

# THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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## CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Truly," replied the Doctor with a shrug, "you have your finger on the hitch. He will be strikingly antipathetic to my beautiful Anastasie. She will never understand him; he will never understand her. You married the animal side of my nature, dear; and it is on the spiritual side that I find my affinity in Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be perfectly frank, I stand in some awe of him myself. You will easily perceive that I am announcing a calamity for you. Do not," he broke out in tones of real solicitude—"do not give way to tears after a meal, Anastasie. You will certainly give yourself a false digestion."

Anastasie controlled herself. "You know how willing I am to humor you," she said, "in all reasonable matters. But on this point—"

"My dear love," interrupted the Doctor, cager to prevent a refusal, "who wished to leave Paris? who made me give up cards, and the opera, and the boulevard, and my social relations, and all that was my life before I knew you? Have I been faithful? Have I been obedient? Have I not borne my doom with cheerfulness? In all honesty, Anastasie, have I not a right to a stipulation on my side? I have, and you know it. I stipulate my son."

Anastasie was aware of defeat! she struck her colors instantly. "You will break my heart," she sighed.

"Not in the least," said he. "You will feel a trifling inconvenience for a month just as I did when I was first

and she would have allowed her husband to keep a menagerie in the back garden, let alone adopting a stable-boy, rather than permit the question of return to be discussed.

## CHAPTER IV.

**A**BOUT four of the afternoon, the mountebank rendered up his ghost; he had never been conscious since his seizure. Doctor Desprez was present at his last passage, and declared the farce over.

Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder and led him out into the inn garden where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and made the boy place himself on his left.

"Jean-Marie," he said, very gravely, "this world is exceedingly vast; and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately it is full of eager, shouldering people moving on; and there are very few bakers' shops for so many eaters. Your master is dead; you are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you do not wish to steal? No. Your situation then is undesirable; it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs;

beside Gretz. I should lie under a water-lily and listen to the bells, which must sound most delicately down below. That would be a life—do you not think so, too?"

"Yes," said Jean-Marie.

"Thank God, you have imagination!" cried the Doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufferer almost as much as if he had been an English schoolboy of the same age. "And now," he added, "I will take you to my wife."

The Doctor went through a solemn form of introduction, adding, for the benefit of both parties, "You must try to like each other for my sake."

"He is very pretty," said Anastasie. "Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"

The Doctor was furious, and dragged her into the passage. "Are you a fool, Anastasie!" he said. "What is all this I hear about the tact of women? Heaven knows, I have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and Georgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child."

"I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasie; "but I will try to do better."

The Doctor apologized for his warmth. "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your conduct was so idiotic, my cherished one, and so utterly and distantly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehemence in disapproval. Do, do try—if it is possible for a woman to understand young people—but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model."

Anastasie did as she was bidden, and considered the Doctor's behavior. She observed that he embraced the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A BAG WITH HOLES—LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text Haggal 1:6 as follows: He That Earneth Wages, Earneth Wages to Put It into a Bag With Holes.

**I**N PERSIA, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which to put money, not knowing that the sack is torn or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put into a bag with holes."

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for drink during the last thirty years and I will build for every working man a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silk, and place at his front door a sprucing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted, and is now boycotting, the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come into the family, and sacrifices it among the saloonkeepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago. "Forward, march," says the drink power, "and take possession of the American nation!"

The drink business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for drink. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and calculate, O working man! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a working man's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand; and the abstainer who made the fewest bricks seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand."

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whiskey in his canteen. Drink helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no drink about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative association, and so become capitalists. If the working

man put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out so they will just equal, he is not wise. I know working men who are in a perfect fligget until they get rid of their last dollar.

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in the third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. "Why did he add evening employment to the day employment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the night for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin coat!"

I was out west, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the door bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent. \* \* \*

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his sleeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "O God! O God! Help! Help! Drink! Give me drink! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! O God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and, if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come! Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O, rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in that world, he will feel an infinite thirst consuming him. Now, down in this world, although he may

have been poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from?

While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that, while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said, "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongue an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting next to you in our religious assemblies there are a good many people in awful peril; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in every congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are opened, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness for ever.

Oh, if you could only hear interpenetration with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lips; and you would kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prephies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on a drunkard's sepulchre?

## Telephone in the United States.

The extraordinary growth of the telephone service in America is shown in some figures brought out in the course of a recent inquiry as to the desirability of regulating the rates and supervising the service of telephone companies in Massachusetts. In the United States there are twelve conversations per year on the average to every one of the population, while in Europe there are only two. The United States with a population, according to the census of 1890, of 62,822,250, maintains 325,810 telephone stations, or one to every 192 of the population. The combined population of Europe, according to the census of 1890, is 354,957,776, and they maintain 336,037 telephone stations, or one to every 997 of the population. The conversations over the telephone in the United States amount to 757,000,000 per year; in Europe they amount to 767,109,824. In other words, in the United States the number of telephones used is more than five times as great, according to the population, as those used in the countries of Europe, and the number of conversations per capita of the population of the United States is six times as great as in Europe. France, with a population of 38,343,192, is using 29,500 telephones, or one to every 1,309 of the population; that is, France, with a population eight times as great as that of the six New England States, is using fewer telephones than the people of New England. Massachusetts, according to the census of 1895, had a population of 2,500,183, and there are 26,315 telephones in use, or one to every 95 of the population. Sweden, where the telephone is more generally used than in any other country in Europe, has but one telephone to every 136 of the population. London has a population of 5,600,000 with 8,600 exchange telephone instruments, or one to every 700 of the population, while Boston, with a population of 496,520, according to the census of 1895, has 9,657 telephones, or one to every fifty-five of the population.

## Aluminum in Yacht-Rigging.

During the past year or so aluminum has been used in some cases for making the pulley-blocks for the rigging of yachts. One of the chief advantages is the gain in lightness, which is a very desirable thing in blocks that are used aloft. The results are reported as satisfactory, and the aluminum blocks have proved to be very strong, one for instance, the weight of which was only three ounces, having stood a strain of seven hundred pounds.



TOOK HIM IN HER ARMS.

brought to this vile hamlet; then your admirable sense and temper will prevail, and I see you already as content as ever, and making your husband the happiest of men."

"You know I can refuse you nothing," she said, with a last flicker of resistance.

"I think not," replied the Doctor. "But do not suppose me so unwary as to adopt him out of hand. I am, I flatter myself, a finished man of the world; I have had all possibilities in view; my plan is contrived to meet them all. I take the lad as stable boy. If he pilfer, grumble, if he desire to change, I shall see I was mistaken; I shall recognize him for no son of mine, and send him tramping."

"You will never do so when the time comes," said his wife; "I know your good heart."

She reached out her hand to him, with a sigh; the Doctor smiled as he took it and carried it to his lips; he had gained his point with greater ease than he had dared to hope; for perhaps the twentieth time he had proved the efficacy of his trusting argument, his Excalibur, the hint of a return to Paris. Six months in the capital, for a man of the doctor's antecedents and relations, implied no less a calamity than total ruin. Anastasie had saved the remainder of his fortune by keeping him strictly in the country. The very name of Paris put her in a blue fear;

keeping a good table—a man, neither as friend nor host, to be despised. I offer you your food and clothes, and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be infinitely more to the purpose for a lad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me, the door shall be open, and I will give you a hundred francs to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in order. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge right. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives rigorously to himself, and that if I make the proposal, it is for my own ends—it is because I perceive clearly an advantage to myself. And now, reflect."

"I shall be very glad. I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the Doctor warmly, rising at the same time and wiping his brow, for he had suffered agonies while the thing hung in the wind. A refusal, after the scene at noon, would have placed him in a ridiculous light before Anastasie. "How hot and heavy is the evening, to be sure! I have always had a fancy to be a fish in summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing

true womanly heroism in little affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the Doctor's errors to himself, but she did her best to remove their ill-effect on Jean-Marie. When Desprez went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in compassion; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The Doctor, entering, found them enlaced; he concluded that his wife was in fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastasie—," when she looked up at him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coleridge, the poet, was an awkward horseman. Once riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham he was accosted by a man who had been watching the rider. "I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied the poet, whose middle name was Taylor; "I did; and he told me if I went a little farther I should meet a goose."

The Austrians were originally the Oester-Reichers or inhabitants of the Eastern Empire.