

BURIED TREASURE BY O. HENRY

HERE are many kinds of fools. Now, will everybody please sit still until they are called upon specifically to rise?

I had been every kind of fool except one. I had expended my patrimony, pretended my matrimony, played poker, lawn-tennis, and bucket-shops—parted soon with my money in many ways. But there remained one role of the wearer of cap and bells that I had not played. That was the seeker after buried treasure. To few does the delectable furor come. But of all the would-be followers in the hoof-prints of King Midas none has found a pursuit so rich in pleasurable promise.

But, going back from my theme a while—as lame pens must do—I was a fool of the sentimental sort. I saw May Martha Mangum, and was hers. She was eighteen, the color of the white ivory keys of a new piano, beautiful, and possessed by the exquisite solemnity and pathetic witchery of an unsophisticated angel doomed to live in a small, dull, Texas prairie-town.

May Martha's father was a man hidden behind whiskers and spectacles. He lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that fly or crawl or buzz or get down your back or in the butter. He was an entomologist, or words to that effect. He spent his life setting the air for flying fish of the June-bug order, and then sticking pins through 'em and calling 'em names. There was another besides myself who thought May Martha Mangum one to be desired. That was Goodloe Banks, a young man just home from college. He had all the attainments to be found in books—Latin, Greek, philosophy and especially the higher branches of mathematics and logic.

If it hadn't been for his habit of pouring out this information and learning on every one that he addressed I'd have liked him pretty well. But, even as it was, he and I were, you would have thought, great pals.

But, in our talks together and in our visits and conversation with May Martha, neither Goodloe Banks nor I could find out which one of us she preferred. May Martha was a natural-born non-committal, and knew in her cradle how to keep people guessing.

Old Man Mangum certainly was absent-minded. After a long time he found out one day—a little butterfly must have told him—that two young men were trying to throw a net over the head of the young person, a daughter, or some such technical appendage, who looked after his comforts.

I never knew scientists could rise to such occasions. Old Mangum orally labeled and classified Goodloe and myself easily among the lowest orders of the vertebrates; and in English, too, without going any further in to Latin than the simple references to Orgetorix, Rex Helvetii—which is as far as I ever went myself. And he told us that if he ever caught us around his house again he would add us to his collection.

Goodloe Banks and I remained away five days, expecting the storm to subside. When we dared to call at the house again May Martha Mangum and her father were gone. Gone! The house they had rented was closed. Their little store of goods and chattels was gone also.

And not a word of farewell to either of us from May Martha—not a white, fluttering note pinned to the hawthorn-bush; not a chalk mark on the gate post nor a postcard in the postoffice to give us a clue.

For two months Goodloe Banks and I—separately—tried every scheme we could think of to track the runaways. We used our friendship and influence with the ticket agent, with livery stable men, railroad conductors, and our one lone, lone constable, but without results.

In talking things over one afternoon he said to me:

"Suppose you do find her, Ed, where would you profit? Miss Mangum has a mind. Perhaps it is yet uncultured, but she is destined for higher things than you could give her. I have talked with no one who seemed to appreciate more the enchantment of the ancient poets and writers and the modern cults that have assimilated and expanded their philosophy of life. Don't you think you are wasting your time looking for her?"

"My idea," said I, "of a happy home in an eight-room house in a grove of live oaks by the side of a charco on a Texas prairie. A piano. I went on, 'with an automatic player in the sitting room, three thousand head of cattle under fence for a starter, a buckboard and ponies always hitched at a post for the misuses'—and May Martha Mangum to spend the profits of the ranch as she pleases, and to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. That," said I, "is what is to be—and a fig, a dried, Smyrna, dago-stand fig for your curriculums, cults and philosophy."

"She is meant for higher things," repeated Goodloe Banks.

"Whatever she is meant for," I answered, "just now she is out of pocket. And I shall find her as soon as I can without aid of the colleges."

"The game is blocked," said Goodloe, putting down a domino; and we had the beer.

Shortly after that a young farmer whom I knew came into town and brought me a folded blue paper. He said his grandfather had just died. I

concealed a tear; and he went on to say that the old man had jealously guarded this paper for 20 years. He left it to his family as part of his estate, the rest of which consisted of two mules and a hypotenuse of non-arable land.

The sheet of paper was of the old blue kind used during the Civil war. It was dated June 14, 1863; and it described the hiding place of ten burro-loads of gold and silver coin valued at \$300,000. Old Rundle—grandfather of his grandson, Sam—was given the information by a Spanish priest who was in on the treasure-burying, and who died many years before—no, afterward—in old Rundle's house. Old Rundle wrote it down from dictation.

"Why didn't your father look this up?" I asked young Rundle.

"He went blind before he could do so," he replied.

"Why didn't you hunt for it yourself?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I've only known about the paper for ten years. First there was the spring plowin' to do, and then choppin' the weeds out of the corn; and then come takin' fodder; and mighty soon winter was on us. It seemed to run along that way year after year."

That sounded perfectly reasonable to me, so I took it up with young Lee Rundle at once.

The directions on the paper were simple. The whole burro cavalcade laden with the treasure started from an old Spanish mission in Dolores county. They traveled due south by the compass until they reached the Alamito river. They forded this, and buried the treasure on the top of a little mountain shaped like a pack-saddle standing in a row between two higher ones. A heap of stones marked the place of the buried treasure. All the party except the Spanish priest were killed by Indians a few days later. The secret was a monopoly. It looked good to me.

Lee Rundle suggested that we rig out a camping outfit, hire a surveyor to run out the line from the Spanish mission, and then spend the \$300,000 seeing the sights in Fort Worth. But without being highly educated, I knew a way to save time and expense.

We went to the state land office, and had a practical, what they call a "working" sketch made of all the surveys of land from the old mission to the Alamito river. On this map I drew a line due southward to the river. The length of lines of each survey and section of land was accurately given on the sketch. By these we found the point on the river and had a "connection" made with it, and an important, well-identified corner of the Los Animos five-league survey—a grant made by King Philip of Spain.

By doing this we did not need to have the line run out by a surveyor. It was a great saving of expense and time.

So, Lee Rundle and I fitted out a two-horse wagon team with all the accessories, and drove a hundred and forty-nine miles to Chico, the nearest town to the point we wished to reach. There we picked up a deputy county surveyor. He found the corner of the Los Animos survey for us, ran out the five thousand seven hundred and twenty varas west that our sketch called for, laid a stone on the spot, had coffee and bacon, and caught the mail-stage back to Chico.

I was pretty sure we would get that \$300,000. Lee Rundle's was to be only one-third because I was paying all the expenses. With that \$200,000 I knew I could find May Martha Mangum if she was on earth. And with it I could flutter the butterflies in old man Mangum's dove-cot, too. If I could find that treasure!

But Lee and I established camp. Across the river were a dozen little mountains densely covered by cedar-brakes, but not one shaped like a pack-saddle. That did not deter us. Appearances are deceptive. A pack-saddle, like beauty, may exist only in the eye of the beholder.

I and the grandson of the treasure examined those cedar-covered hills with the care of a lady hunting for a wicked flea. We explored every side, top, circumference, mean elevation, angle, slope and concavity of every one for two miles up and down the river. We spent four days doing so. Then we hitched up the roan and the dun, and hauled the remains of the coffee and bacon the 149 miles back to Concho City.

As shortly as could be after our empty return Goodloe Banks and I foregathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon to play dominoes and fish for information. I told Goodloe about my expedition after the buried treasure.

"If I could have found that three hundred thousand dollars," said I to him, "I could have scoured and sifted the face of the earth to find May Martha Mangum."

"She is meant for higher things," said Goodloe. "I shall find her myself. But, tell me how you went about discovering the spot where this unearthed increment was imprudently buried."

I told him in the smallest detail. I showed it in the draftsman's sketch with the distances marked plainly upon it.



"Away," I said, "away with your water marks and variations!"

After glancing over it in a masterly way, he leaned back in his chair and bestowed upon me an explosion of sardonic, superior, collegiate laughter.

"Well, you are a fool, Jim," he said, when he could speak.

"Why am I a fool?" I asked. "Buried treasure has been found before in many places."

"Because," said he, "in calculating the point on the river where your line would strike, you neglected to allow for the variation. The variation there would be nine degrees west. Let me have your pencil."

Goodloe Banks figured rapidly on the back of an envelope.

"The distance, from north to south, of the line run from the Spanish mission," said he, "is exactly 22 miles. It was run by a pocket compass, according to your story. Allowing for the variation, the point on the Alamito river where you should have searched for your treasure is exactly six miles and nine hundred and forty-five varas farther west than the place you hit upon. Oh, what a fool you are, Jim!"

He smiled in his superior way; and then I saw come out in his face the singular, eager, consuming cupidity of the seeker after buried treasure.

"Sometimes," he said with the air of the oracle, "these old traditions of hidden money are not without foundation. Suppose you let me look over that paper describing the location. Perhaps together we might—"

The result was that Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became companions in adventure. We went to Chico by stage from Huntersburg, the nearest railroad town. In Chico we hired a team drawing a covered spring wagon and camping paraphernalia. We had the same surveyor run out our distance as revised by Goodloe and his variations, and then dismissed him and sent him on his homeward road.

It was night when we arrived. I fed the horses and made a fire near the bank of the river and cooked supper. Goodloe would have helped; but his education had not fitted him for practical things.

But, while I worked he cheered me with the expression of great thoughts handed down from the dead ones of old. He quoted some translations from the Greek at much length.

The next morning was a bright June one. We were up early and had breakfast. Goodloe was charmed. He recited—Keats, I think it was, and Kelly or Shelley, while I broiled the bacon.

Goodloe was looking at old Rundle's document when he ripped out a most uncollegiate swear-word.

"Come here," he said, holding the paper up against the sunlight. "Look at that," he said, laying his finger against it.

On the blue paper—a thing I had never noticed before—I saw stand out in white letters the words and figures: Malvern, 1898.

"What about it?" I asked.

"It's the water mark," said Goodloe. "The paper was manufactured in 1898. The writing on the paper is dated 1863. This is a palpable fraud."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "The Rundles are pretty reliable, plain, uneducated country people. Maybe the paper manufacturers tried to perpetrate a swindle."

And then Goodloe Banks went as wild as his education permitted. He dropped the glasses off his nose and glared at me.

"I've often told you you were a

POULTRY

BREED CHICKENS FOR PROFIT

In Making Selection One Must Be Governed to Great Extent by Market—Cockerel is Important.

In making the selection of breed, one must be governed somewhat by the market. Birds that sell best on the block should be medium in size, plump condition, with yellow skin and legs. Most all our American breeds have these requirements, and by careful selection at breeding time one can build up a profitable laying strain from this class of birds, such as the Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes.

The common practice of breeding from the flock as a whole has done more harm than anything else in making the flock unprofitable as egg producers. Breeding from birds that produce but one or two clutches of eggs during the year will produce birds of like nature, and breeding a sire that has not the laying quality and characteristics bred in him cannot but help to make the situation worse.

The success with egg production must begin with breeding. When you have a hen that will lay a large number of eggs each month during the winter, breed from her. The trait of superior egg production is a habit that may be acquired and transmitted. A hen whose ancestors were poor layers cannot be expected to be a good layer. No amount of coaxing or cooing with mash or feed will induce her to produce an unusual number of eggs, because the trait of superior egg production was not acquired by her ancestry and could not therefore be transmitted to her.

The selection of the male to head the flock should not be neglected. He should have been bred from productive ancestry. The male is half



Plymouth Rock.

the flock, and if his dam and granddam were good producers, he should be worth much more as a sire than those whose dam produced only a limited number of eggs.

He should have a good constitution, showing short neck, broad head and bright eye, neck short and stout, breast of good width carried well forward and of fair depth. The mating of such a sire to a flock of hens bred from laying ancestors cannot but help to give good results with proper feeding and housing.

The breeding pen should be yarded separate from the whole flock, selecting for this pen only the very best egg producers, and this should be done each year. One male with 10 or 12 females will give best results and eggs will be of stronger vitality for incubating purposes. The breeding pen should be well cared for. Quarters should be roomy, well lighted and ventilated. The quarters should at all times be kept clean and disinfected. A variety of grain feed, green cut bone and green feed is absolutely necessary to insure fertile eggs, and grit and water should be kept before them at all times.

Lay Good Sized Eggs. Hens that produce not only a goodly number of eggs, but eggs of moderate to large size, (eggs weighing two ounces each on an average) are Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, Minorcas and some strains of Leghorns.

Never wash eggs. The hen must have a variety to lay well. Feed gives small returns when given to a lousy hen. The egg should be perfect in shape, with fresh, clean appearance. The feed is the first thing to be considered if one is to obtain fertile eggs. Give ample feed and see that every hen has plenty, but see that she works hard for it.

The flesh of the guinea is white and tender and they are often served in city restaurants as game birds. There is money in poultry culture, as there is in gold ore, but either takes science and labor for its extraction. It is a difficult matter to keep lice and mites from attacking and multiplying on the sitting hen. These pests won't germinate and grow fat to wood and metal.

POULTRY NOTES

Never wash eggs. The hen must have a variety to lay well. Feed gives small returns when given to a lousy hen. The egg should be perfect in shape, with fresh, clean appearance. The feed is the first thing to be considered if one is to obtain fertile eggs. Give ample feed and see that every hen has plenty, but see that she works hard for it.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Songs of the Small Depositor



I used to cringe and cower at the window of the teller And wish the floor would open and would drop me to the cellar; I handed him my money and I thanked him for his kindness, He looked at me as blankly as though struck by sudden blindness.

But now I get the ear Of the genial cashier, And a nod and smile is coming from the stately president, While the teller speaks my name As though I were known to fame And in bows of cordial welcome all the once stiff spines are bent.

I used to creep in softly to deposit fifteen dollars And hope they wouldn't notice I was wearing paper collars, The teller took my money—and I knew he did a favor, And I shuffled out as humbly as the rudest misbehavior.

But now they bow and smile As they count my little pile, And they murmur that I'm helping to rejuvenate the land, And the stately president With respect and gladness blent Asks about my wife and children while he shakes me by the hand.

I used to fear the teller and his big and heavy glasses Through which he stared a stare as cold as snow-filled mountain passes, But now he makes me linger and narrate the latest story And he tells me that I represent the nation's pride and glory.

O, now I have the ear Of the smiling-faced cashier, And by fingers know the gripping of the stately president, While the teller bows to me Just as nice as nice can be As he counts each dime and dollar and each nickel and each cent.

SHE IS TAKING RISKS.



Townson—Is your daughter a finished musician? Yorkrode—Not yet, but the neighbors are making threats.

Thoughts on Advice. Advice is cheap. Indeed it is. To those in all positions Except the folks who get it from Their lawyers or physicians.

A Helpful Hint. Ima Going writes: "Will you please tell me how to raise the window of a railway car?"

It all depends, Ima. It all depends. A lady never raises a window on a train. She simply looks helpless and then some fool man comes and smiles graciously and takes hold of the little catch at the bottom of the sash and pulls and tugs and sweats and hunches and says things to himself and finally excuses himself and goes into the smoker.

The best way to raise it is to pour a pint of nitroglycerin under it and then hit the nitroglycerin with a hammer. This takes you up with the window, but you may enjoy the trip.

Discriminating Analysis. "You have had a great many epochs in your career," observed the Devoted Supporter to the Perpetual Candidate.

"Yes, indeed," replied the latter "Yes, indeed. Sometimes I feel that I have had more epochs than career."

An Invention's Finish. Riggs—Once I had a great idea in the shape of a dynamite bomb. Jiggs—And what became of it? Riggs—Oh, the idea was exploded long ago.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.