

THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

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He remained there inert, devoid of power of thought or speech, his brain clouded, his tongue dumb. Time passed no more vain to him. Human beings were spectators.

One fact gradually became clear to his perception—he would no longer dare to live here, isolated, defenseless, hugging his miserable and ignoble secret. He must flee from Malta in old age and decrepitude. The Sicilian dollar was his Nemesis, the angel with the flaming sword, destined to drive him forth from this paradise of his own choice. How could the instinct of the miser, which had been the taint of his soul for years, grow to a noxious parasite, checking the current of all noble purpose, have chosen a better refuge than this remote island, whose inhabitants were prudent, like himself?

At length the dormant nature of the man was aroused and struggled fiercely for supremacy. The greed of avarice wrestled with conscience. It were better to leave the Sicilian dollar safely buried out of sight than stand branded as an impostor. How he had schemed to convert most of the wealth brought with him into the current coin! Now it had become fairy gold, and no better than a heap of withered autumn leaves! What! Give up all! Lose all! Never! Never!

The past rose, at the moment, before the dimmed vision of Jacob Dealtry.

He had dwelt at Jamaica, as Capt. Fillingham surmised. He had been a clerk in London, and subsisted on a meagre salary through youth and early manhood. Then a summons from the West Indies advised him, as next of kin, that he inherited the property of a cousin, a trader of courage and ability, who had amassed considerable wealth.

From the beginning fortune had dazzled and frightened Jacob Dealtry, narrow-minded and economical by education. Sleep forsook his pillow at the thought of rash investments, and the artful wiles of his cousin's old associates. He wished to escape from their net. His wife died, and during the childhood of his son he counted his possessions with tremulous anxiety. He strove ever to hold his own. The son took ship for Spain, and married a pretty Andalusian. Jacob Dealtry's inherent suspicion found cause of disapproval of this early marriage. He departed from Jamaica without leaving traces of himself, or revealing his future plans to any one.

The measure was the outward symptom of a canker of the soul. The young couple would squander his money as lightly as a bride smoked a cigarette, or toyed with her fan.

The son devoted the remainder of his life to finding the missing parent. The young man was actuated by apprehension of foul play, and a sincere wish to fulfil his own final duties. Smitten with fever, he left the sole remaining clue in his possession to his wife and child. He had ascertained, after much fruitless quest in the labyrinth of London life, that a person of the name of Jacob Dealtry dwelt at Malta. This last hope of success had led the mother and child to the Watch Tower, where they had been ungraciously received by a man reputed poor, and who earned a humble livelihood by copying documents for an advocate, when chance afforded such employ-

ment, a bed, a chair, tormented by dread of rats and mice, mildew and storms? Blindly, foolishly he had chosen the hard, bright coin, indestructible to mischievous agents of harm the teeth of rodents, and rain. The Sicilian dollar had played him false. He saw it all now that such knowledge came too late.

He lived in a sort of delirium. He scoffed at the impending catastrophe. He need not act with undue precipitation. There was still time for reflection and to rearrange his disordered ideas. He kept reassuring himself in this fashion. Night and day became as one to him. If he slept or partook of such food as was to be found in the house, the need of nature was mechanically fulfilled. He did not miss his granddaughter. He had forgotten her and a fever of unrest consumed him. Contending passions tore his breast, now urging him to desperate, frantic action, and again withholding him in a dull, passive resignation.

Suddenly the note of a church bell reached his ear. He paused in his aimless rambling about house and garden, indulging in fitful soliloquies, and listened. The bell marked the passing hour. He was startled, shocked, appalled. Time was ebbing rapidly, like the sand in the glass. His distorted fancy thus interpreted the warning of the clock. Would he be too late?

He stood as if frozen with horror, his white hair bristling on his head, his eye dilated and fixed. A voice shrieked these words:

"I am rich, rich! My treasure lies buried here all about me. Help me to unearth it before it is too late!"

Who had spoken? He could not determine whether his own lips had moved, or he heard an echo of his thoughts at his side. He was no longer alone. Mocking faces jibed at him, taunting his helplessness, his tardy recognition of the impending evil.

Then a beautiful shape, clothed in shining radiance, put aside the others, only to prove the more maddening in turn. This airy form was the Sicilian dollar. Now it gleamed on the ground, and again it flitted up to the parapet of the Watch Tower. The coin spun here, there, on all sides, eluding, dazzling, intangible.

Jacob Dealtry, aroused to frenzy haste, after long delay, began to seek in the crevices of his dwelling, beneath the fountain basin, behind the beehives, at the angle of the garden wall.

If he paused to rest, his feeble strength exhausted, the Sicilian dollar flashed before his troubled vision, scoffing at his forgetfulness of still another hiding-place, and goading him to fresh exertions.

Shrill laughter and odd cries were audible occasionally in the enclosure. Jacob Dealtry had lost his reason.

A vessel approached Malta, the Electric from Messina. Among the passengers on board were Lieut. Curzon and his wife. His brief leave of absence had nearly expired, and he was about to rejoin his ship, Dolores, beaming with happiness, and her savage grace already refined by travel, still held Florio under one arm.

Malta gave slight heed to these new arrivals in the more profound emotions of the hour. Malta, whether of high or of low degree, was bringing the Sicilian dollar to the treasury mart at the appointed time. The coin arrived in bag, purse, coffee, and even transported in rude boxes on primitive vehicles, the owners sadly crestfallen and anxious as to results.

The fact was clearly proved that the stronghold of the Knights Templar was the richest island of similar dimensions in the world.

The recluse of the Watch Tower was not the only victim of the pranks of the Sicilian dollar on this occasion. Disbursement of hoards long concealed sowed discontent, envy, and suspicion on every side. Creditors frowned on debtors, proved to have full pockets. Masters eyed thrifty servants askance.

The Busatti couple met on their own threshold with mutual confusion and anger.

"Thou," exclaimed the husband, in accents of unfeigned astonishment, hugging a much-worn, leather pouch under his arm.

"Thou" echoed the wife, in even sharper tones, and clutching a heavy sack of coarse linen.

"Eh! What would you have, my soul? A man must make a little provision for age when his children may find him a burden," said the husband, apologetically.

"I have daughters to marry," said the wife tartly. "May the Madonna help me to save a soldo for some masses to be sung for the repose of my soul when I die!"

Even Dr. Busatti emerged from the house counting some pieces of money in his left palm.

And Dolores? Her face clouded as she once more climbed the steps of Valletta. Remorse and apprehension began to weigh on her heart. In vain she sought for the small and bent form of her grandfather in the crowd.

Why should he be there unless attracted by a sentiment of curiosity? "He is all alone," she faltered. "He may have been ill and neglected while we have been so happy. Ah, poor grandpapa!"

Her husband soothed and reassured her. Certainly Jacob Dealtry should want for nothing, yet the old man in-

spired only contempt in the mind of the officer, as on the occasion of their first meeting.

Dr. Busatti quitted the town to visit a patient in the vicinity of the Watch Tower. A neighbor hinted that Jacob Dealtry had not been seen to emerge from the garden gate for several days.

The young physician approached the portal and knocked. There was no response. At this moment Dolores and Lieut. Curzon appeared on the path. Greetings were exchanged. Possibly these two men recognized, with a swift and mutual intuition of change, how strangely the tangled thread of life had involved and brought them back to a common starting point, the threshold of Jacob Dealtry's door.

Dolores grew pale as the knocking on the gate was repeated. Ah, if they had come too late! Florio increased her agitation by whining pitifully. Did the dog remember the spot? Dolores cast a frightened glance about her, and pressed her hands to her throbbing heart.

"Grandpapa!"

The fresh young voice pierced the stillness. "Grandpapa! Dolores is here. Open the door!"

Surely the strained attention of the group of listeners detected a sound, a slow movement, within the enclosure, the heavy dragging of feet on the ground. The bolt moved, the chain rattled, and then Dr. Busatti pushed against the barrier. Jacob Dealtry had fallen in making this final effort.

The garden presented an appearance of the utmost disorder and dilapidation. Plants were uprooted, stones dislodged, the soil disturbed. In the vestibule of the tower the portrait of the Knight lay on the floor, revealing an open door in the wall, and the carved chair, overturned, was shown to have concealed a second recess in the wall. All about the old man heaps of shining coin lay scattered, rolling in a reckless profusion on the path, in half-emptied boxes, in tangled masses of rags, in bags of leather, cloth and silk.

Lieut. Curzon was scornfully silent. Dr. Busatti uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise and dismay and wiped his damp brow. If the former realized, with swift conviction, that Jacob Dealtry must have been seeking some fresh hiding place for his money when he found him in the ruined temple, the emotion of Dr. Busatti was far more lively when he actually trod upon the Sicilian dollar in order to aid the unconscious owner.

Dolores, in advance of both of her companions, had knelt, and lifted her grandfather's head on her breast with remorseful soliloquy.

Florio trotted around the garden with utter unconcern, and plunging into the clump of reeds, brought out a broken fan in his mouth.

"Help him!" besought Dolores, with a touch of the imperiousness perceptible on a former occasion.

"I fear he is overdone," said the physician, again testing the feeble and fluttering pulse of the old man.

Did Dr. Busatti, in the abstraction permitted to science under similar circumstances, realize that Malta could boast of no heirless of the Sicilian dollar to compare with the unconscious Dolores?

Truly, "He who has gold, or a devil, can not hide it."

That night Jacob Dealtry rallied slightly from stupor, and gazed attentively at Lieut. Curzon, who stood at his bedside, while Dolores knelt, holding his cold hand.

"James," he articulated, half wonderingly, mistaking the officer for his son long dead. Then his glance sought Dolores.

"The Andalusian," he murmured, and once more closed his eyes.

An hour later his breath exhaled in these words, "Too late!"

The following summer Mr. Ford, the clergyman with a weak chest, preached a sermon on the landing of St. Paul at Malta in his own parish church.

Among the edified listeners were his bride, formerly Miss Ethel Symthe, Mrs. Griffith, Capt. Fillingham and his wife.

The morning service terminated, the captain walked with Mrs. Griffith through the churchyard, in the direction of the vicarage. "Our young friend, Arthur Curzon, will come in for a pot of money," he remarked in a confidential undertone. "They say the old Watch Tower was full of gold, hoarded by the miserly grandfather. He must have been the Jamaica trader, Jacob Dealtry. A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-of-arms, you know. When I was with Admiral Jack in the Baltic—"

"John, dear, Mr. Ford is waiting to take us to lunch," interposed Mrs. Fillingham, pausing at the door of the vicarage.

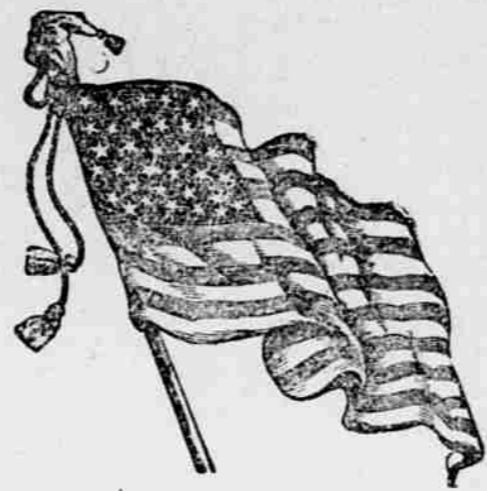
"Some women are fidgety listeners, at the best," quoth the ancient mariner. "I must try to secure a Sicilian dollar for my collection of coins. I have some good specimens of florins, and the Venetian zecchin and oselo. Let us all return to Malta next winter."

THE END.

GRAND OLD PARTY.

LIVING TRUTHS OF THE REPUBLICAN POLICY.

Selections from Various Authorities Which Serve to Prove the Wisdom of the People in Calling the Party Back to Power.



Protection for Agriculture.

There can be no misunderstanding as to the position occupied by the leading men of all parties, in the earlier days of the republic, toward protection for domestic agricultural products. Whatever differences of opinion may have arisen—too often shaded by words and mere theory—on the subject of protection for domestic manufactures, on the question of adequate encouragement of agriculture they were substantially agreed at all times. The Democracy of the north never wavered in its effort to care for wool and grain, for rice, sugar, hemp, indigo and cotton, all of which it has been our policy to protect. How, then, can it be said that protection is vicious? The south would have been begged without the protection given it on tobacco, rice and sugar, and at an earlier period on cotton.

What will the friends of a "tariff for revenue only" do when they approach the early and subsequent periods in our history which are so replete with evidences of the object of legislation to encourage and protect the products of agriculture. Those duties were not laid for revenue, but solely to foster, encourage and protect the specific articles on which duties were laid. The cause of agriculture was then with us—as it had ever been throughout ancient and modern history—a subject of our constant care and solicitude, and it was not allowed to suffer because of the anxiety which was felt for cheap raw materials for our manufacturing industries.

The discussion pending the framing of our first tariff law in 1789 leaves no possible doubt as to the primary object of laying duties on products which we either produced, or hoped to produce, on our own soil. The duty on cotton of three cents a pound was suggested by Mr. Burke of South Carolina. The duty on hemp was suggested by Mr. Moore of Kentucky and several others. The duty on ale, beer and porter was supported, in aid of hop and barley growing, by Mr. Madison. The duties on tallow, cheese and indigo were all laid to encourage agriculture and not "for revenue only." Tobacco leaf came in for protection in 1832, although we were then large exporters of it. Wheat was put in our tariff laws in 1824, corn in 1842, rice in 1846. On sugar there was a duty for revenue only at the outset. It did not reach the protection point until 1816, when the three cents then given brown sugar was equivalent to a half cent of protection.

This policy gradually grew until it has practically embraced all our agricultural products that are liable to be interfered with by importations, and the basis of these duties is protection and encouragement for our farmers as against foreign products of like kind. That this was the object of these duties was not openly expressed by their authors, but as late as 1841 Hon. Lewis McLane of Delaware—who had been a member of the house for ten years, secretary of the treasury under Jackson, and a severe Jackson Democrat—in making an able argument in the senate in favor of encouraging home industries and alluding to the cause of agriculture, said:

"Our duties upon the agricultural products of foreign countries were not imposed for purposes of revenue, but for the protection of our agricultural industries. And although gentlemen may be disposed to regard these regulations lightly now, because of the peculiar condition of foreign countries heretofore, they are, nevertheless, indicative of the sense we entertain of our true policy."

Free Trade in Poultry.

The English people like foreign poultry. They prefer to pay over a couple of millions of dollars a year to poultry raisers in Continental Europe, the United States and other countries rather than help the British farmers to supply their home market. The imports of poultry into the United Kingdom last year were as follows:

Imports of Poultry, 1894.	Value.
From Russia.....	\$210,657
Belgium.....	575,812
France.....	1,081,735
United States and Other Countries.....	468,954
Total.....	\$2,317,218

It appears that France receives over a million dollars a year from the United Kingdom for French poultry; Belgium receives over half a million of dollars a year; Russia a couple of hundred thousand dollars, while the United States and other countries get the balance, amounting to nearly \$475,000.

No doubt the English farmers would be glad to receive the two and a third million dollars that are paid by the English people for foreign poultry, even if it did not amount to such a very large

sum when distributed among them individually. It would, however, be some slight encouragement that might induce them to pay more attention to their poultry, with the hope of securing the entire home market and all there is in it.

"Japan as a Market for Us." The New York Herald of July 22 had a two-column illustrated article with the above heading. Out of the entire 41 inches of space occupied, exactly 2 inches, less than 5 per cent of the whole is devoted to the subject of "Japan as a Market for Us." We quote this portion of the article as follows:

"Throughout the dinner the conversation turned mainly upon the desire of Japanese merchants and business men to not only increase the traffic between Japan and the United States, but to make, if possible, Japan a better customer of the United States. All present admitted that our country was not only the best friend sentimentally that Japan had, but the best friend commercially. Every gentleman who could speak English conveyed to me personally his appreciation of the just and fair course of the Herald toward Japan, and the advantage it was to have in the United States a journal so influential to advocate Japan's interests. Some of them expressed the hope that the Herald would advocate a policy that would enable our manufacturers to place their goods in Japanese markets in competition with the manufactures of Europe, and which would open up our cotton field especially to the Japanese manufacturers."

The foregoing impression of Colonel Cockerill's, it would appear, was arrived at after dinner when he had been the recipient of a banquet accorded him by some Japanese ladies and gentlemen. Before the dinner the gallant Colonel was presented with a souvenir which he describes as a "rare beauty." We should mention that the "rare beauty" was not a Japanese maiden, as some of the Colonel's friends might perhaps imagine.

We await with interest, in a subsequent letter, the details and particulars that will show how the Policy of Glocy advocated by the Herald "would enable our manufacturers to place their goods in the Japanese markets." Let us have something more than 2 inches of balderdash, so that the next article may be worthy of its caption. Our artist, meantime, has endeavored to supply the facts that were omitted by the Colonel, who may, possibly, find some difficulty in writing Free-Trade articles so soon after severing his connection with a strong protectionist daily in New York.

Japan as a Manufacturer.

The phenomenally low price of raw cotton has tempted heavy purchases from abroad. If the crop year be taken, the exports in the ten months ending June 30, 1895, were 3,427,845,716 pounds, against 2,566,982,921 pounds in the corresponding period of 1894. Nearly 900,000,000 pounds more were sold in 1895 than in the preceding year, and netted \$3,400,000 less. The distribution of this increased quantity may be taken as a fair indication of the industrial countries which have felt the approach of better demand for the manufactured goods England naturally stands first, taking 700,000,000 pounds more in 1895 than in 1894; Germany, France and Italy will use 450,000,000 pounds in excess of the last year; and even greater needs are indicated by the increased exports to Mexico and Canada. One other country, the youngest among nations and the youngest industrial power, will repay careful study if her demand for American cotton may be taken as an indication of growing competence. In the year 1894 less than 5,000,000 pounds were exported to Japan; in the year 1895 the export was more than 11,000,000 pounds. This is the more remarkable as Japan has British India and China as sources of supply, and is known to draw heavily from them. This need for our cotton points to positive development on the best lines of manufacture. It is only five years ago that the United States sent cotton cloth to Japan. Now Japan asks for raw cotton, defeats British Indian competition in yarns and threatens English cloth with exclusion from the continent of Asia.—Worthington C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C., in the North American Review, August, 1895.

Factories Out West.

Another important industry is now assured for this city, which will give employment to forty hands at the outset, with the prospects of a larger force as soon as the business is well under way.

There have been rumors of the organization of the company for some days. The officers of the company are: President, J. Howard Jenkins; vice-president, G. M. Jones; secretary and treasurer, Frank E. Grove. The business of the company will be the manufacture of workmen's clothing of all descriptions. The capital stock is \$25,000 and articles of incorporation will be filed to-day.—The Oshkosh, Wis., Times, July 13, 1895.

Free Cotton.

It may seem all very well perhaps for the cotton planter to get the benefit which he hopes to derive from "free" cotton bagging by placing his neighbor's flax on the free list, but he will have the poor comfort of knowing that if he secures any advantage it will be at the expense of farmers engaged in agricultural vocations as honorable and honest as his own. The cotton planter's trouble lies beyond cheaper cotton bagging. It lies in over-production, failure to rotate his crops for better yields and the poor baling of his product, entailing reductions in price all along the line until cotton reaches the manufacturer.—American Economist.

A Syndicate of Monsters.

Here are the names of the abominable trio that compose it, hated and abhorred by man and woman kind—dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation. What is the most successful way to attack and quell these united monsters? Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and they will pull up stakes and make tracks for parts unknown, leaving no trace behind. The Bitters also exterminate malaria, rheumatic and kidney trouble and nervous ailments.

One Point in Etiquette.

P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of a long absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for months, or where you have only resided for weeks, and sometimes even for days, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood, nor even when about to be married, unless your future home is to be in another city. The words "pour prendre congé" signify "to take leave," and when good-bye is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

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Weeds in Walks.

The best way to get rid of these is to get a barrel of the cheapest salt, or a sack of it, at the price of \$1, or less, and scatter it over the weeds after a shower, or when the dew is on the ground. It will kill the weeds, and, if crushed stone, it will brighten it exceedingly. If it is only of earth, it will clean it and keep it from being dusty. It is excellent on stone flagged walks to keep the grass from growing up through the crevices, and it will keep the ants from working in these openings and piling up their disagreeable sand heaps.

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Unchangeable in Price.

It is just as well for young men to note that the phenomenal decrease in the price of oats does not extend to the wild variety.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road, on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

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"HE STOOD AS IF FROZEN WITH HORROR,"

ment or picking up archaeological relics, and deciphering Punic inscriptions, self-taught, and zealous in research.

The Andalusian daughter-in-law faded, and died of ennui, disappointment, and chagrin, leaving little Dolores.

The old man rose from the bench and began to walk about his narrow domain. He tossed his arms above his head and uttered imprecations, wild, wrathful and impotent, against those who had reduced him to this sorry plight. To reveal his hoard to all eyes, or to lose it! Terrible, incredible alternative! Ah, why had he distrusted the crisp bank note, easily folded and secured in the lining of