# The Treasure of Franchard.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Continued from last week.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE EDUCATION OF A PHILOSOPHER. The 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 Pharmacopacia" in verse! The article "Mummia," for instance, was already complete, though the remain ier 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 today. 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 pe-

riod of digestion he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie, for madame 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. Madame and he both in their Sunday's best, drove turned 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. madame kindly despised and pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of vir tues; 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 Dr. Desprez. And it was her indefeasible belief that Jean-Marie wasdull. "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 bluntness 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 wearied 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, was he 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 antinomies like a fish, and left his disciple marveling at the rabbi'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, imponetrable 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.

healthy wind blew from over the torest, and the sound of innumerable thousands of tree adopted some of his master's opinions, but I tops and innumerable millions on millions of have yet to learn that he ever surrendered green leaves was abroad in the air, and filled the ear with something between whispered speech and singing. It seemed as if every blade of grass must hide a cigale; and the one of his own. Convictions existed in him by divine right; they were virgin, unwrought, the brute metal of decision. He could add others indeed, but he could not put fields rang merrily with their music, jingling away; neither did he care if they were perfar and near, as with the sleigh bells of the fairy queen. From their station on the slope fectly agreed among themselves; and his spiritual pleasures had nothing to do with the eye embraced a large space of poplared turning them over or justifying them in plain upon the one hand, the waving hill words. Words were with him a mere accomtops of the forest on the other, and Gretz itplishment, like dancing. When he was by self in the middle, a handful of roofs. Under himself, his pleasures were almost vegetable the bestriding arch of the blue heavens, the He would slip into the woods toward Acheres place seemed dwindled to a toy. It seemed and sit in the mouth of a cave among gray ncredible that people dwelled, and could find birches. His soul stared straight out of his room to turn or air to breathe, in such a coreves; he did not move or think, sunlight, ner of the world. The thought came home to the boy, perhaps for the first time, and he thin shadows moving in the wind, the edge of firs against the sky, occupied and bound gave it words. "How small it looks!" he sighed

his faculties. He was pure unity, a spirit wholly abstracted. A single mood filled him, "Ay," replied the doctor, "small enough to which all the objects of sense contributed, now. Yet it was once a walled city; thriving, full of furred burgesses and men in aras the colors of the spectrum merge and dismor, humming with affairs - with tall appear in white light. So while the doctor made himself drunk spires, for aught I know, and portly towers with words, the adopted stable boy bemused along the battlements. A thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew bell. himself with silence. There were gibbets at the gate as thick as carecrows. In time of war, the assault CHAPTER V. swarmed against it with ladders, the arrows TREASURE TROVE. 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 Commanderiel Tradition so reports. Alas, what a long way off is all this confusion-nothing left of it but my quiet words spoken n your ear-and the town itself shrunk to

The doctor's carriage was a two wheeled gig with a hood, a kind of vehicle in much favor among country doctors. On how many roads has not one seen it, a great way off between the poplars-in how many village streets, tied to a gate post! This sort of chariot is affected, particularly at the trot, by a kind of pitching movement to and fro the hamlet underneath us! By and by came across the axle, which well entitles it to the the English wars-you shall hear more of the style of a Noddy. The hood describes a con-English, a stupid people, who sometimes blundered into good-and Gretz was taken, siderable arc against the landscape, with a solemnly absurd effect on the contemplative sacked and burned. It is the history of pedestrian. To ride in such a carriage canmany towns: but Gretz never arose again: it not be numbered among the things that apwas never rebuilt; its ruins were a quarry to pertain to glory; but I have no doubt it may serve the growth of rivals; and the stones of useful in liver complaint. Thence, per-Gretz are now erect along the streets of Ne-

haps, its wide popularity among physicians. mours. It gratifies me that our old house One morning early, Jean-Marie led forth was the first to rise after the calamity; when the doctor's noddy, opened the gate and the town had come to an end, it inaugurated mounted to the driving seat. The doctor followed, arrayed from top to toe in spotless "I, too, am glad of that," said Jean-Marie. linen, armed with an immense flesh colored "It should be the temple of the humbler umbrella, and girt with a botanical case on a virtues," responded the doctor, with a savory baldric; and the equipage drove off smartly gusto. "Perhaps one of the reasons why in a breeze of its own provocation. They love my little hamlet as I do, is that we have were bound for Franchard, to collect plants, a similar history, she and I. Have I told

with an eye to the "Comparative Pharmayou that I was once rich?" opceia. "I do not think so," answered Jean-Marie. A little rattling on the open roads, and I do not think I should have forgotten. I they came to the borders of the forest and am sorry you should have lost your fortune." struck into an unfrequented track; the noddy "Sorry?" cried the doctor. "Why, I find I vawed softly over the sand, with an accomhave scarce begun your education after all. paniment of snapping twigs. There was a Listen to me! Would you rather live in the old great, green, softly murmuring cloud of con-Gretz or in the new, free from the alarms of regated foliage overhead. In the arcades war, with the green country at the door, of the forest the air retained the freshness of without noise, passports, the exactions of the the night. The athletic bearing of the trees, soldiery, or the jangle of the curfew bell to each carrying its leafy mountain, pleased the send us off to bed by sundown?" mind like so many statues and the lines of

"I suppose I should prefer the new." rethe trunk led the eye admiringly upward to plied the boy. where the extreme leaves sparkled in a patch "Precisely," returned the doctor. "So do

the hamlet.'

of azure. Squirrels leaped in mid air. It And, in the same way, I prefer my was a proper spot for a devotee of the godpresent moderate fortune to my former dess Hygeia. wealth. Golden mediocrity! cried the adora-"Have you been to Franchard, Jeanble ancients; and I subscribe to their enthu-Marie!" inquired the doctor. "I fancy not." siasm. 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

#### but perhaps he exaggerated his influence one of the builds."

Jean-Marie saw a dirty platter, coated his mind. Certainly Jean-Marie with earth. "That?" said he. "It is a plate?"

"It is a coach and horses," cried the doctor. "Boy," he continued, growing warmer, "I plucked away a great pad of moss from between these bowlders, and disclosed a crevice; and when I looked in, what do you suppose I saw! I saw a house, in Paris with a court and garden, I saw my wife shining with diamonds, I saw myself a deputy, I saw you-well, I-I saw your future," he concluded, rather feebly. "I have just discovered America," he added. "But what is it?" asked the boy.

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the doctor; and throwing his brown straw hat

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the

upon the ground, he whooped like an Indian and sprung upon Jean-Marie, whom he suffocated with embraces and bedewed with tears. Then he flung himself down among the heather and once more laughed until the vallev rang.

B

But the boy had now an interest of his own-a boy's interest. No sooner was he reeased from the doctor's accolade than he ran to the bowlders, sprung into the niche, and, thrusting his hand into the crevice, drew forth, one after another, incrusted with the earth of ages, the flagons, candlesticks and patens of the hermitage of Franchard. A casket came last, tightly shut and very heavy "Oh, what fun!" he cried

But when he looked back at the doctor, who had followed close behind and was silently observing, the words died from his lips. Desprez was once more the color of ashes; his lip worked and trembled; a sort of bestial greed possessed him.

"This is childish," he said, "We lose precious time. Back to the inn, harness the trap and bring it to yon bank. Run for your life, and remember-not one whisper. I stay here to watch "

Jean-Marie did as he was bid, though not without surprise. The noddy was brought round to the spot indicated, and the two gradually transported the treasure from its place of concealment to the boot below the driving seat. Once it was all stowed the doctor recovered his gayety.

"Never," replied the boy. "I pay my grateful duties to the genius of this dell," he said. "Oh, for a live coal, a character, and bring this waking nightmare "It is a ruin in a gorge," continued Desprez, adopting his expository voice; "the heifer and a jar of country wine! I am in to an end. ruin of a hermitage and chapel. History the vein for sacrifice, for a superb libation. Well, and why not! We are at Franchard. ells us much of Franchard; how the recluse was often slain by roboers; how he lived on English pale ale is to be had-not classical a most insufficient diet; how he was expected indeed, but excellent. Boy, we shall drink treasure in the noddy. But there was no one to pass his days in prayer. A letter is pre- ale." in the street, save three lounging landscape served, addressed to one of these solitaires

quence; no array of words could unsettle a belief of Jean-Marie's; and he drove into Fontainebleau filled with pity, horror, indignation and despair.

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

generally pervading Fontainebleau with the first fine aroma of his divine good humor. The sun was very low when they set forth again; the shadows of the forest trees extended across the broad white road that led them home; the penetrating odor of the evening wood had already arisen, like a cloud of incense, from that broad field of tree tops; and even in the streets of the town, where the air had been baked all day between white walls, it came in whiffs and pulses, like a distant music. Half way home the last gold flicker vanished from a great oak upon the left; and when they came forth beyond the borders of the wood, the plain was already sunken in pearly grayness, and a great, pale moon came swinging skyward through the filmy poplars.

The doctor sung, the doctor whistled, the doctor talked. He spoke of the woods, and the wars, and the deposition of dew; he brightened and babbled of Paris; he soared into cloudy bombast on the glories of the political arena. All was to be changed; as the day departed it took with it the vestiges of an outworn existence, and to-morrow's sun was to inaugurate the new. "Enough," he cried, "of this life of maceration!" His wife (still beautiful, or he was sadly partial)

was to be no longer buried; she should now shine before society. Jean-Marie would find drank deep of the charmed night air, laden the world at his feet; the roads open to sucwith the scent of hay. "If necessary, wreck the train," he repeated. And he rose and recess, wealth, honor and posthumous renown. "And oh, by the way," said he, "for God's sake keep your tongue quiet! You are, of turned to the house.

course, a very silent fellow; it is a quality I gladly recognize in you-silence, golden silence! But this is a matter of gravity. No word must get abroad; none but the good Casimir is to be trusted; we shall probably dispose of the vessels in England." "But are they not even ours!" the boy said,

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

what remains to be done, of the injustices that may yet be righted by an ardent, active and philosophical deputy."

Jean-Marie put his faith in Mme. Desprez; and as they drove forward down the road from Bourron, between the rustling poplars, he praved in his teeth, and whipped up the horse to an unusual speed. Surely, as soon as they arrived, madame would assert her

painters at Tentaillon's door. Jean-Marie

opened the green gate and led in the horse

and carriage; and almost at the same me-

ment Mine. Desprez came to the kitchen

Their ent

garden walls.

astasie, where is Aline?"

parents," said madame.

tinued. "Darling, we are wealthy!"

"Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine. Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes : "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

## A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

(Concluded next week.)

A Beautiful New Violet.

Pole and Bash Beans.



## THE IMPORTING DRAFT HORSE GO.



Pure-bred French Draft (Percheron or Norman) AND ENCLISH SHIRE HORSES.

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, abbors 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 crapu lous human ruin snutting, 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-unrated wine, and the reflections of an un All the world imagine they will be excepsophisticated spirit in the presence of the tional when they grow wealthy; but possesworks of nature-these, my boy, are the best medical appliances and the best religious comforts. Devote youself to these. Hark! there are the 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. Cinchoua also is a work of nature; it is, after all, only the bark of a tree which we might gather for ourselves if we lived 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 fish pond, 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 its salubrity; 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." One beautiful Jane day they sat upon the hill outside the village. The river, as blue as heaven, shone here and there among the foliage. The indefatigable birds turned and truths. flickered about Gretz church tower. A

were still rich, I should indubitably mak my residence in Paris-von 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 stimuated, 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 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 between these two."

steal when you were there?" But the boy could never be brought to see served Jean-Marie. that he had done anything wrong when he Nor, indeed, did the doctor think he had; but that gentleman was never very the boy's gravity. "Do you ever laugh?" scrupulous when in want of a retort. "Oh, yes," replied the other. "I laugh

"And now," he concluded, "do you begin often. I am very fond of jokes." to understand? My only friends were those "Singular being!" said Despres. "But I who ruined me. Gretz has been my acaddivagate (I perceive a thousand ways that I emy, my sanatorium, my heaven of innocent grow old), Franchard was at length desures. If millions are offered me I wave stroyed in the English wars, the same that them back: Retro, Sathanas! Evil one beleveled Gretz. But-here is the point-tho gone! Fix your mind on my example; dehermits (for there were already more than spise riches, avoid the debasing influence of one) had foreseen the danger and carefully cities. Hygiene-hygiene and mediocrity of concealed the sacrificial vessels. These vesfortune-these be your watchwords during sels were of monstrous value, Jean-Marie-

monstrous value-priceless, we may say: ex-The doctor's system of hygiene strikingly quisitely worked, of exquisite material. And coincided with his tastes; and his picture of now, mark me, they have never been found. a perfect life was a faithful description of In the reign of Louis Quatorze some fellows the one he was leading at the time. But it is were digging hard by the ruins. Suddenlyeasy to convince a boy, whom you supply tock!-the spade hit upon an obstacle. with all the facts for the discussion Imagine the men looking one to another; besides there was one thing admirable in the imagine how their hearts bounded, how their philosophy, and that was the enthusiasm of color came and went. It was a coffer, and, the philosopher. There was never any one in Franchard, the place of buried treasure! more vigorously determined to be pleased; They tore it open like famished beasts. Alas! and if he was not a great logician, and so it was not the treasure; only some priestly had no right to convince the intellect, he robes, which, at the touch of the eating air, was certainly something of a poet, and had fell upon themselves and instantly wasted ina fascination to seduce the heart. What he to dust. The perspiration of these good felcould not achieve in his customary humor of lows turned cold upon them, Jean-Marie. I a radiant admiration of himself and his cirwill pledge my reputation, if there was any-

cumstances, he sometimes effected in his fits thing like a cutting wind, one or other had a of gloom. pneumonia for his trouble. "Boy," he would say, "avoid me today. If "I should like to have seen them turning were superstitious, I should even beg for an into dust," said Jean-Marie. "Otherwise interest in your prayers. I am in the black should not have cared so greatly." fit; the evil spirit of King Saul, the hag of "You have no imagination," cried the docthe merchant Abudah, the personal devil of tor. "Picture to yourself the scene. Dwell the mediæval monk, is with me-is in me," on the idea-a great treasure lying in the tapping on his breast. "The vices of my naearth for centuries; the material for a giddy, ture are now uppermost; innocent pleasures copious, opulent existence not employed; woo me in vain; I long for Paris, for my dresses and exquisite pictures unseen; the wallowing in the mire. See," he continued, swiftest galloping horses not stirring a hoof, producing a handful of silver. "I denude arrested by a spell; women with the beautiful myself, I am not to be trusted with the price faculty of smiles, not smiling; cards, dice, of a fare. Take it, keep it for me, squander opera singing, orchestras, castles, beautiful it on deleterious candy, throw it in the deepparks and gardens, big ships with a tower of est river-I will homologate your action. sail cloth, all lying unborn in a coffin-and Save me from that part of myself which I the stupid trees growing overhead in the sundisown. If you see me falter, do not hesilight, year after year. The thought drives tate; if necessary, wreck the train! I speak, one frantic." of course, by a parable. Any extremity were "It is only money," replied Jean-Marie. better than for me to reach Paris alive." "It would do harm."

Doubtless the doctor enjoyed these little scenes, as a variation in his part; they reprephy; it is all very fine, but not to the point just now. And, besides, it is not 'only sented the Byronic element in the somewhat artificial poetry of his existence; but to the money,' as you call it; there are works of art boy, though he was dimly aware of their in the question; the vessels were carved. You theatricality, they represented more. The speak like a child. You weary me exceeddoctor made perhaps too little, the boy posingly, quoting my words out of all logical sibly too much, of the reality and gravity of e temptations. One day a great light shoue for Jean Marie.

with it," returned the boy submissively. "Could not riches be used well?" he asked. They struck the Route Roude at that me-"In theory, yes," replied the doctor. "But ment; and the sudden change to the rattling is found in experience that no one does so.

"But I thought it was so unwholesome " by the superior of his order, full of admirasaid Jean-Marie, "and very dear, besides." ble hygienic advice; bidding him go from his "Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the doctor, book to praying, and so back again, for vagayly. "To the inn!"

rietv's sake, and when he was weary of both And he stepped into the noddy, tossing his to stroll about his garden and observe the head with an elastic, youthful air. The oney bees. It is to this day my own syshorse was turned, and in a few seconds they tem. Ycu must often have remarked me drew up beside the palings of the inn garden. leaving the "Pharmacopoeia"-often even in "Here," said Desprez-"here, near the the middle of a phrase-to come forth in the stable, so that we may keep an eye upon sun and air. I admire the writer of that things."

letter from my heart; he was a man of They tied the horse, and entered the thought on the most important subjects. garden, the doctor singing, now in fantastic But, indeed, had I lived in the Middle Ages high notes, now producing deep reverbera-(I am heartily glad that I did not) I should tions from his chest. He took a seat, rapped have been an eremite myself-if I had not loudly on the table, assailed the waiter with been a professed buffoon, that is. These witticisms; and when the bottle of Bass was were the only philosophical lives yet open: at length produced, far more charged with laughter or prayer; sneers, we might say, gas than the most delirious champagne, he and tears. Until the sun of the Positive filled out a long glassful of froth and pushed arose, the wise man had to make his choice it over to Jean-Marie. "Drink," he said: "drink deep."

"I would rather not," faltered the boy, "I have been a buffoon, of course," obtrue to his training. "I cannot imagine you to have excelled in "What!" thundered Desprez.

be happy.

your profession," said the doctor, admiring "I am afraid of it," said Jean-Marie; "my stomach

"Take it or leave it," interrupted Desprez fiercely; "but understand it once for allthere is nothing so contemptible as a precisian."

will be a whet-it be will an addition to our Here was a new lesson! The boy sat bemused, looking at the glass but not tasting meager ordinary. I myself will proceed to the cellar. We shall have a bottle of that it, while the doctor emptied and refilled his own, at first with clouded brow, but gradlittle Beaujolais you like, and finish with the ually yielding to the sun, the heady, prick- Hermitage: there are still three bottles left. ling beverage and his own predisposition to Worthy wine for a worthy occasion." "But, my husband; you put me in

"Once in a way," he said, at last, by way whirl," she cried. "I do not comprehend." of a concession to the boy's more rigorous "The turtle, my adored, the turtle!" cried attitude, "once in a way, and at so critical a the doctor; and he pushed her toward the moment, this ale is a nectar for the gods. kitchen, lantern and all. The habit, indeed, is debasing; wine, the Jean-Marie stood dumfounded. He had

juice of the grape, is the true drink of the Frenchman, as I have often had occasion to immediate protest, and his hope began to point out, and I do not know that I can dwindle on the spot. blame you for refusing this outlandish stim-The doctor was everywhere, a little doubt-

ulant. You can have some wine and cakes, ful on his legs, perhaps, and now and then Is the bottle empty! Well, we will not be i taking the wall with his shoulder; for it was proud: we will have pity on your glass." long since he had tasted absinthe, and he was The beer being done, the doctor chafed biteven then reflecting that the absinthe had terly while Jean-Marie finished his cakes, been a misconception. Not that he regretted "I burn to be gone," he said, looking at his excess on such a glorious day, but he made a watch. "Good God, how slow you cat!" mental memorandum to beware; he must And yet to eat slowly was his own particular not, a second time, become the victim of a prescription, the main secret of longevity! deleterious habit. He had his wine out of His martyrdom, however, reached and end the cellar in a twinkling; he arranged the at last; the pair resumed their places in the sacrificial vessels, some on the white table

buggy, and Desprez, leaning luxuriously cloth, some on the sideboard, still crusted back, announced his intention of proceeding | with historic earth. He was in and out of to Fontainebleau. the kitchen, plying Anastasie with vermouth, "To Fontainchlean?" repeated Jean-Marie. heating her with glimpses of the future, "My words are always measured," said the estimating their new wealth at ever larger

doctor. "On!" The doctor was driven through the glades of the lady's virtue had melted in the fire of his paradise; the air, the light, the shining leaves, enthusiasm, her timidity had disappeared; the very movements of the vehicle, seemed to fall in tune with his golden meditations; with his head thrown back, he dreamed a and helped the soup, her eyes shone with the series of funny visions, ale and pleasure glitter of prospective diamonds,

dancing in his veins. At last he spoke. "I shall telegraph for Casimir." he said. "Good Casimir! a fellow of the lower order of intelligence, Jean-Marie, distinctively not creative, not poetic; and yet he will repay your study; his fortune is vast, and it is entirely due to his own exertions. He is the vations. very fellow to help us to dispose of our

trinkets, find us a suitable house in Paris, and stasie. manage the details of our installation. Admirable Casimir, one of my oldest comrades!

"Mme. Gastein will present us-we shall "Never," protested the doctor. "Beauty

'Yours has been a tragic marriage!"

accompanied by a most furious barking; all though somewhat hardler than pole the dogs in the village seemed to smell the beans, must not be planted until settled weather All beans thrive best in warm, sale by Dowty & Becher. light soil

### When Age Overtakes Them.

for over the Union Pacific Railway, to A cynic, who is also a critic, tells me he has discovered why adorable women al- San Francisco, San Diego, Colton, Los ways long to become an actress. It is Angeles, San Bernardino and San Jose, ning out of a clear sky, like a flash, and good 60 days for the going passage and this ever to be 28-year-old star wakes up good for the return trip for six months some fine morning to find herself in the from date of sale, with the usual stophades of past youth, and far down the over privileges in both directions within these limits. These tickets are also good them up to a certain point, and then whiz by way of Denver and Salt Lake City in by way of Denver and Salt Lake City in each direction. The Agent, Mr. J. R. Meagher, tells us quite a number are thinking of making the trip soon, and it

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#### In Paris there are said to be people who nake a living by waking people up in the morning. They must do a rousing business.-Boston Commercial Bulletin

English soldiers are in the future to wear brown tan gloves instead of white as heretofore.

M. Brouardel, the French savant, says pictured to himself a different scene-a more that in 80 cases out of 100 typhoid fever is caused by polluted water.

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tickets, to points where the train makes THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts regular stops, between Council Bluffs Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum and Ogden. Such passengers must pur-Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands chase tickets for seats or berths in Pull-Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Erupman sleepers, before entering the cars. tions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give He that burns most, shines most. perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by The True Method july27 Of curing habitual constipation, and

#### Two ill meals make the third a glutton

of the bitter drastic liver medicines and The Commercial Travelers Protective cathartics, and take the only pleasant Association of the United States, has a liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It nembership of over sixteen thousand cleanses as well as strengthens the system, and does not leave the bowels cosand is probably the strongest association of the kind in the world. Mr. John R. tive, so that regular habits may be form-Stone, their national secretary and treased, and the invalid presently restored to urer, 79 Dearbone street, Chicago, in a health. It acts promptly and effectiveletter states that he has been severely ly; it is easily taken, and perfectly harmtroubled at times, for the past twenty less. For sale only by Dowty & Becher years, with cramp and bilious colic He that mocks a cripple ought to be which would compel him to take to his whole. bed from three to six days-while in St. procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy and has tite is poor, you are bothered with headsince used it with the best results. It is ache, you are fidgety, nervous, and genthe only remedy he ever found that eferally out of sorts, and want to brace up. fected a rapid and complete cure. No Brace up but not with stimulants, spring

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trust a lover's taste! Embrace me, darling! This grimy episode is over; the butterfly unfolds its painted wings. To-morrow Casimir will come; in a week we may be in Parishappy at last! You shall have diamonds. Jean-Marie, take it out of the boot with religious care and bring it piece by piece into the dining room. We shall have plate at table! Darling, hasten and prepare this turtle; it

threshold with a lighted lantern; for the moon was not yet high enough to clear the simply because actresses never grow old. There comes a time, of course, when age "Close the gates, Jean-Marie!", cried the doctor, somewhat unsteadily alighting. "Anovertakes them, but it comes like light-"She has gone to Montereau to see her

"All is for the best!" exclaimed the doctor, fervently. "Here, quick, come near to me; home stretch. Time has stood still for I do not wish to speak too loud," he con-

he goes, without regard and without remorse. But it was fun while it lasted .-

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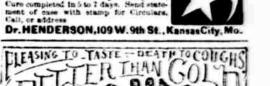
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figures; and before they sat down to supper,

she, too, had began to speak disparagingly of the life at Gretz; and as she took her place

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

"But you will not be a Red!" cried Ana-"I am Left Center to the core," replied the loctor

find overselves forgotten," said the lady. and talent leave a mark." "I have positively forgotten how to dress.

"Darling, you make me blush," said he,

sion is debasing, new desires spring up, and the silly taste for ostentation eats out the heart of pleasure "Then you might be better if you had less, said the boy. "Certainly not," replied the doctor; but his voice quavered as he spoke. "Why?" demanded pitiless innocence Dr. Desprez saw all the colors of the rainhow in a moment; the stable universe appeared to be about capsizing with him. "Because," said he-affecting deliberation after an obvious pause-"because I have formed my life for my present income. It is not good for men of my years to be violently issevered from their habits." That was a sharp brush. The doctor breathed hard, and fell into taciturnity for the afternoon. As for the boy, he was delighted with the resolution of his doubts; even wondered that he had not foreseen the obvious and conclusive answer. His faith in the doctor was a stout piece of goods, Desprez was inclined to be a sheet in the wind's eye after dinner, especially after as paper. Rhine wine, his favorite weakness. He would then remark on the warmth of his feeling for Anastasie, and with inflamed cheeks and a loose, flustered smile, debate upon all sorts of topics, and be feebly and indiscreetly witty. But the adopted stable boy would not permit himself to entertain a doubt that savored of ingratitude. It is quille true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever alow to accept such showing his right hand, which he had The doctor thoroughly posses hitberto concealed behind his back-"here is

called to other scenes I will not forget thee. way combined, with the doctor's irrite Thy name is graven in my heart. Under the tion, to keep him silent. The noddy jigged along; the trees went by, looking on silently, as if they had something on their minds. The Quadrilateral was passed; then came Franfuse the credit-I have preserved my youth chard. They put up the horse at the little solitary inn and went forth strolling. The like a virginity; another, who should have led the same snoozing, countrified existence gorge was dyed deeply with heather; the for these years, another had become rusted, rocks and birches standing luminous in the sun. A great humming of bees about the flowers disposed Jean-Marie to sleep, and he become stereotype; but I, I praise my happy constitution, retain the spring unbroken. h sat down against a clump of heather, while Fresh opulence and a new sphere of duties the doctor went briskly to and fro, with find me unabated in ardor and only more | hand. mature by knowledge. For this prospective quick turns, culling his simples. The boy's head had fallen a little forward, change, Jean-Marie-it may probably have shocked you. Tell me now, did it not strike his eyes were closed, his fingers had fallen you as an inconsistency ? Confess-it is use lax about his knees, when a sudden cry called him to his feet. It was a strange sound, thin less to dissemble-it pained you? and brief; it fell dead, and silence returned "Yes," said the boy. as though it had never been interrupted. He had not recognized the doctor's voice; but, as there was no one else in all the valley, it was plainly the doctor who had given utterance to the sound. He looked right and left, and there was Desprez, standing in a niche between two bowlders, and looking round on his adopted son with a countenance as white "A viper!" cried 'Jean-Marie, running toward him. "A viper! You are bitten! scientific training, my undoubted command The doctor came down heavily out of the cleft, and advanced in silence to meet the boy, whom he took roughly by the shoulder. "I have found it," he said, with a gasp. "A plant!" asked Jean-Marie. Desprez had a fit of unnatural gayety, doing: I must be no skulker in life's battle." which the rocks took up and mimicked. "A plant!" he repeated scornfully. "Well-yes -s plant. And here," he added, suddenly,

"Oh, come!" cried Desprez, "that is philoso-

"And at any rate, we have nothing to do

ection, like a paroquet."

"But your success-to see you appreciate influence of prosperity I become dithyramhonored, your name in all the papers, that bic. Jean-Marie. Such is the impulse of the will be more than pleasure - it will be natural soul; such was the constitution of heaven!" she cried. primeval man. And I-well, I will not re-"And once a week," said the doctor, archly

she sighed.

scanning the syllables, "once a week-one good little game of baccarat?" "Only once a week?" she questioned, threat-

ning him with a finger. "I swear it by my political honor," cried

> "I spoil you," she said, and gave him He covered it with kisses

Jean-Marie escaped into the night. The moon swung high over Gretz. He went down to the garden end and sat on the jetty. The river ran by with eddies of oily silver.

and a low, monotonous song. Faint veils of "You see," returned the doctor, with submist moved among the poplars on the further lime fatuity, "I read your thoughts! Nor side. The reeds were quietly nodding. A am I surprised-your education is not yet hundred times already had the boy sat, on complete; the higher duties of men have not such a night, and watched the streaming yet been presented to you fully. A hintriver with untroubled fancy. And this pertill we have leisure-must suffice. Now that haps was to be the last. He was to leave this I am once more in possession of a modest familiar hamlet, this green rustling country, competence; now that I have so long prethis bright and quiet stream; he was to pass pared myself in silent meditation, it becomes into the great city; his dear lady mistress my superior duty to proceed to Paris. My was to move bedizened into saloons; his good.

It was on his advice, I may add, that I in-

vested my little fortune in Turkish bonds;

when we have added these spoils of the me-

diæval church to our stake in the Mohamme-

dan empire, little boy, we shall positively

roll among doubloons, positively roll! Beau-

tiful forest," he cried, "farewell! Though

garrulous, kind hearted master to become a of language, mark me out for the service of brawling deputy; and both be lost forever to my country. Modesty in such a case would Jean-Marie and their better selves. He knew be a snare. If sin were a philosophical exhis own defects; he knew he must sink into pression, I should call it sinful. A man must less and less consideration in the turmoil of a not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to city life: sink more and more from the child evade his obligations. I must be up and into the servant. And he began dimly to believe the doctor's prophecies of evil. He

So he rattled on, copiously greasing the could see a change in both. His generous joint of his inconsistency with words; while incredulity failed him for this once; a child the boy listened silently, his eyes fixed on the must have perceived that the Hermitage had

horse, his mind seething. It was all lost elo- completed what the absinthe had begun. If

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