

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

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(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

"Yes, indeed, what a charming man your papa is, Mr. Stanley! Dear old gentleman! Tell me the Earl of Windermere, I really felt a little timid about meeting him. In my innocent ignorance I couldn't quite recognize that they were the other people; but your papa quite cured me of that feeling, Mr. Stanley. And then your brother, Lord Appleby! He is a most delightful person."

then, though he remembered it afterward. His mind was on fire for a single glance at the slip of parchment he held in his hand. He felt he could not restrain his curiosity any longer, and, under cover of examining a book which he had taken up from a table, he went over to a window. There he opened the parchment, and laying it within the open book, he read the first line written across it—slowly, for it was in the Spanish language—translating it carefully, word by word.

CHAPTER IX.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

As the full significance of the first words sank into the mind of Clarence Stanley, he became dizzy with the possibilities of future wealth that rushed into his excited thoughts, for he knew that he possessed in that slip of parchment the key to almost fabulous treasure. True, the secret was concealed in a cipher that was of the most intricate character, but he was not the man to be baffled by anything of that sort. He knew that all ciphers were made on certain rules; and, besides, having a natural talent for puzzles of every description, he had often amused himself by the working out of various ciphers and cryptographs; and by then rearranging and transposing them into more difficult forms than before, this was mere play. In all arithmetical or algebraic problems there are certain family resemblances easily recognizable to a mathematical mind; it is the same in cryptography, or any other species of mental gymnastics; and Stanley felt himself easily master of the situation. But the excitement of having the secret in his possession affected him so powerfully that he was obliged to exercise the greatest control over himself in order not to betray his feelings. He was, however, a person of resources, and starting situations were not new experiences to him. He folded the parchment, took an old-fashioned wallet from his pocket—a wallet bearing his name and the coat of arms of the Stanley family, and having opened it, he placed the precious document in the innermost pocket. Then with great deliberation he returned the wallet to its former place, and closing the book he carelessly returned it whence he had taken it.

No one had observed him—that he perceived at a glance. Mary Hamilton, who had always been, as her companions had said, "a very girly girl," was, for the moment, entirely occupied by her two callers and by Dolores. But when Bertha suddenly declared that she and Olive had made a very long call and must now bring it to an end, Clarence Stanley found himself included in the hubbub of good-bye and farewell remarks that presently ensued. He took advantage of this to bring his own visit to an end; and notwithstanding an imploring look from Polly, he took his departure, promising to see her on the next day.

He went directly to his hotel, and as soon as he had reached his room he locked his door, sat down at a writing-table and placed the parchment with its cryptograph before him. As he sat there, poring over its secret characters, he secretly looked like the same man on whom Polly Hamilton had fixed all her hopes of future happiness. The whole expression of his face was changed. The bright and debonaire look that characterized him in society was gone, and all his latent capabilities for evil came to the surface. But the predominant expression was eager, greedy, hungry love for gold; and as he studied the mysterious characters on the parchment, there was but one thought in his mind—that he would master its secret and become the sole possessor of the wealth of the Mendozas.

That he would find the cipher a difficult one to interpret he had, of course, expected, but he soon learned that it was more than difficult; it might even prove impossible. Never had he seen such characters. How should he begin to interpret them? Was each character a letter, and, if so, to what mysterious language did they belong? Or was each character a symbol, and, if so, what did the symbol indicate? Hour after hour he spent over the parchment, turning it hither and thither in every direction and looking at it from every point of view. There were twelve characters; that was the first discovery. Why, twelve? There were twelve signs of the zodiac, twelve months in the year, twelve tribes in Israel, twelve apostles. What was the mystic significance of twelve? Had it any? He began copying the characters, tracing them one by one, with laborious minuteness. They were, certainly, they were fragments of a picture! He took several pieces of paper and traced each one of the characters separately on a piece of paper, and then laid them side by side, to catch the effect. It is this that he did.

"If I had a pair of scissors!" he thought, gazing helplessly about the room. "Ah! How welcome would be the sight of a woman's work-

basket at this moment! In their nothing I can measure with?"

He rose from the table and began walking aimlessly about, till, catching sight of his dressing-case in the inner room, he went toward it with an ejaculation of triumph.

"My nail-scissors! What was I thinking of, not to remember them?" And snatching up that implement of his toilet, Mr. Stanley again sat down to the solution of his cryptograph. With great care he cut out from the pieces of paper each carefully traced character, and then he endeavored to fit them together. Again and again he tried and failed. The mysterious scraps of what seemed to be a picture of something had no meaning by themselves, still less had they any when he laid them side by side, above and below—nothing. With a groan, he leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. Then he gathered up the scraps of paper in his hands, and looked collectively toward the grate, in which, as the afternoon had been chilly, still burned a bright fire. He was on the point of crushing the papers in his hands to throw them into the grate, when a sharp knock sounded on his door. Clarence Stanley started slightly, and opening the drawer of his table, he slipped into it the fragments of paper he had so carefully cut out, and on top of that the pieces of parchment with its well kept secret. Quickly locking the drawer, he turned rapidly to the door, on which now sounded a second knock.

"Come in!" he cried; and as the handle was turned, he instinctively hastened toward the door, unlocked it and flung it open.

"I had forgotten the door was locked," he said, with a sort of impulsive impatience toward everything outside of it, and then, in a sharp tone to the servant who stood waiting, "well, what do you want?"

"Some one—a gentleman to see you, sir," answered the man in a hesitating way, as he tendered a card, which Stanley took, and, without looking at it, he said:

"Oh, all right—show him up." As he glanced out after the servant, Stanley observed that the hall lights were already burning, and he realized that he must have been engaged for hours in the effort to read the mysterious cipher, without even suspecting the approaching day. He looked his fire violently, so that it sent out a myriad of bright sparks; and then having lighted several gas-burners, he glanced at the card he still held in his hand and exclaimed:

"Why—who—the donee?" The name on the card was: PROF. BRUCE VAN TASSEL.

And before Stanley had recovered from his amazement, the owner of the name stood, bowing in the doorway.



CUP BUDGET HUMOR.

When Mildred goes to shop she takes Her sweetest smile along; And she counts her change she makes Me happy with her song. But, soiled and battered all to smash, She lumps back home to fret Before she bought a lot of trash The foolish only get.

Forgave His Enemies.

"And he died in peace with all the world."

Absorbing.

Clara—"It's a thrilling story, isn't it?"

Looking Out For Comfort.

Henry—"How can a man tell when he begins to get old?"

Encouraging.

Phrenologist—"And the lump of acquiescence?"

Protecting Him After a Fashion.

Burglar—"Take up that coat and vest."

Word From the Wanderer.



Dear Tom—Here it is three weeks after Christmas, and as I write this I sit with my window open. Think of doing that back in old New England!"

Gentlemen.

"You don't know how to make love!" sneered the gentleman of the Old School.

An Old Story.

Castleton—"Willie, for a younger brother, you don't seem to have much curiosity about your sister and myself."

The Healing Touch of Time.

Mrs. Dash—"The idea of Mrs. Rash having society aspirations; why, her father was a huckster!"

Cool.

"You don't get such poetry as was written in days gone by," said the realist.

A Cold Rejoinder.

"Here and there sympathy in his world, my dear," said Mendering Mike. "I took that policeman into my confidence. I told him that I had had all the troubles extant, but I was just a collection of sorrows."

The Conventional Dollar.

The boy finally entreated me that he was coming to New York, and with \$1.50 in his pocket.

Whom He Failed.

"Here," said the president of the street railway company, "you'll have to look for another job. We must make a change."

The Dog as a Cure for Sleeplessness.

A Russian remedy for insomnia is to have a dog sleep in the room, and preferably in the same bed. It may be through a sense of companionship, or one of security, or it may act simply as a distraction, at any rate, it is said to have proved of value when other means fail.—Public Health Journal.

WHEN TO WIND YOUR WATCH.

Regular Treatment Essential to Accuracy of Fine Timepieces.

"My watch has developed a most annoying irregularity," remarked a very businesslike woman. "It lost and gained time by turns until I conceived the disagreeable impression of having paid a first-class price for a third-class article. Full of resentment, I posted off to the dealer in chronometers from whom the watch had been purchased and accused him of having treated me unfairly."

"He opened my timepiece," she continued, "and having examined its internal economy very closely, remarked: 'It's simply a case of unseasonable cruelty to a faithful but sensitive friend.' These little workers that tirelessly tick away, even when their owners are asleep, are worthy of far better treatment than they receive. Fully ninety-nine per cent. of the people who carry watches never give them a thought."

"Take, for instance, the simple process of winding a watch. There is a right and a wrong way of doing it. Whether it be by key or by stem, it should be wound in the morning. Turn slowly and avoid all jerky movements. The watch will then work best during the day, as the spring will exert its strongest traction power, whereby the external justness is buffered on the watch by your daily works and walks are fairly counterbalanced. When a watch is wound at night it has only the weakened spring to offer as resistance to the jerks and lobs of the day. The morning winding also lessens the danger of breaking the mainspring, which, being no longer at full tension at night, can stand the toll better."

"All watches keep better time as the result of regular habits. Don't lay it down one night and bring it up the next. Keep it in the same position as nearly as circumstances will permit. In second-class watches the rate difference between the horizontal and vertical position is often quite startling. Never should you put your watch on a wall where it will swing to and fro like a pendulum. It will either gain or lose a great deal while in that position."

"The difference in temperature between your breast or a room's waistcoat pocket and a wall, that may be nearly at the freezing point, is about seventy-seven to eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and a watch should therefore never be suspended or laid against a cold surface. Sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere are the causes of most mainspring breakings. The watch wearer should clean his or her pockets frequently, carefully brushing out all dust and dirt, for there never was a joining made tight enough to keep out all dust. This goes into the oil which has thickened with time, and necessarily produces irregularities of rate. Even with the most exact care a watch should be cleaned once in eighteen months, and every year would be better. By this time the oil dries and mixes with the dirt; it grinds away on the works like sand. When I tell you that a watch ticks 28,800 times in one day, you can compute the amount of work it performs in a year. Treat your watch religiously, and it will appreciate such care and will serve you faithfully as a friend in need."—Washington Star.

Slippery Sidewalks.

While the past few mornings have tended to bring out unexpectantly one of the prouder sides of human nature, no matter how much the fall injures a man physically, it seems as though he indulges his self-love in so far as he perceives his unbecoming habits to be withered by the sun. The first thing the unfortunates do after picking himself up is to look all about him with an ill-digested air, as if he were just as a joke, but anxious to see if anyone has seen his tumble.

If there happens to be some one near by who has witnessed the fall, the smile vanishes and there is a display of temper that is ludicrous. It is he that suffers. It is provided by the law that he should be held responsible for the humiliation, or as if he could get square with the law by a "rough house" sort of proceeding. If, however, no one is in sight, and no face is seen at a window, the unfortunate goes his way after a few preliminary lumps, as if the thing was a matter of course incident that has been taken good naturedly in common with the other trifling affairs of a lifetime. The result is almost the same when a soft, slushy snowfall, marked by a mischievous wind, finds its mark on the broad back of an otherwise dignified person.—Washington Star.

Animals Sometimes Kill Them-selves.

You often—more's the pity!—hear about men killing themselves, but did you ever hear that animals take their own lives? There is a Florida beetle that dies in one's hand the instant it is caught, from excitement, maybe, and a sea cucumber, akin to the star fish, that gets so mad when you stir it that it throws out all its digestive organs. The crab often throws away a limb if in any way it is made useless. It is easily done. In the crab's upper arm there is a ball of gristles, and when he grows excited and wants to jerk off his arm, he jerks it back and off it comes at the little grooved ring. There is a kind of lizard that drops his tail in the grass when the cat or dog draws near. The tail squirms on to attract attention, while Mr. Lizard slides out of sight. The fox will gnaw off a paw to release himself from a trap, and the "man-bait" at most times off its toes when captured. A dog will sometimes swallow himself to death at his master's grave. Many wild animals refuse to eat when caught.—Chicago Record-Herald.



GOOD ROADS.

Receiving Attention Now.

THE paramount importance of this class of internal improvements begins to receive the attention which the benefits that will flow therefrom demand. In Illinois and four Southern States, through which the Illinois Central Railway passes, that company and the National Good Roads Association have recently constructed twenty miles of earth, stone and gravel roads in the provinces of thousands who desired to learn the art of road building. Conventions on road building have been held in Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky. The South has realized that lands, however fertile, forests, however vast, and minerals, however rich and varied, have but little market value when inaccessible, and such they really are without good roads leading to and from them.

The late Buffalo Exposition brought together large numbers of men who had made good roads the subject of discussion at meetings held there, and great interest was taken and much enthusiasm aroused. It was made known that the Federal Government had established an office, known as an office of Public Road Inquiries, in the Department of Agriculture, and that experts therein have constructed roads in a dozen Western and Southern States as object lessons, which work was done under the observation of thousands of interested settlers.

The employment of the idle on roads during periods of business depression, the utilization of prison labor, and the appropriation by special tax of a special sum annually are objects worthy of the serious consideration of every farmer, wagon maker, bicycle man, factory and merchant in the country. Not only these classes, but every citizen of a country is directly or indirectly affected by the lack of good roads. Bad roads increase the cost of fuel, provisions and all commodities that need to be transported and deprive people of health and comfort. Pleasant drives over good roads produce, in view of the fact that all are affected by the question, none should neglect to assist in devising ways and means to bring about such essential improvements. There should be a good roads club at every county seat, with members from every town in the county, who would confer with their neighbors on market days, and once a month there should be a general meeting for comparison of views and distribution of literature on the subject. Circulars and reports should be prepared from the National Good Roads Association and from the office herein before referred to, connected with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. The members of the Legislature and the supervisors should be asked, from time to time, what they have done, or are doing for good roads, and if found to be negligent, a committee should be appointed to spur them on in the good work.

Self reliance, industry and vigilance on this and in all things are essential to success. By organization, education and agitation the necessary legislation can be secured, but not otherwise.

Benefit of Hickeys.

Much credit is given by Mr. Martin Dodge, Director of the United States Office of Public Road Inquiries, to what he calls "the reflex influence of the bicycle and the automobile" for generating the public sentiment which is favoring the betterment of highways in all parts of this country and Canada. Writing in the Municipal Journal and Engineer, Mr. Dodge says that many States which formerly refused to spend any money on road improvements are now, in response to the general demand, making generous appropriations, and the prospects everywhere are encouraging to those who fearly persist to do what they can for the benefit of the public. He also tells in detail of the admirable missionary work done in the South by means of the "Good Roads Train," which, carrying eight carloads of the best and most important road-making machinery and a party of expert superintendents and engineers, has been slowly moving from town to town, giving in each a practical illustration of the speed and cheapness with which those who know how and have the proper utensils can create highways up to modern requirements. The train was made up in Chicago through the cooperation of the National Association of Good Roads, the Illinois Central Railroad and several manufacturers of road-making machinery. It started in April, and by the middle of July exhibitions had been given and information imparted to large numbers of deeply interested citizens in New Orleans, La.; Natchez, Greenville, Grinnard, McClain City, and Jackson, Miss.; Jackson, Tenn.; Louisville, Hopkinsville and Owensboro, Ky., and Birmingham, Ill. At most of these places two miles of specimen road were made, usually in less than two days, and the almost variable result of the demonstration was the formation of a local society to push forward the good work.

Workmen's Dwellings in London.

London owns at the present time completed dwellings containing over 100,000 cubic feet of space, erected solely for the benefit of the working class. One housing scheme, the largest ever attempted in London or elsewhere, involved the expenditure of \$1,410,000.

BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.

Universal Admiration For the Men Who Risk and Plunder.

The bandit is the Macedonian hero. The admiration of him is mixed, Greek independence was won by bandits, not by townsmen. The Greek National costume to-day—the resplendent uniform worn by the King's crack regiment of "Euzones"—is that of the Albanian brigand. Macedonia spasmodically hopes to be redeemed from Islam as was Greece. In a country where poverty is the sole safeguard against plunder, the brigand is the only hero, and he is the only family. He comes into the semi-weekly market, where the women chatter over their wares, or strides through a railway car, known by everybody, with his snow-white fustianella standing up about him like a bullet-dancer's skirt, his heavily tasseled cap, his embroidered tunic stiff with gleaming metal, twirling his fierce mustache. The romantic young say him; their elders at least recognize in him a familiar hero. He is popular.

The world hears nothing of the brigands unless they disturb Europeans. With natives their methods are drastic. The famous Nisko once took from Larissa two children of different families, whom he held for ransom at 200 and 400 dras, respectively. The wealthier parents redeemed their child. The other pair were very poor. They sent fifty dras, with humble apologies. Nisko returned the money. By heroic efforts the distracted people scraped together 100 dras; again Nisko returned them, giving in a peremptory message three days to furnish the entire sum. When the three days had passed he sent back the child cut into four pieces. Kissel! It was fatal! Nothing was done.

Seventy or eighty dollars for a native, \$100,000 for a foreigner—that is about the scale and the measure of the bandit's poverty. This same Nisko took from the heart of a village, no one knowing him, Mr. and Mrs. Syngue, British subjects. He sent Mrs. Syngue to Consul General Blunt, in Salonica, to say that the ransom was fixed at \$100,000. Women are seldom taken by brigands; it is the theory, natural enough in the East, that a woman cannot walk or ride well enough to stand hostile marches. Besides, in Macedonia circles, there is still no doubt as to which is the important person, the head of the family. When bandits steal women it argues an education in Western ways. Mr. Syngue was well treated and red herrings; occasionally Nisko would smile wickedly and draw his finger across his throat in pantomime, it was but the custom of the country. He was polite enough in negotiating by messenger with Mr. Blunt, assuming all the airs of a gentleman party. In the end Blunt got Syngue off for \$50,000 and forty gold (?) watches bought for \$5 each in the Salonica market. Blunt's kavass took the money into the mountains and met Nisko, who bit and tested every coin of the gold, throwing out a few light pieces. That ended the transaction—except that the kavass nearly came to blows with Nisko because the latter wouldn't fee him for his trouble in carrying the money.—The Era.

The Seal of the Soul.

Professor Lombard, of Ann Arbor, instructor of physiology in the University of Michigan, believes that he has located the dwelling place of the soul in the spinal column. He has arrived at this conclusion after many months of experiments with frogs. Results of experiments seem to indicate that death through the medium of the brain does not terminate the control of the muscles. The professor produced before his class a live frog, from which he removed the brain. It was then suspended by its under jaw. An hour later a drop of acetic acid was touched to its foot.

Roof Dwellers in New York.

Perched high up in midair, atop the lofty office buildings, are little homes as quiet and secluded as though they stood beside some country lane. Instead of directly above throbbing, hurrying, manhandling Broadway, several years ago some inventive architect devised the plan of locating caretakers and their families on the roofs of the buildings of which they have charge. The plan was so satisfactory in every respect that it has been very generally followed. Within an area of a few blocks in the downtown district dozens of families are living thus, above the eaves of the tallest buildings in the world. They form a quaint and interesting colony.—Lodge Monthly.

Finishing a Grave With an Egg.

The Mianzise, a tribe in Asia, will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg. This operation is curious. While the body is being prepared for burial, a number of Mianzise, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot, bearing a large basket of eggs.

Stepping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. Its breaking is considered an ill omen, and another egg is selected. In this way the party often wanders about for hours, dropping eggs until one strikes a place where the shell does not crack.