

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

But the boy could never be brought to see that he had done anything wrong when he stole. Nor, indeed, did the Doctor think he had; but that gentleman was never very scrupulous when in want of a retort.

"And now," he concluded, "do you begin to understand? My only friends were those who ruined me. Gretz has been my academy, my sanatorium, my heaven of innocent pleasures. If millions are offered me, I wave them back: Retro, Sathanas!—Evil one, begone! Fix your mind on my example; despise riches, avoid the debasing influence of cities. Hygiene—hygiene and mediocrity of fortune—these be your watchwords during life!"

The Doctor's system of hygiene strikingly coincided with his tastes; and his picture of the perfect life was a faithful description of the one he was leading at the time. But it is easy to convince a boy, whom you supply with all the facts for the discussion. And besides, there was one thing admirable in the philosophy, and that was the enthusiasm of the philosopher. There was never anyone more vigorously determined to be pleased; and if he was not a great logician, and so had no right to convince the intellect, he was certainly something of a poet, and had a fascination to seduce the heart. What he could not achieve in his customary humor of a radiant admiration of himself and his circumstances, he sometimes effected in his fits of gloom.

"Boy," he would say, "avoid me today. If I were superstitious, I should even beg for an interest in your prayers. I am in the black fit; the evil spirit of King Saul, the hag of the merchant Abudah, the personal devil of the mediaeval monk, is with me in me," tapping on his breast. "The vices of my nature are now uppermost; innocent pleasures woo me in vain; I long for Paris, for my wallowing in

"Certainly not," replied the Doctor; but his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Why?" demanded pitiless innocence.

CHAPTER VII.

DOCTOR DESPREZ saw all the colors of the rainbow 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 disservered 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 Rhone wine, his favorite weakness. He would then remark upon the warmth of his feeling for Anastase, 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 quite true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever slow to accept such truths.

The Doctor thoroughly possessed his heart, but perhaps he exaggerated his influence over his mind. Certainly Jean-Marie adopted some of his master's opinions, but I have yet to learn

movement to and fro across the axle, which well entitles it to the style of a Noddy. The hood describes a considerable arc against the landscape, with a solemnly absurd effect on the contemplative pedestrian. To ride in such a carriage cannot be numbered among the things that appertain to glory; but I have no doubt it may be useful in liver complaint. Thence, perhaps, its wide popularity among physicians.

One morning early, Jean-Marie led forth the Doctor's noddy, opened the gate, and mounted to the driving-seat. The Doctor followed, arrayed from top to toe in spotless linen, armed with an immense flesh-colored umbrella, and girt with a botanical case on a baldric; and the equipage drove off smartly in a breeze of its own provocation. They were bound for Franchard, to collect plants, with an eye to the "Comparative Pharmacopoeia."

A little straggling on the open roads, and they came to the borders of the forest and struck into an unfrequented track; the noddy yawed softly over the sand, with an accompaniment of snapping twigs. There was a great, green, softly murmuring cloud of congregated foliage overhead. In the arcades of the forest, the air retained the freshness of the night. The athletic bearing of the trees, each carrying its leafy mountain, pleased the mind like so many statues and the lines of the trunk led the eye admiringly upward to where the extreme leaves sparkled in a patch of azure. Squirrels leaped in mid air. It was a proper spot for a devotee of the goddess Hygeia.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURIOUS CLOCKS.

How Some People of Foreign Lands Reckon Time.

Neither clock nor timepiece is to be found in Liberia. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at 6 a. m. and sets at 6 p. m., almost to the minute, all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead, says Popular Science News. The islanders of the south Pacific have no clocks, but make an ingenious and reliable time-marker of their own. They take the kernel from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of

THREE WARNINGS.

Dr. Townly's lips twitched, but he controlled himself. It was a very serious case. And he knew that men and women had died of fright.

Everybody in Torbett township knew just what was the matter.

Miss Saline Jones, a very estimable lady in middle age, had lain down on her bed knowing that she would soon die. She had received three mysterious warnings. Wherever the case was discussed—and it was talked of now throughout the township and the greater portion of the county—nobody could be found who had ever heard of an instance where a person forewarned had ever received more than three warnings. One was the rule. Cases where two warnings were given the doomed were cited, but they were not so well authenticated.

Miss Jones had lain in bed now three days. Everybody could see her falling. She had a hunted look; her face was pale, sometimes clammy with perspiration. She had not slept now in three nights. Dr. Townly's first resolve was that she should sleep that night—but kept his own counsel.

He really feared the poor lady would die of fright.

After examining her carefully with a puzzled expression he entered the little parlor, which was darkened to keep the flies and the light out, and conversed with Miss Jones' niece, a bright and fairly well-educated girl. The niece had been sent for in haste. She had no patience with the story of the "warnings," but she admitted that she had not had much time to investigate the matter.

She had the forethought, however, to call in the neighbor who had telegraphed her that her presence was required in Torbett.

The neighbor was a member of the leading church in Torbett, who announced herself as the mother of a large family, therefore very conscientious. Miss Jones had not said anything to her until she had slept over the first warning.

"She told me it looked like an angel with wings. She could see the angel's head better than the wings. But the wings were there."

The doctor knew the story, but he asked Mrs. Bennett gruffly: "Where?"

"They were on a melon—a watermelon. It was a melon grown in a patch just back of the henhouse—on the little bench of land very near the ravine."

"Well?" growled the doctor.

"I did see the second warning myself."

"What was it like?"

"It was on a melon, too. It looked just like Miss Jones told me. It was just like the branches of a weeping willow."

"Did anybody else see it?"

"My son John saw it, and a half-dozen of the neighbors saw it."

"How big was the tree—the branches, I mean?"

"They covered the breadth of your hand, I am sure."

"Did Miss Jones say she regarded it as a sign she was going to die? Suppose the melon hadn't been pulled—or somebody else had picked it up?"

"That's just it. She didn't get the melons—her little nephew, Tommy—he's about 6 years old—he brought the melons in to her. There was an old patch back there once—she never goes into it. Tommy, he was chasing the hens—and run there and found the melons."

"Then she went to bed, did she?"

"No. She wondered what it meant—asked me what I thought. And I daren't say what I thought. It was the first 'sign' I ever saw. And I hope I may never see another."

"Did she show any signs of fright—did she lose her appetite or cry? Was she nervous? Or did she talk much?"

"Neither of the three. She just sat down and rocked herself. If anybody spoke she just looked at us, as much as to say: 'You don't know anything about it. It can't be helped.' Wouldn't be coaxed to eat. We couldn't get her to swallow a cup of tea."

"Well—and then?"

"She got the third warning."

"What was it?"

"It was on another melon. It's not as plain as the others. But hundreds have seen it. It was an overripe melon. Kind of faded away now. She said when Tommy brought it in that she did not need such a plain warning, said she ought to be thankful she got three. And then she laid out her shroud and got into bed. Of course dozens of us were in and out."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "and hundreds more, bigger fools, were telling the story and adding to it."

"What was on the last melon?"

"Just an urn—the same as you see any place."

"Humph!"

"She came over to my house that afternoon. I'd just got the parlor closed and was going to lie down when she walked in without rapping. A thing she never did in her life. 'I am going to die soon,' she said, then she sat down. 'I want you to see that everything is right. You know the most about my things.' I expected then she had another warning, but I waited to see what she would say—sure enough she had. So I went over with her. Then she showed me the melon. I declare, doctor, I almost fainted then. I had to sit down. And I had to help her into bed and send for the neighbors. That's all I can tell you."

The worst of it was it was all true. Deacon Pritchard had called repeatedly and prayed for her; old friends flocked to the house and filled it from the porch to the sickroom—or, rather, the dying-room, as it was now called.

The leading druggist pooh-poohed

the story. He had a theory. He imagined he could see somebody experimenting with chemicals. But if the experimenter was wise he'd "sing low." But he ought to write a letter confessing how the trick was done—it was nothing but a chemical trick of some sort.

Meanwhile Miss Saline Jones was surely but certainly falling. She could not live a week, in the doctor's opinion, if she fell away at the rate he had reckoned. However, he would adhere to his original plan. He would give her enough to insure sleep for four or five hours. Meanwhile he would "overhaul his log." He had served before the mast when in his teens. The sailor Lingo still found utterance when he was puzzled.

His thoughts turned toward the melon patch. As far as he could learn nobody had visited the melon patch, a circumstance that did not surprise a man who argued that not one man or woman in ten could see two inches beyond their noses.

On his way out to his buggy he asked for Tommy. Tommy had been taken in by a friendly neighbor. The doctor sat upright in his buggy when Tommy made his appearance.

He was very much alarmed when the doctor asked him to take a little ride with him—as far as the end of the lane.

"Can you show me near where you got the melons for your aunt, Tommy?" the doctor asked in a kindly voice. Tommy thought he could.

"I'll drive around the old back lot," said the doctor.

A heavy growth of locust screened the old back lot from Miss Jones'



SHE GOT THE THIRD WARNING. The doctor lifted Tommy out of his buggy and entered the old melon patch. He remained in it ten minutes or more.

Had anybody passed that way he would have heard a gurgle like that made by water dropping into a brook. It was the doctor. His broad chest rose and fell, his head shook convulsively, his eyes were cast upward very much to Tommy's alarm. Then he wiped his eyes (Tommy said afterward, "The doctor cried"), and, placing Tommy carefully outside the dilapidated fence, drove rapidly away.

He returned later in the day, and, summoning the neighbors who had seen the last warnings, closeted himself with them in a room. There he displayed to their wondering eyes facsimiles of the picture they saw on the melons. The pictures the doctor exhibited were made on putty, curved to resemble the surface of a good-sized watermelon.

"Now," said the doctor in his briskest tone, "I want you all to come to the 'dying-room' with me."

The wish of skirts that Miss Jones said she was sure was the wings of the angels who would carry her to heaven proved to be the retinue that attended the doctor, fully resolved to carry out his somewhat vague instructions.

The pale face of the spinster flushed slightly as the room filled with her friends.

"Miss Jones," began the doctor in a hearty voice, "I've brought these ladies here for a purpose I am sure they will like. I am going to order them to make as much chicken soup, waffles, gravy and mashed potatoes as they can prepare in an hour's time. They are your guests—my guests also. I'll help foot the bill if it's permitted—in short, nothing would give me more pleasure. When they have everything prepared, I want you to get up and set them a good example by eating just as much as you can. You need it. It won't hurt you a bit. I'd advise you to give your shroud to the poor board—you won't have any more use for it than I have for a fifth wheel on my buggy."

Miss Jones craned her head—she was not sure she was not dreaming. But there were nearly a score of familiar faces. She sat up and gazed at the doctor. The doctor laid down a parcel where she could see it. Opening it, he lifted out three flat pieces of stone, saying:

"I have brought you these stones to show you where your three warnings came from. I found them in the old melon patch where they have been lying ever since Jabez Strong smashed his wagon and broke the headstone designed for his third wife into smithereens. He tossed them over the fence. There are enough left, I should judge, to make a dozen more warnings. Provided the melon lying on them is big enough to gather weight."

The doctor never finished his remarks.

Of all the women present no two can be found who will agree as to the precise words Miss Jones used. She lifted one stone, smiled, sat up, demanded her clothes immediately, got up, selected two of her visitors to assist her, drove the others out of the room amid peals of laughter, and speedily repaired to her kitchen.

All the women agree upon one thing

—that she got up one of the best dinners they ever ate, and one and all aver that she violated all rules by the way she ate when she had served her 3rs.

WISER THAN THE PROFESSOR.

Old Colored Woman Who Knows Something About Fossils.

A scientific gentleman of Washington, who is greatly interested in fossil remains, recently received a very fine specimen, purporting to be of the Devonian or some other old period. He was delighted, and he called in all his friends to decide on what manner of thing the animal was during its lifetime. They were not able to decide, and they were on the point of appealing to some of the government geologists. The great trouble was that the specimen had no head, and the absence of that member combined to make a mystery of the missing link variety. Meanwhile the skeleton was kept carefully guarded in a cabinet especially made for it. One day, after a short absence from the city, the scientist opened the cabinet and found that the fossil had been provided with a head. He was delighted. When he made inquiries his son told him that the friend who had sent him the trunk had found the head and forwarded it to him while he was away. The professor called in his friends, and they decided that the head fitted perfectly, and that it belonged to the fossil. When thus equipped it looked for all the world like one of the dogs one would imagine the cave men to have kept as their pets. The professor felt that he ought to write a treatise on the canines of the paleozoic ages. An old colored woman who takes care of the office came in one day and saw the fossil, with its recent addition. She went up to it and deliberately knocked the head off with her duster. "Foh de Lawd's sake, puffedah!" she exclaimed, "what yo' doin' wid a ol' chicken carcass on yo' skellington?" On minute investigation the professor found that the old woman was correct; but he does not speak to his son now.—Washington Post.

CITY MAKES THE PROFIT.

How Ownership of Street Railways Operates in Glasgow.

From the beginning Glasgow owned its own street railway lines. It was too careful of its streets to allow any company to control them. Though the conditions under which a company leased the lines for 21 years were highly favorable to the city, at the expiration of the lease it was decided not to renew it. An offer was made to take over the company's rolling stock, stables, etc., on an arbitrator's valuation, on condition that the company should not put on a rival line of buses. As this was declined the council started car shops and equipped the line with new material entirely. On the day of the transfer the competing omnibuses appeared, but the citizens had long experienced the advantages of loyal support of their own government. All the blandishments of the omnibus conductors were unavailing; the omnibuses ran empty, while the street cars were crowded, and soon the chagrined rivals withdrew from the uneven contest. Scotch shrewdness has been justified of her children. For short distances a system of 1-cent fares has been introduced; the cars have been made more elegant and comfortable; electric traction is being installed. In one year the number of passengers was doubled; and after paying interest on the capital and providing an adequate reserve fund, a surplus of \$200,000 is left to pay for open spaces, baths and wash houses, river ferries, art exhibitions, music and improved sanitation.—Harper's Magazine.

The Australian Bunyip.

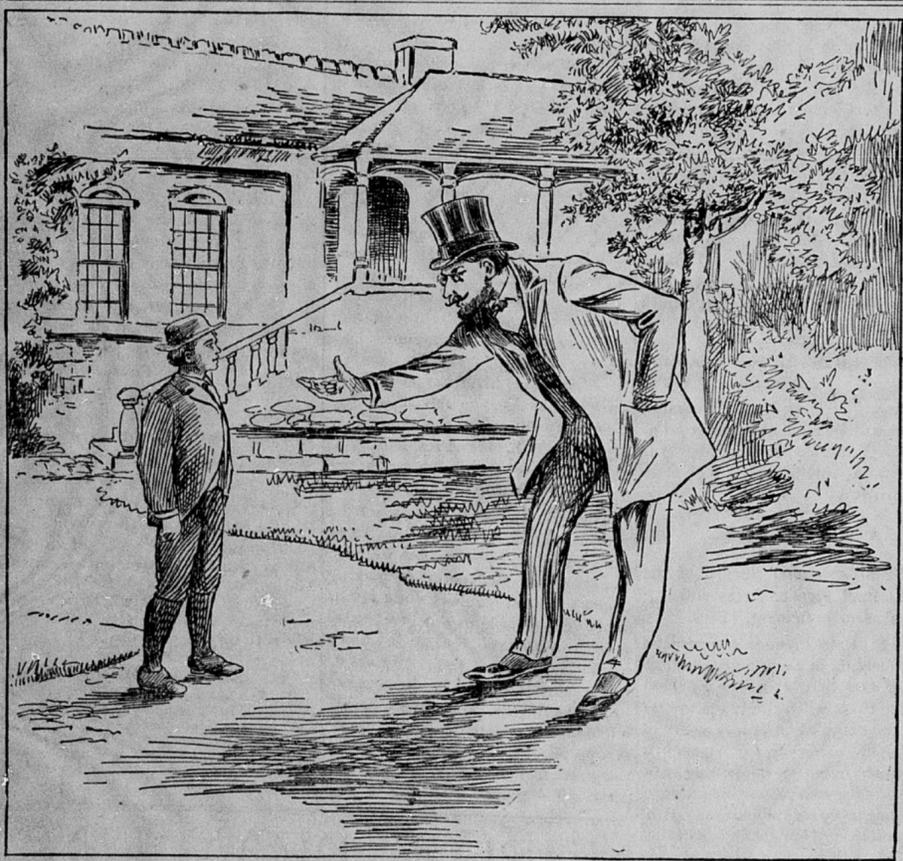
Legends of a weird creature called the bunyip, said to have once inhabited the Australian lakes and rivers, still survive at the Antipodes. Whether it was an aboriginal myth or a vanished reality continues to be a debatable point. Some are inclined to think that it was the former, as not a bone or vestige of the bunyip is to be found in any museum or scientific collection. If, however, we are to believe Buckley, the most renowned and remarkable of the wild white men of Australia, the bunyip had a real existence. He alleges that he actually saw one in Lake Modewara, a few miles to the south of Geelong. "The waters of the lake are perfectly fresh, abounding in large eels, which we caught in great abundance. In this lake, as well as in most of the others inland, and in the deep water rivers, is a very extraordinary amphibious animal, which the natives call the bunyip, of which I could never see any part except the back, which appeared to be covered with feathers of a dusky gray color. It seemed to be about the color of a full-grown calf and sometimes larger. The creature only appears when the weather is very calm and the water smooth. I could never learn from any of the natives that they had seen either the head or the tail, so that I could not form a correct idea of its size, or what it was like."

A Bad Break.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Riva—Did you say, "This is so sudden" when Jack finally proposed? Nita—No; I intended to, you know, but I was so frustrated that I forgot and cried "At last!" Instead.

Hot Scotch Wins.

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the proud pink lemonade. "I never get left on a cold day," replied the haught hot Scotch.



"TAKE IT, KEEP IT."

the mire. See," he would continue, producing a handful of silver, "I denude myself, I am not to be trusted with the price of a fare. Take it, keep it for me, squander it on deleterious candy, throw it in the deepest of the river—I will homologate your action. Save me from that part of myself which I disown. If you see me falter, do not hesitate; if necessary, wreck the train. I speak, of course, by a parable. Any extremity were better than for me to reach Paris alive."

Doubtless the Doctor enjoyed these little scenes, as a variation on his part; he represented the Byronic element in the somewhat artificial poetry of his existence; but to the boy, though he was dimly aware of their theatricality, they represented more. The Doctor made perhaps too little, the boy possibly too much, of the reality and gravity of these temptations.

One day a great light shone for Jean-Marie. "Could not riches be used well?" he asked.

"In theory, yes," replied the Doctor. "But it is found in experience that no one does so. All the world imagine they will be exceptional when they grow wealthy; but possession 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.

that he ever surrendered 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 away; neither did he care if they were perfectly agreed among themselves; and his spiritual pleasures had nothing to do with turning them over or justifying them in words. Words were with him a mere accomplishment, like dancing. When he was by himself, his pleasures were almost vegetable. He would slip into the woods toward Acheres, and sit in the mouth of a cave among gray birches.

So while the Doctor made himself drunk with words, the adopted stable-boy bemused himself with silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

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 one not 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

minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singar, in the Malty archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed. There is a line near by, also, on which are hung twelve rods with notches from one to twelve.

Internal Heat of the Earth.

It is found from observations made in very deep borings that the average increase of temperature for a long way down towards the center of the earth is about one degree for every 54 feet of descent. This is not constant, however, being less down to a certain depth and more beyond it. The increase varies in amount, too, in different localities. These results are quite in agreement with the supposition that the center of the earth consists of matter in a state of fusion; the nearer we get to this molten matter the faster should the temperature rise, and the rate may also be expected to vary on account of the crust not being all of the same thickness, nor consisting of material equal in conducting power.