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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XXIX.

CONTINUED.

"Mamma has often enough described the place—a little distance from a clump of sycamore trees, twelve trees growing out of a single root, she said, and on one of the trees is carved the ruddy outlined figure of an Indian woman; I don't know if that figure means anything, but mamma and I have often fancied that perhaps it was associated in some way with our Indian ancestor, and as papa was searching for the treasure at the time, he begged to be buried in that spot. Poor dear father! it seems he had broken down, and mamma could never understand his wandering about the buried treasure and its hiding-place."

"And you have absolutely no clue?" said Mrs. Travers, in a disappointed tone.

"None at all; papa had a paper or memorandum or something of the sort, containing the whole secret, but we could not follow it out, and he had lost it, or the paper or else had no strength left to write it, that it was worse than useless. Mamma used to have wild hopes of finding it years ago, and even in the last she clung to the thought that I should yet be a great heiress. But I take no interest in it, Mrs. Travers, none at all. Though I have sought for the sycamore trees, sometimes to find my father's grave, I say my mother's last earthly wish to be buried beside the husband she loved and who had adored her."

"Poor Dolores, dear child! Why did you not tell me sooner," said Mrs. Travers, in a voice tremulous with sympathetic tears. "I could have taken steps to further your desires. I could yet easily take steps to do so, and you find the place."

"Oh, yes, but I shall surely do so; I have long suspected which you have guessed, in company with Henri, have been in search of that clump of sycamore trees, and have almost despaired, and have wondered if they were not but a fancy of mamma, or if time might not, in all probability, have destroyed the tree."

"No, no, the trees exist!" interrupted Mrs. Travers, eagerly, they are the haunted sycamores; I hear of them every year, for about the 12th of October, a story about them is sure to be afloat, of course, it is a mere legend, of course, but it has lasted for years. Some old man of the moonlight, probably, but the story has served to locate the place, and it can easily be found."

"About the 12th of October," repeated Dolores. "Oh, why did I not tell you sooner? I have lost so much time."

"No trouble I about that, Dolores. The right time always comes—when we think we have lost it. Mark my words it has come now," she added, hastily, rising, and taking the arm of her two sons, a gentleman who was rapidly approaching her across the lawn.

Very much embarrassed had they been in their conversation that neither had heard the approach of the carriage on the distant road, hence that it really was a surprise to them.

Dolores also arose, and with a sudden, delighted flutter of anticipation her heart was fixed on the approaching stranger—she could not be mistaken! There was not in all the world such another, so gracious, so stately, so enriched in bearing, so perfect, so elevated and the spiritual beauty of his countenance; and now he too, had recognized her, and once more two lovely and kindred souls met and looking at each other out of their eyes, and recognizing some ancient and eternal relationship in that long, deep gaze.

"My dear Dolores," said Mrs. Travers, "this is my friend, Lord Harold Mercy—Lord Harold, the Spanish Dolores."

Dolores put out her hand—her lovely, white, trembling hand; and Lord Harold, clasping it in his, felt himself thrilled to the heart by that first touch of the warm, pink, sensitive palm.

He bowed his lips over her hand, and with difficulty refrained from raising it to his lips, and Mrs. Travers thought:

"Well, evidently, they have made an impression on each other. I could reasonably hope for more, on a first acquaintance. But is it the first? Can it be possible that they have met before?"

CHAPTER XXX.

"THE YOUNG SATAN."

"Well, I never believed it, and couldn't now if I had seen it," exclaimed Mrs. Travers, "but this is evidence that I believe that it really did happen."

"What happened, Mamma?" [illegible] "Have you been [illegible]"

"Why, Van Tassel, of course, and I have just been telling Lord Harold—he could not be interested. There was not in all the world such another, so gracious, so stately, so enriched in bearing, so perfect, so elevated and the spiritual beauty of his countenance; and now he too, had recognized her, and once more two lovely and kindred souls met and looking at each other out of their eyes, and recognizing some ancient and eternal relationship in that long, deep gaze.

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SOUTHERN FARM TOPICS

Devoted Exclusively to the Interest of Dixie Farmers.

Raising Dairy Stock.

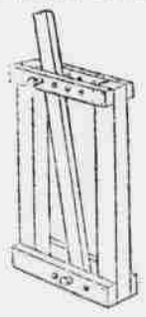
[illegible]

Some Forward Steps in Farming.

[illegible]

Device For Dehorning Cattle.

[illegible]



[illegible]

Tomatoes and Peas.

[illegible]

"Six Feeding Times."

[illegible]

HOW THE ANIMALS SWIM

MOST BEASTS HAVE A NATURAL INSTINCT FOR WATER.

While Man Feels Himself Fit at Ease When Beyond His Depth, Many Land Animals Are Almost Equally at Home in Water—Polar Bears Expert.

[illegible]

Swine are pretty well at home in the water, although they are strangers to baths. Many a time in shipwrecks pigs by the hundred have saved themselves from premature death and an unknown grave by cheerily making for the shore.—Chicago Tribune.

A Panther's Den.

It was my good fortune to discover the newly abandoned lair of a mountain family and further, and to me new, evidence of that fastidious cleanliness which is a marked characteristic of the animal. The retreat was not at all the typical "panther's den" of tradition, but a lush arbor hollowed under the edge of a rock with just enough of shelf to keep off the rain. I should not have found this breeding place for by a certain well-marked array of bones scattered over a little smooth beach above a creek channel. From this lookout, to its was a very irresistible path leading through and beneath to the retreat which the dam had housed her young. The evidence here told plainly of the animal's long immunity from annoyance and attack and of a thoroughly clean habit of life. There was no trace or odor even of feasting about the lair. The dam had carried her kits to the creek beach in every instance and the entrance had been effaced on the dancing point. As some which would have been remedied or cured by growth and age had been perhaps destroyed by the kits. I was able to get some idea of mother's diet. This included, besides many of minor game, nothing more than grouse and the like, with an occasional small deer. At least one whole family of kittens, old and young, had been served, possibly brought home for them at their indulgent, they were all in Franklin Walker's clothes, at Quiring.

A Bastard "Bell-Wether."

The superstitious scruples of many of the people of Russia, especially in Elan County, have been [illegible] by the finding of a bell in the stomach of some [illegible] animal, and none was able to explain it by natural causes. One day while men were working on the Rafferty farm behind the house which dark [illegible] were coming up and he also [illegible] had run to the house [illegible] leaving his tools [illegible] to a cultivator in the [illegible] He did [illegible] that the heavens [illegible] full of sheep bell.

The cause of the extraordinary performance has finally been discovered, on the great farm of [illegible] Sheep. Several months ago two lambs Reg and Col Kinney caught a bantard on Yellow Creek and after trying a sheep's bell on its neck turned it free. They have seen the bell on real times since. Yet a real sheep they say, other bantards would have nothing to do with it. Now however it has become a "bell-wether" and frequently on a misty [illegible] afternoon the bell with [illegible] of its fellows [illegible] to water. To the usual equipment it also at times [illegible] the other bantards, but apparently some they have become accustomed to [illegible] bell [illegible] Kansas City Journal.

A Coin That is a Pocketful.

The largest gold coin now in circulation is the gold mohur of "Ind," or Anam, a Chinese country in Eastern Africa. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is [illegible] tribe which is about 205. The mohur also rank to the valuable, but exports amounted one to the share of [illegible] which is worth [illegible] and [illegible] which represents a value of [illegible] The California $20 gold piece is worth about the same as the mohur. The nearest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver [illegible] is worth about [illegible] when [illegible] the Chinese tael, worth about seven shillings, and then the American dollar.—Dealer.

Take Time.

To investigate before condemning on insufficient evidence.

To answer your [illegible] questions about current events.

To make up your mind as to a man's disposition and honesty.

To explain your proposition before looking for a favorable reply.

To arrange your business affairs before starting on a long journey.

To say yes to a proposition which calls for a big expenditure of money.

To think of what is best to be done in a trying situation that is to come.

To consider your husband's views in making up a change in your [illegible].—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A New Material For Paper.

An invention has just been patented by Professor C. E. Anthony by which the numerous kelp beds of the seacoast are to be utilized in the manufacture of paper. The invention consists in taking the seaweed and converting it into a pulp, from which paper of the finest quality can be manufactured equal even to the finest linen paper, which, though a product of the chemical laboratory, is really superior. Professor Anthony declares that the pulp can be produced at fifty per cent of the cost of other pulp.

To Avoid Accidents.

The inhabitants of the County of Wexford, Ireland, are not allowed to carry their pistols loaded. The weapon and the ammunition must be carried in separate pockets and the pistol must not be loaded until it is wanted for use.

Great Demand For Cottaperchs.

There is a demand for cottaperchs five times greater than the supply.