

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER I.

HEY had sent for the doctor from Bourron before six. About eight some villagers came round for the performance and were told how matters stood. It seemed a liberty for a mountebank to fall ill like real people, and they made off again in dudgeon. By ten Madame Tentailon was gravely alarmed, and had sent down the street for Doctor Desprez.

The Doctor was at work over his manuscripts in one corner of the little dining-room, and his wife was asleep over the fire in another, when the messenger arrived.

"Sapristi!" said the Doctor, "you should have sent for me before. It was a case for hurry." And he followed the messenger as he was, in his slippers and skull-cap.

The inn was not thirty yards away, but the messenger did not stop there; he went in at one door and out by another into the court, and then led the way by a flight of steps beside the stable, to the loft where the mountebank lay sick. If Doctor Desprez were to live a thousand years, he would never forget his arrival in that room; for not only was the scene picturesque, but the moment made a date in his existence. We reckon our lives, I hardly know why, from the date of our first sorry appearance in society, as if from a first humiliation; for no actor can come upon the stage with a worse grace. Not to go further back, which would be judged too curious, there are subsequently many moving and decisive accidents in the lives of all which would make as logical a period as this of birth. And here, for instance, Doctor Desprez, a man past forty, who had made what is called a failure in life, and was moreover married, found himself at a new point of departure when he opened the door of the loft above Tentailon's stable.

It was a large place, lighted only by a single candle set upon the floor. The mountebank lay on his back upon a pallet; a large man, with a Quixotic nose inflamed with drinking, Madame Tentailon stooped over him, applying a hot water and mustard embrocation to his feet; and on a chair close by sat a little fellow of eleven or twelve, with his feet dangling. These three were the

his with the same inquiring, melancholy gaze.

At last the Doctor hit on the solution at a leap. He remembered the look now. The little fellow, although he was as straight as a dart, had the eyes that go usually with a crooked back; he was not at all deformed, and yet a deformed person seemed to be looking at you from below his brows. The Doctor drew a long breath, he was so much relieved to find a theory (for he loved theories) and to explain away his interest.

For all that, he despatched the invalid with unusual haste, and, still kneeling with one knee on the floor, turned a little round and looked the boy over at his leisure. The boy was not in the least put out, but looked placidly back at the Doctor.

"Is this your father?" asked Desprez.

"Oh, no," returned the boy; "my master."

"Are you fond of him?" continued the Doctor.

"No, sir," said the boy.

Madame Tentailon and Desprez exchanged expressive glances.

"That is bad, my man," resumed the latter, with a shade of sternness. "Every one should be fond of the dying, or conceal their sentiments; and your master here is dying. If I have watched a bird a little while stealing my cherries, I have a thought of disappointment when he flies away over my garden wall, and I see him steer for the forest and vanish. How much more a creature such as this, so strong, so astute, so richly endowed with faculties! When I think that, in a few hours, the speech will be silenced, the breath extinct, and even the shadow vanished from the wall, I who never saw him, this lady who knew him only as a guest, are touched with some affection."

The boy was silent for a little, and appeared to be reflecting.

"You did not know him," he replied at last. "He was a bad man."

"He is a little pagan," said the landlady. "For that matter, they are all the same, these mountebanks, tumblers, artists, and what not. They have no interior."

But the Doctor was still scrutinizing the little pagan, his eyebrows knotted and uplifted.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Jean-Marie," said the lad.

Desprez leaped upon him with one of his sudden flashes of excitement,



FELT HIS PULSE.

only occupants, except the shadows. But the shadows were a company in themselves; the extent of the room exaggerated them to a gigantic size, and from the low position of the candle the light struck upward and produced deformed foreshortenings. The mountebank's profile was enlarged upon the wall in caricature, and it was strange to see his nose shorten and lengthen as the flame was blown about by draughts. As for Madame Tentailon, her shadow was no more than a gross hump of shoulders, with now and again a hemisphere of head. The chair legs were spindled out as long as stilts, and the boy sat perched atop of them.

It was the boy who took the Doctor's fancy. He had a great arched skull, the forehead and the hands of a musician, and a pair of haunting eyes. It was not merely that these eyes were large, or steady, or the softest ruddy brown. There was a look in them, besides, which thrilled the Doctor, and made him half uneasy. He was sure he had seen such a look before, and yet he could not remember how or where. It was as if this boy, who was quite a stranger to him, had the eyes of an old friend or an old enemy. And the boy would give him no peace; he seemed profoundly indifferent to what was going on, or rather abstracted from it in a superior contemplation, beating gently with his feet against the bars of the chair, and holding his hands folded on his lap. But, for all that, his eyes kept following the Doctor about the room with a thoughtful fixity of gaze. Desprez could not tell whether he was fascinating the boy, or the boy was fascinating him. He busied himself over the sick man; he put questions, he felt his pulse, he tested, he grew a little hot and aware; and still, whenever he looked round, there were the brown eyes waiting for

and felt his head all over from an ethnological point of view.

"Celtic, Celtic!" he said.

"Celtic!" cried Madame Tentailon, who had perhaps confounded the word with hydrocephalous. "Poor lad! is it dangerous?"

"That depends," returned the Doctor, grimly. And then once more addressing the boy: "And what do you do for your living, Jean-Marie?" he inquired.

"I tumble," was the answer.

"So! Tumble?" repeated Desprez. "Probably faithful. I hazard the guess, Madame Tentailon, that tumbling is a healthful way of life. And have you never done anything else but tumble?"

"Before I learned that, I used to steal," answered Jean-Marie gravely.

"Upon my word!" cried the Doctor.

"You are a nice little man for your age. Madame, when my confere comes from Bourron, you will communicate my unfavorable opinion. I leave the case in his hands; but of course, on any alarming symptom, above all if there should be a sign of rally, do not hesitate to knock me up. I am a doctor no longer, I thank God; but I have been one. Good night, madame. Good sleep to you, Jean-Marie."

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR DESPREZ always rose early. Before the smoke arose, before the first cart rattled over the bridge to the day's labor in the fields, he was to be found wandering in his garden. Now he would pick a bunch of grapes; now he would eat a big pear under the

trellis; now he would draw all sorts of fancies on the path with the end of his cane; now he would go down and watch the river running endlessly past the timber landing-place at which he moored his boat. There was no time, he used to say, for making theories like the early morning. "I rise earlier than any one else in the village," he once boasted. "It is a fair consequence that I know more and wish to do less with my knowledge."

The doctor was a connoisseur of sunrises, and loved a good theatrical effect to usher in the day. He had a theory of dew, by which he could predict the weather. Indeed, most things served him to that end; the sound of the bells from all the neighboring villages, the smell of the forest, the visits and the behavior of both birds and fishes, the look of the plants in his garden, the disposition of cloud, the color of the light, and last, although not least, the arsenal of meteorological instruments in a louvre-boarded hutch upon the lawn. Ever since he had settled at Gretz, he had been growing more and more into the local meteorologist, the unpaid champion of the local climate. He thought at first there was no place so healthful in the arrondissement. By the end of the second year, he protested there was none so wholesome in the whole department. And for some time before he met Jean-Marie he had been prepared to challenge all France and the better part of Europe for a rival to his chosen spot.

"Doctor," he would say—"doctor is a foul word. It should not be used to ladies. It implies disease. I remark it, as a flaw in our civilization that we have not the proper horror of disease. Now I, for my part, have washed my hands of it; I have renounced my laureation; I am no doctor; I am only a worshiper of the true goddess Hygeia. Ah, believe me, it is she who has the cesus. And here, in this exiguous hamlet, she placed her shrine; here she dwells and lavishes her gifts; here I walk with her in the early morning, and she shows me how strong she has made the peasants, how fruitful she has made the fields, how the trees grow up tall and comely under her eyes, and the fishes in the river become clean and agile at her presence.—Rheumatism!" he would cry, on some malapert interruption. "O, yes. I believe we do have a little rheumatism. That could hardly be avoided, you know, on a river. And of course the place stands a little low; and the meadows are marshy, there's no doubt. But my dear sir, look at Bourron! Bourron stands high. Bourron is close to the forest; plenty of ozone there, you would say. Well, compared with Gretz, Bourron is a perfect chamblee."

The morning after he had been summoned to the dying mountebank, the Doctor visited the wharf at the tail of his garden, and had a long look at the running water. This he called prayer; but whether his adorations were addressed to the goddess Hygeia or some more orthodox deity, never plainly appeared. For he had uttered doubtful oracles, sometimes declaring that a river was a type of bodily health, sometimes extolling it as a great moral preacher, continually preaching peace, continuity, and diligence to man's tormented spirits. After he had watched a mile or so of the clear water running by before his eyes, seen a fish or two come to the surface with a gleam of silver, and sufficiently admired the long shadows of the trees falling half across the river from the opposite bank with patches of moving sunlight in between, he strolled once more up the garden and through his house into the street, feeling cool and renovated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Mira Bascom Found She Was Still Beautiful.

He did not call on her that first evening, though he walked past the gate four times, unaware of the fact that behind one of those slanting shutters a pale woman stood watching him pass and re-pass, says Lippincott's. The nun in her self-elected cell had made use of means of communication with the world, in the shape generally of Jimmy the choreboy. She knew whose was the tall figure on the sidewalk. She stood at the window when she could no longer see him; she heard his slow footsteps go by for the last time and die away. Half an hour later she went upstairs to her bedroom. Between its two windows hung a long, old-fashioned mirror, with carved candleabra on either side. She lighted the three candles in each. The mirror showed a tall, slim figure, a face as colorless as an anemone, an abundance of auburn hair carefully arranged. Mira Bascom studied this reflection closely. Then she unlocked a black-walnut chest which stood in a corner and lifted out its contents till she came to a mass of pale muslin, which diffused an odor of lavender as she shook it out. It was a white gown with lilac sprigs, made with the full skirts and sleeves of a bygone fashion. She put it on, fastened the belt of lilac ribbon, which still fitted exactly, and, standing again before the mirror, loosened slightly the bands of her beautiful wavy hair and pulled it into little curls about her face. It was a vision of youth which looked back at her from the glass. Not a thread of gray showed in the hair; the fine lines about the placid eyes were invisible. The skin had the dead whiteness of things kept from the sun. But as she gazed a delicate flush overspread her face, her red-brown eyes lit up till their color matched her hair; she smiled in startled triumph. She was still beautiful.

Then a swift change came over her. She blew out all but one of the candles, and, turning her back on the mirror, took off her gown with cold, shaking fingers.

SAD FATES OF FAMOUS HORSES.

The famous racer Banquet, known throughout the United States on and off the turf a few years ago as one of the most reliable winners to be seen in a season's running on the tracks, is eking out a meagre existence in London today pulling a hansom and illustrating the ironies of life perfectly. A

ing, and so much of his hair was purloined from mane and tail, that he was put in a cage to insure a little peace. When he died a magnificent tombstone was erected to his memory.

Marengo, Napoleon's famous white charger, spent his last days under equally happy conditions in England,

have noticed, one of the few sons of the Helvetic republic who on Sundays and week days sport a tall silk hat. On his official tour he takes it off blandly, and informs the householder that he is "empowered by the state to inspect his flues." In the canton of Grisons recently the post and title of "communal chimney sweep" was opened to competition. The salary was \$160 a year, and the candidates were numerous, says a correspondent of the Boston Traveler. But the strange thing was that they were mostly schoolmasters from Italy a painful sign of the times in that unrestful land.

TOO SLEEPY.

To Get Up in Time, and His Valet Sailed for Europe Alone.

New York World: Col. Charles Borbur of Philadelphia and his valet are on their travels. That is, the valet is traveling. He is on a Hamburg-American liner, bound for Germany. He has no money. The colonel is at Mayer's hotel, in Hoboken. "I should think," said the colonel, "that if Lorch went through all his clothes carefully he might amass as much as eight cents. But that may be an over-estimate. He is a bright fellow and a good accountant. I hardly think he will throw himself overboard. It happened in this way. The colonel came over from Philadelphia to sail on the Hamburg-American steamer Pennsylvania. She was advertised to leave her Hoboken dock at 10 a. m. Saturday. Col. Borbur, while at Mayer's, formed the acquaintance of Fred Lorch, who attended to the hotel cigar stand. He wanted \$20 a month and all expenses paid to go with him to Berlin, thence to the Paris exposition, and thence around the world. Lorch agreed, and Col. Borbur engaged two berths on the Hamburg boat. Lorch was early on board Saturday morning; not so the colonel. The colonel was sleepy that morning; besides, he did not feel well. He turned over in bed when he woke on Saturday morning and said, "Hang the steamer; there are others." And so he went to sleep again. When he woke up he remembered Lorch. So the colonel resigned himself to wait for the Bismarck this week. In the meantime he cabled a consolatory message to be handed to Lorch on his arrival, and also he arranged with the steamship people on the other side to take care of Lorch until the Bismarck and the colonel arrive.

How Labouchere Helped a Friend.

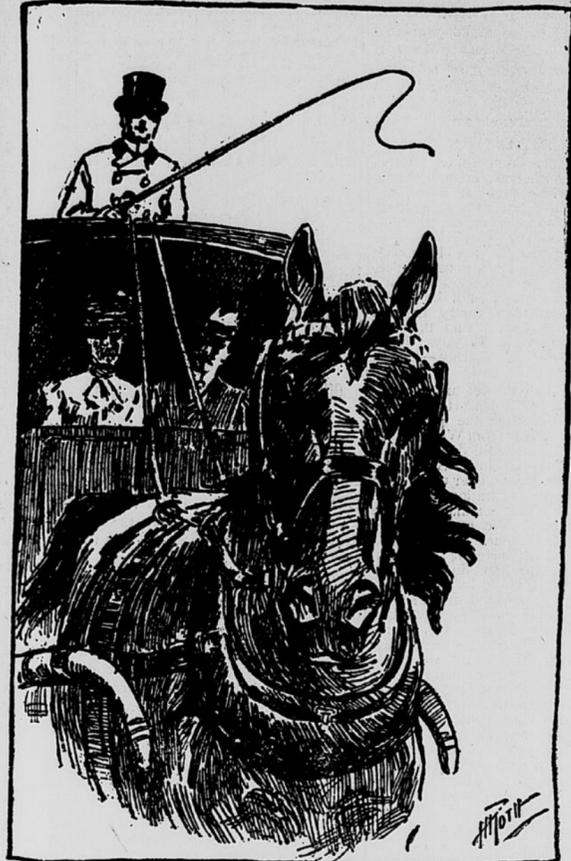
Labouchere tells an amusing story of how he did a good turn for a legal friend, who, although accustomed to address juries and judges, was afraid of the house of commons. "One day, walking home with him," says Labouchere, "I told him that he should get over this curious dread. A matter was coming under discussion which involved a good deal of law. I said to him: 'If you like, I will get up and speak against the government view. You must fear at me. I will complain of this, and suggest that as you are an eminent lawyer you should express your objections accurately, then you—having prepared your speech—must get up and crush me.' This was arranged. When I laid down the law, he laughed. I looked indignant. I went on; he uttered sarcastic 'hear, hears.' On this I protested sat down, and invited him to reply to me. He got up and made an excellent speech."—The Argonaut.

The Real Thing.

Writing from San Fernando, a Kansas boy says: "Had apple dumplings the other night for supper. 'Spect an old soldier would laugh at apple dumplings on the firing line. They were the genuine thing, for I dreamed of Filipinos with long knives."—Kansas City Journal.

The Sweep in Switzerland.

In Switzerland the chimney sweep is an official personage. He is the employe of the commune, receiving a fixed salary. He is also, as many tourists

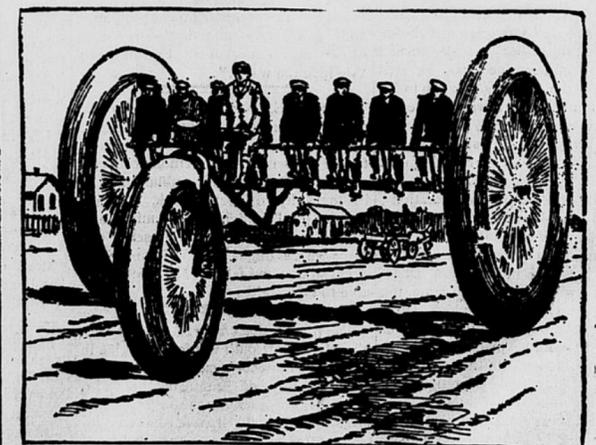


POOR OLD BANQUET AS HE IS TO-DAY.

few years ago he brought thousands of dollars a year to his owners and would any day have sold at auction at a fancy price. Today he is earning scarcely a hundred dollars clear profit for his caddy and would hardly sell at one-fourth that amount. He has experienced the vicissitudes of misfortune as certainly as any human being could. He was taken to England some time ago to try the English tracks. The climate perhaps did not suit him. At any rate he made successive failures. His owners sold him and after one and another trial he passed from hand to hand till he became the property of his present owner. And there is no one to rescue him from his fate. But like human driftwood he is not alone in his misfortunes. Many horses of world-wide fame have fared as pitifully in their later years. In the stables attached to the Pasteur Institute, Paris, might have been seen not long ago two horses of European repute. One was the favorite charger of Marshal Canrobert, which in happier days had been the idol of its master and had followed him to his last resting-place; the other was Baron Flint's St. Claude, the winner of the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil in 1890. These once-famous horses were used for the production of serum, and ended their days as martyrs to science.

A still worse fate was the lot of George Frederick, the winner of the Derby of 1874. Winning the Derby was at once the crown and end of his racing career, and after many vicissitudes he found himself some years later in the knacker's yard, where he was converted into cat's meat. Another horse which descended from the proudest pinnacle a horse ever occupied to the shafts of a cab was Gen. Boulanger's black Arab, which, with its arched neck and proud curveting, so impressed the "brave general's worshippers." Within a few years of his owner's death he was "plying for hire" in the very streets that had witnessed his triumphs. Horses, too, like men, have their tragedies, and more than one famous racer has come to an untimely end. Blue Gown, a Derby winner of thirty years ago, was on his way to America to a new owner, who had bought him for \$20,000, when he died on the voyage. Klarikoff, a Derby favorite, was burned to death while traveling by rail to his headquarters. Kingcraft's career ended with winning the Derby, in 1870. Fourteen years later he was sold for a small sum to an American sportsman, and, like Blue Gown, did not survive the voyage. Fitzroy was shot, a fate which also overtook Silvio, winner of the Derby and the St. Leger in 1877, whose brilliant racing career was ended by a broken leg. The fates of famous war horses are happier than those of their brethren of the turf, and many of them have ended their days in peace and luxury and have left lasting memorials behind them. One of the most famous of the world's horses was Copenhagen, the little Danish chestnut thoroughbred which carried the Duke of Wellington through the Spanish war and bore him to his crowning victory at Waterloo. When his war days were over Copenhagen was sent to Strathalsunde, where he was feted and petted to his heart's content. The attentions of his admirers became at last so try-

A TRICYCLE BUILT FOR NINE.



Boston has just built the largest cycling machine in the world. It is a tricycle, weighing nearly a ton and standing fully eleven feet high. It requires nine men to operate it, one to direct its course and eight to propel its pedals. It attains a great speed, too, considering its weight, being capable of over thirty miles an hour. The machine was built by the Boston Woven Hose company and has been run by the company upon the streets of Boston, on several occasions. Its great size has attracted for it much attention. Its driving wheels are each eleven feet in diameter and weigh in the neighborhood of 260 pounds. They are rubber-tired and fitted with ball-

bearing to facilitate their smooth running. They are driven by chain gearing, connecting with a double shaft. Four sets of pedals connect with each shaft, the men sitting in a row between the wheels.

The front steering wheel is over seven feet in diameter. It is controlled by a chain and wheel easily handled by one man. He sets in front and guides its course, evading obstacles with little difficulty.

On a level road one man could readily push it along from behind, but at least three would be necessary to move it by the pedals. Eight, however, have no difficulty even in fairly hilly districts.