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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(SABELLA CASTELLAR.)

CHAPTER XIII.

(CONTINUED.)

"She might be feigning this accident, and they were not yet so far away but she could summon her subjects to her aid if once assured that he meant to desert her. They were probably all asleep by this time, but in any case it was safer to return and repeat what had happened here."

"Reluctantly, but with every appearance of affectionate solicitude, Mendoza retraced his steps, calling her softly with endearing words as he retraced the prostrate figure. He found Mendoza lying full length on the ground, still and rigid, her features set, her upturned eyes wide open and staring, and from her lips came a voice that was not hers, muttering words that caused cold chills to shake her like an ague. She had been overtaken by the mysterious trance, and although he feared to look on her, he was safe from her at least for the present. But how long would it hold her? Dare he leave her so? Would it not be his duty to call her back to him?"

"He had sought his dagger and drew it forth. "The dead alone never return." "That was the thought in his mind; that thought, in those same words, became the motto of Robespierre three centuries later; but that only proves how universal is the sentiment. "No fiend of the French Revolution ever looked more devilish than Mendoza looked then, as he stood feeling the edge of his dagger, and looking down upon the rigid face of his Indian wife."

"Pedro," she said, but the voice was Juanita's; she had broken my heart! Thou hast killed me! Must she die, too?" "With a scream of rage that was broken by superstitious fear, the man staggered back, but a mocking laugh seemed borne past him on the air. He raised the dagger and held it poised above the heart of the unconscious woman."

"The dead return not; only the dead never return to plague us," he muttered. "Fiend! Demon! Possessed one! Die! Die!" And the dagger descended through the poor, living, faithful heart, whose only sin had been to love this monster, who had to her appointed divine. "Again and again, as if he thirsted to play a limited lives, the miscreant stabbed her, while the crimson current flowed out till it reached his feet. As usual, then that she was dead past all doubt, he seized the dagger on her neck, returned it to his belt and stepped onward up the mountain, not pausing for breath till he had reached the spot he sought."

"He did not find the rubies on the instant, but he knew that he should find them. The daylight was quite gone now, and at this attitude the air seemed to have a light of its own. It was a glorious tropical summer night, and perhaps on these mountain-tops it was never dark. Anyway, he knew words had unwittingly offended her lover; and she hastened to add: "But it is so long ago, Clarence, that it doesn't matter. Fancy being able to trace one's ancestry back for four hundred years! Although that is nothing for you, for I suppose the Windemere ancestry is still older."

"That goes back to the Norman Conquest, of course—but then the Mendozas were centuries old in noble descent before Columbus was born. If that is anything to be congratulated on, the family on both sides is extremely ancient."

"Well, I don't know that it is," said republican Mary Hamilton. "One must have had many queer ancestors in eight or ten centuries. And if we inherit mental peculiarities, as we do physical characteristics, it is no wonder that you and Rita should be unlike other people."

"Am I so unlike other people, Polly? In what way?" "Just in being handsomer and more delightful than any other man in the world!" exclaimed Stanley, for the moment forgetting that they were not alone. "But this open admiration, coupled with a manner of having entire possession of him, did not suit Clarence Stanley at all. And he struggled his shoulders with a disdainful coolness that caused the frank and outspoken girl a feeling of keen chagrin. "Oh, dear, if he should think me forward or unwomanly—what shall I do? I forgot—"

"She turned in confusion toward Dolores. "Why don't you ask me in what way you are unlike other people, Rita?" she said hurriedly. "Because I know what you would say," said Dolores, gently. "You loving heart sees only goodness and grace and beauty in all your friends, and you are frank enough to tell them so, even to their faces—I know you of old."

Mary Hamilton thanked her with a quick glance of gratitude. "Of course, I would have flattered you in just the same way that I did Mr. Stanley," and she looked toward him with a comic emphasis on his name. "But besides being lovelier and sweeter than any other woman in the world, Rita, you seem to have inherited other peculiarities from that Indian princess or, perhaps, from the

little Dolores whose name you bear." "Yes, I have," answered Dolores, promptly. "I have always felt as if that girl—the child grown to womanhood—had hovered about me in spirit as a guardian angel. "What a pretty idea!" said Polly. "I am glad you put it that way. I was half-prepared to have you inform us that you were the reincarnation of the first Dolores Mendoza. "I have no such unflattering beliefs," said Dolores, gravely. "But I don't know why I may not be a reproduction of that Dolores, a true descendant, desired by fate to work out the just vengeance of wrong and treachery."

"Oh, dearest Rita," exclaimed Polly, laughing outright, "don't be too serious about it. According to that story, your Indian-princess ancestor was a kind of possessed woman, like the spirit-mediums of the present day. Did you ever see a medium? There was a friend of mamma's in San Francisco who was half crazy on the spiritualistic philosophy, as she called it, and she was forever consulting the mediums and the spirits. There are more mediums to the square mile in San Francisco than in any other city in the Union, and every one of them was an Indian 'control.' I never heard of an Indian who hadn't an Indian control, and I used to wonder greatly at the number of controlling Indian spirits. But now I see a reason for it. The mediums are all descended from that extraordinary princess. In the course of four hundred years she must have had many thousands of descendants, and she has provided each one of them with an Indian control."

Dolores, who had been listening with a face of great seriousness, suddenly burst into irrepressible laughter. "I think you are perfectly ridiculous, Maria," she said, in a provoked tone. "I don't know anything about spirit-mediums. I have heard mamma speak of them, but she had a horror of their wicked lies and cruel fraud. But I can see no reason in the world why the spirits of those who have loved us in this life should not be near us to comfort us after death has parted them from us, when our thoughts are lifted high enough to reach them. I don't like jesting about such subjects; they are too sacred for laughter. Any way, I am not a medium and I have no Indian control."

"But you have, Lorita. Either the princess or her daughter has taken you to control, as you call it, a little Anacapa—the Golden Flower. Such a splendid name for a control, and very taking."

"You are incurable!" exclaimed Dolores, as she gathered up the loose leaves of her manuscript and folded them together. "I shall be sorry I read my little story if you are going to turn it into ridicule."

"Polly is a wicked girl," said Stanley, quickly. "But I am grateful to you beyond words, Conita Dolores. All we Mendozas have heard something, now and then, of our staid ancestor, but I have never so thoroughly understood it as I do now. Evidently, your father knew more of it than the rest of us, and perhaps he could have carried it even further than he has done in that story. Of course, it is understood that the little Dolores, with all those wonderful genes sewed up in the seams of her garments, was carried away from the island before the upheaval of the earthquake and the destruction of the Indian city in the volcanic eruption."

"Oh, yes," answered Dolores, carelessly. "No doubt she reached the Spanish ships in safety, and, having been taken to Spain, it is possible that the sailors hunted up Pedro's other child, Raphael. The brother and sister must have grown to manhood and womanhood, and among their descendants there may be many still living besides us two; but my father was the true heir to the great Mendoza treasure, for he alone possessed the secret to it, which he inherited from his father."

Stanley almost betrayed himself by his quickly suppressed exclamation at these unexpected words. But Dolores, who had not been looking at him, was quite unconscious of the effect she had produced, and, having now carefully tied up the roll of manuscript, she rose to leave the room. "But this treasure! What was it? Where is it? Do you know anything of it?" exclaimed Stanley, with an eagerness he vainly strove to disguise. "I know nothing of it," said Dolores, indifferently, "except that it is hidden somewhere in the Santiago Canyon, where my father died and where he now lies buried. It is a very great treasure, I have heard mamma say, of fabulous value in gold and precious stones, among them some of these very gems that Pedro and the gold finder sawed into the garments of my little namesake. But I take no interest in it. My father lost his life in quest of it and died broken-hearted without finding it. My mother lies in a nameless grave, bestowed partly by charity, and I think I should be willing to give up my claim to it for the privilege of burying her ashes in the grave of the husband who loved her. But," she added mockingly, "this Colombian year is to be an eventful one for Americans. Who knows but it may also reveal the hiding-place of the Mendoza treasure. It was prophesied, long ago, that it would be unearthed at the close of the four hundred years, and the name of the discoverer was given as Dolores Mendoza; but in this great country there may be many of that name, although I know of only one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

When grown to the United States. Nearly a quarter of the wheat raised in the world is grown in the United States.

Within the last few years the man-

facturers in this and in other countries extensively, and the fabric made from it is so strong and durable in quality that they are likely to prove one of the staple lines of manufacture.



WOMAN'S REALM.

A Western Girl's Success in Sustaining Delicate Infants and Children. A young Western girl is making a hit in novel lines. She has undergone a thorough course of training and fitted herself out as a nurse for delicate infants and young children. If one can judge by the ready patronage she secured and the demand for her services, it is a matter which women seeking employment should look into.

"There are quite a number of women who have gone into the work in England," she said, "but I believe that I am the only American so far who has taken up the profession systematically from the start, who has aimed at this end from the commencement of her career and studies. It is strange that more girls who love children and nursing have not devoted themselves to this profession long ago."

"The prices paid are often rather large than for other engagements of a trained nurse, and then there is the security of continued employment. From my own experience I can promise any woman who knows her work and loves it that she will find the engagement well worth her while."

"The very first step in the training is the maternity wards. Afterwards I worked in a children's hospital. I consulted several physicians of my ability to give sickly babies and secured recommendations from them. Trade since the very outset has been good. Of course, no every girl could undertake it, and fewer still carry it through. Physical strength and courage, patience and infinite love of children, and love of nursing—all these are necessary qualities. Of course there is the responsibility. One cannot think that, but all good things have their responsibilities, and these tend to discourage one when her heart is thoroughly in the work. As a matter of fact, it has been my good luck to meet with almost unending courtesy. Now and then the road narrows a bit, but one and another do wonders. Oh, I'm in love with my vocation. I am a mother, too."—Motherhood.

Two Novel Coats. A novel and graceful gown is of intense yellow, except the skirt, which is lined with fawn-colored tulle and pleated in front over a bodice of chiffon covered by graduated ruffles of old lace, the crepe de chine being bordered at either side with trails of red roses, whose velvet petals shade from pale yellow to a creamy orange. The softly draped folds of the bodice are fastened in front with a row of black velvet bows, and the bodice and old lace which is drawn round the shoulders is also bordered with trails of the velvet roses, though only their foliage tapers into an edging to the elbow sleeves, where the crepe de chine gives place to a puffed softness of lace and chiffon. The hat to wear with this gown is almost covered with expansively ruffled leaves, though which pale yellow satin ribbons are entwined, while it is trimmed up in front with a cluster of red roses.

A white cloth, napoleon, made in a simple, neat, simple style, has been considered very attractive by applications of emerald brocade. This was a pair of striped tips at the feet, and the sleeves also being in tucks. The coat is shaped in the modish loose fitting fashion and is secured at the throat with black velvet ribbons, no buttons being used. There is a slight collar of alternating rows of black velvet and lace, which also compose the cuffs. The cuffs, by the way, are rather deep, extending well up the arm.

A New Spring Coat. One of the new spring coats in three-quarter length is a chic affair in crepe de chine with deep crosswise tucks from the shoulders down to the hem; the sleeves also being in tucks. The coat is shaped in the modish loose fitting fashion and is secured at the throat with black velvet ribbons, no buttons being used. There is a slight collar of alternating rows of black velvet and lace, which also compose the cuffs. The cuffs, by the way, are rather deep, extending well up the arm.

FRILLS A FASHION. The designs of embroidery upon white linen frocks are distinctly Egyptian. A characteristic piece of new embroidery is made entirely of beads' wings. Few frocks are being used in Paris, and embroidered bustle frocks disappear, with long fluttering skirts, is preferred to either here or there. Smart black velvet frocks are worn upon tubular necks and the long opening collar is also seen. These frocks are fastened either with a fancy pin or they are tied with ribbons.

A new and lively effect in floral embroidery consists of patterns formed of the pale shade of pink, which is used in clusters or all-over of heart leaves and bars.

The summer season of 1902 will undoubtedly be known as the period of the vogue of the roll-skirt, which is right-wing over the shoulders, but shows into a very full and puffed effect below the elbow, being gathered into some fanciful ruffled cuff at the wrist.

One of the pretty branches made of pearly pearls is in the form of a pony. The two upper petals of the flower are of white pearls, the lower one of a deep pink or a shade which may be called purple. There is a bud with the blossom showing a calyx of gold, the bud another white pearl. There are pansy leaves of the gold.

The Shirts Waives of 1902. The fashionable shirt waives is unquestionably the white one, and both thick and thin ones are made in great variety; many different kinds of material, plain linen, shiraz muslin, unbleached and trimmed with lace, embroidered or with medallions of lace, and the daintiest of linen lawn embroidered with hand-dotted swiss muslin, and so on indefinitely through an almost interminable list of materials. The plain shirt waives of modern or heavy linen has little fitness in front; some are made with pointed yokes, some with plain yokes at the back, but the majority have no yoke at all that is, no visible yoke. One firm of shirt makers turn out a waist that has a yoke in front, or rather a yoke facing for it does not show in the shape of an outside yoke. The waives are all made to give the long-waisted line, pointed in front. The sleeves are of moderate size, in high-shape, finished with a band at the wrist; some are tucked, but the majority are plain. There is one waist that has a small pocket at the left side that is thought very smart. It is the fact to have such a pocket to order, and it is undoubtedly a better fit and a smarter effect may be obtained by making this extra trouble. And yet it would seem as though such a pocket should be a part of every waist that are displayed there were enough to choose. Harper's Bazar.

Decorated Fruit For Hats. Fruit is not natural, but it is artificial and pretty, and adorns five out of six dressy spring hats. Nearly every hat of white chiffon or lace sports a spray of pearl berries or grapes, and the soft sheen of these strange fruits are seen among bouquets of pale blue gladiolus and masses of pale green foliage.

Large coral-pearl pendants, hanging from green crests, are mounted as bunches of cherries with natural-colored leaves; small white pearls as currants and jet berries, but always with natural-colored foliage. Elongated pearls are used to make white ears and the clustered seeds of grasses. A decided novelty is half-open green pearls, showing a row of pearls within. White pearls are used to make a pair of ostrich tips at the feet, and tips of pinstriped tips with a row of pearls. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Realism in a Parasol Handle. Talking about realism, how is this in a parasol handle. The parasol is a pretty one of pale blue and the handle matches it in color. It is of wood with a tip of gold at the end, and upon this is placed what looks to be a green ball from a discus, but what is seen to be, upon close observation, is a small green apple. It is a regular "apple" as a country gentleman used to call the stunted apples growing on the trees upon a barren New England hillside. They were very enough to make a pig squeal. It would seem as though the only thing these apples were ever good for was to serve as a model for a pretty blue umbrella ornament.

How? By the inauguration of a road system by the government of the United States, and the yearly appropriation of not less than \$200,000,000, this money to go to localities which would employ it with an equal amount, the whole to be spent under the direction of government engineers.

Why? Because it is a matter of better advantage? Not on question of improvements on rivers and in creek navigation building superfluous vessels for our navy that will be old junk in a few years. An array of men could be permanently employed on roads and the whole country permanently benefited. Think of it! A single battleship costs as much as the building of 1000 miles of permanent road, and we have a sufficiency of the former and there can be no debate about the need of the latter. Such a policy could be entirely free from politics, and Republicans, Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists could jointly work for their country's good.

Then great capitalists like Carnegie, who has so liberally and intelligently given to the cause of education, would give other millions to lift the bodies of the people out of the mire, as they have given millions to educate their minds. What a contribution to a man's generosity and sagacity would be a slight of Thomas Highways built by his fat. Thomas Highways in the Chicago Record-Herald.

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GOOD ROADS. THE season again approaches when, superior to all questions of education, politics or religion, "How shall we get where we want to go through this mud?" encroaches the attention of a large portion of the population of the United States. Even in the longest settled portions of our country, where the world's surplus time, population and wealth has given opportunity to establish proper foundations for comfortable locomotion for the wet as well as the dry season, we find the conditions of the roads as deplorable as in the least recently settled areas.

Why is it that with fine farms, with well-stocked buildings for man and beast, with railroad lines crisscrossing the country in every direction, and with billions added each year to the permanent wealth of the country, there is so little in the permanent improvement of the roads? We note in this country, for instance, five miles for road purposes, and at the end of a decade after spending \$50 out of every \$1000 there is little permanent improvement.

After failure from the time of settlement of this country till now it would seem as if we should be ready for some change, especially when we reflect that nearly every civilized portion of the Old World has successfully established proper highways. Under the system prevalent here the citizens of many districts spend their time and, occasionally, some unproductive energy on the roads, when they run out of a hole at home, regardless of the voice of the "road" to "come and mend me and I will be your benefactor." The ordinary individual would much rather make \$2 to jangle in his pocket or add to the value of his private wealth than to make \$10 in public improvements, even for his own benefit, as he seeks every advantage to tangle dollars for himself, and rarely looks work for the public, and his neighbor, the supervisor in charge in the circumstances, rural districts, often disregarding his official duty, fails to call out his men at the proper time, and when called out calls out men who are not the proper men, and we get the most serious and hard because we have poor roads.

With any system that depends upon the material through which the road passes we cannot have good roads all the time, but they can be vastly improved. In my judgment, after large experience, I am convinced that the township is about the proper unit for a road district—that is, for the building and mending of our common dirt roads. The size and amount of labor to be performed in this area gives a man a permanent position and takes him away from local influences, and much more competent men can be secured to fill the position of supervisor than if the districts are small.

But this country is much too enlightened and wealthy forever to be subject to a halt in its traffic during prolonged humid conditions, and we must now make a start for permanent roads. How? By the inauguration of a road system by the government of the United States, and the yearly appropriation of not less than \$200,000,000, this money to go to localities which would employ it with an equal amount, the whole to be spent under the direction of government engineers.

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Why? Because it is a matter of better advantage? Not on question of improvements on rivers and in creek navigation building superfluous vessels for our navy that will be old junk in a few years. An array of men could be permanently employed on roads and the whole country permanently benefited. Think of it! A single battleship costs as much as the building of 1000 miles of permanent road, and we have a sufficiency of the former and there can be no debate about the need of the latter. Such a policy could be entirely free from politics, and Republicans, Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists could jointly work for their country's good.

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OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Resourceful Woman. A woman does not have to be a raving beauty all her days. When some are youth and freshness she makes up for it in other ways. Philadelphia Record.

Another Kind. "He never looks on the sunny side of life." "Or if he does, he complains of the heat."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Kind. "You, let's a 'Skipper of Industry.'" "How?" "If there's any industry around he skips it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So Far Not So Farther. "Do you love me?" "Would you die for me?" "No. Mine is an undying love!"—New York Sun.

A Captain of Industry. Mrs. Givens—"Don't you do anything for a living?" "I'm a Captain of Industry, ma'am; does her clothes are the Givens uniform."—New York Sun.

First Business Lesson. "What is the first thing a young business man should learn?" was asked of the successful one. "That mending bills is not collecting money."—Indianapolis News.

Decided. "I'd never have married you if you had not deceived me about yourself." "He—'Rather you never would have married me had I not deceived myself about you.'"—Boston Transcript.

Happy Recollections. Visitor—"Well, my man, what are you in for?" "Convict—'Oh, I'm in for a good time, lady.'"—Judge.

Well Supplied. "Men are such queer things!" "He—'You asked me in what way?'" "She—'Tom asked me if I loved you, just the littlest bit, and when I said yes he told me he was the happiest man in the world. What would he have said if I told him I loved him a good deal?'"—Boston Transcript.

What have you in that great bundle? Applicant—"These is a few references from other places, ma'am."—New York Journal.

Hungry, but Fastidious. "Lucky," said the wayfarer, "I can't eat these scraps." "You can't," said the housewife in surprise. "Why, you just told me that you were so hungry you could eat a housewife."—Chicago News.

The Reverence For Obscurity. "What do you think of the new minister's sermon?" inquired Mr. Curran's wife. "Well," he replied, "I guess it wasn't very good." "Upon what do you base your opinion?" "I understood every word of it and got really interested."—Washington Star.