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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(SABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XIX. A TRY FOR HELP AND THE ANSWER. When she had retired to her room, after parting with her lover, Polly Hamilton suddenly realized what she had never before so much suspected, and that was that she possessed great latent capacity for suffering.

she does say things that seem full of an awful meaning. Her gaze was fixed full on Dolores while these thoughts passed like lightning through her mind, and she saw the clear olive-check flush to the hue of carmine, and the deep, luminous eyes grew dark and full of trouble, though they still gazed bravely back into her own.

"I am surely the most unhappy girl in this great city to-night," she thought. "I never supposed that I could be so unhappy. And yet I ought to have known it. Any one capable of being so happy as I have been all my life and so transcendently happy as I have been since Clarence and I have been engaged should be prepared for anything. I ought to have known that people can't live in heaven in this world, and yet that is just what I have been doing. Perhaps I have been selfish in my happiness, though I have not meant to be. Perhaps I ought not to have confided in papa and mamma; but that is nonsense. Because I haven't concealed it. I haven't known how, even to papa and Clarence, and they have understood the whole thing just as well as I had repeated every word to both of them and I have said to each of them, all the same, I am going to do this or that."

"What more atoms we are, all of us, in this endless universe," she murmured, with a gentle tolerance toward everybody, "and yet how all-important, each one of us, to ourselves or to some one else. But for that, how glad I should be to lose myself forever in the great sea of space!" What was that line that mamma used to say from the old Scotch song—"This love, 'tis love that makes the world go round"—that was the sentiment anyway! Dear Maruja! She fears that Clarence Stanley is falling in love with me, and from the depths of her own passion, she thinks no woman could fail to fall in love with him. And why does the man's presence disquiet me? I am a neighbor of this great passion of which poets sing and novelists write—this force that makes the world go round—that I do not even know its signs. I am disturbed, but not piteously, I am excited, but not with pleasure. No, no, this cannot be love! But whatever it is, it is making Maruja unhappy, and that must never be. Rather than bring unhappiness into her life I will vanish out of it forever, and he will see me no more. But that is needless exasperation? Does my presence come between Maruja and her lover? Am I not vain and foolish to suppose it? Must I sacrifice this new and happy life for nothing? The only peace, the only happiness except my mother's love that I have ever known? I will not be rash. I will know the worst before I throw away substance for shadow. O mother-dear and best love of my life—be near me now as ever to comfort and help me!

"What is that? What does it mean? Surely I know that face!" she thought; and in the next moment she was bending out of the window and bending eagerly downward. The face that stared at her was white and drawn with despairing misery for when he had left the presence of Stanley, Van Tassel was conscious of some impending horror, all the more terrible because it was unknown and intangible. He felt only too sure that, while in the mesmeric trance, he had been bound by the evil will which now controlled him, to a promise, the fulfillment of which might lead him into crime, but which he was now quite powerless to resist. In his bright mind he called on every power in heaven or on earth to aid him, and suddenly, like a flash of light, the face of Dolores Mendoza seemed to rise before him. He had been helplessly walking to and fro, having stopped more than once or twice to refresh himself with brandy, and how he was being followed by a couple of very rough-looking tramps who had caught the glitter of gold when he had paid for his last drink of brandy. When he stopped suddenly, looking about him, they thought themselves detected, and spring the blue uniform of the police far distant, they slouched into a dark lane and watched silently, while Van Tassel turned into a side street and pursued his way till, as he glanced upward, he suddenly saw the face of Dolores, radiant in the starlight, and looking to him like the face of his good angel smiling from the heavens. "Help! Help!" he cried, and his hands were raised in supplication toward her.

With a bitter moan of grief Dolores drew back from the window, and her gaze dropped from the clear and glittering expanse above her down toward the street below, and in that one swift glance she caught a glimpse of a white and supplicating face raised toward her own.

"You are never to blame in anything," Maruja exclaimed Dolores. "What always remember that I have said. Whatever happens, and whatever I may do, remember that I have said you may do anything in my life, and I will not be a mother. And now ask me nothing more to-night, for, indeed, I can hardly explain to myself why I preferred to remain alone in my room this evening rather than to spend it as usual with you and your friends and your—I mean with Mr. Stanley."

"It is Mr. Van Tassel!" exclaimed Dolores, and in an instant she remembered all about him—the feeling of pity which had so touched her on their first meeting, and desire to protect which had then actuated her and

"What does he say?" thought Dolores, on beholding, from her window, the pale, drawn face of Van Tassel. "He is surely in some great trouble, and he is calling on me for help! I cannot speak to him from here; it is too far, and yet I cannot let him think me deaf to his call or unwilling to respond to it. Ah, yes!" She had drawn back into the room, and now, as she looked about as if for some means of conveying a message, she saw on the floor-stair beside her a simple white rose, placed there hours before by Mary Hamilton.

"He will understand," she thought, and seizing the flower she flung it into the outstretched hands of Henri Van Tassel. He caught it and pressed it to his lips, and with it there came to him the same sense of strength—of being uplifted and invigorated—that had come to him when in her presence. He waved his hand toward her, and her face disappeared from the window, and he turned, to find himself in the grasp of the two tramps, who had approached in the shadow of the house, and, catching him now of his guard, seized him, pushed him with one hand, and bore him to the ground swiftly and without resistance. Van Tassel, who was but a slight man, of very little physical strength at any time, was easily overpowered, and would have been robbed instantly and without a struggle had not help come to him as suddenly and unexpectedly as he had been attacked.

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WALL STREET WONDERS

BITS OF THE COMPLEX MACHINERY OF FINANCE.

Newspapers With Ten Editions an Hour and Fleet-Footed Newsboys—Wall Street's Enormous Population—The Ingenious Devices to Repeat Quotations Precisely at 10 every business morning a liveried attendant, carrying a gong, steps upon the floor of the New York Stock Exchange and beats a resounding tattoo. The first note is a call to arms.

Before his echo has died away hundreds of traders with their seats, aids and messengers are struggling in a great scuffling mass. The same signal has meanwhile been carried to thousands of offices—the money world is awake.

Continuously for the next five hours the kings, hordes, servants and slaves of finance wage fierce battle. Sixty thousand orders, any one of which may spell ruin, and the volume of business requires that each tick of the clock shall be a record of something done. Nowhere else in the world has the mechanism for carrying on business been reduced to such an exact science.

Wall Street is always feverishly impatient to hear the latest news about itself. The general public may be content to wait for its morning paper, The Wall Street man demands the latest financial news of the entire world at intervals of seconds only.

The financial news service under this pressure has reached a perfection little short of marvellous. The news is telegraphed over a variety of cables directly from the floor of the Exchange to thousands of offices, it is talked over telephone wires with continuous five-hour connections, or it is printed in miniature newspapers and distributed by hand at the rate of fifty or more editions every five-hour financial day.

Visitors to Wall Street will scarcely fail to notice the swarms of small boys clutching handfuls of papers and usually on a 3-cent run. They move unexpectedly out of basements, disappear in an instant through the doorways of great office buildings, to reappear shortly empty-handed. These are the most alert messengers in the world. They distribute by main body power the famous financial news slips to the offices of the market operators.

In actual times they deliver an edition every ten minutes. During financial panics or other excitement editions are even more frequent.

The news-distributing newspaper is organized much the same as an ordinary news sheet, but with more dependence upon the telegraph, telephone and various labor-saving devices. The financial news is collected and condensed in the briefest possible form, and is rushed to the typographic machines.

In a short time the form has been drawn into a tangle, ink press and the edition is being run off. Under ordinary conditions brief news items can be written, edited, put in type and a proof obtained in from three to four minutes.

The form and size of the newspaper or bulletin are sacrificed to speed. The sheets are printed by five-minute presses. The volume of news furnished in this form in a day is considerable. The sheets are the news more in demand than the papers. They are meant to be read at a glance by the rush of trading hours. They give briefly studies in the values of securities, reports on railroad and industrial properties and comment on the money and exchange markets.

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A well-organized strike on the part of these messengers, were it to cease unexpectedly, would be felt more or less seriously on all the great financial centres of the world. A delay of seconds in distributing important news bearing upon the market often causes serious fluctuations in prices.

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A National Need.

IN my opinion the most important question before the American people to-day is that of good roads. Good roads, like all other good things, cost. Cheap articles are of inferior quality; hence our bad roads.

If we are to have good roads we must pay for them. To pay for them we must be taxed. Then if taxed, how? By the Federal or State Government?

I am in favor of the whole system of roads in the country being placed under Government construction, to be paid for out of the United States Treasury, and having introduced a bill looking to this end, I am overwhelmed with letters from all sections of the country approving it and inquiring about it. This bill provides for the direct appropriation of \$200,000,000 to be expended in the forty-five States and four Territories of the United States in proportion to population. It should become a continuing appropriation till good roads become a network over the land.

Will anybody tell me why the United States Government should not construct good roads in the various States and Territories? Is there any difference in this regard public money and applying it to cricks, branches and rivers? Both are to expedite transportation, to help interstate and foreign commerce.

Now, when we remember that New York is nearer to San Francisco than it was to Baltimore seventy years ago, when the one exchange goods with the other every hour of the day; when we can now whisk across the continent—we may think that it was the inventive genius alone of such men as Watt, Stephenson, Edison, Bell and Edison; but not so. We have discovered the national need and followed the national pulse strings to the establishment of modern and mechanical engineering, and in certain directions have so extended national aid as to enlarge and smother the means of transportation except that on public roads—and have expended billions to provide outlets for the accumulating inland trade. It was good statesmanship to do it, except that they ignored public roads.

During the early years of the Republic the National Government appropriated only about fourteen millions of dollars for the construction of the national highways to connect the Capital with the distant parts of the country. The longest straight road ever made by any government in the world was built by the United States from Cumberland, Md., and through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to St. Louis. This was not only the longest straight road for the best road in America. It was productive of great good in its day, but owing to the differences in the needs of the leading States of that day the work was finally abandoned, and for two generations past the general Government has done very little, or almost nothing, toward the construction and maintenance of the highways of the country. As a result the great Cumberland road has fallen into decay, and there has been less progress made in the science and art of public road building in the United States from that day to this than in any other industry or department of knowledge.

The concentration of population and wealth in great cities would be largely overcome if the country districts should have their fair share of the appropriation of public money and the consequent improvement of the country roads that would follow. Peter J. O'Leary, Representative from Virginia.

The Value of Good Roads. Perhaps the most convincing proof of the value of good roads is the experience of those who have built them. Most of us are not acquainted personally with good roads, and cannot speak from experience. The great county of Mecklenburg is the possessor of the good roads movement in North Carolina. In the beginning there was much opposition to the movement, especially on the part of the town people, who did not want to be taxed to make country roads, and they said they had no interest in them. They have found out differently. Many country people have thought the money spent was a useless extravagance. They have found out differently. They have found out that reliable authority, that every class of people in Mecklenburg County, in city and country alike, now favors the system which has given the county such splendid roads; and that the people as a whole, would not go back to the old mud and mire for five times the cost of the roads.

A Good Work. The Department of Agriculture is doing a great deal of good through its bureau of road inquiry, awakening an interest among the people in the advantages of good wagon roads and assisting in the construction of model highways for the instruction of the public.—Denver Republican.

An Interesting Fact. "Little Red Riding Hood" was written by Charles Perrault, a French author, who published it in 1697.—Ladies' Home Journal.

It Weaves Out Quickly. There is nothing that weaves out so quickly as a theory put into practice.—New York Press.

PICTURED ON ROCKS.

Cliffs in Arizona Ornamented With Maps Centuries Old.

The oldest maps in America are to be found in Arizona and Texas. How old they are may not be said, but they date back many centuries. The Indian has left behind him many records, in his rude implements of peace and warfare—his knives, arrows, axes, spears, vessels, mortars, quills, etc., we can read today the history of prehistoric races, their habits and customs, their social life, their tribal relations, their occupations, and their pastimes. From picture writings we gain additional insight into the ways of these primitive people. It now appears that some of those early dwellers in the land were map makers of no mean ability. The traditions of some of the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico point to a common origin with the Montagnais. It seems quite certain that the nations or tribes occupying the country now known as New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Mexico held intimate relations with each other, and their inhabitants traveled back and forth from country to country for centuries.

In Tomajá canyon, Texas, are unmistakable evidences of this. The lay of the land is such as to make this canyon the natural pass for a large area of country north and south of that point. The travel which has passed through this canyon has worn the solid rock of the trail to a depth of not less than three feet. Even though the region about were densely populated, it never have taken centuries to wear through this adamantine path. The walls of the canyon, which are perpendicular and smooth, are embellished with lines carved in the rock, and then traced over with paint of a vermilion hue, so permanent as to have lost but little of its luster during the centuries. It has ornamented the rock canyons.

The first discoverers of these markings were unable to decipher them or guess their import, but subsequently prospectors and plainness who visited the canyon discovered in these lines accurate maps of the country, with the trails, mountain passes, and water holes indicated thereon. The makers of these maps showed a thorough knowledge of the country and accuracy as to relative distances and points of the compass. Near Oatman Flat, Arizona, are what are known as "Petros Pintados," or painted rocks. The walls of the mesa are covered from base to summit with drawings of men, animals, reptiles, etc. Some of the figures are of so intricate a nature as formerly to have failed of classification. It is now known that some of these are maps of sections of country, with trails, villages, water wells, etc., indicated upon them. It is somewhat remarkable that among the animals pictured on these rocks are animals as unlike as the mammoth of our day as to their identity. There can be little question but that the makers of these pictures had knowledge of Egypt or Arabia or that the canal was once indications to this country.—Pittsburg Gazette.

He is a Soul. There is a true story of a curious personality widely well known to many professional men in London to-day. He is a Scot, whose business ability is above the average, but everything he does is done with the air of a man constantly wrestling with some problem of the soul. He rarely speaks unless spoken to. He never smiles, and his eyes have a fixed but intense expression. One day he was returning to London with several companions. The whole party were Scotch, but the companions were of various types. One of them told a humorous tale, over which the rest laughed uproariously. Not so the human problem. He sat in a corner of the railway carriage glowering at his mirthful fellows. Half an hour afterward, however, when all were standing at a street corner before separating, he took one aside and said solemnly and slowly: "You would observe that I said 'human problem'?"

Cabinet Room "Shaves." The President is shaved every day, usually between 2:30 and 3 o'clock each afternoon, after lunch is served and the guests at lunch go away. In the Cabinet room is a folding barber's chair, which when not in use is placed against the wall and remains unshowered. The President sits in this and is shaved in the Cabinet room. The work is quickly done, as the President apparently appreciates the time taken and wants to get up and doing something. President McKinley always shaved himself, using either a safety or regular razor. He could handle a razor with great ease, as he had been accustomed to shaving himself for years. When he went away he shaved himself as usual. He could do the job on a flying train as easily as when in his room. President Roosevelt does not know how to shave himself comfortably, and takes his barber with him when he goes off anywhere.—Washington Star.

He Was Left Wondering. It was a holiday, a man walked into the business office of a well-known newspaper and handed the paper as the counter a death notice. "Of course that is itself was nothing," said the editor, "but his mother was merry and thoughtfully so. The clerk looking at him rather strangely, he concluded that remark accompanied with a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Why, my boy, that was not mother-in-law." When he left the office he left the clerk in deep thought, wondering if that was the way mother-in-law affected all men.—New York Tribune.