

The Chatham Record.

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

CHAPTER IV.

From the first Dolores had possessed a certain command over Mary Hamilton, who, although naturally self-willed and not lacking in strength of character, always submitted to the influence of this strange girl. She was aware of this, and did not resent it; and she was still thinking about it when Dolores returned to the carriage. The brief visit to her old abode had been painful, and she was pale and trembling, but she had evidently been successful, for she carried in her hand a little box of some old-fashioned Japanese workmanship, in which were contained all her worldly possessions.

"What a comfort you are, dear!" exclaimed Polly. "Now, I had never thought of that till you suggested it! Of course, nothing could be simpler."

CHAPTER V.

THE HON. CLARENCE STANLEY.

It was in her native city that Mary Hamilton first met the Hon. Clarence Stanley; and, although, as he had told her, he was an Englishman by birth and education, she soon perceived that he was also, as he claimed to be, an old Californian. He had come to the country when a boy, having quarreled with his father on the subject of his vocation. The Earl of Windermere had wished him to study for the church—that time-honored step-mother of younger sons—and on his refusal to do so, words of anger more bitter than had ever before passed between father and son, were spoken—words which Clarence declared he could never forget nor forgive. By right of inheritance he had not even a younger son's portion, for his father, who had never liked him, now hated him bitterly, but on the death of his mother, he had inherited the small fortune which she had possessed in her own right; and, with the whole amount in his possession, he shook off, as he hoped, forever, the dust of his native land. One consideration only could induce him to return to England—and that was a contingency so remote as to be scarcely worth taking into account. In the event of his brother's death without an heir, he was the immediate successor to the estates and Earldom of Windermere. But, as Lord Appleby was in the prime of life and had been already engaged to marry when Clarence had left England ten years before, the succession was probably long since provided for; and for himself, he added, with a touch of pardonable pride, he was wholly independent of his father or brother, either; the small fortune inherited from his mother had already been doled out and trebled so many times that he could buy and sell and buy again the Windermere estates if they should ever come into the market. Not that he had any wish to become their possessor, by any means; for always in referring to his English home, Stanley spoke of it with reverence, as well as bitterness, declaring his wish never to see it again even if fate should make him its future owner.

This story, simple enough in itself, and like many others he had heard, became especially interesting to Mr. Hamilton when he saw the acquaintance between his daughter and the young Englishman ripening into an intimacy that had already given rise to a rumored engagement between the two; and he was particularly glad to find, on investigation, that young Stanley's account of himself seemed to bear the stamp of truth in every particular. In regard to her future, Mary's father had but one ambition—that she should love the man she married, and that she should marry the right man. Through his many friends and correspondents abroad he had been able not only to substantiate Stanley's own story of his family but to add to it some facts as yet unknown to Clarence, who had held no communication with his father or brother since leaving England. The earl was still living, though advanced in years, but was in a hearty state; he might stand many an hour between Lord Appleby and the cabinet, and as bitterly opposed as ever to his younger son, Lord Appleby was said to be in poor health, but his son, an only child, was a robust and splendid boy; and if the old earl should outlive his own son, there could be a grandson to succeed him.

Mrs. Hamilton gave one little sigh when she first heard all this from her husband. It would be very nice to see her daughter a countess if, in the course of human events, such a thing should come to pass, but it was a subject she was not going to allow herself to dwell upon; and when she heard of the little boy-her, she was far too gentle and too much a mother away to think again of future possibilities.

As for Mary Hamilton—she cared for none of those things. She had never yet allowed herself to think very seriously of Stanley. They had drifted into the way, half-fraternal intimacy of their age. They called each other Polly and Clarence; she thought him "very nice," as she had said to Dolores, she "liked" him, and had even wondered, sometimes, what his state of feeling might be in regard to herself.

The acquaintances had progressed just so far when Mr. Hamilton suddenly announced to his family that business would make it necessary for him to spend a year or two in New York; and when they had been three weeks in their new home, Clarence Stanley one day called on them. He explained that he had business in Chicago, and by an original method of traveling had chosen to get there by way of New York—just exactly how it did not appear; but he supposed this roundabout route must be due to his English ideas of the country. Mr. Hamilton was disposed to leer at him as a traveler, but Miss Polly declared she could see nothing to laugh at, particularly as the Chicago business did not seem to be very pressing; and

when, at length, the Honorable Clarence went there, he found that he could attend to his affairs much better by making New York his headquarters.

This last bit of information he had just imparted to his children; his daughter, Mrs. Hamilton, and her daughter—for Mary had been correct in her surmise that he would call on her before the day was over.

Looking at Clarence Stanley at that moment, it was natural enough that Polly Hamilton, or any other young girl, without experience or the unusual perception that may serve in place of it, should "like" him and more than like him. He had the positive and unmistakable physical beauty that appeals at once to the feminine eye. He was tall and graceful, even elegant, in figure; he dressed perfectly; he was blonde, with hazel eyes—wonderful eyes, in their changing variety of color and in a strange, steady glitter that sometimes shot into them, for the moment changing the whole expression of the face. His mouth was firm, almost cruel; and, though it was shaded by a long, silken mustache, he had a trick of passing his fine white hand over it occasionally, as if still anxious to conceal it. Young women said this was merely to display his handsome hand; but perhaps it was a tell-tale mouth, for he could not always command the expression of it. It would have been an interesting face to a student of physiognomy, there were in it such possibilities for good or evil.

To Mary Hamilton it was rapidly becoming the most interesting and attractive face in the world, and she was just becoming aware of it, though she did not guess how fully her feelings were betrayed by her eager eyes and faintly flushed face.

"And this wonderful new sister that you have found, Polly," she said, for Mrs. Hamilton had been telling him all that had transpired in his absence—"and I had not seen her?"

"Yes," Mrs. Hamilton answered, rising to leave the room. "I am going to send her to you, Polly, dear; and don't forget that the opera begins at eight. You will accompany us, Clarence? Californians never miss the opera, you know."

"Certainly," he said, and he turned to Mary, when they were alone, he said: "And what is her name—the new sister?"

"Oh, the loveliest name, like herself, and just suits her—Dolores Mendoza."

"Dolores Mendoza?" exclaimed Stanley, in a tone of unaccountable amazement. His eyes suddenly glowed and flashed until Mary could have fancied that some strange, bright light leaped from them. That look passed, but a steady glitter remained that caused her an involuntary shudder.

"Yes," she answered, making no effort to conceal her surprise. "Do you know her?"

"Not at all; but the name is so unusual, and I happen to have heard of it before. It is in some manner connected with my family, but I don't know how."

"How very strange! But everything about my darling Loretta is strange. She has such a history! I may tell it to you some time, perhaps. Ah, here she is!" And listening toward Dolores, who now appeared at the farther end of the long drawing room, Mary put her arm about the slender figure, looking now so very slight and tall in her clinging, black draperies, and drew her forward till they stood before Clarence, who had advanced to meet them.

While she pronounced the few words that made them known to each other, Stanley bowed deeply, never removing his gaze from the pale, light-colored, sensitive face; but as Dolores acknowledged the introduction with a rather formal expression of pleasure, Mary felt her supple form becoming rigid; a long, gasping sigh burst from her lips, and her head fell backward.

"She has faults!" exclaimed Mary, in the greatest alarm. "Oh, Clarence, help me! How terrible she looks! Her eyes are wide open, yet she doesn't breathe!"

"Call some one. Don't be alarmed. She has been ill, you know. A little water, perhaps, or ammonia. I must own I am not of much use, Polly, for I never before saw a young lady in a faint."

He was extremely self-possessed, however, to Mary's great admiration; and when they had placed the insensible girl on a lounge, she hastened away for the assistance and restorative he had suggested. Stanley waited till she had left the room, and then, feeling that he was safe from observation, he stooped over Dolores and pushed aside the rich, waving hair from her brow. There, on the left temple, was a small heart-shaped mole, in color as red as a ruby and in shape as perfect as if traced by the pencil of an artist.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Clarence softly.

He turned to a mirror over the mantelpiece and raised his own blonde hair from his temple, on which Nature had painted the same heart-shaped mole, but its color was black as if cut on ebony.

"We two are the last of the Mendocinos," he muttered under his breath; and his cruel mouth quivered strangely. "I wonder," he said to himself, "what the sole cause is of this resemblance? But who shall discover the secret of its hiding-place?"

As he turned from the mirror and, looking over Dolores, thought he had about her hair, both Mary and her mother hastily entered, followed by a servant, bearing in the ray of reflectors extinguishing her young mistress had been able to read.



Work for Good Roads.

THE results of the Inter-national Good Roads Congress recently held in Buffalo will be for reaching and of great public interest there can be little doubt. The interest shown in the convention by the officials of the various States of the Union and by foreign governments is a guarantee that the movement for better highways has taken firm root, and will grow and flourish. Forty-two States and three foreign governments were represented at the Buffalo meeting, Belgium sending as a delegate one of the Atlantic one of her best known civil engineers, who is an expert on the subject of roads.

The expression of opinion as to the best methods of building and maintaining roads showed a wide diversity of ideas, but the result of all the discussions was the announcement that the better plan for each section would be to use the material nearest at hand and best adapted for highway purposes. This was almost a foregone conclusion. It was shown by Professor Holmes, State Geologist of North Carolina, who was one of the speakers, that there were places in South Carolina where roads could be built for \$125 or \$150 a mile. As a contrast to this Captain Childers, of the army engineers, in charge of Yellowstone Park Improvements, showed that it cost in some places in the great National pleasure ground about \$125 a mile to keep the roads properly watered in summer. The experiences of New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York were largely drawn upon for the benefit of the Southern and Western States, and the explanation of the workings of the McClure-Armstrong law in the State by State Engineer Bond was of great value.

The employment of convicts in road building was urged, as was the creation of a Road Bureau in the Department of Agriculture, expanding the present duties of the Office of Public Road Inquiries. The point of convict employment is one on which there has been a great deal of discussion, and the value of labor on the highways of the various States was shown by Senator Earle, of Michigan, whose announcement that 30,000,000 days' labor was locked up in the prisons and penitentiaries of the United States, which could be utilized in improving highway conditions caused many of the delegates to decide on active measures looking to that end before their respective legislatures. There seems to be no good reason why convicts should not be employed in this way. The cry of opposition to or competition with free labor is practically eliminated. The men are busy on works of public utility and importance, and with the State owning the material for grinding rock and producing good road material, many miles of perfect modern highway could be made each year with little more expense than is now entailed in keeping these men in comparative idleness. There will be a number of measures presented to the various legislatures at their next sessions covering this point, and it might be well for voters who are in favor of good roads—and that means every voter who thinks on the subject at all—to look after aspirants for legislative honors, and make sure that they have decided views on the subject.—New York Tribune.

This is the season of the year when the Boards of Supervisors are in session throughout the State, and that means a considerable degree of attention to the very important question of good roads. This has grown to be one of the most important matters with which Supervisors have to deal.

Though other counties are giving much attention to road improvement, Onondaga seems to deserve to rank first in this consideration. Income County also is making commendable headway through her legislature.

At the last election nine towns in Onondaga voted to substitute the money for the labor system of caring for roads, making a total of thirteen towns in the County favoring that system. This means that in Onondaga alone nearly 1000 miles of highway will be under similar conditions will prevail, the people of the State voting quite generally to use the money system in caring for the highways.

Under the money system the State is required to pay twenty-five per cent of the taxes levied by a town for highway improvement unless that twenty-five per cent exceeds one-tenth of one per cent of the taxable valuation of the town.

There are many roads which cannot be improved under the provisions of the McClure-Armstrong law for many years, if ever, and the present means for their improvement is to do the work under the labor law, or as it is commonly known, under the money system. This is one of the reasons why the towns of the State have so generally voted to use that system.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

An Economical Turn of Mind. Richard stepped indignantly into the house with a dead cat dangling from his unbuttoned hand and exclaimed: "What was that I found it today? My cat can eat a perfectly good cat!"—New York Tribune.



The Man of Big Words.

Oh, he pretends to wisdom who Aves men by using words that flow In catarrhs of syllables. Oh, many fables belong. A greater man is he whose speech Is plain enough for every day— It isn't the big words you use, It's what you have to say. —Chicago Record Herald.

Slightly Mixed. Teacher—"And what can you tell me about the habits of the ostrich?" Pupil—"It hides its head under a bushel."—New York Sun.

Conscientious. "So you won't chop the wood?" "No, lady," answered Mr. Maudering Mike in a tone of deep sorrow. "I'm a kleptomaniac. The afraid I might steal some of it."

Quite Lost. Tutor—"Harris took all his clothes ready-made now." Student—"So he told you, too?" Tutor—"He told me nothing. He didn't have any."—Boston Transcript.

The Exact Place. Teacher—"James, you may tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed?" James—"Please, mamam, at the bottom."—Indianapolis News.

All in Vain. Crawford—"He has become a martyr to the cause of golf." Crabshaw—"That's what I thought when I met him in the train on his way to the limit. He checked his umbrella and carried his bundle of golf clubs."—Judge.

Inferential. "Mirandy, what business is that young man in?" asked Mrs. Rigdarn of her daughter. "I don't know, ma," said Mirandy, "but I think he must work in a wood-yard. He always ends his letters 'cordially.'"—Buffalo Express.

Fatally Saturated. Edgar—"In Chicago, Eustacia, the housewives keep their cooks by treating them as equals." Eustacia—"Oh, it's too late, Edgar, too late, my wouldn't recognize me as her equal if I gave her a 'ten' every afternoon in the week."—Detroit Free Press.

Suppose. "Been hunting to-day?" "Yes," said the amateur, with the wild apprehensive look in his eye. "Have you shot anything?" "I don't know yet. I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp, so that we can call the roll."—Washington Star.

A Slight Impediment. "What's the matter, darling?" "Oh, mamma! I think I've got a frog in my throat."—Life.

Interested. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "I saw a headline in the paper about events on the gridiron." "Yes?" "Well, I wish you would read the article. I never heard of it before; but I think that a cooking school conducted by a perfectly lovely idea."—Washington Star.

An Example. "There is no doubt," said the student of law, "that many people have been imprisoned although innocent of any crime." "I know that by sad experience." "You don't say so! Let's have the story."

"There's no story to it. I merely had the bird lock to be drawn on several juries that were locked up over night."—Washington Star.

Wittie's Plan. "I wish I knew how to make this baby stop crying," said the mother in desperation as she scrubbed the small offspring in the bathtub. Little brother Willie, who was standing by watching the operation and who, ever since the baby's arrival, had been somewhat jealous of her, suggested: "Hold her under the water, mamma!"—Ohio State Journal.

The Thoughtful Youth. "The man who does a retail business is just a common tradesman," suggested the thoughtful youth. "He's not," replied the girl who thought she knew something of retail standards and requirements. "And the man who does a wholesale business is a merchant," continued the youth. "Yes," admitted the girl. "So really it is better to do a wholesale than a retail business," persisted the youth. "The man who deals in quantities ranks the higher." "Then why is it," demanded the thoughtful youth, "that we are dead set against politicians?"—Chicago Post.

BIRD WIT.

Parent Flocks Save Their Young by a Clever Stratagem.

Down on the beach among the sand dunes at Cape Lookout there is a certain small stretch of land where the sun shines warm and the wind never strikes, except when it whisks in little eddies around the dunes and blows the dry sand rattling among the broken shells. Here a pair of Wilson's plovers, one summer, had their home, and, despite the vigil of many enemies, successfully guarded their nest in the sand, until two of the three spotted eggs it contained hatched out little down-covered balls of peeping bird life. These baby birds do not remain long in the nest, and their slender legs were soon carrying them rapidly about after their parents.

One day some men came to the part of the beach where the plover family lived. The little ones were much frightened, so they sat very close to the sand and the men did not see them. Father and Mother Plover were quite uneasy, however; they flew near the men and cried, and tried to get the intruders to follow them away. The mother bird even pretended to be lame. When the men saw this one of them said: "Look at that bird; she has a nest of young ones here, here, or she would not act so. I have seen partridges on the mainland not in the same manner when I was near their young."

Then they began to search among the shells. This alarmed the parents so much that they determined to try their last and best trick. The little mother ran up close to the men, fell on her side, and fluttered and cried as if she was dying. The father bird and two other plovers, who had a nest further up the shore, ran to her and rubbed her with their bills as if they were very anxious and so sorry about her sickness.

"Look here," said the man who had spoken before, "that bird really must be hurt. I have seen many kinds of birds pretend to be injured, but have never seen two play different parts in the same trick." So they started to catch her.

But Mrs. Plover seemed to get better, and ran on for fifteen or twenty yards, and then appeared to fall again. The other plovers gathered about her as before, and put their bills under her as if to rise and help the sick one. The men went hurrying on; but the lady bird again recovered enough to run for a little distance. The young plovers saw the group pass off among the dunes, the four birds in front and the men following after. Twenty minutes later the shrewd old birds were back with their children, and the men, entirely unwitting, were far down the beach toward their boat.

Pretence of injury or lameness is a common habit with many species of birds to attract a supposed enemy from the vicinity of their nests.—Our Dumb Animals.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Vice, after all, is only "habit gone to seed."

Malice is most bitter when it does the kicking and screaming.

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.

What too many orators want in day is they give you in length.

It never occurs to fools that men and good fortune are closely united.

The mind unlearns with difficulty what has long been impressed upon it.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

What we hope ever to do with ease we must learn first to do with diligence.

To coach your servants to lie to callers, then chide them for practicing on you is most foolish.

The difference between a mediocrity work and a masterpiece is measured and marked by trifles.

Never marry a rich fool, for it is his riches take wings he hasn't the wit to earn your bread and salt.

Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

It is astonishing how few men there are at the top. It is astonishing how many men there are who cut no ice at all. They may drop on by the thousands and not stir a note of regret beyond a small circle of friends and relatives who have been intimate acquaintances, and who may know of the man's concealed and private worth.

New Story of Lincoln. Two men were looking over some steel engravings in an uptown shop the other day with a view to purchase. A portrait of Lincoln suggested to one of them this story of Honest Abe, which the narrator says he had from his father.

Lincoln and his Cabinet were in session, but as he had anticipated no discussions of importance, the President left word that he would receive cards. As he supposed the meeting was wholly social.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:



Color Scheme For a House Place.

A house place in a modern dwelling is upholstered in moss green and a tender gray, the color of lichens and of granite rock. The walls are covered with moss green hessian, which accents as high as the "plate rail." Above this the wall is covered by a fringe of gray hessian. The green willow easy chairs are fitted with moss-green velvet-covered cushions. The window seat is fitted with hessian, gray and moss-covered cushions. The rug on the floor is of mixed rock-gray and moss green. These colors blend together very well.

Hash. Of all culinary terms the word hash has come to have about as much opprobrium attached to it as any. Nevertheless, hash itself remains popular, with reason, for when properly made it is one of the best of dishes. As generally used the word indicates a mixture of cold cooked beef and cold boiled potatoes cooked together, and the metropolitan comes in because of the fact that the starchy bits of meat are those that fall to the hash. But hash can be varied. It can be made of various kinds of meat and of various sorts of vegetables; it can be stewed or fried, it can be served with eggs or without. It can be improved with tomato sauce.

How to Make Mocha Toast. Any rather stale bread that cuts into firm slices answers for this delicacy. The writer's first knowledge of this was at a dinner party at which each dish was perfect of its kind. When the cheese was passed, with it came this crisp, delicious toast, cooked at the moment of serving. The slices were cut liberally "with a water" and spread out to dry in a pan or two before broiled. They were finally spread out on a hot flat pan, popped on the top side of a quick oven long enough to cook up a little and take on a pale shade of brown. This toast is particularly gratified in people of delicate digestion, but as so appealing that it has become a food to lovers of starchy living. It may also be served at luncheon with fruit. Housekeepers who find themselves at the mercy of a country butcher should call to mind the French method of "improving" tough meat. An impossible beef-steak, for instance, may be transformed into one that is tender and juicy if it is allowed to stand over night in a mixture of vinegar and salad oil in equal parts. For a three-pound steak, half a cupful of the mixture should be put in a crockery plate or dish large enough to spread the meat out in it. Prepare this early in the evening and before retiring turn the steak. What is left of the mixture should be heated for the next time. Don't use salt or pepper while it is in the oil and vinegar.—Chicago Record Herald.

Ox Tail Soup. Fry two cut tails up till brown in two tablespoonsful of butter with two onions; then put in kettle, add four quarts of water and simmer slowly four hours. Add one carrot, one turnip, one tablespoonful of celery, chopped fine, four cloves, one teaspoonful of salt and one of pepper. Cook another hour and strain. Remove grease. Serve with each portion some of the finest pieces of the tails and a couple of slices of lemon garnished with parsley.

Potatoes au Gratin. Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices a quarter of an inch thick. Put two tablespoonsful of butter into a sautépan, and when melted add one tablespoonful of flour, half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling. Take from the fire and the yolk of four eggs, four tablespoonsful of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Fill a baking dish with layers of the potatoes and sauce alternately, beginning with the sauce; cover the top with bread crumbs and brown in a quick oven.

The Black Salad. Squeeze a block of ice with a hot iron, making a cavity in the center. Fill this with crisp lettuce and hearts of tender celery cut in tiny pieces; add slices of water melons and small raw onions. Season with salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, and one of Worcestershire and the juice of two lemons. Place on several tablespoonsful of oil on a deep platter, sprinkle with green foliage and several sprigs. Try serving your guests in this way. Note its delicate sweetness, its attractive possibilities and its effect on the guests.

An echo of the Emperor Tiberius (because Roman citizens to wear any garments made in whole or in part of silk).

Pens are polished with emery powder in a large revolving drum.

