

THE TREASURE

FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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CHAPTER V.

HE installation of the adopted stable-boy was thus happily effected, and the wheels of life continued to run smoothly in the Doctor's house. Jean-Marie did his horse and carriage duty in the morning; sometimes helped in the housework; sometimes walked abroad with the Doctor, to drink wisdom from the fountain-head; and was introduced at night to the sciences and the dead tongues. He retained his singular placidity of mind and manner; he was rarely in fault; but he made only a very partial progress in his studies, and remained much of a stranger in the family.

The Doctor was a pattern of regularity. All forenoon he worked on his great book, the "Comparative Pharmacopoeia, or Historical Dictionary of all Medicines," which as yet consisted principally of slips of paper and pins. When finished, it was to fill many personable volumes and to combine antiquarian interest with professional utility. But the Doctor was studious of literary graces and the picturesque; an anecdote, a touch of manners, a moral qualification, or a sounding epithet was sure to be preferred before a piece of science; a little more, and he would have written the "Comparative Pharmacopoeia" in verse! The article "Mumia," for instance, was already complete, though the remainder of the work had not progressed beyond the letter A. It was exceedingly copious and entertaining, written with quaintness and color, exact, erudite, a literary article; but it would hardly have afforded guidance to a practicing physician of to-day. The feminine good sense of his wife had led her to point this out with uncompromising sincerity; for the Dictionary was duly read aloud to her, betwixt sleep and waking, as it proceeded toward an infinitely distant completion; and the Doctor was a little sore on the subject of mummies, and sometimes resented an allusion with asperity.

After the midday meal and a proper period of digestion, he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie; for madam would have preferred any hardship rather than walk.

She was, as I have said, a very busy person, continually occupied about material comforts, and ready to drop asleep over a novel the instant she was disengaged. This was the less objectionable, as she never snored or grew distempered in complexion when she slept. On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease, and woke without a start to the perfect possession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established between them on the first night remained unbroken; they held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters; to the extreme disappointment of the Doctor, they occasionally sallied off together to that temple of debasing superstition, the village church; madam and he, both in their Sunday's best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases; and in short, although the Doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic, their relation was as intimate, friendly, and confidential as their natures suffered.

I fear, however, that in her heart of hearts, madam kindly despised and pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of virtues; she liked a smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, cap in hand, light of foot, meeting the eye; she liked volubility, charm, a little vice—the promise of a second Doctor Desprez. And it was her indefeasible belief that Jean-Marie was dull. "Poor dear boy," she had said once, "how sad it is that he should be so stupid!" She had never repeated that remark, for the Doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal business of her mind, bemoaning his own fate to be so unequally mated with an ass, and, what touched Anastasie more nearly, menacing the table china by the fury of his gesticulations. But she adhered silently to her opinion; and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, over his unfinished tasks, she would snatch her opportunity in the Doctor's absence, go over to him, put her arms about his neck, lay her cheek to his, and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind," she would say; "I, too, am not at all clever, and I can assure you that it makes no difference in life."

The Doctor's view was naturally different. That gentleman never worried of the sound of his own voice, which was to say the truth, agreeable enough to hear. He now had a listener, who was not so cynically indifferent as Anastasie, and who sometimes put him on his mettle by the most relevant objections. Besides, he was not educating the boy? And education, philosophers are agreed, is the most philosophical of duties. What can be more heavenly to poor mankind than to have one's hobby grow into a duty to the

State? Then, indeed, do the ways of life become ways of pleasantness. Never had the Doctor seen reason to be more content with his endowments. Philosophy flowed smoothly from his lips. He was so agile a dialectician that he could trace his nonsense, when challenged, back to some root in sense, and prove it to be a sort of flower upon his system. He slipped out of antimonies like a fish, and left his disciple marveling at the rabbit's depth. Moreover, deep down in his heart the Doctor was disappointed with the ill-success of his more formal education. A boy, chosen by so acute an observer for his aptitude, and guided along the path of learning by so philosophic an instructor, was bound, by the nature of the universe, to make a more obvious and lasting advance. Now Jean-Marie was slow in all things, impenetrable in others; and his power of forgetting was fully on a level with his power to learn. Therefore the Doctor cherished his peripatetic lectures, to which the boy attended, which he generally appeared to enjoy, and by which he often profited.

Many and many were the talks they had together; and health and moderation proved the subject of the Doctor's divagations. To these he lovingly returned.

"I lead you," he would say, "by the green pastures. My system, my beliefs, my medicines, are resumed in one phrase—to avoid excess. Blessed nature, healthy, temperate nature, abhors and exterminates excess. Human law, in this matter, imitates at a great distance her provisions; and we must strive to supplement the efforts of the law. Yes, boy, we must be a law to ourselves and for our neighbors—lex armata—armed, emphatic, tyrannous law. If you see a capricious human ruin snuffing, dash him from his box! The judge, though in a way an admission of disease, is less offensive to me than either the doctor or the priest. Above all the doctor—the doctor and the purulent trash and garbage of his pharmacopoeia! Pure air—from the neighborhood of a pinetum for the sake of the turpentine—unadulterated wine, and the reflections of an unsophisticated spirit in the presence of the works of nature—these, my boy, are the best medical appliances and the best religious comforts. Devote yourself to these. Hark! there are bells of Bourron (the wind is in the north, it will be fair). How clear and airy is the sound! The nerves are harmonized and quieted; the mind attuned to silence; and observe how easily and regularly beats the heart! Your unenlightened doctor would see nothing in these sensations; and yet you yourself perceive they are a part of health.—Did you remember your cinchona this morning? Good. Cinchona also is a work of nature; it is, after all, only the bark of a tree which we might gather for ourselves if we live in the locality.—What a world is this! Though a professed atheist, I delight to bear my testimony to the world. Look at the gratuitous remedies and pleasures that surround our path! The river runs by the garden end, our bath, our fishpond, our natural system of drainage. There is a well in the court which sends up sparkling water from the earth's very heart, clean, cool, and, with a little wine, most wholesome. The district is notorious for salubrité; rheumatism is the only prevalent complaint, and I myself have never had a touch of it. I tell you—and my opinion is based upon the coldest, clearest processes of reason—if I, if you, desired to leave this home of pleasures, it would be the duty, it would be the privilege, of our best friend to prevent us with a pistol bullet."

CHAPTER VI.

NE beautiful June day they sat upon the hill outside the village. The river, blue as heaven, shone here and there among the foliage. The indefatigable birds turned and flickered about Greta Church tower. A healthy wind blew from over the forest, and the sound of innumerable thousands of tree-tops and innumerable millions on millions of green leaves was abroad in the air, and filled the ear with something between whispered speech and stinging. It seemed as if every blade of grass must hide a signal; and the fields rang merrily with their music, jingling far and near as with the sleigh-bells of the fairy queen. From their station on the slope the eye embraced a large space of poplar plantations upon the one hand, the waving hilltops of the forest on the other, and Greta itself in the middle, a handful of roofs. Under the bestriding arch of the blue heavens, the place seemed dwindled to a toy. It seemed incredible that people dwelt, and could find room to turn or air to breathe, in such a corner of the world. The thought came home to the boy, perhaps for the first time, and he gave it words.

"How small it looks!" he sighed.

"Ay," replied the Doctor, "small enough now. Yet it was once a walled city; thriving, full of furred bourgeois and men in armor, humming with affairs—with tall spires, for aught that

I know, and portly towers along the battlements. A thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew-bell. There were gibbets at the gate as thick as scarecrows. In time of war, the assault swarmed against it with ladders, the arrows fell like leaves, the defenders sallied hotly over the drawbridge, each side uttered its cry as they plied their weapons. Do you know that the walls extended as far as the Commanderie? Tradition so reports. Alas, what a long way off is all this confusion—nothing left of it but my quiet words spoken in your ear—and the town itself shrunk to the hamlet underneath us? By-and-by came the English wars—you shall hear more of the English, a stupid people, who sometimes blundered into good—and Greta was taken, sacked, and burned. It is the history of many towns; but Greta never rose again; it was never rebuilt; its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals; and the stones of Greta are now erect along the streets of Nemours. It gratifies me that our old house was the first to rise after the calamity; when the town had come to an end, it inaugurated the hamlet."

"I, too, am glad of that," said Jean-Marie.

"It should be the temple of humbler virtues," responded the Doctor with a savory gusto. "Perhaps one of the reasons why I love my little hamlet as I do, is that we have a similar history, she and I. Have I told you that I was once rich?"

"I do not think so," answered Jean-Marie. "I do not think I should have forgotten. I am sorry you should have lost your fortune."

"Sorry?" cried the Doctor. "Why, I find I have scarce begun your education after all. Listen to me! Would you rather live in the old Greta or in the new, free from the alarms of war, with the green country at the door, without noise, passports, the exactions of the soldiery, or the jangle of the curfew-bell to send us off to bed by sundown?"

"I suppose I should prefer the new," replied the boy.

"Precisely," returned the Doctor; "so do I. And, in the same way, I prefer my present moderate fortune to my former wealth. Golden mediocrity! cried the adorable ancients; and I subscribe to their enthusiasm. Have I not good wine, good food, good air, the fields and the forest for my walk, a house, an admirable wife, a boy whom I protest I cherish like a son? Now, if I were still rich, I should indubitably make my residence in Paris—you know Paris—Paris and Paradise are not convertible terms. This pleasant noise of the wind streaming among leaves changed into the grinding Babel of the street, the stupid glare of plaster substituted for this quiet pattern of greens and grays, the nerves shattered, the digestion falsified—picture the fall! Already you perceive the consequences; the mind is stimulated, the heart steps to a different measure, and the man is himself no longer. I have passionately studied myself—the true business of philosophy. I know my character as the musician knows the ventages of his flute. Should I return to Paris, I should ruin myself gambling; nay, I go further—I should break the heart of my Anastasie with infidelities."

This was too much for Jean-Marie. That a place should so transform the most excellent of men transcended his belief. Paris, he protested, was even an agreeable place of residence. "Nor when I lived in that city did I feel much difference," he pleaded.

"What!" cried the Doctor. "Did you not steal when you were there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DUTCH JOHN'S QUEER REPORT

His Description of the Accident Was Certainly Unique.

After having his trunk smashed and some of his men killed by a collision with a wild train, says the Railroad Telegrapher, a German section foreman sent in the following unique report to the division superintendent:

"Ve demakin run mit der truck und sum spikes dot on Fairvell cross-in and we ask dot man vat make der nise mit der little clicker in der 'ouse vere der vres run in vat times der drain cums, and he says she cums purty soon, John, but you have time to get der truck down to der crossin and as we 'inks dat he bees talkin der druth ve makes der truck gone purty quick, but up der track cums der big puffer like der deuffil, und vile ve talked about vat ve do der truck goes up over der head of der puffer and der spikes und men go plunk in der ditch. Vone of der 'Tallian men lose his two legs and he be not strong enough ter valk ve put 'im in mit der luggage in der car vere he dies soon. Mike Doole go up mit de air and comes not down yet, und ve not find him easy, but dere bees noding for him to hit up dere ve dinks he cums down purty sune all right. Der growbars und nine shovels cum down so ve vaits here till Mike Doole cums down too. Yours, John Schneider."

Carry Toilet Cases.

Women who ride the bicycle in England sail forth in the summer time upon their longer excursions equipped for the fray with the sun. They do not carry parasols, but they carry complete toilet cases, in which there is a variety of powders and other things that are calculated to preserve the complexion. A tiny brush, a comb that soothes when it caresses, a puff, a tooth-brush, a manicure set, a little mirror, in fact, nearly every feminine appliance, on a diminutive scale, has its place.

A Beautiful Excursion.

Old Gen. Walter, I have found a hair in my ice cream. Walter—Impossible, sir; that ice cream was made with the best shaved ice.—New York World.

GOODS POURING IN.

THE WILSON TARIFF LAST DAYS OF SERVICE.

Enough Goods to Supply the Trade for a Year—Americans, However, Need Not Purchase Foreign Made Goods—Good for Farmers.

If anybody is in doubt as to the accuracy of the recent statement of Chairman Dingley that a year's supply of foreign goods will probably be in the warehouses of the country by the time the new tariff bill can get upon the statute books, let him examine the following figures showing the customs receipts since the election of McKinley and a protective congress. They are as follows: November, 1896, \$9,930,385; December, \$10,779,412; January, 1897, \$11,276,874; February, \$11,587,260; March, \$22,833,856; April, \$24,454,351. When it is remembered that these figures relate only to the dutiable goods and that there has been an especial rushing in of non-dutiable goods likely to be transferred to the dutiable list, it will be seen that the flood of importations now passing through the customs house of the country is something enormous. Foreign manufacturers and importers continue to rush their goods into the country in the face of the retrospective clause of the Dingley bill. The customs receipts in April were \$24,454,351, or two and a half times as much as those in the month in which McKinley and the protective congress were elected. This gives something of an idea of the enormous quantity of foreign goods being brought into the country. When it is remembered that these figures relate only to the dutiable goods and that all non-dutiable goods likely to go on the dutiable list under the new tariff are also being rushed in and in still greater numbers, the disadvantages under which the manufacturers of the country are now attempting to operate and must operate for many months, will be realized. Importations of foreign wools continue at every port of entry and from every wool producing country. In April Philadelphia received over eight million pounds in four weeks, New York over twenty-four million and Boston apparently over sixty-five million. People who criticize the proposition to place a duty on hides brought into the country will perhaps be interested in the fact that the value of hides imported since 1890 is in excess of the importations of wool upon which the vast majority of the people of this country agree that there should be a duty. The importation of hides from 1890 to 1896 inclusive, amounted in value to \$176,723,107 while the value of the wool imported in that time was \$138,362,844.

The Tariff Bill.

The tariff bill has been completed so far as relates to the senate finance committee and is now ready for consideration by the senate. How long it will be before that body cannot of course be foretold, but the outlook for a reasonable degree of speed in its consideration appears to be good, and there is good reason to believe that it will be upon the statute books by the end of the fiscal year. Members of both parties are recognizing the fact that nothing so disturbs the business conditions of the country, both among the manufacturers and others as the pendency of a tariff measure of any sort, because of the fact that business contracts and undertakings cannot be entered upon without definite knowledge as to what the prices of imported articles or the rates of duty will be. These facts are leading men irrespective of party to a desire for prompt action since they know that a business revival cannot be expected by anybody until the tariff can be put into operation and the immense stock of foreign goods now coming into the country disposed of and the market opened to our own manufacturers.

The Farmer and the Senate.

The farmer is likely to be well taken care of by that dignified body, the United States senate. The tariff bill, reported from the finance committee of that body, has added a duty of 1½ cents per pound on hides, increased the rate on wool of the third class, and cut out the clause in the house bill which exempted Hawaiian sugar from duties, thus reducing that competition with beet sugar. The duty put on hides, tea and other articles which were formerly on the free list will improve the opportunities for advantageous reciprocity treaties for which the senate will provide, and which will greatly benefit the farmer. It is believed the house rates on wools of the first and second class will be restored by the senate or conference committee.

Cheering News for Farmers.

The Department of Agriculture is receiving very gratifying reports from the farming community. The continuation of higher prices for wheat, the unusual foreign demand for corn and the activity among farmers in preparing to make an earnest experiment in the production of sugar beets, combine to make the conditions among that class of population unusually hopeful and encouraging. "Dollar wheat," for which farmers had scarcely dared to hope, was coincident with the incoming of McKinley, while the extraordinary demand for their corn adds to their general encouragement. Coupled with this comes the activity and interest felt in the experiments which are to be made in all parts of the country in the production of our own sugar, and it is apparent that the farming community is not only feeling the return of prosperity, but is occupying its

mind with cheerful thoughts and prospects rather than the gloomy ones which were a constant feature of the four years of the Cleveland administration.

Japan's Monetary Action.

The Japanese commission which has studied the conditions in Japan for the past eighteen months as affected by the silver standard has found that the average cost of eleven leading articles necessary to life in Japan has increased in the period between 1873 and 1894 no less than 62 per cent, while the wages in the country have increased but 33 per cent. In view of these conditions the commission recommended the abandonment of the silver standard, which recommendation was promptly and favorably acted upon by the government. "Miso" is the name of an article of food largely used in Japan. It is entirely of native production and therefore not subject to the increased cost through depreciation of silver currency which foreign articles of food would suffer, yet the Japanese commission which has been studying the silver question in Japan for eighteen months past, found that miso had increased 89 per cent in cost from 1873 to 1893, while the wages of the laboring people who use it had increased only 33 per cent, thus showing that they were the greatest sufferers under the depreciated currency.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

No Pledges Were Made.

In his stirring address before the Harlem Republican Club last night Senator Foraker sharply reminded the gold Democrats that the Republicans made no pledge in the last campaign to surrender their principles, and that these principles would be resolutely maintained by the McKinley administration. Not only was no such pledge, either expressed or implied, made at that time, but everywhere the doctrine of protection was zealously preached by Republicans, and nowhere more emphatically and repeatedly than from the porch of the McKinley homestead in Canton.

Gold Democrats understand this fully. During last summer and fall they were so fully aware of it that their organs loudly complained that Major McKinley "talked tariff too much," although those organs were advocating General Palmer for the Presidency. The truth is that hundreds of thousands of Democrats cast their ballots for Major McKinley, not only in spite of his well-known protection principles, but on account of them. They stood in as much fear of a continuation of a free trade tariff as in that of an inauguration of free silver coinage. It was in order to escape both evils that they voted for the Canton statesman.—Commercial Advertiser.

How Can We Expect Prosperity Yet?

The pledges of a speedy return to good times to glibly made by the spellbinders were repeatedly deprecated by the conservative, sober-minded element in the Republican party. It was well known that many of these promises were ridiculously extravagant. They never had any warrant in any of the utterances of Major McKinley in his "front porch" campaign. The Republican nominee declared that we could not hope for a return of the prosperity of 1892 until we had enacted legislation that would provide adequate encouragement to American industry, and that would yield enough revenue to prevent the recurrence of the treasury deficits. He repeated over and over again the admonition that we must not expect good times until the government was put upon a paying basis. He emphasized this as a prerequisite to the restoration of that business confidence which was destroyed by falling revenues and the constant raid on the gold reserve.

The government has not yet been placed upon a paying basis. Prosperity will not come until the new tariff measure has been upon the federal statute books long enough to inaugurate a revival of languishing industries and long enough to turn a bountiful tide of revenue into the government treasury.—Akron Journal.

Fixing the Responsibility.

It is announced that the Democrats and some of the Populists in the Senate propose to delay the enactment of a tariff bill as long as possible. Doubtless they will do so because they think that such a proceeding is good politics. They are laboring to create the impression that business is not improving under the present administration. In so doing they assume that the people are so ignorant that they will attribute what they may regard as a continuation of business depression to the Republican administration without any change in the tariff and other revenue laws. The Republican victory put an end to the uncertainty regarding the money question. As the result money has been cheap for those who can furnish good security, and thousands of industries have started up, giving larger employment to labor. This is true of the iron industry in all its branches. But the same tariff exists now that caused the business depression under the last administration. Industries employing thousands of people prior to the election of 1892 cannot be started up because it is impossible for them to remain and hold the American market. During the past few weeks the bonded warehouses have been crowded with foreign-made goods, which come into competition with those made in this country. As long as this condition exists the full return of prosperity cannot be expected.

If the Republicans in the Senate can have their way a tariff bill will become a law early in July which will afford ample revenue and a reasonable protection to American industries, giving many thousand people the opportunity

to earn wages who are now idle. If, by obstructive tactics in the Senate, the Democrats and their allies prevent the passage of such a bill they will be responsible for a continuation of the industrial depression which began when it became certain that the protective policy would be overthrown, which has continued with more or less severity since, and will continue until a better law shall take its place.—Indianapolis Journal.

Should Come with Us.

From the Chicago Times-Herald: There is much talk at the present moment about the future of the gold democracy and what action should hereafter be taken by those who last year rejected the Chicago platform because of its falseness to the principles of Jefferson. The question in the air is, what are right-thinking and patriotic democrats to do who last November joined with their lifelong political but honorable foes in saving the nation from national bankruptcy and dishonor? Undoubtedly many democrats are perplexed and hesitating, but reflection must show that but one course is open to them. As long as the Chicago platform exists as a menace to the good order of society and to the national integrity, and as long as the framers of that platform defiantly stand upon it and insist on carrying out its principles, so long must every patriot range himself to withstand and overthrow it. In other words, while the conditions of 1896 continue the duties of 1896 continue.

So thinking and believing, the gold democrats last fall rallied to the support of the republican party, as the liberal unionists in England rallied at an equally momentous time to the support of the conservative party. That alliance in England still continues and will continue until the question in which it originated is finally settled. So with us. The alliance between the gold democracy and the republican party should be maintained until the conjunct forces of populism and silverism are utterly overthrown. It is needless to say that the leaders of Bryanism and Altgeldism have not yet lost their courage, still look upon their defeat as transient, and exultantly proclaim their expectation of winning in the contest of 1898 or 1900. While this attitude is maintained there can be but one choice for sound money men. It is not too early to speak of these things, for the elections of 1898 will soon be here and upon their result the future may depend. In the event of the presidential election of 1900 being thrown into the house of representatives, as were those of 1860 and 1824, the congress elected in 1898 will elect the president, and a majority of states decides the election.

Here, then, is where the next great battle will be fought, in the elections for congress next year. The importance, therefore, of carrying a majority of the states for sound money cannot well be exaggerated.

Mr. Cleveland's Mistakes.

It was in 1893 that Mr. Cleveland, then President, called a special session of Congress to repeal the Sherman silver act, after he had won his nomination and election upon the tariff question. He then asserted that the Sherman silver act was the cause of the financial ills that had then overtaken the country. The Republicans in Congress, while not agreeing with that diagnosis of the case, assisted in the repeal, in fact made it possible. Yet the repeal of the Sherman silver act did not restore confidence or put the business of the country on a prosperity footing. The sword of free trade still hung over the country, and though the sword when it finally fell was found to be badly nicked with party perfidy and dishonor, still the fear of several months that a keen-edged sword was to drop upon the industries of America had served its purpose. The prophecy that the repeal of the Sherman silver act would restore prosperity—done at the dictation of Grover Cleveland and by means of patronage shamelessly wielded by him—did not come true. This fact gave the free silver cause a tremendous boost all over the country, and made it even possible in 1896 to obtain votes for a free silver candidate in every one of the Eastern states.

Cleveland and the Democrats.

"The ex-President remains firm in the conviction that the currency question is one of overshadowing interest and importance, and he proposes to rally his friends in the support of sound money principles," says the Philadelphia Ledger in discussing Cleveland's address to the Income Burners in the Reform Club.

But Cleveland did not tell us what is the matter with the currency. Nor can we get any clear idea of the trouble from any of the other quacks.—Commercial Advertiser.

If all the cranks in the universe were to give their undivided attention to the "currency question" for a twelve-month they could not help either the workmen or the nation. There can be no prosperity until we have a new tariff. That is the great and overshadowing question just now.

More Terrible.

She (reading the newspaper)—Isn't this terrible! Five hundred million birds were slaughtered last year to furnish feathers for women's hair. He—Yes—Yes; most of them were in front of me at the theater last night.—New York World.

Not Entirely Fairness.

Dentist—Did you give that man laughing gas? Assistant—Yes. Dentist—How long did the effect last? Assistant—Until he looked at the bill.—Town Topics.