

"Grandpa, grandpa," hissed my darling boy.
Then came the words, half inarticulate: "My children, it is paralysis. God bless—remember, Claud; it's there."
And his eyes were directed to the desk. There was a written sheet directed to me. I raised it from the desk. His eyes followed my hand.
"Yes, leave Chanson. I have seen a vision. Chanson will be swallowed up by the waters that surround it."
He made one effort to raise his feeble frame and sank deeper in the chair. A gasp, and Don Ignace had joined his ancestors. I bore my weeping wife and little Ignace from the room.
"Coreta, darling, we must bear up under this great bereavement."
"Oh, Claud! Claud! Now I have only you and our boy."
The written instrument left by the don was as follows:
DEAR CLAUD—When you have laid my remains in the vault, do not delay, but leave the island at once. If not, I tremble for your safety. Do not permit Coreta to visit the vault. I want no priest. Read the simple burial service over my remains, and you and Pedro, Juan and Manuel can lay me in the vault. I feel that my time is short. Goodbye. God bless you, Coreta and my boy.
IGNACE DE FLOREMO.
Pedro was heartbroken, for he had spent a lifetime in the service of the don. The day after his death we prepared his body for its last resting place.
My wife, with little Ignace, had taken a last look at the features of the dead. I read the simple English burial service over him in their presence and that of the servants, and that night we bore the body of Don Ignace down into the vault and laid him beside his father.
Horror was depicted on the features of Manuel and Juan. Pedro was one who would have been surprised at nothing. After they had retired I was hours bearing the contents of the casket over which Martell had so long held guard up to our room. I had to return many times, but at last I had emptied it. On the empty casket I replaced the skeleton, shoved back the levers, closed the wall and left the vault forever.
Up the ladder, the last of the jewels about my person, the lantern in my hand, I shoved back this last lever. The iron sheet closed with a clang. Going through the armory, I took a last look at the somber array of old time weapons on the wall—weapons that had taken human life. As I reached the door two sabers fell to the floor. The rust on the blades, to my fancy, looked like human gore. One of them rolled over twice. What caused it? "Ha, ha, ha, ha! The last of the De Floremo!" Did I hear those words? I glanced around. The weapons on the walls seemed swinging to and fro. A large glass decanter fell from the sideboard and broke into dozens of pieces. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! The last of Chanson!" Was I paralyzed? I managed to insert the key in the lock. Were the flags above my head waving from the wall? Surely some one was pounding on the iron plate I had just closed.
"Ha, ha, ha, ha! Robber, robber, robber! The pirates' curse! The pirates' curse! Take it! Take it!"
Thank God, the key was turned. I passed out with a shudder, locked the door and was soon in our room.
"Oh, Claud, dearest, do not leave me again! But what ails you? You are trembling like a leaf and are, oh, so white!"
"Nothing, dear. I have but fulfilled a part of the don's last wish. Tomorrow we will fulfill the rest. We will leave the island. It was his wish, dearest. Do you regret to go?"
"What was his wish, Claud, and is yours in mine. There is little to remain for now."
"True, darling; there is nothing but the remains of our dear old friend."
I went to bed, but could not sleep, and when I did get in a doze I would start up in horror. A feeling seemed

Pedro, and if by that time it is not less rough we will not go tonight."
As the time passed the sea seemed to run higher. I could not expose my wife and child to its fury and reluctantly said: "Pedro, we will go tomorrow, but you and Manuel must remain aboard the yacht tonight. Do not leave it on any account. I will send Juan with your supper."
"Yes, señor."
"And I knew he would never forsake his post."
When I returned to the lonely castle—prison it seemed to me now—I found Coreta, my boy and Aralda, the maid, ready, and when I told my wife that we could not go till another day tears came into her eyes.
"Oh, Claud, I feel as you do—that we must go."
"A few hours," said I, "can make no difference. I cannot trust your lives to this tempestuous sea."
So Aralda brought our tea to our room, and we retired early, as we had slept but little for several nights, and fatigue had had its effects. We were soon sound asleep. How long we had slept I know not, but when I awoke it was with a feeling of alarm.
What was the sound I heard? It was as of the waves of the ocean dashing with irresistible force at my very feet. I rushed to the window. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I raised the curtain. One glance caused my heart to stand still. The waves of the restless sea were dashing against the walls of the castle, and as each succeeding one came on it seemed to shake the old structure to its foundation. Before me was nothing but a vast expanse of water, of hungry, dashing waves. Not a shrub, not a boulder. We were being swallowed up by the briny deep!
"Coreta, darling wife, we are lost! Oh, God, my boy!"
"What, Claud? Oh, Claud!"
"Dearest, the sea has risen in its might. Don Ignace's vision has proved true. We are too late!"
Her arms were around my neck.
"Darling, we can die together—you and I and our boy, our boy. O God, must it be?"
"Quick, dearest, dress yourself and Ignace too. Do not leave the room! I will see if there be yet a chance."
Rushing through the hall, I called Aralda and sent her to her mistress and then rushed down the stairs. Before I knew it I was waist deep in water. The roar of the waves as they struck the house were deafening. I could not open the front door. It would have been useless. The windows, where not protected by iron shutters, were dashed in. Nothing to do but to return and die by my wife and boy. Back up the stairs again I rushed, Coreta and her maid were kneeling on the floor praying.
"Darling, we are lost! No hope, no hope!" I clasped my dear boy in my arms. But Pedro, Manuel, Juan, where were they all? Doubtless gone to the bottom of the sea with—ha, the jewels—the pirates' curse! Don Ignace's father's warning had come true. The jewels were a curse to him who touched them. Again I rushed to the window and glanced out. Surging, dancing waters, higher, higher, creeping steadily higher, but somehow the terrible force of the waves seemed broken. The moon shone calmly down. The ocean seemed calm compared to what it had been before we had retired, yet here it

mainland we had drifted across the island, past the castle and out to sea. I knew not if you were lost, but after a time the sea seemed not so rough, and I ran the yacht to the chamber window. You know the rest. The sea in its might has risen in a night and swallowed up Chanson. Poor old Chanson! My dear old master! Juan and the little don's pony—where are they? But look, señor, look!"
We gazed back in the direction of Chanson. Only the towering chimneys and high gables of the old castle met our view, and even as our eyes rested upon them they disappeared forever from the sight of man. Higher and angrier grew the waters. A tremendous wave seemed almost to lift us from the bosom of the deep and hurl us farther on.
"Chanson! Chanson! My dear old grandfather!" said my dear wife. "Are you lost forever, or is it but for a night?"
"See, señor Claud," said Pedro, "the lights of Coquombo."
"What, Pedro? What? Coquombo? There, Coquombo, and the coast of Chili, and not engulfed beneath the waves! I see it all. Coreta, darling, it was not the rising of the waters that hid Chanson from view. Our island home has sunk beneath the sea forever. The waves of centuries have done their work. The foundation gradually has washed from beneath those huge bowlders that held the isle together, and it has sunk to rest. Deep down in the ocean lies Chanson. There the old castle, tenantless save by the fishes of the sea, may strive to raise from its watery bed. It is there forever. There is the old armory and there yet on the walls that vast array of weapons of other ages will hang, never to be removed by human agencies, but swayed back and forth by the action of the mighty deep. There is the vault with the bones of the pirate kings. There is dear Don Ignace, the last of his race indeed, to find a resting place 'neath the soil of his ancestral home. The island and Don Ignace disappeared together. There old Martell still holds his vigil over the treasure chest—the treasure chest? Ah, it is empty. Its millions are in the coffers of the yacht."
We reach the pier. The waters are no higher than usual. My dear wife sits sobbing by my side, and my boy lies sleeping on my knees. We are soon in the hotly of Don Miguel.
At dawn of day I leave my wife and boy sleeping and visit the pier. It is thronged with people, all talking wildly, gesticulating and gazing in the direction from which should loom up the castle walls of Chanson. Naught but a vast expanse of old ocean meets their gaze. The white caps are dancing merrily over the island of Chanson. Only once more do I gaze in that direction and that is when, with wife and boy, the maid and faithful Pedro and Manuel, I stand on the deck of an ocean steamer whose destination is New York. We wave a last farewell to the locality where once stood Chanson.
The treasure of the pirate kings goes with us. Perhaps the curse will not arise to follow it from the bosom of the sea.
THE END.
A Story of Walter Scott.
New stories of Sir Walter Scott are continually cropping up, just as they are of Abraham Lincoln, and I am strongly of the belief that many of them have been invented since the death of those great men.
Recently I heard the following story of Sir Walter in Edinburgh, and my informant vouched for its truth:
Sir Walter was sitting in his library one day when a tall highlander who had been building an inn near by came in and said:
"May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place 'The Flodden Inn,' and as ye've writ a poem on Flodden Field it struck me and the guid wife that you might gie us a line for a motto."
"Have you read the poem?" asked Sir Walter.
"No, sir. I'm na reader."
"Then you know nothing about it?"
"Nothin, but I've heert them say as knows that it's a vera fine thing."
"Well, I would advise you to take a verse from the poem itself."
"And what'll that be?"
"Drink, weary traveler—drink and pray."
"But my inn will na be a kirk," said the man, "and the more prayin there is the less drinkin there'll be, and I na want that."
"Oh," laughed Sir Walter, "I think I can fix the verse by leaving out one letter, an r."
"How will it be then?"
"Drink, weary traveler—drink and pray."
"Be Ailsie craig, that's just the thing!" shouted the man, and he went away delighted.—Exchange.
Helping the Barber.
"Some men think that if they draw down their upper lips it helps us in shaving the lip, but it doesn't," said a down town tonsorial artist the other day. "On the contrary, it really makes matters worse, as it is then almost impossible to get at the corners of the mouth properly. I always hate to say anything about it, for some people are easily offended, you know, and then they are doing their best, as they think, to help us along."—Philadelphia Call.
A Scotch Eebuke.
A Scotch minister is said to have rebuked his wife for sleeping during his sermon in this fashion: "Susan," he exclaimed from the pulpit, in a voice that awakened her, as it did all the other sleepers, "Susan, I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin ye had none. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty—that the whole congregation can see. And if ye hae no grace I hae made a sair bargain in ye indeed."
Afghan chroniclers call their people Bani-Israel, the Arabian for children of Israel, and claim descent from Saul, the first Israelitish king.

WOMAN'S WORLD.
FEMALE SUFFRAGE AS VIEWED BY SOME NOTED CANADIAN DAMES.
Now He Appreciates It—A Sneer Resented. Practical Hints in Economy—Riding Man Fashion—White Stockings—Stiffly Starched Skirts.
It is instructive to read the objections to female suffrage made by Canadian women in our esteemed contemporary, The Coin du Feu of Montreal, for the reason that they are just the kind of objections to it that used to be made in this country 20 or 30 years ago. Mme. Chapleau says that women ought to reign in the home, while men ought to attend to the government. Mme. Marchand says that women have not the opportunity of studying complicated political questions, and so must seek to gain an influence like that of the women of the gospels. Mme. Desjardins has no other ambition than the happiness of her family, and willingly leaves the franchise to her husband. Mme. Dandurand believes that women are most free when the public business is transacted by men. Miss Cowan does not desire that women shall have the privilege of voting, as even men abuse that privilege. Other Canadians who were interviewed on the subject by The Coin du Feu said that women should keep away from the noise of politics, and that the family circle should be saved from political pollution, and that womanly virtues would be lowered in politics, and that the ideal of womanhood is apart from politics, and that women ought to be content with their lot as the angels of the home. Lady Aberdeen said that "in her capacity as wife of the governor general of Canada" she preferred to refrain from expressing any opinion on the question.
Yes, these Canadian objections to woman suffrage are just like the American objections to it that used to be urged years ago. All of them are very familiar to everybody in this country who has taken any interest in the debate on the subject. Yet the cause of woman suffrage has advanced in many of the states and has gained a complete victory in at least two of the progressive states of the abounding west. We are not aware that womanhood has ceased to flourish on account of that success.—New York Sun.
Now He Appreciates It.
On a recent afternoon a young pianist, who is considered a musical genius by his friends, was introduced to a handsome woman by one of the teachers at Steinway hall. The teacher had to leave the room for a time, and the lady asked her new acquaintance if he would not play something for her. The young man sat down at the piano and played several pieces. The lady listened with a critical air, and when he had concluded, thanked him very heartily.
"Now," she added, "won't you please play something of your own composition?"
He complied, rendering a pretty song which he had composed not long before. The lady expressed herself very much pleased again, and said:
"If you will transcribe that, I will sing it at my song recital in Boston."
The young man bowed politely, but, being unwilling to commit himself to a comparative stranger, said nothing. A silence ensued that would have been embarrassing had it not been fortunately interrupted by the return of the teacher. The lady had some business to transact with him, and the pianist was relieved. When she turned to leave, she shook hands with him heartily and again expressed her gratification at having heard him play. When she was gone, the pianist turned to his friend and asked carelessly:
"Who is that lady?"
"Why, I told you. That is Mrs. Story."
"Yes, I know, but who is Mrs. Story?"
"Good heavens, man! Don't you know that Emma Eames is Mrs. Story in private life?"
The pianist now appreciates the compliments he received.—New York Letter.
A Sneer Resented.
What the writer evidently considered a knockdown argument was published lately at the expense of women voting when, as was sneeringly asserted, more than one girl had been questioned as to the term of office of a member of the legislature, for instance, and could not tell how long it lasted. The author of this stinging satire seemed to forget that there are women and women as well as men and men. Moreover, it is not so very strange that a question which does not bear upon them, while they are not voters, should be pushed aside by other matters that do come in contact with their daily lives.
One woman who has, from lifelong connection with a newspaper office, become pretty well acquainted with politics, is astonished, on her part, by the profound ignorance of the average man. Yet she does not, on that account, believe that none of them should be allowed to vote. Those of us who questioned our brothers and husbands and lovers, a few months ago, at the beginning of the silver talk, as to what it all was about, were not very greatly enlightened, were we? The fact is that, outside those whose bread and butter it is, and outside the repeating a catchword or two in a wise way, there is not one man—or woman—in a hundred who knows what his or her party principles are or should be. But this is of course between us women!—New York Mail and Express.
Practical Hints.
Many must practice economy every day, but this year there is more urgent need than ever. The simplest way to make over a dress for house wear, if you have any sort of a full skirt, is to cut the basque off, allowing only an inch or so below the waistline, and

gather the skirt to this. Rip off all superfluous trimming, arrange the neck surplusage fashion with a bit of lace or embroidery basted on, and you will have a neat dress. Another way is to gather a full width to the back of the basque, cut the front yoke fashion and make a full loose front which can be confined by a ribbon. With most made overs this will require piecing, but if done near the waistline the ribbon will conceal it. A ruffle of different material will seem to lengthen the skirt. Both these can be worn without corsets, and are very easy if there is any fullness in the skirt.
When a basque has done good service, rip it apart and make an underskirt out of the lining. This will serve to keep the underclothes clean while doing housework. The lining of skirts can be utilized by making into aprons. They are a great saving, as they are easily washed, require no starching and not much ironing. Stockings that are past repair can be roughly sewed together and make acceptable scrub cloths. If you cannot use things your self, do not keep them to look at, but give them to some one less fortunate.—Minneapolis Housekeeper.
Riding Man Fashion.
The popularity of bicycle riding among women has made it more possible for women to accept the idea of riding in a cavalier, an idea which is being put in actual practice in the west. In other words, cross saddle riding with divided skirts has gained a certain amount of recognition in a number of localities. It has been found that ladies look well, ride more safely and get better exercise in the new way. The practice of side saddle riding is attributed to the vagary of a queen who was too deformed to use the cross saddle. There has been a vague idea that any other method would be injurious. As a matter of fact, the practice of using the side saddle has been adopted because it adapts itself to modern dress, and because without a special dress no other method would be suitable. But cross saddle riding is the safer way, it permits of a better and freer use of the limbs and makes the exercise more effective. All this will not make women adopt it, however. A large number of lady riders take the exercise to avoid the unpleasant effects of too much fat. Side saddle riding does not make fat women thin, however, but if anything enlarges the hips. Cross saddle riding is more effective, because a wider range of muscles can be used and harder riding indulged in.—New York Medical Record.
White Stockings.
Next to the threatened return of the crinoline, the revival which is making the most sensation in fashionable circles is the return of white stockings. For months past there have been various prophecies and not a few announcements of the coming of this revival. But for various reasons, and possibly the good sense of women, with the extra expense of white stockings, which must be changed more frequently than colored ones, the coming has been postponed. Dark hosiery has had a long span of life, and a remarkable one, when it is remembered that in former times only servants wore colored stockings. It was not until the end of the last century that a lady of fashion endeavored to introduce black stockings into vogue, and she did not succeed. Even now there are many dainty and elegant ladies in France who never wear colored stockings, but leave them to their servants. Without doubt black and colored stockings will be worn for walking out of doors all through the winter months, but by next summer those near the throne announce that white stockings will be universally worn "where money is no object" and laundry bills are beneath consideration.—Fashion Journal.
Stiffly Starched Skirts.
A swell dressmaker confessed recently that the reason why some of the flaring skirts hung out around the bottom with such a graceful flare was because of a flexible steel a quarter of an inch in width which runs through the hem. Some of the latest silk petticoats have two of these wires run through the folds, one at the hem and another a few inches above. Evening skirts are now made with heavy flounces stiffly starched in the old fashion, and more than one skirt is worn. Some of the new white starched skirts have three overlapping flounces reaching from the belt to the hem in the back, and one full flounce extending all the way around the skirt to the knees. All these flounces are stiffened, but not to the point of rattling, and help to hold out the light skirts of the evening gown. Indeed it is claimed that the starched white skirt for daytime wear will soon take the place of the silk petticoats that have been popular during the past few years, because those colored skirts have been copied in cheap material, and besides there is something in the freshness of a starched skirt dainty and luxurious.—New York Correspondent.
An Invertebrate Smoker.
Ever and anon crops up in print the question of women smoking. London Truth has just published a story from Paris, by that most reputable of correspondents, Mrs. Crawford, to the effect that in continental Europe, although the cigarette has not quite found its way with after dinner coffee into the drawing room, it soon will. "At all the houses setting up to style it is served at intimate dejeuners and small and lively dinners. Nobody is shocked at ladies smoking, not merely one cigarette apiece, but two or three. A minister of Queen Christina told me that that highly respectable and respected royal lady is an inveterate and a veteran smoker."
Home Ideas.
A beautiful table cover for a very dainty apartment is of cream white cashmere, with an artistic border of

autumn leaves painted upon it. Still another cashmere one shows the shower rose leaf design, a bunch of roses painted in one corner, with their loose petals drooping all over the square. Lovely colored linens are shown for bedspread and pillow cases in pale pink and grays. These made charming sets for the pretty enameled wood and metal bedsteads. Tea cozies hold their own faithfully. A black satin one, made with four panels, is painted with a circle of children, hand in hand, whose gowns and environment indicate the four seasons.—Detroit News.
Some Bernhardt Gowns.
Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt wears some gorgeous gowns at the Renaissance theater. There is a widow's second mourning gown of pansy satin, embroidered with jet spangles and bordered with velvet pansies in relief. The underdress is composed of black tulle, starred with jet, and a jet veil of black spangled tulle falls from the jet coronet. Another marvelous robe is of tounesol satin, embroidered with gold and outlined with yellow rose petals, which opens over a tablier of yellow tulle worked in gold. The sleeves are yellow satin, covered with gold guipure set with turquois, and a puff of black satin at the elbow falls over the cuff.—Petit Journal.
She Amassed Over Two Millions.
The late Mrs. Elise Frank was a remarkable woman. She left an estate estimated at \$2,000,000, and this vast fortune was amassed for the most part by her own shrewdness and sound judgment. For the greater part of the last 39 years Mrs. Elise Frank has been a power in Chicago financing. She appeared to know instinctively what a good investment was, and she made money and grew rich because her intelligence saw all the profits to be derived from a combination.—Chicago News.
Louise Chandler Moulton.
Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the poet, is decidedly English looking, with fine complexion and stately bearing. She has now returned to Boston, after her usual annual visit in England, and receives her friends in delightful fashion once a week. Mrs. Moulton's poetry is even better known in England than in this country. By the best foreign critics she is regarded as the representative American woman poet.—Boston Letter.
Miss Moreland's Pictures.
The pictures of women created by Miss Alice Moreland have such delicacy, femininity and grace that they suggest flowers. This dainty artist of water colors, odd as it is, has no especial penchant for painting posies, yet her women, in their soft gowns, representing the gossamer textures of chiffon, mull, rich silks and downy velvet, easily remind the observer of a group of variegated blossoms.—New York Advertiser.
An Observant Empress.
Empress Elizabeth of Austria recently was out riding and noticed a pile of stones placed across the track over which the Buda-Pesth express was to pass in a few minutes. Springing from her horse, she ordered the groom attending her to remove the obstruction, she herself assisting him. The work was hardly completed when the train, crowded with passengers, passed over the spot.—San Francisco Argonaut.
Mrs. Williams' Fad.
Mrs. George Henry Williams of Portland, Or., whose husband sat in the senate and was attorney general in President Grant's time, is said to be at present the high priestess of a small sect of fanatical religionists, to have withdrawn entirely from "the world," to live for 40 days at a time on crackers and claret exclusively, and to be prophesying the end of the world.—Portland Letter.
Equality in France.
The question of the social and legal inequality in the standing of men and women has been much debated recently in Paris. Several women petitioned the senators, not long ago, to repeal the laws which are unjust to women. But the fathers told them the complaint was fanciful and said for them to write to the papers or call a meeting or do something of that sort.—Paris Letter.
An Interesting Trio.
There is an interesting family group living in South Thomaston, Me., consisting of three old ladies, the eldest, Mrs. Lucretia Estes, being 96 years old. Her two companions, Mrs. Julia Ash and Mrs. Miriam Hurlb, are both over 70. The trio earn a comfortable living by tilling a small farm.—Lawiston Journal.
Furman university, the great Baptist institution at Greenville, S. C., has opened its doors to women who wish to pursue special studies or to stand for degrees. Progressive views regarding the education of women are gaining wonderfully in southern colleges.
Lady Heene Hastings, who was recently married, enjoys the unusual distinction of having hunted a pack of hounds for a season. She gave up her role of mistress of the hounds at her marriage, though the Comtesse de Paris had set her a different example.
A piece of chamois skin cut to fit the inside of the shoe will not only prove very comfortable in cold weather and to tender feet, but it will save wear upon the stockings.
Rose Cleveland, the president's sister, has returned from two years' travel abroad. It is understood that she has been gathering material for literary work.
A woman jeweler is doing a thriving business in Georgetown, Mo. But two others are known to be in that business in the United States.



"Coreta, we are saved!"



On the empty casket I replaced the skeleton.