

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

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

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

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



WHOOPEDE LIKE AN INDIAN.

—here is the point—the hermits (for there were already more than one) had foreseen the danger and carefully concealed the sacrificial vessels. These vessels were of monstrous value, Jean-Marie—monstrous value—priceless, we may say; exquisitely worked, of exquisite material. And now, mark me, they have never been found. In the reign of Louis Quatorze some fellows were digging hard by the ruins. Suddenly—lock!—the spade hit upon an obstacle. Imagine the men looking one to another; imagine how their hearts bounded, how their color came and went. It was a coffer, and in Franchard the place of buried treasure! They tore it open like famished beasts. Alas! it was not the treasure; only some priestly robes, which, at the touch of the eating air, fell upon themselves and instantly wasted into dust. The perspiration of these good fellows turned cold upon them, Jean-Marie. I will pledge my reputation, if there was anything like a cutting wind, one or other had a pneumonia for his trouble."
"I should like to have seen them turning into dust," said Jean-Marie. "Otherwise, I should not have cared so greatly."
"You have no imagination," cried the Doctor. "Picture yourself the scene. Dwell on the idea—a great treasure lying in the earth for centuries; the material for a giddy, copious, opulent existence not employed; dresses and exquisite pictures unseen; the swiftest galloping horses not stirring a hoof, arrested by a spell; women with the beautiful faculty of smiles,

feet. It was a strange sound, thin and brief; it fell dead, and silence returned as though it had never been interrupted. He had not recognized the Doctor's voice; but, as there was no one else in all the valley, it was plainly the Doctor who had given utterance to the sound. He looked right and left, and there was Desprez standing in a niche between two bowlders, and looking round on his adopted son with a countenance as white as paper.
"A viper!" cried Jean-Marie, running toward him. "A viper! You are bitten!"
The Doctor came down heavily out of the cleft, and advanced in silence to meet the boy, whom he took roughly by the shoulder.
"I have found it," he said, with a gasp.
"A plant?" asked Jean-Marie.
Desprez had a fit of unnatural gayerly, which the rocks took up and mimicked. "A plant!" he repeated scornfully.
"Well—yes—a plant. And here," he added suddenly, showing his right hand, which he had hitherto concealed behind his back—"here is one of the bulbs."
Jean-Marie saw a dirty platter, coated with earth.
"That?" said he. "It is a plate!"
"It is a coach and horses," cried the Doctor. "Boy," he continued, growing warmer, "I plucked away a great pad of moss from between these bowlders, and disclosed a crevice; and when I looked in, what do you suppose I saw? I saw a house in Paris with a court and garden, I saw my wife shining with diamonds, I saw myself a deputy,

I saw you—well, I—I saw your future," he concluded, rather feebly. "I have just discovered America," he added.
"But what is it?" asked the boy.
"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the Doctor; and, throwing his brown straw hat upon the ground, he whooped like an Indian and sprang upon Jean-Marie, whom he suffocated with embraces and bedewed with tears. Then he flung himself down among the heather and once more laughed until the valley rang.
But the boy had now an interest of his own boy's interest. No sooner was he released from the Doctor's accolade than he ran to the bowlders, sprang into the niche, and, thrusting his hand into the crevice, drew forth one after another, incrustated with the earth of ages, the flacons, candlesticks, and patens of the hermitage of Franchard. A casket came last, tightly shut and very heavy.
"Oh, what fun!" he cried.
But when he looked back at the Doctor, who had followed close behind and was silently observing, the words died from his lips. Desprez was once more the color of ashes; his lips worked and trembled; a sort of bestial greed possessed him.
"This is childish," he said. "We lose precious time. Back to the inn, harness the trap, and bring it to you bank. Run for your life, and remember—not one whisper. I stay here to watch."
Jean-Marie did as he was bid, though not without surprise. The noddy was brought round to the spot indicated; and the two gradually transported the treasure from its place of concealment to the boat below the driving seat. Once it was all stored the Doctor recovered his gaiety.
"I pay my grateful duties to the genius of this dell," he said. "Oh, for a live coal, a heifer, and a jar of country wine! I am in the vein for sacrifice, for a superb libation. Well, and why not? We are at Franchard. English pale ale is to be had—not classical, indeed, but excellent. Boy, we shall drink ale."
"But I thought it was so unwholesome," said Jean-Marie, "and very dear besides."
"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the Doctor gayly. "The inn!"
And he stepped into the noddy, tossing his head, with an elastic, youthful air. The horse was turned, and in a few seconds they drew up beside the piling of the inn garden.
"Here," said Desprez—"here, near the stable, so that we may keep an eye upon things."
They tied the horse, and entered the garden, the Doctor singing, now in fantastic high notes, now producing deep reverberations from his chest. He took a seat, rapped loudly on the table, assailed the waiter with witticisms; and when the bottle of Bass was at length produced, far more charged with gas than the most delirious champagne, he filled out a long glassful of froth and pushed it over to Jean-Marie. "Drink," he said; "drink deep."
"I would rather not," faltered the boy, true to his training.
"What?" thundered Desprez.
"I am afraid of it," said Jean-Marie; "my stomach."
"Take it or leave it!" interrupted Desprez fiercely; "but understand it once for all—there is nothing so contemptible as precision."
Here was a new lesson! The boy sat bemused, looking at the glass but not tasting it, while the Doctor emptied and refilled his own.
"Once in a way," he said at last, by way of a concession to the boy's more rigorous attitude, "once in a way, and at so critical a moment, this ale is a nectar for the gods. The habit, indeed, is debasing; wine, the juice of the grape, is the true drink of the Frenchman, as I have often had occasion to point out; and I do not know that I can blame you for refusing this outlandish stimulant. You can have some wine and cakes. Is the bottle empty? Well, we will not be proud; we will have pity on your glass."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Precious Volume.
The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was then believed to be an original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 277 B. C., careful copies of the Hebrew text having been prepared at that date for the use of seventy translators. The offer to Julius was 20,000 pounds, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of \$680,000. Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money to maintain the Holy League which the pope had organized against France, but in spite of this lack of funds he declined the offer.

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

Metallic Finished Cambric.
Metallic-finished cambric, which has all the gloss of a real satin, is a new lining for thin dresses. It comes in all the pretty colors, costs only 35 cents a yard, and is fully a yard wide.

THE CUBAN POLICY.

"LEADER" BAILEY OBJECTS TO THE PRESIDENT'S PLANS.

Business Conditions Improve Notwithstanding Continued Heavy Imports—Free Silver Theories Exploded—Peru's Adoption of the Gold.

Washington, May, 1897.—(Special correspondence)—The knowledge that citizens of this country were suffering and in want of food and shelter brought instantly from President McKinley a message recommending an appropriation of \$50,000 for their benefit. It is understood that the President is only awaiting for more detailed information, from special representatives whom he has sent to Cuba, before taking equally vigorous action in regard to other matters there. When it is remembered that the first three weeks of McKinley's administration witnessed the release of practically all the Americans who were in Cuban prisons on the 4th day of March, and that his action for the relief of those who were suffering for want of food was equally prompt, the contrast between his actions and those of President Cleveland is strongly marked. When it is remembered, also, that the objection of a Democratic "leader" prevented the prompt passage of the relief bill in the house, the contrast between Republican and Democratic methods is still more sharply outlined.

Republican vs. Democratic Methods.

The President, who learned only a few days ago from his representatives in Cuba that American citizens there are suffering for food, shelter and clothing, sent to congress on Monday a message pointing out this fact, and asking an immediate appropriation. A resolution making this appropriation was offered in the senate by a Republican as soon as the reading of the message, and passed by a unanimous vote. A similar resolution was offered in the house by Mr. Hitt, a Republican, as soon as the reading of the message was finished, but its immediate consideration was objected to by Congressman Bailey, an alleged leader of the Democratic party of the house. That any man representing only his own congressional district or himself individually could have thrown himself between 800 suffering American citizens and relief freely offered by the government of the United States seems incredible, but that a man professing to speak for a great party could have done so is even more astounding. But it is a fact, nevertheless, and Mr. Bailey was successful in preventing the passage of the measure for at least three days.

Why? Upon the alleged ground that he wanted to couple with it legislation recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans. In point of fact, it was a political trick to try to restore himself in the graces of the Democracy, which had been accusing him of subservience to Speaker Reed and his methods. Mr. Bailey was willing to stand between 800 suffering and starving American citizens and relief for an indefinite length of time for the sake of again making himself solid with the Democracy. He knew that the house representatives would not pass a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans in the short space of time that it was necessary to pass the relief resolution. The senate has been debating that kind of a resolution for not only days, but weeks and months. So his demand that the resolution of the recognition of belligerency should be coupled with that of appropriating money for immediate relief was not only unnecessary but unreasonable, and sure to cause delay to the relief measure. Yet since it would attract attention to Mr. Bailey, and possibly reingratiate him in the regard of the Democracy, hundreds of American citizens can starve while Mr. Bailey thus masquerades.

Foreign Goods Still Coming In.

The importers who are rushing goods into the country have the double purpose of making an extra profit by raising the price on them when the Dingley bill goes into effect and putting the law into disrepute by making its receipts light during the first year. The importations in April were the largest recorded in the recent commercial history of the United States. They amounted to \$101,305,131, or nearly double those of April, 1896. The rate at which importations have increased since importers became aware that a protective tariff bill would be soon adopted is indicated by the following figures, which show the value of imports since the month in which McKinley was elected.

IMPORTATIONS.

November, 1896, \$50,043,288; December, 1896, \$58,960,660; January, 1897, \$51,354,916; February, 1897, \$50,237,377; March, 1897, \$76,344,946; April, 1897, \$101,305,131.

Yet in the face of this showing comes the recent announcement by a leading commercial agency that the sales of goods in April were within a small fraction of the amount in the most prosperous business year which the country has seen for a long time. That there is a genuine revival in business activity is apparent, not alone from this announcement, but from the statements of the press, irrespective of party, in every section of the country.

Money Circulates.

An interest rate of three and a half per cent is very low; yet a railroad company which put a hundred million dollars of bonds upon the market recently at that rate of interest had no difficulty in finding capital to accept them. The people who are industriously insisting that the United States should have more money find it dif-

cult to hold this position when such quantities of money are seeking investment at so low an interest rate.

Free Silver Theories Fanciful.

Some of the assertions of the silver orators of the last campaign read curiously now. For instance, that one in which they insisted that farm products and silver kept pace in rise and fall is especially amusing, in view of the fact that farm products have steadily risen in value in the past eight months, while silver has gone in the other direction. Silver has, in the last few weeks, reached the lowest point in its history, while wheat in that same time has reached a selling price double that which existed at the very time that these arguments were being most vigorously presented. The Kansas Populists are reported in a state of distress over the condition of the country. Prosperity has set in in that state without the adoption of the free coinage of silver or any other of their numerous nostrums of this character. Prices of cattle, hogs, wheat, corn and farm products of all kinds have advanced and there are more signs of activity and prosperity following the rejection of the free coinage of silver than the state has seen for many years.

These disgusted gentry are now making bon-fires of their recent campaign speeches in which they insisted that the low farm prices in this country were due to the treatment which silver had received. The country rejected their proposition for the free and unlimited coinage of silver and simultaneously with that action prices of farm products began to rise and have steadily advanced, while silver has steadily gone in the other direction.

Peru's Action a Blow to Silverites.

Little Peru is just now the subject of a good deal of attention from all parts of the world by reason of the fact that on May 10 her new currency system went into effect. This system creates the gold standard and prohibits the importation of silver coin, the purpose of this prohibition being to maintain the standing and nominal value of the silver coin already in the country. Commenting upon this action by Peru, the *Macon Telegraph*, a Democratic paper, says: "The statesmen of Little Peru are wiser than the new breed of our own country, who spring from the mining camps of the west."
G. H. WILLIAMS.

The World's Gold Output.

The Engineering and Mining Journal, an excellent unofficial authority, represents that the world's production of gold for the year 1896 exceeded that of the previous year by nearly \$17,500,000, while it was fully \$43,500,000 greater than that of 1894. In this estimate the production by countries was as follows:

	1896.	1895.
United States..	\$7,000,000	\$4,830,000
Africa	45,250,000	44,545,000
Australia	43,710,000	42,795,000
Russia	31,600,000	31,780,000
Mexico	6,990,000	5,600,000
India	6,000,000	4,500,000
China	5,170,000	4,650,000
Colombia	3,100,000	3,185,000
Brazil	2,480,000	2,230,000
Germany	2,390,000	2,255,000
Guiana (Br'sh)	2,185,000	2,170,000
Guiana (Fr'ch)	1,875,000	1,865,000
Australia (N'y)	1,870,000	1,830,000
Other countries	8,920,000	6,779,000
Total	\$218,500,000	\$201,105,000

The estimate for the United States by the director of the mint falls short of the figures given in this table by the large margin \$5,500,000, but it is believed by experts that the grand total for '96, when made up from full and accurate information, will come very near to \$220,000,000. Attention is called to the alleged and generally admitted fact that the production of gold last year was largely in excess of the value of both gold and silver produced in all countries in any year prior to 1873—the year of "the crime." As late as 1888 the total production of gold was only half that of '96.

Peru Deserts Silver.

The state department at Washington has received official information of the suspension of silver coinage in Peru. The decree putting into effect the new system of coinage in that country tells the same old story. The fluctuation of exchange arising in the constant depression of silver has forced the government, as a measure of protection, to suspend the coinage of national silver money, and the white metal thus drops to an ordinary article of commerce. This is the history of silver the world over, and the action of the Peruvian government will occasion no surprise. But it will cause dismay in the ranks of the silverites, who thus lose another of their bright and shining examples. One after another all the nations of the world, great and small, which still cling to silver coinage, are responding to the natural tendency of the times, and relegating silver to its proper position in the exchanges of the world. The advocates of bimetalism will find little consolation in the action of Peru, and the free silverites none at all; yet neither can make any complaint, for it is based solely upon universal trade conditions, which are beyond the control of any man, body of men or nation, and here, after all, lies the key to the entire financial question.—Philadelphia North American.

The ordinary American fox skins to the amount of seventy or ninety thousand are annually sold in London at prices varying from fifty cents to \$4. These skins are great favorites in eastern countries, such as Turkey, Greece, Russia and Bulgaria.

Protection Takes Long Strides.

The most significant sign of the times in the political world is the revolution now going on in the South, its awakening to the loss it has suffered from the Democratic "tariff for revenue only" system, and its rapid conversion to the Republican doctrine of protection. That this change is now going on is beyond dispute, and is proved by the utterances of dozens of Democratic newspapers in every Southern state. Some of them, to be sure, are grudging in their admissions that the Southern people are becoming advocates of protection, but that very effort to belittle the movement only goes to prove the strength it has already attained.

The Times of Canton, Miss., published in a section that has no coal, iron or manufacturing interests, comes boldly out with the following statement:

It is plainly evident to the intelligent and watchful observer of passing events that the time is not far distant when the material interest of the South will in all probability work a revolution in sentiment on the tariff question. Protection is now sought from Egyptian long-staple imported into this country, and rightly so. The sugar interests and various other interests will seek protection. The laboring people will want it from the pauper labor of Europe—like the labor element North. The recent election was carried by the laboring people of the North, not by being bought up or intimidated by employers, but from a sensible and well-defined idea of protection. The political complexion of the South cannot long remain as it is now; negro domination and force bills are things of the past. We are in a state of transition, both financially and politically.

A Democratic Newspaper of New Orleans Says:

Suitable protection on sugar for ten years will, in all probability, enable us to produce our own supplies of sugar, and save that large outlay of cash annually given to foreigners for that purpose.

This is from the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch:

Well, it does look a little inconsistent, from a political point of view, for cotton planters to be asking for protection. But since pretty much everything else is to be protected, and free Egyptian long-staple cotton would put the Sea Island cotton raisers at the mercy of the New England cotton manufacturers, it would be inconsistent with common sense for the Sea Island planters not to try to protect themselves.

One of the strongest admissions that the Wilson bill has hurt the South is from a Vicksburg, Miss., paper, and reads:

The discovery that for every dollar's worth of trade our lumber manufacturers have gained abroad they have lost three dollars' worth at home is a stubborn, conclusive fact that Wilsonism is not the thing for Mississippi's lumber interests.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Currency Reform.

The first need of the government is for revenue sufficient to meet its expenses. The Republicans propose to meet that need by passing a bill to increase revenues. The Republicans believe, too, that a protective measure, which will encourage American industries, will help to restore prosperity. They propose to pass such a measure. The Dingley bill, even as modified by the senate, is a bill for protection and revenue.

When the government has plenty of revenue it can correct the deficiencies in its currency system. The best elements of the Democrats, who honestly want currency reform, must admit that they cannot get as many as a half dozen of their party in congress to agree to retiring greenbacks, which is the only measure of currency reform they suggest.

The way to get rid of greenbacks, and all the other floating obligations of the government, is to provide plenty of revenue, and put the people of the country at work.—Louisville Commercial.

Pancake Day.

The day preceding the opening of the Lenten season is Shrove Tuesday, deriving its name from the ancient practice in the church of Rome of confessing sins and being shrived or shroved—that is, obtaining absolution. This is a season of mirth and amusement. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne the great bell of St. Nicholas is tolled at 12 o'clock at noon, when all business ceases; this is known as "the ringing of the pancake bell," and all day pancakes are baked and devoured. In the time of Elizabeth it was a practice at Eton for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow—the ancient equivalent for the knocker—upon the school door. The object of the pancakes was really to use up the eggs, grease, lard and drippings, which were forbidden on and after Ash Wednesday, and in the monasteries such pancakes as the monks were unable to eat were distributed to the poor at the gates. Another good reason for this custom is that they proved a tolerable stay to the appetite during the long hours of waiting to be "shrived" in church.—American Kitchen Magazine.

A Dead Bicycle.

A man in Lewiston, Me., whose bicycles are taxed, refused to pay a tax on his bicycle because it is worn out and useless. He demands to know of the assessors whether they could tax a man for a dead horse. If not, he wishes to know why he should pay for a dead bicycle, with a punctured wheel.—New York Tribune.