

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER X.

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

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

"To Fontainebleau?" repeated Jean-Marie.

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

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

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

"Yes," said the boy.

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

CHAPTER XI.

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

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

The sun was very low when they set forth again; the shadows of the forest trees extended across the broad white road that led them home; the pene-

trating odor of the evening wood had already arisen, like a cloud of incense, from that broad field of tree-tops; and even in the streets of the town, where the air had been baked all day between white walls, it came in whiffs and pulses, like a distant music. Half-way home, the last gold flicker vanished from a great oak upon the left; and when they came forth beyond the borders of the wood, the plain was already sunken in pearly grayness, and a great, pale moon came swinging skyward through the filmy poplars.

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

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

"Ours in this sense, that they are nobody else's," replied the doctor. "But the state would have some claim. If they were stolen, for instance, we should be unable to demand their restitution; we should have no title; we should be unable even to communicate with the police. Such is the monstrous condition of the law." It is a mere in-

"Let it be so, for my tale! stance of what remains to be done, of the injustices that may yet be righted by an ardent, active, and philosophical deputy."

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

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

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

"She has gone to Montreuil to see her parents," said Madame.

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

"Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

HE doctor was everywhere, a little doubtful on his legs, perhaps, and now and then taking the wall with his shoulder; for it was long since he had tasted absinthe, and he was then reflecting that the absinthe had been a misconception. Not that he regretted excess on such a glorious day, but he made a mental memorandum to beware; he must not, a second time, become the victim of a deleterious hab-

it. He had his wine out of the cellar in a twinkling; he arranged the sacrificial vessels, some on the white tablecloth, some on the sideboard, still crusted with historic earth. He was in and out of the kitchen, plying Anastasia with vermouth, heating her with glimpses of the future, estimating their new wealth at ever larger figures; and before they sat down to supper, the lady's virtue had melted in the fire of his enthusiasm, her timidity had disappeared; she, too, had begun to speak disparagingly of the life at Gretz; and as she took her place and helped the soup, her eyes shone with the glitter of prospective diamonds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO MOLT SNOW.

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

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

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

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

MR. BRYAN AGAIN.

HE IS TO CONTINUE HIS "EDUCATING" WORK.

The Tariff Bill Being Pushed Rapidly Ahead—Republican Senators Working Together—Democrats Disappointed. Some Want Free Trade Some Protection.

(Washington Letter.)

Special correspondence.—The proposition to utilize Mr. Bryan as a campaign orator in sundry states and cities in the approaching campaign is the occasion of considerable comment here. Mr. Bryan visited twenty-eight states as a campaign orator during the recent presidential campaign and succeeded in carrying six of them, five of these six having from time immemorial been Democratic states. In all the large cities visited by him the Republican vote was enormous and nearly every one of them was carried by the Republicans. In thirty-five large cities of the United States, which in 1892 gave 162 thousand Democratic plurality, the Republican plurality in 1896 was 464 thousand and most of these cities were visited by Mr. Bryan during the campaign.

Pushing the Tariff.

There have been some interesting developments in Washington during the present week and some especially significant in their character. The Republican senators have shown their determination to push the tariff bill with all possible speed while the Democratic senators have shown themselves entirely at sea in the matter of policy upon this important question. Both parties have held caucuses to determine their action in regard to the tariff bill and the contrast between the developments of the two conferences was strongly marked. The Democrats found themselves entirely at sea, unable to agree upon any course with reference to the important features of the bill while the Republicans emerged from their caucus a thoroughly united body determined to present a solid front to the enemy whom they know to be in control of the senate.

That the senate of the United States is not a Republican body, everybody knows. That the ability of the Republicans to pass a tariff bill depends upon the strength of the protective sentiment among the Democrats and Populists is conceded. The Republicans are in the minority in the senate. To pass the tariff bill they must either have the active open support of one or more Democrats or one or more members of the Democratic and Populist parties must omit to vote against it. There is reason to believe that the bill will receive the support of at least one Democrat and probably two Populists, if Senator Kyle is to be classed as a Populist. He is put down in the Congressional Directory as an Independent. Senator Jones, of Nevada, who has been classed as a Populist for the past two or three years, will, it is understood, support the bill and it is probable that Senator Kyle will do so or at least not vote against it. Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, Democrat, has indicated clearly his intention to support a protective tariff.

It is under these circumstances that the Republican minority in the senate enter upon the desperate struggle to pass their bill. They have, as above indicated, the advantage of presenting a solid front in support of the bill while the other parties are not able to solidify themselves upon any feature of the measure. Their caucus showed that upon the numerous questions at issue not only were they not united but that they could not unite. The Republicans on the other hand in their caucus determined to put aside personal preferences in regard to the various items of the bill, each man submitting his proposed amendments to the finance committee, and afterward, if necessary, to the caucus committee upon this subject. They further agreed, much as they might desire to enter upon a general discussion of the tariff, to forego that undertaking for the sake of economy of time, and to press at every turn for active energetic work upon the schedules of the bill with the purpose of getting final action upon it at the earliest possible moment. Not a speech, aside from the explanation which Senator Aldrich offered in the opening day of the debate, is to be made by the Republicans, other than the brief responses made necessary in reply to the attacks which it is expected that the Democrats will make upon the schedules of the bill as the discussion progresses. Thus the public may understand that if there is delay in the passage of the bill through the senate, the responsibility will rest with the Democratic party. If the Republicans could control the action of the senate, the bill would be passed through that body within a fortnight and be upon the statute books certainly by the end of the fiscal year. If they cannot, the fault will be with the Democrats.

If the Republicans are able to carry out their program, the first four months of President McKinley's administration will witness a heretofore unheard of occurrence in the history of the country, the meeting of a congress within fifteen days of the inauguration of a new president, the framing of a great tariff bill and passage through the house, its consideration by the senate and conference committee and enactment into a law—all within four months. If this fails to happen the public will understand that the failure is because of delay offered by Democrats, who recognize the fact that every day's delay is a postponement of business activity and prosperity, and that by this process only are they able to create the dissatisfaction which they

hope may result to their advantage in the coming elections.

Retaliation Talk.

Much is heard now of the retaliatory measures about to be adopted by certain countries in cases where the new tariff law will affect their merchants adversely.

"Retaliation," as against the tariff law of another nation, might be a good thing if it could stop there. But there is such a thing as retaliation against retaliation. Those foreign countries which are talking about retaliation against our tariff law will think several times before they deliberately cut off their markets with the United States which they now have. For instance: The Argentine Republic which is talking so loudly about retaliation, will discover when it comes to look into the case that it sold us last year twice as much of the productions of its people as it bought from the United States, Austria-Hungary sold us three times as much as her people bought from the United States and Japan sold to this country more than three times as much as our own people sold in her markets. When the authorities of those countries recognize the fact that they will, by retaliation, lose a market two or three times as valuable as the one which they propose to take away from the United States, they will abandon the idea.

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Tillman on President McKinley.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean: A Democratic exchange reports a call made by Senator Tillman of South Carolina upon President McKinley. It was purely social. It does not appear that the senator had any favors to ask, or any points of policy to urge. He simply wanted to get better acquainted with the president of the United States. The idea was certainly a good one, and it would be well if it were adopted generally. Personal acquaintance is a great factor in greasing the wheels and chalking the bands alike in business and public affairs. Grover Cleveland made a great mistake in discouraging, wittingly or unwittingly, the cultivation of personal friendships, and that, too, when he especially needed such friendships. President McKinley knew personally and was on terms of pleasant personal friendship with a large proportion of congressmen and senators of both parties. In this respect he probably had an advantage over any president since Van Buren. President Cleveland, on the other hand, had an exceptionally small acquaintance with public men. Senator Tillman is a unique figure in politics, but his career only began eleven years ago. Prior to 1886 he was a plain farmer, not a planter, but a farmer, with no thought, apparently, of a political career. His term in the senate began two years ago, and will end with the close of this administration. Here is what our Democratic exchange reports the senator as saying about his visit:

"My call on Mr. McKinley was entirely social in its nature, and was made by me for the purpose of getting better acquainted with the president. Our conversation was such a one as any two men in public life would have, the questions of the day being touched on only in the most general way, and no attempt being made by either party to introduce questions on which we knew we differed. I was much impressed with Mr. McKinley and told him that, no matter what his politics were, he had the advantage of coming into the white house with the cleanest personal record of any president for the last twenty-five years. I am sure of the fact that the present executive is an honest man, heart and soul, and that, no matter what the influences are that surround him, it will not be his fault if he does not give an honest administration, according to the teachings of his party."

There is no man at Washington more given to harsh and rasping criticism than Senator Tillman. This peculiarity has earned for him the name "Pitchfork Tillman," and when he has only words of praise for President McKinley it means a great deal. He has a very large following throughout the south. The rural whites, no longer content to be political nonentities, are asserting themselves in all that region, and Benjamin R. Tillman is their leader. His favorable report of the Republican president will do much to soften the asperities of sectionalism.

Mr. Bryan Scheduled.

William J. Bryan has accepted an invitation to make an address in Union Square, New York, on September 6, Labor day.

The active campaign for the control of the city of New York will then have been begun, and politics will be sizzling if not roaring in the heat of the early fall. If the silver question has received attention at the hands of the Democratic managers, that its importance demands, then Mr. Bryan's presence will add to the hilarity of the occasion and the silver cause, like the soul of John Brown, will go marching on.

If, on the contrary—and this is a fateful thought—the Democratic managers, with premeditation and malice prepense, have artfully and insidiously and with deliberate purpose, sought to ignore, sidetrack or otherwise obscure and make insignificant and inconsequential, the great silver question, then the presence of Mr. Bryan in New York on Labor day will be as a ton of dynamite exploded under the Tammany wigwag: as a stream of burning oil poured upon the shattered Democratic hulk; as the roaring of a pack of Bengal tigers—if those beasts ever went in packs, which they do not—in the mewing of a pulling kitten.

In fact, the presence of Mr. Bryan in New York on that interesting occasion will add immeasurably to the gaiety of politics, if not to the joyfulness of the nations.—Albany Journal.

Where is "Free Silver" Now?

The former free silver journals themselves furnish ample proof of the collapse of the "bimetallism" movement. No better commentary on the change in public opinion which has taken place in the western states could be desired than the information furnished in the following article from the Oregonian, of Portland, Ore. It says:

"The dreadful financial cataclysm that were to engulf Colorado, along with the rest of the world, in case Bryan was defeated, do not seem to be materializing, if one may judge from the Denver Times, one of the most rueful of anti-election prophets. Speaking for the state, it says: 'Colorado boldly challenges any state in the union to make a race with her this spring in the matter of general activity.' Then follows a long summary of new and prospering enterprises. Even money matters are buoyant. 'Credits are being settled rapidly,' says the Times. 'In the larger cities of the state. Collections are an even 50 per cent better than they were one year ago. Easter sales in all stores were better than they had been since April, 1893. Bank deposits have increased from 5 to 15 per cent, and bank clearings for the current week advanced 14 per cent over last year.' This is a melancholy prospect for a free silver paper to confront, in the face of the awful havoc still being wrought by the gold standard."

Of all the free silver states in the last national campaign, Colorado was the most rampant and uncompromising, and of all the advocates of free silver the Denver Times was perhaps the most vindictive and threatening. It predicted that if the cause it espoused was lost, ruin would clutch the state. Yet now that same newspaper is proudly boasting of Colorado's increased prosperity, of the better collections, the greater bank deposits and the larger volume of business which is being transacted. It even challenges any other state to show a degree of commercial activity equal to that now being displayed by Colorado.

Such testimony as this, which is to be found in scores of journals that once advocated free coinage, is the worst blow which silver-at-16-to-1 could possibly suffer. It knocks the last props from under the movement and leaves it an absolute and hopeless wreck.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The President and Cuba.

Those who were expecting a sensational message from President McKinley on the Cuban situation will be much disappointed. But they should remember that the main object in view is the relief of suffering American citizens in the war-harried island. This can be done in no way but two. First, with the consent and co-operation of the Spanish authorities, or second, in face of their opposition. If the President had recommended the recognition of Cuban belligerency, and if congress should have followed his advice, the Spaniards, though they could not rightfully have regarded recognition as a hostile act, could, and probably would, have refused to allow us to communicate with the interior of the island; and if they saw fit, to establish an effective blockade, it would be the duty of the United States to recognize and respect it.

We think that President McKinley has acted with great wisdom in limiting his recommendations to the subject immediately before the country. The senate is entitled to credit for adopting a resolution in accordance with the suggestions of the President. If the Democrats of the house under the leadership of young Mr. Bailey think that they can make political capital by trying to force the recognition of the insurgents as belligerents at this time even at the cost of defeating the senate resolution, they will find that they have mistaken the temper of the people of the United States. The two subjects are in nowise connected, and they ought not to be connected. President McKinley is clearly right, and he should be loyally sustained.—Indianapolis News.

The Nicaragua Canal.

Evidences have been given in many of the recent dispatches from Washington that the project for constructing the Nicaragua canal will soon come to the front again in congress and will be supported by the whole force of the administration. Secretary Sherman is known to be favorable to the enterprise and there is every reason to believe that President McKinley desires to make its accomplishment one of the prominent features of his term of office. The importance of the canal is such that every particle of news affecting it is a matter of general interest. For that reason there will be close attention given to the subject, now that it is about to reappear as a practical issue before congress. While the subject has been long under discussion, it has never become threadbare, because every one who favors it fully recognizes the strength of the opposition and knows that unless its supporters are incessantly active it can never be accomplished. The news from Washington will, therefore, revive the agitation on the subject all over the country and strengthen the energies of the friends of the measure by increasing their hope of speedy success.—San Francisco Call.

Telephone Service for Farms.

Farmhouses in Carroll county, Maryland, are supplied with a telephone service at \$15 a year, and it is said by those who have tried it that life in the country is made far more attractive when instant communication can be had with the family doctor, the post-office and village stores, to say nothing of an occasional chat with a distant friend. The cost of the service is more than returned in various ways.