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TOBACCO.

BET COUDA

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

The Treasure of Franchard. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[CONTINUED]

Mme. Desprez sat in the dining room in a cool wrapper. All the blinds were down, and the tile floor had been recently sprinkled with water; her eyes were half shut, but she affected to be reading a novel as they en-tered. Though she was a bustling woman, she enjoyed repose between whiles and had a remarkable appetite for sleep. • The doctor went through a solemn form of introduction, adding, for the benefit of both parties, "You must try to like each other for my sake,"

"He is very pretty," said Anastasie. ,"Will

you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"



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The doctor was furious, and dragged her into the passage. "Are you a fool, Anas tasie?" he said. "What is all this I heat about the tact of women? Heavens knows, have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and orgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child." "I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasie; "but I will try to do bet-

The doctor apologized for his warmth. "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your con-duct was so idiotic, my cherished one, and so utterly and distantly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehe mence in disapproval. Do, do try-if it is possible for a woman to understand young people-but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model."

e did as she was bidden, and conidered the doctor's behavior. She observed that he embraced the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed gener ally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the true womanly heroism in tittle affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap reveng exposing the doctor's errors to h but she did her best to remove their ill effect on Jean-Marie. When Desprez went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the e came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

"You must not be surprised nor frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He is the kindest of men, but so clever that he is cometimes difficult to understand. You will oon grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobody can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and will not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and I. I am not clever, but I am very good Will you give me a kiss?"

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complaisance; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The doctor, entering, found them enlaced: he concluded that his wife was in fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastašie," when she looked t o at him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she

CHAPTER IV.

led the boy to his attic.

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THE EDUCATION OF A PHILOSOPHER. The installation of the alopted stable boy was thus happily effected, and the wheels of life continued to run smoothly in the doc tor's house. Jean-Marie did his horse and carriage duty in the morning; sometimes helped in the housework; sometimes walked abroad with the doctor, to drink wisdon from the fountain head; and was introduced at night to the sciences and the dead tongues He retained his singular placidity of mind and manner; he was rarely in fault; but he made only a very partial progress in his studies, and remained much of a stranger in the family. The doctor was a pattern of regularity

All forenoon he worked on his great book the "Comparative Fharmacopœia, or His-torical Dictionary of all Medicines," which as yet consisted principally of slips of paper and pins. When finished, it was to fill many personable volumes and to combine anti uarian interest with professional utility. at the doctor was studious of literary graces and the picturesque; an anecdote, a touch of manners, a moral qualification, or a sounding epithet was sure to be preferred before a ce of science; a little more, and he would have written the "Comparative Pharma copcela" in verse! The article "Mummia, for instance, was already complete, though the remainder of the work had not progres beyond the letter A. It was exceedingly copious and entertaining, written with intness and color, exact, erudite, a literary article; but it would hardly have af forded guidance to a practicing physician of today. The feminine good sense of his wife had led her to point this out with uncompromising sincerity; for the dictionary was duly read aloud to her, betwixt sleep and waking, as it proceeded toward an infinitely distant completion; and the doctor was a lit tle sore on the subject of mummies, and some

times resented an allusion with asperity. After the midday meal and a proper pe riod of digestion he walked, sometim sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie: for madame would have preferred any hardship rather than walk.

She was, as I have said, a very busy per son, continually occupied about material comforts and ready to drop asleep over novel the instant she was disongaged. This was the less objectionable, as she never snored or grew distempered in complexion when she slept. On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease, and woke without a start to the perfect ession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she

had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established betweet m on the first night remained unbroken They held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters. To the extreme disap pointment of the doctor, they occasionally allied off together to that temple of debas ing superstition, the village church. Madame and he, both in their Sunday's best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases, and, in short although the doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic, their relation was as intimate, friendly and confidential as their natures suffered.

I fear, however, that in her heart of hearts, nadame kindly despised and pitied the boy She had no admiration for his class of vir tues; she liked fa smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, cap in hand, light of foot, meeting the eye; she liked volubility, charm, a little vice-the promise of a second Dr. Desprez. And it was her indefensible belief that Jean-Marie was dull. "Poor dear boy," she had said once, "how sad it is that he should be so stupid!" She had never repeated that remark, for the doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal bluntpess of her mind, bemoaning his own fate to be so gnequally mated with an ass, and, what touched Apastasie more nearly, menacing the table china-by the fury of his gesticulations. But she adhered silently to her opin-ion; and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, over his unfinished tasks she would snatch her opportunity in the doctor's absence, go over to him, put her arms about his neck, lay her cheek to his, and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind." she would save