

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELLAN.)

(Copyright, 1902 and 1901, by Elizabeth C. Winter.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DANGER IS MADE READY. Left alone by the sudden and tumultuous exit of her guests, Polly Hamilton stood for some moments in bewilderment, gazing into the face of her lover, on which she seemed to see the vivid reflection of her own feelings.

"Oh, Clarence," she exclaimed at last, "what could that woman have meant? Do you think she is mad?" "She certainly acted like it," was the answer.

"My dear girl!" said Stanley, tenderly, and taking her hand, which he pressed to his lips. He was grateful enough for not being taken to task or called on for an explanation to be almost in love with Polly, and he was sincerely sorry when Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton now entered the room.

"Alone!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton. "I was sure I heard voices. Where are your sisters, Polly?" His daughter hurriedly explained and tried to make light of the matter, but to her surprise, Mr. Hamilton was inclined to take it seriously.

"It must be a striking resemblance, indeed," he said, "when a woman mistakes a man for her own husband. Clarence, my dear fellow," he added, in a jesting manner, but with a very keen look at his prospective son-in-law, "we have always accepted you at your own valuation; but, as you are now intending to become one of the family, I hope—I really do hope—you are quite sure of your own identity."

"Entirely, sir," replied Stanley, very truthfully. "Papa!" exclaimed Polly, almost in tears. "All right, Polly, my little girl," returned her father.

"Have you the right to enter my own apartment?" "I suppose so; I don't care," the other replied indifferently.

"I don't know what you mean," returned Van Tassel with bitter disappointment in his voice. "Clarence, poor girl, is dead—sunk in the quicksand where I found her little shoes, and in them her farewell letter."

"Oh, yes, I know—well, I don't know how she got out of the quicksand, but her eyes are as sharp as ever, and she recognized me at the first glance."

"I thought she was dead, Carlos—Clarence. I swear to you I did."

"But you shall do her justice, Carlos—you shall. I loved my little sister, you remember, and had she come to me—had she not left me at all, I never would have kept your secret."

"Well, you will keep it, now," returned Stanley, with a serene tranquillity that never failed to inspire his companion, "and there is no occasion for worry about your little sister. She has feathered her nest in the downiest manner—she is the wife of the most noble, the Baron von Helmholtz, and I couldn't marry her over again now, to save all our lives."

"Why have you not been here every day, as I commanded you?" he asked. "Because I found that I could resist your will."

"Not at this moment, the evil in your nature is now predominant over all other qualities, and it is the strongest part of you; it controls me through the worst part of me, which responds to it."

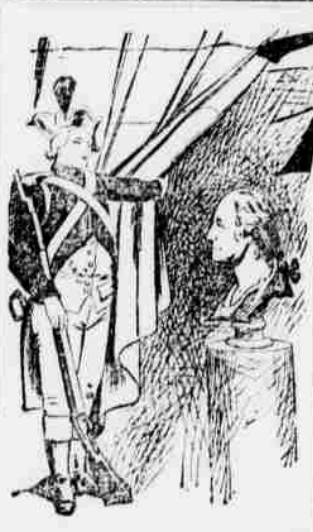
"Through it I can also control Dolores!" And the speaker's voice was almost tremulous with eagerness.

"You recognize it, Van," he said, "you remember giving it to me when I lost the other one. It has your name engraved on the steel. I have kept it ever since as a souvenir of our friendship. I am going to lend it to you, but be careful of it. I couldn't bear to have it lost."

"You mistake, Henri," said the voice of Stanley, cold and menacing and irresistible to the soul that heard it. "I will not let the dagger in your pocket and keep it safe till I bid you use it. Do you understand?"

"I understand," moaned the victim. "And you obey?" "I obey."

His hand moved quickly toward the inner pocket of his coat, and the dagger was carefully concealed there. A few minutes later, Professor Van Tassel was sitting up, pale and trembling, but quite awake, helplessly gazing into the smiling face of his master.



THE FIRST FIRE CRACKER. THEY MET ON BROADWAY, HIS WHEELS AND SKY SCRAMBLERS.

There lived in China, years ago, an old old man, whose name was Silvery Lake. They said he was a hundred years old.

He wandered through the crowded streets of his city, and he was a good-looking man, and he was a good-looking man, and he was a good-looking man.

PRIMA JULY CELEBRATION.

On the Fourth of July, at Willow-spring, baskets and racks are set out for the people to buy the goods of the day.

The boys belonged to all outdoors, and at once began to fill their domain with racket.

The waters of Silver Lake received their first shower when a small boat, with a crew of three, was launched.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

There was present a crowd of the little girls of the village, watching the various of the Ginnison River, while the older ones viewed the wishing well to learn their fortunes.

By and by the mistress of Willow-spring appeared, with brooches and hair-bands, and the gay company, red and blue, sat down to a banquet at Camp Comfort.

Nobody minded these little draw-banks, and the boys flew swiftly by, and the children were surprised when they found it was a game of chance, and they must come to the house.

When the time came for the drawing, the children crowded in to see, and the children crowded in to see, and the children crowded in to see.

Silvery Lake had just gotten his face smoothed when he again plunged the luminous waxen tapers, and the girls followed the Ginnison River in its source in the big spring.

When night came on Uncle Will soon approached, pinched and red as a beet, while a fresh lot of strawberries were provided and the children, roused to new vigor, made this from the very best of all.

Another souvenir of the great day is a square box usually decorated with blue and red, white and blue ribbon and an American flag.

THE STORY OF THE FLAG.

How many of my boy and girl readers can tell who Betsy Ross was? How many can tell what she did that such a question should be asked?

Nobody minded these little draw-banks, and the boys flew swiftly by, and the children were surprised when they found it was a game of chance, and they must come to the house.

When the time came for the drawing, the children crowded in to see, and the children crowded in to see, and the children crowded in to see.

Silvery Lake had just gotten his face smoothed when he again plunged the luminous waxen tapers, and the girls followed the Ginnison River in its source in the big spring.

When night came on Uncle Will soon approached, pinched and red as a beet, while a fresh lot of strawberries were provided and the children, roused to new vigor, made this from the very best of all.

Another souvenir of the great day is a square box usually decorated with blue and red, white and blue ribbon and an American flag.



HOW'S WHEELS BETTER ROSS LIVED.

Mrs. Abbie M. Weaver of Chicago, in a little book entitled "The Story of the Flag," tells the history of the adoption of that flag as follows: "There is no record that Congress took any action on the national flag at this session, but this flag was made by Betsy Ross in 1776. The proof is positive that the committee approved the design of Betsy Ross, and she was awarded the honor of all the hunting grounds in Philadelphia and making flags for the use of Congress. Colonel Ross furnished the money. Congress was very sorry to lose her. The records

show that the resolution for the adoption of this flag was dated over one year after it was actually created by the committee of 11 high Washington was held, that is, on June 14, 1777.

When the resolution of the national emblem committee had its own distinctive flag, one of these was the "Appeal to Heaven" flag. The two upper stars in the flag were used at the battle of Brandywine. The pine tree flag had been officially adopted by the Massachusetts Colonial Assembly in April, 1774.

First to Sign the Declaration. John Hancock was the first to sign the Declaration, says John S. La Motte. "New Hampshire," and his bold, heavy, also those signatures is a characteristic of the flag. There is a tradition that the first flag was made in 1776, and the tradition is that in its color scheme, red, white, blue, and green, the Hancock was Governor of Massachusetts thirty years. He left most of his fortune to colleges and for benevolent purposes.

Early Signers died in 1793, the same year as that was, Shoshier, secretary of the Convention, Mayor, Congressman, judge and Supreme Judge, and member of the Committee on Declaration and of the Boards of War and Ordnance, he distinguished himself by his services in all the wars of the Revolution. He was a man of great power, and of great ability. He was a man of great power, and of great ability.



When night came on Uncle Will soon approached, pinched and red as a beet, while a fresh lot of strawberries were provided and the children, roused to new vigor, made this from the very best of all.

Another souvenir of the great day is a square box usually decorated with blue and red, white and blue ribbon and an American flag.



GROUP OF COLONIAL PEASANTS.