

THE TREASURE

FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

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 unburdened himself, the little disappointment about the treasure, the little annoyance about Casimir's incivility, 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 irremissible 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 confere 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 snowing, 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 gust, 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.

At 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 shins, 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 elbowed 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 hipped. About a house—a few dresses? What are they in comparison to the 'Pharmacopoeia'—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; ah! 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 wa'n'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 Pugnile. 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 scourges us, and we cast ourselves upon our knees and suffer more keenly sometimes than in any bodily agony.—Rev. R. A. George.

WASHINGTON WISDOM

INSIDE FACTS ABOUT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

An Interesting Talk With the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture—A Cool Day for Bryan and His Free Silver Associates.

(Washington Letter.)

Mr. Bryan, the late candidate for the presidency has been in Washington the past few days and has discovered some rather troublesome facts about the growth of our currency and especially the growth of the gold supply of the United States and of the world. Mr. Bryan, it will be remembered in his speeches last fall asserted that the 42 million dollars necessary to keep pace with the growth of population in the United States could not be produced since the suspension of free coinage of silver, and quoted Senator Sherman in support of his theory that this amount was necessary to be added to the currency of the country each year. He was undoubtedly right in his quotation of Senator Sherman but it is now apparent that he was both inaccurate and misleading in assuming that this amount of currency cannot be and is not added to the circulating medium of the country by means of its present facilities. The coinage of the mints of the country in the year which ends with the present month will be in round numbers 100 million dollars, three-fourths of it gold, while that of the calendar year 1896 was 99 million dollars. Add to this the fact that the money in circulation today is \$138,000,000 more than it was a year ago and it will be seen that Mr. Bryan's statements in this, as well as in many other things, were to say the least, misleading. The director of the mint estimates that the gold mines of the United States alone will this year turn out over 60 million dollars, which is greater than in any year except 1853 when the California gold mines were at their zenith.

The Retaliation Bugaboo.

Recent statistics show that Japan has sold to people of the United States in the past decade goods amounting to 313 million yen, the value of the yen being about equivalent to the dollar, while she has bought from us goods valued at only 78 million yen. This simple fact disposes of all the humbug which the free traders are indulging in about the alleged probabilities that Japan will retaliate upon the passage of the new tariff bill, by shutting out American goods. The shrewd Japanese are not likely to sustain this assertion which freed traders are now making that there will be retaliation against the United States on account of our new tariff. Japan has been especially pointed out as likely to take a step of this kind but her financiers and statesmen will not take a step which would close the markets of this country to the products of her own people when those markets are four times as great as those which our own goods supply in that country.

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Talks.

No man in public life is more closely allied to the farmer and his interests than is Asst. Secy. of Agriculture Brigham, whose record as master of the National Grange has brought him in close touch with that important element of the population. In a talk with your correspondent a day or two ago he made some interesting suggestions.

"The cause of the agricultural depression," said he, "is not easy to name in a word. Tariff for revenue and free raw material are probably responsible to a considerable extent. Under these principles the duties have been taken from wool and lowered on other agricultural products, thus operating directly upon the farmers of the United States by reducing prices. The general revision of the tariff has in-

terfered with other great business interests of the country and checked production. The effect of this has been to throw labor out of employment; the men who once had money to buy farm products have been living only by the greatest economy, and the surplus of farm products has accumulated in the farmers' hands."

"What about the attitude of the administration, Mr. Secretary, and its desire for speedy tariff action?"

"The administration has been earnestly advocating the early passage of a measure that will correct the evil results of the Wilson low-tariff free-raw-material law—a measure which is expected to give adequate protection to the agricultural interests and with a tendency to remove the present existing depression. There has been less delay than in any previous legislation of the kind. Even the opposition has not been captious in its efforts to delay the passage of the measure, but has quite generally recognized the fact that

the people rejected the 'tariff-for-revenue-only' idea and condemned the policy which compelled the farmers and some other industrial classes to produce the so-called 'raw-material' in direct competition with the cheapest labor of the world, whilst other interests were protected. The wool-growers and wool-buyers are waiting with some impatience the passage of the bill regulating the duties upon imported wool and woolsens. Wool is now ready for market, and this suspense is very detrimental to both seller and buyer, as they do not know just what rates of duty will be fixed. The farmers are very earnest in demanding adequate protection on all farm commodities grown here in competition with similar products grown abroad and sometimes imported into this country, and the administration is fully committed to this policy of giving ample protection to agricultural products. The farmers of Ohio are not so much interested in the duty upon hides as are those who live in the great west, but they believe it to be a matter of justice and equity that there should be some protection to the men who grow hides as well as to the men who manufacture from them."

"What do you think about the revision of the tariff schedules in the senate?"

"The new tariff bill as it passed the house is believed to be more in the interests of agriculture than the bill as amended in the senate committee. Now that the measure is under discussion in the senate the representatives from the agricultural districts are expected to see that it is properly amended before it becomes a law. It is very cheering to note the breaking up of partisan lines on this question. The old tariff-for-revenue-only slogan, so long relied upon by the leaders of one of the great political parties, has largely lost its influence, and the representatives of agricultural districts, without fear of the old-time leaders, do not hesitate to support measures calculated to give some portion of the protective system to their constituents. I believe that no party which advocates free raw material and protected manufactured goods can ever again secure a strong following among the agricultural classes."

"What do you say, Mr. Brigham, in regard to the delay in the return of prosperity?"

"It is hardly fair to expect benefits from a protective system before the law has been enacted. People should not forget that we are still living under the Wilson low-tariff-free-raw-material measure and that at present the only advancement or improvement in conditions is the anticipation of the good effects of the new measure. Progress on the bill is much greater than has been expected by those well informed and familiar with tariff legislation, and the measure will undoubtedly soon become a law, and not by the votes of one party alone. But the hue and cry against the delay in the coming of prosperity is not properly chargeable to the ignorance of the farmer and workman on this subject. They are pretty well informed. This cry comes principally from the cheap politicians who are striving to make capital out of the matter. There is no sense in asking for this promised prosperity before the passage of a bill which will cut off the enormous importations of foreign stuff, and give the country a chance to right itself. When the remedy is tried and fails it is time enough for people to say that we are mistaken and unable to bring prosperity."

G. H. WILLIAMS.

A Warning From the West.

Recently a leading member of the House of representatives who has business interests in the west made a trip through Indiana and Illinois, and he returned to Washington with a word from the people, concerning the delay in the passage of the tariff bill, which should be heeded. The honorable gentleman said, in speaking of the situation he found in those great and progressive industrial states of the middle west:

"The universal cry of the people is for relief from the dangers which threaten in the way of an overstocked market. The slight impetus that has been given to industry in this country by the assurance that a tariff bill will soon be passed will be retarded by the fact that the increased importations are crowding out American goods and filling the markets with cheap imports. These goods are reaching the west. They are in bond, in warehouse, in transit and in store, inundating a market that has already suffered from under consumption as a result of the idleness and low wages that followed the free trade policy."

I say the goods are cheap. They are cheap and trashy. The mills of the foreigner are running day and night rushing out the cheapest possible fabrications for the American market. I have heard some Democratic representatives say that the importations of 'cheap' goods would be a source of gratification to the workmen of the country. This is the usual Democratic illustration of the beauties and glories of free trade. I have yet to hear the first Democrat explain what satisfaction it would be to the American workman who is out of employment because his factory is shut down, and who stands in idleness without a dollar in his pocket, to learn that the shoddy imported goods are selling at lower prices than they could be produced by the mills and factories of the United States.

The Senate's Good Work.

The United States senate started nobly on its work of revising the Dingley tariff and we trust there may be no let or hindrance in the continuance of the good work. Senators appreciate the necessity for prompt action.

Some New Facts About Our Currency.

Mr. Bryan's visit to Washington was somewhat embarrassed by the simultaneous announcement of the director of the mint that the gold production of the United States in 1896 was \$53,088,000 and is likely to be over \$60,000,000 in 1897. This figure for 1896 is greater than for thirty years, and if the production for 1897 exceeds 60 millions, as is expected, it will be the greatest in the history of the country, with the single exception of 1853, which reached 65 million dollars. The total coinage of the mints of the United States in the fiscal year just about to end will be in round numbers 100 million dollars. That of last year was in round numbers 99 million dollars. In the same connection it may be remarked that the money in circulation in this country is \$138,149,612 greater than the circulation one year ago. Add to these interesting facts one other, namely, that the gold production of the world this year is likely to reach 250 million dollars, or far more than any other year in history, and makes a very unpleasant combination for the advocates of free and unlimited coinage of silver.

The "Stop Thief" Cry.

"Stop thief!" is the popular cry of certain classes of people at certain times. Somebody in Washington with a good memory has just brought to the surface the fact that the gentlemen in the senate who are now loudly shouting about the alleged advantages given to the sugar trust by the new tariff are the very men who framed the sugar schedule of the Wilson bill, which brought such scandal upon the Democratic party with reference to the sugar trust, whose stocks advanced 55 per cent in value while these very men were framing the sugar schedule, whereas the recent advance over which they are screaming is only 6 per cent.

Protect This Little Fellow.



TIMELY TOPICS.

"Flapping together" very much these days.

The growth of manufacturing industries in the south is producing its effect in developing a protective sentiment. One-third of the membership from that section in the present congress has supported high protection or refused to vote against it.

It will not be easy to induce the Ohio workmen who have been on half wages under the Wilson tariff law to vote to put a free-trader into the senate in the place of Senator Hanna, especially when that action would make it certain that the Democracy would control that body for the next two years.

The recent developments in congress in which a large number of Democrats have abandoned the free-trade theory and supported high protection, coupled with the fact that a large number of Democrats in every state where there are campaigns this fall have refused to support the silver issue, are rapidly disorganizing the Populist leaders and deciding them to dissolve the partnership existing between those two parties, and it is probable that fusion between Populists and Democrats will be impossible in the future.

A slow but steady gain in business with an advance in prices, an increase in the number of hands employed and growth of new orders, and an increase in the amount of work done are pointed out by "Dun's Review" in its last issue as a renewed evidence that business is improving. A study of the newspaper sentiment of the country as expressed in the publications of all sentiments shows a concurrence in the belief thus expressed that there is a marked and general improvement in the business situation.

Senators Jones, Vest, and Mills are good ones to arraign the Republican party because of a slight advance in sugar-trust stocks incidental with the adoption of the sugar schedule. It was these very men who framed the schedules of the Wilson law and sugar stock advanced 55 per cent in value while they were doing it, whereas these stocks have increased 6 per cent since the Republicans have been considering the present bill.

The tariff bill is making splendid progress, despite the fact that the mossback Democrats are taking up a good deal of time in scolding the younger generation of senators for their protection votes. Not only is the bill making good progress, but the changes made are proving extremely satisfactory, especially those relating to the tariff on pottery, tea, and rice, and the elimination of the proposed increase in the beer tax.