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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER I.

A CHANCE MEETING.

On a damp, unpleasant day, late in the month of February, two young women were hastening through a crowd—for the street was full of people, notwithstanding the dismal weather. The place was the upper part of Broadway, above Madison Square, and both these girls were going in the same direction, toward the north, both walking at the same pace, and keeping the same distance between them, so that an observer might well have fancied that one was in pursuit of the other. This was partly true, although neither was aware of it. The foremost of the girls was handsome, richly and elegantly attired, bright and happy; the other was pale, sad, plainly dressed and, though her face was of the kind that might under exceptional circumstances become beautiful, it was not now pretty enough to attract even a passing glance.

Any casual passer would have described these two as a fashionable young woman and a poor girl. The first paused as she reached the corner of Thirty-fourth street; the other girl also paused, a few feet distant. The street was crowded, as it usually is at that time of day, and several surface cars were passing rapidly in various directions. The snow of two days past made a deep, slushy mire, as slippery and dangerous to walk through as it was unpleasant to see. The young lady, who was not accustomed to walking, and had no sense of the danger of that particular crossing, suddenly tossed her little head and, with a slight laugh, plunged forward into the chaos of moving vehicles and horses. The movement was so unexpected that a policeman, who had been coming to her assistance, stood still and gave utterance to a few vehement remarks; explosive exclamations, apparently from every point of the compass, were blown about through the air; all sorts of vehicles backed hurriedly and their wheels became interlocked. Several horses performed impromptu circus-feats of standing on their hind legs, and all the drivers swore loudly, heartily and with much apparent relish. Out of this wild commotion the young lady presently emerged on the other side of the street, her arm closely held in the firm grasp of the poor girl, and both young women were now equally pale.

"I must have been crazy to attempt to cross the street just then," said the former. "I don't know what possessed me to do it. You see, I am not accustomed to being out alone. I left my carriage somewhere here, to go into a shop; then I walked down a few blocks to another store and James must have missed me. Of course, I ought to have waited till he came up; he would have found me again in a minute. But for you, I should have been killed—horribly killed!—crushed and mangled! Oh, how frightened I was! Yes, yes, you have saved my life! And how can I thank you? Surely there is something I can do for you, too—"

She suddenly left off talking about herself and, turning towards the girl, who still held her arm in the same firm clasp, she looked at her over from head to foot with one swift, all-comprehensive feminine glance; and when she spoke again, it was in a softened and gentle voice.

"What can I do for you?" she said. "You have certainly saved my life, and you needn't be afraid to ask something worth while, for my life is precious to many people, and I value it very much myself."

The pale girl spoke for the first time, slowly and, as it seemed, with difficulty; but her voice was distinct, though low.

"I don't know that I value mine as I ought to," she said in answer to her companion's last words; "indeed, I have been trying to think, all day, how I could get rid of it. Perhaps that is why I came to do as I did. But suppose I were to ask you now to save my life?"

"Why, I would do it, of course," was the quick reply; "yes, indeed, at the risk of my own. What's your name?"

"Dolores Mendoza."

"What a pretty name! Mine is just plain Polly Hamilton. And were you really going to—But no matter. You look heart-broken and sick and sorry. Where can that James be? Ah, there he is! You may let go of me now, though I do tremble even yet. James, how stupid of you to go and lose me! I was nearly killed and would have been—ah, so horribly!—but for this—lady."

"I saw it all, miss," said the alarmed and contrite James, who, by this time, was holding open the carriage-door. "There was such a jam I couldn't get the horses through one instant sooner, miss. Hope I may die, miss, if my heart wasn't in my mouth when I seed you in under them wheels, miss! The sight fairly left my eyes, an' when I could see again, the young lady had you safe over!"

"That she had, James, and no thanks to you or any other of those hooting, frightened, swearing men. Come, Dolores," she added, as she stepped quickly into the carriage, "get in here alongside of me. I'm going to take you home."

Dolores moved towards the carriage out, as Miss Hamilton instantly perceived, with pain and difficulty.

"Are you hurt?" she cried; "James lift her."

"Oh, no, please; I can do better alone," said Dolores, and with heroic fortitude she rested her foot a moment on the step and climbed into the carriage. Her pallor increased to ghastliness, and a cold perspiration started out like dew upon her brow and around her pallid lips; and as she sank upon the seat, a groan of anguish escaped her—anguish that could no longer be repressed.

"You are hurt!" exclaimed Miss Hamilton, in great distress.

"A little, not much; the wheel passed over my foot," she murmured. Her head fell back. She had fainted.

"Drive home, James, quick as lightning, and be careful!" cried Miss Hamilton, with the manner that never offended her servants, though it always brought prompt obedience.

She passed an arm under the neck of the insensible girl and gently pillowed the drooping head on her shoulder.

Mary Hamilton was an only child, and from infancy her will had been done in the house when she reigned, an undisputed queen. When but a boy, her father had "found his luck," to borrow his own words, in California in '49; and having a level head and an honest heart, he had managed to hold on his "luck" when others all around him had either lost or squandered theirs. He grew rich rapidly, and on the principle that like attracts like, his money seemed to have the knack of constantly doubling itself, not only in business enterprises but in the more personal affairs of his life. At the age of forty he married the daughter of a millionaire, and though it was a love-match, it doubled his wealth, and it was with more than ordinary gladness that he welcomed his first child. But with the coming of this coveted heir came the first great grief that had ever fallen upon the parents; the boy died when only three years old. Within the next five years a sister and then a brother were both laid to rest beside him on that beautiful hill that overlooks the Pacific Ocean in the suburbs of San Francisco. It was then, in the depth of their desolation, that the bereaved father and mother felt how useless, how worse than useless, and almost a cruel mockery, was the wealth they had rejoiced in possessing, only that they might hand it on to those who would follow them.

But after some sad and lonely years—years of such bitter grief and disappointment as teach the heart great lessons—another child came to them and was not called away. They named her Mary, the loveliest of names, but its owner ruthlessly broke it up into that of "Polly," as soon as she could speak; and, so strong is the force of association, to the two who loved her as the dearest things on earth, "Polly" soon became the most charming name in the world, since it represented all that was prettiest, most fascinating and endearing, most roguish, playful and delightful to them.

In truth Polly Hamilton was a sweet and lovable girl. Though spoiled from her cradle she was not selfish, except in a superficial way, and not vainer than other girls whose mirrors compliment them even more than their friends. She was simple, warm-hearted and affectionate, loyal to all who loved her, and not bitterly unforgiving to her enemies—if she had any.

As the carriage was whirled onward Mary Hamilton spent the few minutes of the drive homeward in looking at the insensible face resting against her shoulder, and in trying to guess at its owner's history.

"Dolores Mendoza!" she thought. "A Spanish name and a good one. There was a Mendoza down in Yuma County, and he claimed to belong to the old Castilian aristocracy. Papa will know. I wonder if this girl is any kin to that stock. She has a striking face, now that I look at her closely. And what hair, with her olive complexion! What could she mean by trying to get rid of her life? So young—she can't be more than twenty. Poor girl! And she is poor, too, for everything about her shows it. How slender and delicate she looks! Ah! I'm afraid she hasn't even had enough to eat," and taking one of the ungloved hands that were lying so helplessly still, in all the unconscious pathos of insensibility, she raised it tenderly, and looked with a searching, critical gaze at the delicate attenuated fingers.

Though brought up in luxury, Mary Hamilton had seen enough of life in the land of quick gains and quicker losses to recognize the signs of poverty that had overtaken those born to better fortune. Her own warm hand closed over the thin, worn fingers; and she thought, gratefully, how easy it would be to change a part of the hard fate which had been laid on this unknown girl.

At that moment the carriage stopped in front of a handsome house in one of the new and fashionable uptown streets, and in the briefest possible time, James, assisted by one of the door servants, was carrying the still unconscious girl through the wide hall and up to the room of their young mistress.

CHAPTER II.

DOLORES.

"No," said Doctor Macdonald, in answer to Miss Hamilton's eager inquiries, "she is not severely hurt. No bones broken, no tendons twisted. A simple bruise and not very serious fortunately. She didn't faint from pain—at least the pain alone would not have caused the swoon. Compulsory fasting, poor girl! It has been Lent for her, all the year round, I'm afraid, even at the best of times; and for the past forty-eight hours she has had nothing more nourishing than Croton water."

"Oh, Doctor Macdonald! And New York is called a charitable city."

"So it is, Miss Polly; so it is! Don't you run away with any notions to the contrary. That young woman wasn't looking for charity, she's not that kind; and don't make any mistake if you think of being good to her—as you do, of course, for you can't help being good to everybody. To me, as her physician only, she has confided the fact of having had to decline to eat since the day before yesterday. That, together with a sprain of her foot, but, more than all else, the sudden reaction of an overwrought, highly sensitive nervous system, has been the cause of the swoon which has so alarmed you."

"Then she won't be lame?"

"Not in the least. All she needs is care and nourishment, and within a week or two she will be in her normal condition as to physical health—at least, as nearly so as is possible under the circumstances. But I must tell you that she seems to be suffering from severe mental depression, probably the result of recent grief. As to that subject she will be more confidential with one of her own sex than she could ever be with a crusty old bachelor like myself. You and you are about of an age, and I dare wager that before a week is over you will both have exchanged confidences to the last word—if there is such a thing among young women."

"Doctor Macdonald!" exclaimed Mary, in mock indignation. "Just there! You know you are a privileged person, and you know, too, that you think young women—all of them—the most charming creatures in the wide world."

"Certainly, my dear," was the laughing reply. "I am a debtor of gratitude to the female portion of the human race. What would my practice be but for the lovely women of this great city? Their wrong-headedness and strange careless, their weak-mindedness and weak-mindedness, but, above all, their strong-mindedness! Ah, my dear, I adore the whole lot of them! They multiply my yearly income by ten——"

"I'll hear no more!" interrupted his impatient listener. "You are incorrigible! But I forgive all your calumnies against my sex, since you tell me that this dear girl will suffer no permanent injury from the accident I was the means of causing. And now may I go to stay with her awhile?"

"Yes, if you won't talk too much. She is quite weak. If she is inclined to talk to you, let her do so in moderation. It will ease her mind. But let her rest and sleep as much as she will. Good-bye. I will see her again to-morrow."

"Good-bye. You are so good! I will try to remember all your advice, doctor, and, better still, I will act upon it."

As she turned away to go upstairs, Miss Hamilton found herself thinking more deeply than was customary, with her gay and happy young mind.

"Something about Dolores affects me powerfully," she mused. "She makes me feel as if I wanted to be very good. I wonder what it is. Perhaps it is what they call 'magnetism,' 'atmosphere' and that sort of thing. I don't understand it a bit, but I'm sure it is good, for she not only attracts me but makes me wish to be noble and great."

As she reached the door of the room which had been given to the young stranger, Mary paused in momentary hesitation before entering. There was not the faintest sound from within; therefore, she noiselessly opened the door without knocking, to find her mother seated near the bed on which the new occupant lay fast asleep.

Mrs. Hamilton was regarding the sleeper with [illegible] gratitude as well as admiration, and she turned toward her daughter with a gesture imposing silence. Mary drew forward a low chair and sat down close to her mother.

Dolores, who was now under the influence of a mild sedative as well as wholesome and stimulating nourishment, presented a very different appearance from that she had presented a few hours before. Her face was now faintly flushed with warmth and sleep, and her magnificent auburn hair, half unbound and lying on the lace-trimmed pillow, formed a fitting background for the delicate features and perfect though sharpened outline of the cheek and chin.

"Isn't she pretty?" whispered Mary.

"Beautiful, rather, I call her," answered Mrs. Hamilton, in the same hushed tone.

"Yes, mamma; you are right," assented Mary. "Her face is much too fine for mere prettiness. And what lovely hands! You can see that she's a lady, mamma; and I do so want a sister. I have always longed for a sister, mamma."

"I know it, dear," answered Mrs. Hamilton, stifling a faint pang of jealousy.

Poor woman! She had tried so hard to be both mother and sister, with sometimes a momentary bitterness at finding the effort a failure. But, "as perfect love casteth out fear," so, also, it casts out jealousy. She caught the sweet face raised toward her, half wistfully, half entreatingly, between her own soft hands and kissed the rosy mouth with the passionate fervor of unselfish devotion.

"That means 'yes,'" exclaimed Mary. "O you dear mamma!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

The Important Part of It.

He said: "I'll write my name
Upon the scroll of fame—
The world's applause I'll claim
In years yet to be."
And as he turned to leave
The lady plucked his sleeve:
"How much will you receive
For doing that?" said she.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Diplomatic Reply.

"Is a diplomat ever justified in using prevarication?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the diplomat, "he is certainly not justified in calling it by that name."—Puck.

The Loss.

Harry—"Well, yes, I suppose I was rather hasty in proposing to her, but the first time she looked so charming I lost my head."

Dick—"You mean you lost your heart."—Boston Transcript.

Discriminatory Detroit.

He (impertinently)—"You have stolen my kiss."

She (drawingly)—"Oh, no; my refusal was only equivalent to make some other and a more—and deferential husband."—Detroit Free Press.

His Explanation.

"I am afraid," said a certain small boy's mother, "that you are overcritical. Aren't you a little apprehensive?"

"No," was the answer, after due deliberation. "I'm not afraid. You know ladies are usually timid."

Willing to Try.

Harold—"Could you learn to love me?"

Amelia—"Now that I'll try awful hard. Papa has promised to send me abroad if my health breaks down from overstudy, you know."—Puck.

Self-Association.

"You ought to marry a good sensible girl," said the friend.

"Your advice is paradoxical," answered Willie Wishington. "How am I to find a sensible girl who is foolish enough to marry me?"—Washington Star.

Tenderly.

"Don't you love children?"

"Some children," answered the man who is slightly bald.

"But don't you love children as a rule?"

"No. I once taught school. I don't love them. I fear them."

Admiration.

"You admire your grandfather very much, don't you, my little man?"

"Yes," answered the youth.

"You think he could do things that no one else could, don't you?"

"I know he could. He used to punish father whenever he felt like it."

Brain's Affliction.

Mr. Brain—"Doctor, I suffer so terribly with insomnia that I can't sleep more than two months at a time during the winter."—Life.

The Model Farm.

"Does your son know much about farming?"

"I should say he does," answered Farmer Corntassel. "He says he reckons he'll go to town an' make about a million dollars, an' then come back an' run this farm proper."—Washington Star.

An Artistic Achievement.

"By the Way, Aunt Emily, this is a lovely photograph of you! What were you thinking of to get such a charming expression?"

Aunt Emily—"Well, when the photographer got me properly posed he forgot himself and said: 'Now, look stupid, please!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Varying It.

The Dancer—"But this is such a queer, unromantic way to propose to a girl, Mr. Wellup. In the daytime, and on the way to a suburban train."

The Widower—"I know it, Miss de Moir. I've generally proposed whilst takin' a moonlight ride with the gal, but I thought I'd go and do it different this time."—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointment.

"I suppose you are disappointed because the critics condemned your book."

"Yes. I don't mind what they said so much as the mean way in which they said it."

"They seemed disposed to be mild."

"Yes. None of the denunciations were sufficiently violent to attract any attention whatever to the book."—Washington Star.

One Reason For Marrying.

Vera is five years old. As a rule she is a very joyous little maiden, but one day she came home from school looking exceedingly pensive. By and by she voiced her woe.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I do wish I didn't have to get married."

"Well, you don't have to," said her mother, consoingly.

For a moment Vera's face brightened, but soon the clouds gathered more thickly than ever.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said. "If I stay a-single everybody will look down on me."—New York Times.

FOLLIES OF EARLIER FASHIONS.

Men Who Starched Their Beards and Wore Shoes a Yard Long.

It is a little gratifying to reflect that, however the man of to-day may compare with his ancestors of bygone centuries in physique or morals, his dress is much more moderate and inexpensive, even if it is less picturesque than theirs.

It is true that here and there one may find some foolish young man whose taste in dress is as extravagant as that of any "buck" of the days of the Georges. There is, for instance, a son of a well known peer who has the reputation of never wearing a suit twice. He has a wardrobe of waistcoats of all the colors of the rainbow, ranging from a light blue spangled with silver stars to a deep green satin with buttons of eighteen karat gold, each of which is adorned with the painted face of a beautiful woman.

Another wealthy aristocrat is credited with having as many suits and uniforms as there are days in the year, and with spending on his tailor's bill a sum which would pay the yearly salary of a junior cabinet minister.

But such men are modesty arrayed compared with the dandies of many a past century. The Earl of Nottingham, who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, boasted no fewer than sixty suits of cloth of gold alone, and the Bishop of Ely, of that time, had a change of raiment for every day of the year. Much later, in Queen Mary's time, the wardrobe of a bishop might have been the envy of Solomon for the variety and costliness of its contents, and even a simple village priest, according to a tailor, wore "a vestment of crimson satin, a vestment of crimson velvet, a stole and fancy set with pearls, newly fixed with taffetas" etc.

In the days of Chaucer fashionable men wore clothes as many-colored as Joseph's coat, so that "while one leg would be a blaze of crimson the other would be trickled out in green or blue or yellow, without any regard to harmony or contrast."

Even as late as the middle of the sixteenth century a dandy would decorate himself in "a vivid green coat, a violet cloak, yellow breeches and blue stockings;" and the gentleman of a few years later wore, among similar sartorial curiosities, a cloak made of silk with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves, a pair of Manchester blue stuff breeches, without money in their pockets, clouted silk stockings, a club of fair polished, larger than the head that carries it, a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not much a bodkin."

At one fashionable epoch our ancestors, to quote the words of a quaint chronicler, "would weare clothes so tighte to ye skin that it might well be conceived they were no clothes at all; and at another time they would wear them "so voluminous that a single suite might well have afforded raiment for a whole familie; and so stuffed out with feathers that, of a verye, their wearers resembled nothing so much as walking sacks."

At another period it was the grotesque fashion to combine on one person the dress of all the countries of Europe; the hat would be Spanish, the coat French, the trousers Turkish and so on, so that the wearer was a "walking epitome of the dress of a continent."

At one time shoes would be worn with square toes of such width that a royal proclamation was issued limiting the width to six inches, and these shoes were succeeded by others that came to the knees of points at the toes.

In Henry II.'s time shoes with points two feet long were worn by the fashionable, and in the reign of Henry IV these points had grown to such an inordinate length that, in order to be able to walk at all, it was necessary to attach the tips to the knees by chains, which were of gold or silver, while the tops of the shoes were carved with all kinds of fantastic designs.

In the early part of the eighteenth century it was a common thing for a man of fashion to spend several hours a day with his valet, among the many quaint operations being "the starching of the beard and the proper perfuming of garments, the painting of the face and anointing with oils, tinctures, quintessences, and pomatums." It is even said that some of the dandies of the time bathed in wine and milk, "for the preservation of their complexions and the rejuvenation of their energies."—Tit-Bits.

They Have Long Courtships in Norway.

Norwegian weddings are almost always celebrated at the close of a short Scandinavian summer, a season which the industrious Norsemen and Norsemen in which to work, and from which they would never dream of taking the days that are necessary for the long drawn-out festivities of the Norse wedding. So the maidens who are wooed all the year round are really wedded at the beginning of winter. Norwegian wooings are very frank and very long a-doing. On summer Sundays the lanes, the highways and byways are astream with lovers. Each couple saunters slowly along, not in the least shy, his arm about her shoulders, her arm about his waist. Nor do they untwine their arms if they pause a little to chat with friends, not even if they stop to speak with casual acquaintances. Ten or a dozen years often elapse between the first day of courtship and the day of marriage, while a seven years' betrothal is considered of very moderate length.—Woman's Home Companion.

The membership of fraternal organizations in the United States and Canada, according to a compilation of late reports, is 5,722,016.

WAYS OF THE BRIGAND

HIS MANNERS HAVE NOT CHANGED MUCH IN A CENTURY.

A Standby in Fiction and Art—But Vulgarly Practical in His Chosen Profession—Why He Plunders—How Napoleon Conquered.

The following article was written for the Washington Evening Star by William Elliot Griffis, LL.D.: A new Macedonian cry—"come over and help us"—rings in our ears. This time it is a woman's. At the opening of the twentieth century the same situation confronts us as that in 1901. The allusions were taken in the churches to ransom American captives held in the prisons of Tripoli. In Mohammedan countries the name of the young United States was the synonym for novelty and importance. To-day in the same region the United States means wealth and weakness.

On the 31 of September, 19 the Turkish province of Macedonia, on a road frequently traveled, one country-woman, Miss Ellen M. Stone, and a party of eleven other persons were wounded in a mountain fastness by forty Bulgarian brigands, who spoke broken Turkish, were Turkish clothes and had their faces masked or blackened. The Bulgarian brigands were they Turkish were politely careful to disturb the English clergyman, his wife and his wife's father, but, in hope of a large ransom, stripped and kept the American lady.

"The brigand is a precedent character. Long before the days of Barabbas he was in old Greece and Rome. Indeed, without him much of their fascinating mythology would have point. Every land has known him, and after he has been properly hanged, broken on the wheel, or boiled in oil, his exploits form the staple of nursery story ever after. The folk lore of China, Japan and India is as full of him as is that of England, of Robin Hood, Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin. In a Japanese fairy tale a lady in a two masted after a knight of the road, who was duly smoked according to law. Barnaba was a Dacoit; Syria knew its partisans of the Roman, whom Herod racked out of their lairs only by lowering down the face of the cliffs great baskets filled with warriors. Even yet the way to Jericho offers work for good Samaritans. To travel from Athens to Marathon the student must go armed to the teeth. Italy is the classic home of the brigands. With Spain as a near rival. Who does not remember the brilliant picture of Horace Vernet, in which the French dragoon in Calabria passes the prisoner and picturesque robber? Along the Rhine Schinderhannes is tenderly cherished. The Spanish Jose Maria, the French Cartouche, the Italian Pezza are still the fascinating theme of fireside story.

Indeed, what would art, fiction and the operatic stage do without the brigand, with his peaked and beflowered hat, his cinematic jacket and flaming sash, and a whole haberdashery of black ribbons on his breeches? Who does not remember the ditty, "On yonder rocks reclining?" Is not that scene, even on the decline, better than Brother Devil, or Fra Diavolo? It is the brigand's business to recline on the rocks and wait for his prey. He lives with the sportive goats. The high hills are a refuge for him, as well as for the chamois. Indeed, so much is this romantic lawlessness affected to the brigand that popular etymologists, living in England, who remember Robin Hood and the general tendency of the Highlander to lift cattle, would derive the word from brigant, a Highlander, and this from brig, a hilltop. Rot, rot! Our friend, ever picturesque, rich in decorative elements, inhabits more genial climes to the southward. His name, in its true derivation, explains why he is often so popular, even as a patriot, the alleged champion of the poor and the terror of the richest rich. Down at the root, the Italian word means to be ambitious, to be busy and strive, to achieve grand things. Only as the gentlemen on the hilltop interpreters these terms to the disadvantage of the traveling public does his name have a bad sense, and mean robber or pirate. Next to capture, his business is ransom. Indeed, brigands in the Middle Ages were heroes, and the later feudal system was a sort of licensed brigandage. In the days when soldiers had to get their pay in the best way they could—which is largely the situation of the Turkish army officers and soldiers to-day—ransom was a regular business. To-day it may seem a terribly large sum to pay ($110,000 for an unmarried American lady in middle life. We ask, where are the knights errant? Yet think of the fat hands which were made in the past by kidnapers or ab ductors of some sort of Richard I released on payment of a ransom of to days of $2,000,000 or of King John of France, ransomed for $3,000,000 paid in installments.

Do we associate the brigand with vulgar thieves and pickpockets? How do we injure pickpockets? Our commercial ideas vary from those of the kidnapers themselves or of those who look back tenderly upon them. Usually the brigand is a gentleman of property, as he certainly is of standing in the local community. He exists only where government is weak and where anarchy prevails more or less, as it has long prevailed in Macedonia and Bulgaria. Usually he is in collusion with the authorities, and his plunder is often shared by the military, especially the unpaid military, who are supposed to exterminate him. The brigand is usually a very religious man, and eminently orthodox, with a conscience void of offense. He follows his business in order to pay his church assessments. He vows to the Virgin or some favorite saint to burn so many candles or offer so many prayers, according to the amount of booty collected. By a large number he hopes all the sins to be thus pardoned. Not only is this true in Calabria, in Spain, in the line from Vienna to Naples, and all over the Levant, but even Burmese, Chinese and Japanese robbers are devout to the last degree.

To this day in some parts of Italy and France, Napoleon is held in execration, because he made the roads safe and [illegible] the abolition of the [illegible] by having every [illegible] shot, whether he committed murder in the name of the Church or for more selfish motives.

Remembering the abuses of government and [illegible] and the parasites that fatten on the [illegible] people, remembering how easy it is for the law, even in this present [illegible] to be [illegible] by political influence, [illegible] Mrs. Stone was kidnaped [illegible] in the Balkan Mountains. The brigands were [illegible] Bulgarians, badly dressed, [illegible] badly armed, [illegible] spent [illegible] fewer than 111 days in [illegible] and [illegible] women and taking people with. And such a variety of business [illegible] has found than Kindness [illegible] for only a education.

There are [illegible] for the American people in [illegible] Macedonian [illegible]. When a country [illegible] Mohammedan frontier in the Balkans United States [illegible] European nations [illegible] Levantine [illegible] Americans [illegible] this scheme of [illegible] the Turkish seas. Our naval [illegible] the Barbary [illegible] the American right [illegible] and [illegible] world. In [illegible] and [illegible] of speech and conduct, the United States is still in Turkey the [illegible] of wealth and weakness. [illegible] no even in Spain. [illegible] that the American [illegible] should leave the Turkish [illegible]. We shall one [illegible] in the Turk and he will gladly [illegible]. [illegible] cannot [illegible] and [illegible] as citizens [illegible].

Savage Diplomacy.

[illegible] of colored [illegible] who [illegible] American [illegible] Experimental Station, [illegible] W. Armstrong told a story of Captain [illegible], the distinguished educator, to Indian youth, [illegible] the other [illegible] tribes, [illegible] reluctant to [illegible] briefly in the council [illegible] fitting the Indian [illegible] assembled State [illegible] reference [illegible] writing, since [illegible] story of an Indian by and Captain Pratt. In the [illegible] the [illegible] Pratt, [illegible] Washington, [illegible] "If you [illegible] I was [illegible] I would [illegible] and when I got it I saw a great big black-faced and Captain Pratt, your name was there on [illegible]. Yes, sir, your name was there [illegible] in your own hand."—Washington Star.

A Tale Almost Too Good to Be True.

During the [illegible] I started one day from the central office of the Bureau of Charities to distribute money to settle one [illegible] "urgent relief." In a [illegible] I found a poor widow, a [illegible] with one child, a boy of six. The room was cold and bare, more like a [illegible] than a home. The widow was busy and sewed by spin the [illegible] and [illegible] in her [illegible] hands. I asked the usual [illegible] and gave the woman $5. All [illegible] the boy. Suddenly his head bobbed from [illegible] and at sight of the [illegible] his eyes became intense. "Do you [illegible] Mister? All that for me? Then we can move to Ted Burns' [illegible] Can't we, Mom?"—The Boy Poet M. Sneck, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Relic Hunters at the Milburn House.

The Milburn house in Brooklyn and the furniture about it have been so pounced upon by relic hunters since President McKinley's death that a policeman had to be placed there for protection. [illegible] a buffalo robe the other day [illegible] and another [illegible] and anything [illegible] has been stolen in the [illegible] of souvenirs. Some of the [illegible] were [illegible] The guard was placed [illegible] as a bad result, when [illegible] that morning, she would "keep the crowds within bounds."—New York Times.

She Has Tried Suicide Forty-Six Times.

Perdita Sullivan has the suicide habit, according to the police surgeons. She made her acquaintance about 1 o'clock in the morning by swallowing [illegible] Police Surgeon Reiley saved her life. The young woman has tried 45 previous times, in greater or less quantities, to effect her purpose. On each occasion she swallowed a quantity of chloroform. Miss Sullivan is twenty-seven years of age and pretty, according to the efforts of the police.—Denver Republican.