still counted among things not generally known that in the luxuriant forests of Ceylon the ruins of cities are concealed not inferior in boldness of conception and richness of design to any in the world. They lie in the northern half of the island, almost buried among vegetation, and in some cases still difficult of access. They have been smitten in bygone ages by the fury of conquerors, they have suffered yet more severely from the hand of time. Trees have taken root on walls and roofs and have wrenched them asunder, the rank forest vegetation has buried ornamental carvings and sculptured figures. Yet what remains is wonderful, and what would reward excavation may be easily inferred. The ruins belong to very varied dates, some going back to well before the Christian era, others to three or four centuries after it, while one very beautiful and extensive group belongs mainly, if not wholly, to a comparatively late period in Singhalese history, the middle of the twelfth century. Their connection with Buddhism is very close, the most conspicuous remains at the present time being commonly temples, monasteries and dagabas—huge, dome-like structures, which in magnitude are not unworthy rivals of the pyramids of Egypt. One of the most remarkable of the groups or ruins is Mimalinta, the mountain city. A rocky mass arises abruptly from the plain to a height of 1,000 feet. The slopes are now covered with dense forest from the base almost to the top, except on the space where a gigantic stairway of granite slabs leads up to the summit. This might well be taken for a part of the natural hill, in reality it is a huge ruined edifice, the remnant of a dagaba, in the construction of which millions of bricks have been employed. Near it are other dagabas of great size, and, besides these, rock-cut chambers and many other remains of the ancient monarchy. The city is associated with sacred memories in the history of Ceylon. Here it was that the nation in the third century before Christ, adopted Buddhism. Gotama himself is said to have visited the island, the inhabitants of which were then snake worshippers, and to have converted the king. On a second visit he left his foot-print on the rock as he rose into the air from the summit of Adam's peak. But this sign is appropriated, as is well known, by the followers of different creeds to diverse personages. The Mohammedans attribute it to Adam, the Portuguese Christians were divided in opinion as to whether it had been left by St. Thomas or by the eunuch of Candace, queen of Ethiopia. Indeed, some critics, go so far as to doubt whether Buddha ever visited Ceylon at all, whatever may be the origin of the foot-print.

and it is in its liveliest mood between the hours of eleven and one in the morning.

The Vanished River's Track.

Explorations made last autumn brought to light many interesting facts about what is known to geologists as the "Nipissing-Mattawa River." This is believed to have been the ancient outlet for the Great Lakes—Huron, Michigan and Superior—before their waters began to flow through Lake Erie. The old river bed was traced, in the Canadian province of Ontario, from Lake Nipissing, near the northern part of Georgian bay, to the valley of the Ottawa river. At one place the site of an ancient cataract was discovered, and reason was found for believing that the size of the vanished river was very similar to that of the St. Claire and Detroit rivers, through which the Great Lakes now have their outlet.

The Kuth Daw.

Prof. Max Muller of Oxford in a recent lecture, called attention to the largest book in the world, the wonderful Kuth Daw. It consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, each plate built within a temple of brick. It is found near the old priest city of Mandalay, in Burmah, and this temple city of more than 700 pagodas virtually makes up this monster book—the religious codex of the Buddhists. It is written in Pali. Rather strange to say, it is not an ancient production, but its preparation was prompted by the Buddhist party of this century. It was erected in 1857 by the command of Mindom, the second of the last kings of Burmah. —Home Journal.

Weapons of Offense.

The natives in the Bucherganj district of Bengal have been deprived of their guns, and since then they have resorted to the native bamboo in their hunt for defensive weapons. They hollow out the bamboo, load it with an ounce or two of native powder and a handful of iron slugs and touch it off with a fuse in the immediate neighborhood of the offending person. Another way is to employ the bamboo as a fork with a cobra pinned to the far end. An application of the cobra is all that is necessary to the sleeping body of an enemy.

Bank Note Paper.

The paper used in making Bank of England notes is the despair of counterfeiters. It is thicker in the upper left hand corner, to enable it to retain a brighter impression of the vignette there, and it is also thicker in the dark shadows of the letters in the center and beneath the figures at the ends of the notes. Counterfeiters have not been able to cope with this difficulty, and in the best imitation of the notes the paper has been of the same thickness throughout.

which had a spread of wing of twenty-five feet. They could perch on trees, hang against perpendicular surfaces, such as the edge of a cliff, stand firmly on the ground and probably crawl on all fours, with wings folded. The pterosaurs did not have wings like those of a bird, but a thin membrane, such as a bat has, though it was supported differently.

These pterosaurs had immense heads in proportion to the body. Some were provided with teeth so that they could swoop down upon the surface of the water and catch fish. Their habits are thought to have been nocturnal.

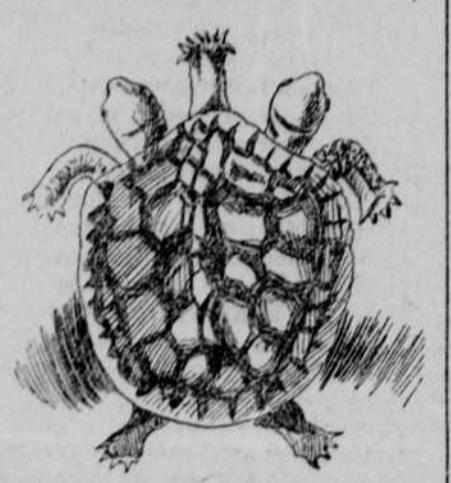
The pterosaurs had powerful chest muscles, so that they could give rapid movement to their wings during flight. The creatures had long tails. In some instances the tails supported a small, leaf-like membrane, used as a rudder in flight. Such a pterosaur is now on exhibition at the Yale university museum.

An Ancient Lock.

The old lock and key attached to the door of the Temple church, off Fleet street, London, have been in use ever since the Crusades. The key weighs 7 pounds, is 18 inches long, and, unlike other keys, was not made for the lock, but the lock was made for it. The present church was built by the Knights Templar, and is one of the four circular churches built by them 'n 1185, after their return from the second Crusade, the other three being at Cambridge, Northampton and Maplestead in Essex.—Tit-Bits.

A Two Headed Turtle.

A wonderful freak of nature is owned by Dr. A. J. Hannah of Umattilla, Fla.—a two-headed gopher, or two gophers in one shell. There are two heads, four single legs, and one leg within two feet, all inside of one shell, the double foot growing between the heads. Either head can control the double foot, but only its own side feet, and unless both heads are of one mind neither can move the shell. Both heads must be fed, which shows that there are two stomachs. Its habits are similar to those of all land turtles.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, JULY 15—PAUL AT THESSALONIA.

Golden Text: "They Received the Word with All Readiness of Mind, and Searched the Scriptures Daily"—Acts 17:11—Growth of the Christian Religion.



UR lesson for to-day includes verses 1 to 12, Acts, Chapter 17. Time, about the close of the year 52. The city of Thessalonica is a city which some of the events recorded, took place, was situated on the Thracian peninsula of Saloniki. Its ancient name was Therna, and it was called Thessalonica after a sister of Alexander the Great—the wife of Cassander, king of Macedonia. In commercial importance, in commerce it was virtually the capital of Greece, Macedonia, and Illyricum. It was taken three times in the Middle Ages; by the Saracens, A. D. 904; by the Normans, A. D. 1185; and by the Turks, 1430. Under its modern name of Saloniki it is the second city in European Turkey. Its population is seventy thousand, one-half of which is composed of Jews. 2. Berea. Another large city of Macedonia, about sixty miles from Thessalonica. Its modern name is Verria. It contains twenty thousand inhabitants, and has remains of Greek and Roman buildings.

As in the case of Philippi, Luke's accuracy is shown in his incidental references to Thessalonica. The Greek word (politarcha) by which he designates the ruler of the town is an entirely different title from that used by the magistrates of Philippi, but in perfect accordance with the different constitution of the town. The title is found nowhere in literature but in this chapter. Thessalonica was a municipality, a city which enjoyed the right of self-government and was free from the control of the provincial governor. The Romans conferred this privilege upon towns in return for some signal service rendered to the state or on account of their celebrity. They left the form of government which they found existing. Hence the mode of government in different free cities varied. Thessalonica had won this distinction on account of having taken the side of Augustus in the civil wars. No Roman soldiers were stationed in it, nor were there any outward signs of Roman domination. Luke tells us (verse 6) that the mob sought to bring out the apostles, not to persecute them, or misdeed, but to the people, the Greek word signifying a supreme popular assembly. A triumphal arch, which until lately stood on the main street, had an inscription which told that the city was governed by seven politicians. It is now in the British Museum. The names of the seven are given. Three of them are identical with the names of three Macedonian friends of Paul—Sopater, Gaius, and Secundus. Athens, Ephesus, and Tarsus were also free cities.

Connecting Links.—Having lighted the first candle on the dark shores of Europe, Paul departed from Philippi. Luke, it seems, was left in charge of the infant church there, while Paul, Silas, and probably Timothy journeyed toward Athens, the eye of Greece. Their journey was over a portion of the famous Egnatian Way, which stretched five hundred miles and was marked from end to end with milestones. As their plan was to plant the Gospel in the greater capitals of the world they rapidly passed through the lesser towns of Amphipolis and Apollonia, and after some three days' travel reached the imposing city of Thessalonica. Finding here many Jews and a synagogue, the missionaries decided to halt and labor. Paul still bears traces of the treatment received at Philippi (1 Thes. 2, 2), and was compelled previous to the arrival of the contributions of the Philippian church to follow his trade of tentmaking in order to supply his temporal necessities (2 Thes. 3, 8). For at least three Sabbaths he reasoned with them out of the Scriptures. The usual results followed. Some Jews and a great multitude of Greeks believed. In these the higher social circles, any educated classes were well represented. Previous and angry Jews stirred up persecution. To escape their rage the missionaries started for Berea by night. Its people were noted for unbiased minds, receptive hearts, and daily reverent study of the Scriptures. Many were convinced and believed, and a large and flourishing church—the third in Europe—was formed.

Lesson Hymn—

Before thy mercy stand, O Lord, behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word, the guidance of thy hand,
Let thy eternal truths, O Lord, be dwelt richly in each heart;
From the safe and narrow way we never may depart.
Help us to see the Savior's love beaming from his eternal truth;
And let the thought of joys above our almost souls engage.
—William H. Bathurst.

Hints to Teachers.

I. The Spirit of Thessalonica. 1. A narrow, sectional and, looking at truth from the Jewish standpoint, and not willing to investigate the Scriptures, concerning it. 2. A prejudiced, uneducated spirit; pre-judging the truth, not listening to it with readiness to accept it. 3. A perverted, but not reporting the facts fairly, but willfully misrepresenting them, coloring them for a purpose, and doing injustice to the Christian teachers. 4. A base and wicked spirit; using the lowest instruments, and appealing to the lowest motives. 5. A persecuting spirit; trying to put down opposing opinions, not by fair argument, but by authority and violence. The spirit of Thessalonica is the spirit of persecution everywhere. Yet, notwithstanding these traits of the Jewish hearers, a Church of Christ arose in that city. Note some of its characteristics in 1 Thes. 1, 2-3.

II. The Spirit of Berea. 1. A noble spirit. Verse 11. These Bereans showed breadth and catholicity in their sentiments by their reception of the truth. 2. A candid, teachable spirit; ready to receive instruction and profit by it. 3. An inquiring spirit; not believing on the unquestioned authority of men, but searching to find out the truth for themselves. 4. A Scripture-loving spirit; turning to the word of God as the final authority, and testing all opinions by its standards. 5. A believing spirit; accepting the truth as attested by the Scriptures, and obtaining a well-founded faith.

SOUTHWEST BREEZES.

Faith is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means.

We are often more cruelly robbed than those who steal into our hearts than by those who break into our houses.

We get out of temper and wonder why we were ever born; then we get into good temper and wonder why we have to die.