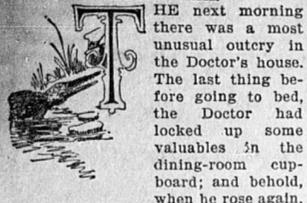


THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.



HE next morning there was a most unusual outcry in the Doctor's house. The last thing before going to bed, the Doctor had locked up some valuables in the dining-room cupboard; and behold, when he rose again, as he did about four o'clock, the cupboard had been broken open, and the valuables in question had disappeared. Madame and Jean-Marie were summoned from their rooms, and appeared in hasty toilets; they found the Doctor raving, calling the heavens to witness and avenge his injury, pacing the room barefooted, with the tails of his night-shirt flapping as he turned.

"Gone!" he said; "the things are gone, the fortune gone! We are paupers once more! Boy! what do you know of this? Speak up, sir, speak up! Do you know of it? Where are they?" He had him by the arm, shaking him like a bag, and the boy's words, if he had any, were jolted forth in inarticulate murmurs. The Doctor, with a revulsion from his own violence, set him down again. He observed Anastasie in tears. "Anastasie," he said, in quite an altered voice, "compose yourself, command your feelings. I would not have you give way to passion like the vulgar. This—this trifling accident must be lived down. Jean-Marie, bring me my smaller medicine chest. A gentle laxative is indicated."

And he dosed the family all round, leading the way himself with a double quantity. The wretched Anastasie, who had never been ill in the whole course of her existence, and whose soul recoiled from remedies, wept floods of tears as she sipped, and shuddered, and protested, and then was bullied and shouted at until she sipped again. As for Jean-Marie, he took his portion down with stolidism.

"I have given him a less amount," observed the Doctor, "his youth protecting him against emotion. And now that we have thus parried any morbid consequences, let us reason."

"I am so cold," wailed Anastasie.

"Cold!" cried the Doctor. "I give thanks to God that I am made of fierier material. Why, madame, a blow like this would set a frog into a transpira-

tion. If you are cold, you can retire; and, by the way, you might throw me down my trousers. It is chilly for the legs."

"Oh, no!" protested Anastasie; "I will stay with you."

"Nay, madame, you shall not suffer for your devotion," said the Doctor. "I will myself fetch you a shawl." And he went upstairs and returned more fully clad and with an armful of wraps for the shivering Anastasie. "And now," he resumed, "to investigate this crime. Let us proceed by induction. Anastasie, do you know anything that can help us?" Anastasie knew nothing. "Or you, Jean-Marie?"

"Not I," replied the boy steadily.

"Good," returned the Doctor. "We shall now turn our attention to the material evidences. (I was born to be a detective; I have the eye and the systematic spirit.) First, violence has been employed. The door was broken open; and it may be observed, in passing, that the lock was dear indeed at what I paid for it; the crew to pluck with Master Gogoliat. Second, here is the instrument employed, one of our own table-knives, one of our best, my dear; which seems to indicate no preparation on the part of the gang—if gang it was. Thirdly, I observed that nothing has been removed except the Franchard case and the basket; our own silver

has been minutely respected. This is wily; it shows intelligence, a knowledge of the code, a desire to avoid legal consequences. I argue from this fact that the gang numbers persons of respectability—outward, of course, and merely outward, as the robbery proves. But I argue, second, that we must have been observed at Franchard itself by some occult observer, and dogged throughout the day with a skill and patience that I venture to qualify as consummate. No ordinary man, no occasional criminal, would have shown himself capable of this combination. We have in our neighborhood, it is far from improbable, a retired bandit of the highest order of intelligence."

"Good heaven!" cried the horrified Anastasie. "Henri, how can you!"

"My cherished one, this is a process of induction," said the Doctor. "If any of my steps are unsound, correct me. You are silent? Then do not, I beseech you, be so vulgarly illogical as to revolt from my conclusion. We have now arrived," he resumed, "at some idea of the composition of the gang—for I incline to the hypothesis of more than one—and we now leave this room, which can disclose no more, and turn our attention to the court and garden. (Jean-Marie, I trust you are observantly following my various steps; this is an excellent piece of education for you.) Come with me to the door. No steps on the court; it is unfortunate our court should be paved. On what small matters hang the destiny of these delicate investigations! Hey! What have we here? I have led you to the very spot," he said, standing grandly backward and indicating the green gate.

"An escalade, as you can now see for yourselves, has taken place."

CHAPTER XIV.

SURE enough, the green paint was in several places scratched and broken; and one of the panels preserved the print of a nailed shoe. The foot had slipped, however, and it was difficult to estimate the size of the shoe, and impossible to distinguish the pattern of the nails.

"The whole robbery," concluded the Doctor, "step by step, has been recon-

in any particular exercise the moral sense. And second, painting, in common with all the other arts, implies the dangerous quality of imagination. A man of imagination is never moral; he outsours literal demarkations and reviews life under too many shifting lights to rest content with the invidious distinctions of the law!"

"But you always say—at least, so I understood you"—said madame, "that these lads display no imagination whatever."

"My dear, they displayed imagination, and of a very fantastic order, too," returned the Doctor, "when they embraced their beggarly profession. Besides—and this is an argument exactly suited to your intellectual level—many of them are English and American. "Where else should we expect to find a thief?—And now you had better get your coffee. Because we have lost a treasure, there is no reason for starving. For my part, I shall break my fist with white wine. I feel unaccountably heated and thirsty to-day. I can only attribute it to the shock of the discovery. And yet, you will bear me out, I supported the emotion nobly."

The Doctor had now talked himself back into an admirable humor; and as he sat in the arbor and slowly imbibed a large allowance of white wine and picked a little bread and cheese with no very impetuous appetite, if a third of his meditations ran upon the missing treasure, the other two-thirds were more pleasingly busied in the retrospect of his detective skill.

About eleven Casimir arrived; he had caught an early train to Fontainebleau, and driven over to save time; and now his cab was stabled at Tentation's, and he remarked, studying his watch, that he could spare an hour and a half. He was much the man of business, decisively spoken, given to frowning in an intellectual manner. Anastasie's born brother, he did not waste much sentiment on the lady, gave her an English family kiss, and demanded a meal without delay.

"You can tell me your story while we eat," he observed. "Anything good to-day, Stasie?"

He was promised something good. The trio sat down to table in the arbor, Jean-Marie waiting as well as eating, and the Doctor recounted what had happened in his richest narrative manner. Casimir heard it with explosions of laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO CLASSES OF READERS.

Those Who Like Dickens and Those Who Adore Thackeray.

"About fifteen years ago readers used to be divided roughly into two classes—those who 'liked Dickens' and those who 'adored Thackeray,'" says the Ladies' Home Journal. "Each class used to view the other with more or less contempt. Of the two the Thackeray people felt themselves considerably superior to the Dickens people."

THE COURTING COAT.

Even a woman could have seen that Ned Moore was drawing small pleasure from his pipe.

"I reckon the doctor spoke the truth and I've got to do it, but it's the devil's own luck."

Ned Moore slowly reloaded his pipe. "A fortnight's holiday? Well, I can manage the time, but how about money? Spring Lake will eat up a \$50 bill in less than ten days."

Here pipe was abandoned for a moment, while pockets were emptied. "What about clothes? I must have one new rig—must, but how?"

The pipe was resumed, and as the smoke curled in meditative rings above the smoker's head, the lines on his forehead deepened.

"I hate to do it, but hang me if I see any other way. And the price was only \$6; dirt cheap. Anyhow, who'll know the rig was second-hand? And if any one does guess, what the devil do I care?"

When Ned Moore arrived at the second-hand shop he made the painful discovery that the blue serge suit he wished to buy was built for a man twice his size. It was his first experience, however, with a second-hand clothing merchant, and constitutional bashfulness made him an easy victim. Ten minutes later he left that shop the owner of a tweed lounge suit, handsome, it is true, but a combination of yellow and black aggressively "horsey" in color and pattern.

When Ned Moore caught his first view of the crowded veranda of the Monmouth House he wished he hadn't come. And after working his way through a bevy of pretty girls surrounding the main door he decided to skip dinner in the big dining-room and sup modestly in the small cafe. Later, as he finished washing the Jersey dust from his pale face, he soliloquized:

"I'll christen my new outfit to-night. There'll be nobody in the coffee-room, and perhaps I'll get reconciled to the vulgar thing after wearing it in the twilight."

In a most curious fashion the modest supper Ned Moore had planned while

"What is this, Nell? What in thunder—"

He got no further, for with a shriek the young woman sprang away from Ned Moore. When she faced him, she looked an enraged tigress—she was too angry for words.

"Answer me, Nell, answer!"

"O, it's all a mistake, a dreadful mistake," cried the young woman.

"Mistake? Nonsense!"

"No, truth, Jack," and the pretty, tear-stained face was lifted toward the angry man. "I was sitting here," she ran on, her voice tremulous, "waiting for you. And I had just dreamed my way back to last summer, and was, O so happy, living over those dear, sweet days; then somebody so like you passed between me and the sea, fitting in, O so true, with my sweet dream. Then an arm stole around me—the same old yellow and black coat sleeve, and—"

"Why, bless my soul, man," cut in the angry lover, eyeing Ned Moore intently; "you've got on my old courting rig. I see it all now. Nell, dear, don't say another word; it's all my fault. I'd no business to sell that dear old courting coat; it was rank rascallege."

Ned Moore found something more than health at the seashore—found his heart. And he returned to New York a new man. Something, time soon testified, had opened bachelor eyes to the loveliness of woman, the loneliness of bachelor life; for in six months he married—married and settled down to hard work and home life. But for reasons, the nature of which he did not explain to his little wife, he never parted with his own courting coat, even when its days of active service had departed.—Black and White.

ANCESTRAL HOME

Of the Astors Still Standing in a Little German Village.

Mannheim Correspondence Chicago Record: The ancestral home of the Astors is in the little village of Waldorf, twelve miles southeast of Mannheim and midway between the Rhine and the low-lying hills forming the northern part of the Black forest. Their house, which is still standing, is an unpretentious structure of two

great mental anguish to himself and wife, and that that species of suffering may be reduced, under the law, to dollars and cents. Incidentally he will try to prove that the absence of a mustache affected his eyesight. So, as you may observe, a good many interesting and delicate questions will be raised, and I dare say the case will attract wide attention. I have the particulars I mention from the victim himself. What sort of defense will be set up remains to be seen.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WALES' ODD TASTE IN HATS.

He Likes Them of Green Felt with Feathers or Wolf's Teeth.

Those who are knowing in such things have been heard to say of late that the prince of Wales is not the absolute arbiter that once he was in matters pertaining to men's fashions, but that he is still recognized as master where hats are concerned. If this be so, Englishmen are in for a change of headgear, for the prince of Wales has been buying hats, the color, shape and decorations of which are all new. According to the Daily News the prince has a kind of passion for buying hats and giving them to his friends. He bought nine in Germany, and they are of new pattern, and some of them of a new color. The color is green and the material soft felt, and stuck in the back—as if the wearer, in his hurry, had put his hat on wrong—is a little tuft of capercaillie feathers. Most of them are capercaillie, but there is latitude for choice. The head of a woodcock as a sort of center for its own fine feathers, two teeth of a wolf with a tuft of wolf's bristle—teeth and bristles of a dog will do if the rarer articles are not obtainable—the curled tail feathers of a black cock; these are the chief varieties of ornament up to this. The Daily News, indeed, accuses the prince of being mere plagiarist of the composer Offenbach, who 35 years ago, after a tour in the Tyrol, returned to Paris with the full equipment of a Tyrolean sportsman, and appeared on the boulevards wearing the green hat with its curl of feathers. The fashion caught on. It spread from Paris to London.

Honolulu Belle Is Without Galle.

People rave for hours over the languishing Spanish girls, but like the native song I sing, "Give me the Honolulu bells," whose graceful form, though nearly concealed "neath the flowing gowns, can be faintly discerned through the clinging folds, and whose thoughts and passions can be read in the shy glances from their telltale eyes. They are rather dark, well developed, even at an early age, with even features and large, expressive eyes, coal-black hair, intensely white teeth and walk leisurely, for this is a tropical climate. One can not help admiring these pleasant, soft-speaking women. The beautiful flower wreaths worn as hat decorations also tend, apart from their natural attractiveness, to set off the languishing beauty of these natives. A language that contains but twelve letters in its alphabet, one word meaning several things, tends to innocence of mind and habits. The scandals and intrigues, without which the Spanish world perish, are unknown to the Honolulu belle, and in her straightforward and candid glance you can note the elevation of her mind and the purity of her thoughts. They love madly, too, as many tales bear out. "But that I know not of!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Expensive Dress.

The most expensive dress in the world is said to be the property of Mrs. Cella Wallis, of Chicago, who, hearing that the wife of a London banker possessed a garment costing \$15,000, eclipsed this by an expenditure of \$35,000. It was trimmed with Brussels point lace, a yard wide and three yards in length, costing \$25,000, and diamond ornaments held it in place.

Red Hair Figures.

Three out of every 135 English-speaking people have red hair.



OH, IT'S ALL A MISTAKE.

dressing developed into a full-fledged dinner. He seemed to have put on a new appetite with his new suit of old clothes. And a new thirst as well, for he found himself ordering a pint of champagne. That bottle of wine he enjoyed thoroughly.

Twilight deepened while he dined, and there came to the ex-invalid with the gathering shadows a strange longing for companionship. Through the open window came the heavy salt air, bearing to his ears the mingled talk and laughter of the many people on the sands. He was dominated by a new-born desire to draw nearer the heart of life—to come closer in touch with that crowd of pretty women down by the sea. And so he paid his bill, put on his hat, and was soon one of the multitude.

Before he had been on the beach five minutes he found himself smiling at a pretty girl, and a moment later he winked boldly at a second. As he passed along he overheard that girl say to another girl:

"Did you see that awful, impertinent, handsome man wink at me?"

Then suddenly he came into the presence of the prettiest woman he had ever seen. She was all alone, and, half reclining on the sand, was gazing steadily across the sea to where the harvest moon now slowly lifted out of the green waters.

Before he knew what he was doing, Ned Moore had stepped behind the girl, dropped on the sand, slipped his arm around her waist, and was giving her an old-fashioned hug.

That the young woman took kindly to this embrace was quickly proved, for her head dropped against Ned Moore's shoulder and a little hand stroked caressingly his yellow and black coat sleeve.

"I must say something," thought Ned Moore, and he was on the point of speaking, when another man spoke for him:

"Well, I'm darned!"

And when Ned Moore looked up, he saw facing him a man about his own size and build—a man whose face was livid with passion. The intruder didn't give Ned long to think, however, for he burst out:

stories, facing on the open square, and containing probably six rooms. To one side is a small yard such as frequently adjoin the houses of the peasants in this part of southern Germany. The inhabitants say that the family were butchers, neither better nor worse off than the average of their class. Some of the descendants of one of the sisters of John Jacob Astor are still living there, one of them being engaged in the furniture business. He tells me that although he is not a socialist, he certainly wouldn't mind if his rich cousins in America should make a moderate division of their holdings. In the village square and toward one end near the old village church stands the monument erected to the memory of John Jacob upon the fifteenth anniversary of his founding the home for destitute and infirm old men and women. The unveiling of this monument was made an occasion of great celebrating, the grand duke of Baden being present with a large number of distinguished officials.

Introduced to Ruskin.

Mr. Ruskin was taking a morning walk not long ago near Brantwood, when he saw a woman seated on a campstool making a sketch of the house, and with a courteous grace which is intensely his own he addressed her, inquiring her reason for choosing the house in question for her subject. "It is the house of the famous John Ruskin," she frankly answered. "Have you met Ruskin?" she was asked. "No, indeed," she replied.

"If I had I would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life."

"Then, madam, if you care to follow me I will show him to you." In a twinkling the stool and easel were packed up, and the artist eagerly followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house and, entering, bade his guest to follow, which she readily did. On marched the stranger into the drawing-room; then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he exclaimed, to the amazement of his companion: "Now, what do you think of Ruskin?"



HEY! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

stituted. Inductive science can no further go."

"It is wonderful," said his wife, "You should indeed have been a detective, Henri. I had no idea of your talents."

"My dear," replied Desprez, condescendingly, "a man of scientific imagination combines the lesser faculties; he is a detective just as he is a publicist or a general; these are but local applications of his special talent. But now," he continued, "would you have me go further? Would you have me lay my finger on the culprits—or rather, for I cannot promise quite so much, point out to you the very house where they consort? It may be a satisfaction, at least it is all we are likely to get, since we are denied the remedy of law. I reach the further stage in this way. In order to fill my outline of the robbery, I require a man likely to be in the forest idling. I require a man of education; I require a man superior to considerations of morality. The requisites all center in Tentation's boarders. They are painters, therefore they are continually lounging in the forest. They are painters, therefore they are not unlikely to have some smattering of education. Lastly, because they are painters, they are probably immoral. And this I prove in two ways. First, painting is an art which merely addresses the eye; it does not

There were not so many of them, for one thing, and that in itself gave them a feeling of exclusiveness. But Thackeray's complete works for \$3.99 rapidly abolished the aristocracy. Artificial barriers do not long count for much with a great writer. You no doubt very soon found out that in certain moods there was nothing more satisfying to you than 'Pendennis,' and at another time the best novel that you ever read was 'David Copperfield.' I have no doubt that in the long run deep in your heart you will cherish a finer affection for the one than the other. That is a matter of temperament and your surroundings. The one you like best fits best into your life as you are making it. You will discover that a change of scene or occupation often brings you into sympathy with a writer whom you never before appreciated. A great sorrow will sometimes reveal George Elliot to you; a little journey in England will show you new beauties in Trollope; a wave of war feeling in Europe and people begin re-reading Tolstoy's 'War and Peace.'"

Wisdom.

"I can't see why they speak of the wisdom of the serpent."

"Well, you never heard of a serpent getting its leg pulled, did you?"