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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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HUSELTON'S SHOES

For Wet and Slushy Weather. You'll need them.

We're ready with some special lines—the comfort-giving sort that will afford you the needed protection. We'll sell them, too, with a slice of the original prices cut off; a big saving is what you may expect. Every shoe from our regular stock and fully guaranteed.

The Best Shoes in Butler.

SCHOOL SHOES } For the Boys and Girls.
HEAVY SHOES } For the Grown People.
FINE SHOES } For any that want them; or
FELTS OVERS } For Men and Boys.

A Sensational Showing of Shoe Values

That are bound to be the pride of the whole county. A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit our store. You will be made welcome whether you buy or not. Glad to show what we have.

Some little shoe venders think all they have to do is to get all the worthless trash they can, no matter what, so they can fix a low price, then blow their little tin horn and the people will hurry to them by the hundreds They will find that a little later it will take a trumpet equal to Gabriel's to make the people hearken unto their lamentations. The people don't want to buy two pairs at once—one to go home with, another pair to come back with.

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lowry.

SHOE BARGAINS.

Have just returned from the Eastern markets where I bought a large stock of shoes to be made for spring trade. Two large shoe manufacturers—Whitcomb and Miles, of Worcester, Mass.; and Mudge Shoe Co., of Danvers, Mass., who are going out of business, had a large stock of goods on hand which they wished to close out at once at a great reduction. I could not resist these great offers so bought the goods in addition to my regular spring stock. These two well known lines and also 1500 pairs Sample Shoes of new spring styles go on sale at once at about 50 cents on the dollar. There'll be lively times in this store for the next few weeks for these goods must be closed out before our regular lines come in.

A Few of the Many Bargains

Men's Fine Calf Shoes Royal tip at	90c
Boy's " " " " " " at	80c
Boy's solid every day shoes at	50c
Men's fine tan shoes, coin toe tip at	$1.35
Boy's " " " " " " at	$1.15
Ladias' fine Dongola, Handwelt Sole Shoes at	$2.00
Ladies' Bright Dongola pat. tip shoes at	90c
Children's fine shoes, sizes 5 to 11 at	50c
Children's fine shoes, 4 to 8 at	35c
Ladies' fine Jersey overgaiters at	5c per pair

AND MANY OTHER BARGAINS.

We have the Exclusive Sale of SOROSIS SHOES for Butler.

JOHN BICKEL.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET -:- BUTLER, PA.

HE IS A WISE MAN

—WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM—

J. S. YOUNG,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits

TELL their own STORY

B. & B. sale of plaids

Several thousand dollars worth being sacrificed.

75 cent silk and wool and velour Plaids **35c yard**—the velour Plaids at this price are 46 inches wide.

12½c American Plaids 6¼c yard—good, useful kind.

Double width Plaids 10, 20, 25c to $1.50.

Checks also, 25c to 65c.

Lot of fine silk and wool neat nobby plaids 65 cent quality 35c—28 inches wide—handsome for waists and children's dresses.

Losing money selling Plaids this way—but we've too many—and all who buy will get such values as will pay them well—and make us lots of future business.

Have us send samples—you'll be surprised and pleased.

All who are planning for early **spring sewing** will find it of advantage to send and see what nice new madras ginghams, 10c, 15c, 20c—fine Madras and Novelties 25c and 35c.

Largest assortment of these—and other new wash goods 8c to $1.25—you'll find anywhere to select from—the less prices here a feature.

Boggs & Buhl

Department X.
ALLEGHENY, PA.

Duff's College

Gives a specialized Bread-winning Education. FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS, P. DUFF & SONS, 244 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG, PA.

A Trade Pulverizer.

C. E. MILLER'S GREAT February SHOE SALE.

This is a case of force---We must have room.

This will be your month at our store. If you need Shoes or Rubbers, you can have things pretty much your own way. We have too many goods in the house, and just a short month to sell them—we must reduce our stock; there is no other way out of it. Our spring goods will be here March 1st, and this sale is to empty our shelves of winter footwear AT ANY PRICE to make room for new goods.

We Want to be Understood

We are not in business for our health, and it is not often we sell shoes without profit. This is one of the times we do, and we consider it good policy to close out all our winter goods even if we do so at a loss. We then get the much-needed room and can buy an entire new stock in the fall.

Our Prices This Month Will be Record Breckers.

We cannot go into detail regarding prices, but we promise you to meet and better any prices you can get in Butler.

Sole agent in Butler County for

The Delsarte Shoe

The BEST $3.50 Shoe on earth.

The Delsarte Shoes for ladies are made on the Delsarte principle of fashion and form—up-to-date fashion and true form combined. ENDORSED BY LEADERS OF FASHION

See us for Shoes this month.

C. E. Miller,

215 South Main St.

WANTED---A Reliable MAN

of good address to solicit business from property-owners. Any well known person willing to work, can make $90 to $15 weekly. Commission or salary, paid weekly. Address for particulars, mentioning this paper, CHARLES H. CHASE, Rochester, N.Y.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Pianos.

W. R. NEWTON,
Representing
The Chickering-Chase Bros. Co.
Manufacturers of
Grand and Upright Pianos
AND
Farrand & Votey Organ Co.,
Manufactures of Organs.

Can save you money in the purchase of a FIRST CLASS Instrument.

Call and examine them at the ware room,

317 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

TERMS:—Cash or easy payments to suit purchaser.

YOUR SUIT

May seem dear at the start, and prove remarkably cheap before you've worn it out. It's the long time satisfaction you get from it that decides the superiority of our make. It does pay to buy good clothes. Our fall display is of the kind you would expect to find only in the large cities.

ALAND,

MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES

He Understood

After they hit him. It don't require any bricks to make you understand that it is money in your pocket in dealing with us. This comes from the fact that we sell only reliable goods at a low price, buying direct from the manufactures, saving the middle profit to you. Many bargains to offer now.

Ed. Colbert,

Fomerly

Colbert & Dale,

242 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Braun's Pharmacy,

Cor. 6th St. and Duquesne Way,

Pittsburg, Pa., L. D. Telephone 2542.

Wholesale and Retail.

Importer and Jobber of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Etc.

The only house west of New York carrying a full line of Meyers' Grease, Paints and theatrical goods.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Compounded Day or Night by "Registered Pharmacists" only.

Wholesale and retail dealer in Lubricating and Illumniating Oils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Engine Oils, Gasolein, Benzine, Paraffine Wax and Petrolatum.

Address all mail orders to

W. F. Braun.

ALWAYS USE Huylar's COCOA PURE! HEALTHFUL!!

CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

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CHAPTER XIII.

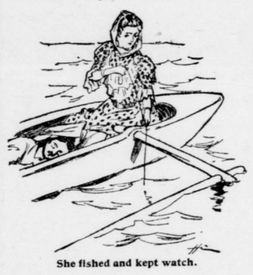
The next three days passed very pleasantly. The time had not yet arrived for explanations to either McPherson or Senorita Gracia; but we gave him 30 of the doubloons as an evidence of the progress we were making, and discussed various plans for the future with both, on the way back to Guajan.

We were all very anxious that the padre—or, rather, his eminence the bishop—should have no opportunity to come aboard at Apra. So, as the two passengers had but little luggage, it was arranged that we should be dropped in the proa somewhere off Cocos island, the steamer then heading for Manila without further loss of time. This arrangement was carried out, and the people at Agana had no suspicion of the Countess' visit until after we landed. The Pouynipetites, having been occupied with their own affairs, were not positive as to just when or how I had come aboard; so the impression got about that, having been blown out to sea, I had been picked up a long distance from land and conveyed to a safer neighborhood merely because the two strangers were going that way.

Inquiring for Sebastiano that evening, the gobernador told me he was suffering from a severe attack of gastric fever, which seemed likely to keep him in bed for some time; so I paid him a visit of condolence; it was the least I could do. Then I took advantage of his indisposition to get the treasure above water while safe from interruption.

First, I spent a couple of nights in removing the silver, already secured, from Tar fofo and stowing it away in the copra bags at Apra. Then I made regular trips every second day to the reef, returning with a long reach to the north-northwest which brought me into Apra bay about midnight, and working at the stowage until after three. This, with staying under water at the wreck, was pretty exhausting work, and but for the rest on the odd days I couldn't have kept it up. To have slept all day at the gobernador's house would have aroused comment very shortly, so I spent the time upon the water with Dorotea, napping in the bottom of the proa, while she fished and kept watch, as soon as we were well away from land.

Sebastiano's illness was the thickest streak of all my luck. I was beginning



She fished and kept watch.

to feel careless because of our interrupted good fortune, when, returning from the last trip but one, a shadowy proa followed me into the bay. I held off toward the Agat road until two figures landed from her and walked into the copra shed; then I steered out to sea as fast as the wind would take me. Before rounding Punta Orote I thought of and discarded a dozen different plans. I had taken great pains to stow the treasure in the very center of the bags, so there was nothing but innocent copra for a thickness of several rows around and above it; and I knew if the strangers examined each bag as they went along they would scarcely reach the stuff before morning. It then occurred to me that Br'er Miguel's ghost wasn't earning its salt as guardian of the empty fissure at Tarofofo, and might be employed to advantage nearer home; so I sailed around after him as fast as possible. I had reached Apra a little early that night, so had time to return before daybreak; and, running ashore near the watering place, about three-quarters of a mile from the shed, I hurried toward it, holding my apparition before me.

The intruders had evidently investigated until they were tired out, and were sound asleep on top of the pile of bags. This was just the opportunity I wanted. Propping the figure up under the roof, about ten feet from them, I crawled out of sight on the opposite side and turned the ray from my lantern upon it. Then I dropped a piece of copra upon the stomach of the man nearest me. He was sleeping so soundly that I had to try a heavier piece, which startled him with a grunt of surprise and pain. In about three seconds his eye fell upon that faintly illuminated wax figure, and, with a howl of terror that made my own nerves jump, he ran for his boat as if he were trying to break a record. His companion wasn't more than five seconds after him, and the two fought like madmen in their attempt to shove off and get away. To make the effect permanent, I grabbed my dummy, and, holding the lantern so that its rays would be reflected back upon it, glided swiftly after them. The horror of the thing had reduced their cries to inarticulate gasps, and they worked like demons to get out where the wind would fill their sail; so, as it was low tide, I waded after them, holding Br'er Miguel high enough to give him the appearance of walking upon the water. I never knew who the men were, but the story was all over town before noon; and for more than a week the entire native population was afraid to stir after dark.

When I finally waded back to shore, it was getting gray behind Tiniquio, so I lost no time in stowing my friend under several layers of copra bags, where he was likely to be undisturbed, but where I could get him in short order if his services should be required again. Then, hurrying back to my proa, I dumped the cargo of steele overboard in four feet of water, where it could easily be found whenever there should be an opportunity for secreting it.

This affair so thoroughly awakened me to the danger of delay that I removed all the remaining treasure from the wreck in one big load, next trip. Standing for the last time in the lazaretto of Nuestra Senora de Sevilla, four fathoms under the Pacific, I felt as though I were saying good-by to an old friend; for I shall probably never see her again. There was something wonderful in the way she had guarded those millions for me all the years since they first disappeared under water, and I speculated a little as to whether Br'er Miguel would ever be able to relieve her of my charge, or whether I should require my searching for heirs of the original owners. This didn't trouble me very long, however. The risks Halstead and I had undergone, and the way we had worked the problem out to a successful result, seemed to give us a better claim upon the money than anyone else—even our fat and scheming friend Sebastiano.

So the days slipped along through April into May, while I rested and learned what it was to have a beautiful woman's personality creep into the deepest corners of my heart. Then one morning there came a cloud which threatened disaster to all our hopes; and but for Dorotea's position and ready wit this narrative would be merely one of fruitless adventure. A schooner came sailing into Apra—one of the island schooners which trade in cocoanuts, beche-de-mer, and other products—in search of water, poultry, and any cargo there might happen to be in the place. Noticing the bags of copra under the shed, her captain offered the harbor master a higher rate than that which obtained at Manila, and was told that, as the gobernador would undoubtedly be glad to sell at such a price, he might send ashore for it whenever he pleased. We were just coming in from a sail, and saw the schooner's men loading some of the bags into a jolly-boat as we skirted along outside of Apapa island. My face must have been absolutely colorless, for Dorotea laid her hand upon my arm and exclaimed:

"Madre de Dios, querido, what is it? que tiene V.?"

"No tengo nada; but look! They are taking away the copra in that schooner! The treasure! It is packed away in the bags. I never dreamed they would be disturbed until Halstead came for them. Oh, good Lord! how on earth can I stop them without giving the whole thing away?"

"Steer inside Apapa and land at the pier. I will stop it very quickly."

"But how? What can you say that will not arouse suspicion that there is something more valuable in the bags?"

"I cannot tell until I ask of the harbor master why he does permit it; then I will think of something. Does el Capitan Halstead know?"

"Of course he does, and expects to take them next trip."

"Then he would surely give more than other men for them?"

"Yes, yes. So will I. Only keep them where they are until he comes. I have it! Say that I spoke to you of a new chemical discovery which Halstead told me about—one which increases the value of copra, and which made him think of buying this lot on speculation. The treasure will need chemicals to get the corrosion off, anyway."

"Ai, that will do. But you must not so alarmed appear, Enriquito. Do you light one of your cigarros. Smoke as if it did make no difference to you. Leave the rest to me. Now—vivo—take the frown from your forehead. Come, there is el official—Senor Legaspe! Senor Legaspe, why do los hombres remove the copra?"

"El capitano gives two dollars more than the Manila rate, senorita. I knew el gobernador would accept such an offer, so I have given him permission to load."

"You have made a mistake, senor; the gobernador will be greatly displeased. The price of copra has risen very much, and the stranger capitano thinks we have not heard of it. Stop them instantly. I should regret to see you in trouble, Senor Legaspe."

"A thousand apologies, senorita; it shall be as you say. I knew nothing of the rise in values, and I but thought el gobernador would be pleased to sell. Hola, hombres! The copra is not for sale. Take those bags out of your boat and bring them back."

The sailors looked at one another and then grumblingly began to do as they were told. The schooner's captain must have been watching through his glass, for inside of five minutes he dropped another boat into the water and came ashore as fast as his men could row. Hailing the harbor-master in bad Spanish when he was within earshot, he asked what the devil was the matter, and why his men were taking the stuff out of the jolly-boat. Legaspe was smarting a little under the sharp trick he thought the captain had played upon him, and was very short in his reply that "the gobernador would not sell, and that was all there about it."

"Who says he won't?" shouted the captain. "I've had my glass on the shore for half an hour, and no one has spoken to you but this yellow-faced chap and the girl yonder. He ain't the gobernador, I'll take my oath; and as for the girl, I don't allow no damned native women to interfere in my business."

It took all the self-control I had to keep from knocking the man down. His cool appropriation of our millions was a serious enough offense, without the gratuitous insult to the girl I intended to marry. I stepped in front of the fellow and looked him over. Then I said:

"This lady, sir, is Senorita de Garma, only daughter of his excellency, Col. De Garma, gobernador of the Ladrones. I supposed from your colors that you were a German, but I'm ashamed to see that you came from my own country. You will doubtless see fit to apologize to the lady at once."

The man's cold, fishy eyes met mine for a second or two before he spoke; he seemed to be sizing me up. Finally he drawled out:

"Waal, perhaps I war a leetle hasty. I dunno who you mought be, stranger, but yer kin tell thur leddy I didn't mean no offense; wimmin's a good deal alike out here'n thur islands, an' I didn't jedge her right, that's all. But about that thar coppera; I want a cargo of it, an' I'm willin' ter pay er fa'r price. I'll give the gobernador four dollars more'n thur Manila rate, an' he kin pocket thur difference; but I don't cal'late ter leave Apra without it."

"I'm afraid you'll have to. I happen to know the stuff is worth a good deal more than the price you name; and, rather than let you have it, I'll buy it myself on speculation."

"Oh, ye will! What's ter purvent my layin' down my money here on thur sand an' tellin' my men ter put it aboard? I reckon you an' that dago ain't goin' ter stop me."

"That's where you make another mistake. Senor Legaspe sent for the gobernador an hour ago, and he'll be here with the officers of his staff very shortly. In the meantime, if you or your men lay a finger on those bags, I'll shoot you without a second's warning." (I was playing for millions, and I meant what I said.) "More than that, as you have grossly insulted the senorita, I'll kill you if you stay another five minutes on shore."

I thought the man would have a fit of apoplexy; even his vast store of deep-sea profanity failed him for the moment. His crew were Germans, but enough of them understood English to keep the run of what was going on, and I could see they were rather enjoying the situation; evidently the skipper was a thorough brute at sea. He was speechless with rage; but, as I had the advantage of him, there was nothing to do but pull off to his schooner and sail away. She was just standing out past Orote when the carromata jolted up with the colonel and his two lieutenants. Dorotea saw that Legaspe was likely to get a wigging for allowing the visitors to leave before her father saw them, and shrewdly put an entirely different light upon the affair by saying—in English, for my benefit:

"Padre mio, you the Senor Enrique must thank for protecting me at the risk of his life. Un bruto capitano did land from la goleta and did order his men to take away the copra, telling the Senor Lepaspe that he would pay but a mere nothing; and when I did say that he could not have it, he insulted me. Then the Senor Enrique did give him five minutes to go away before he killed him, though the bruto did have seven men from his goleta."

Well, that settled the stranger, and made me the biggest man on the island. The gobernador's right arm went over my shoulder, and his left under my right, in a twinkling; then, after three pats on the small of my back and a moment or two of ecstatic silence, he reversed the arms, left over my right shoulder, etc., three more pats, more silence, kisses on both my cheeks, then an endless string of extravagant protestations concerning his life-long obligation to me. I had seen the thing done many times before among people of the Latin races, but being kissed by a man was, to say the least, a novelty. Even Legaspe expressed himself in exaggerated terms concerning the way in which I had called the captain's hand; and, as no mention was made of his supposed mistake, he was our very humble servant. Lest other dangers of a similar nature should threaten it, however, Dorotea mentioned to her father Halstead's assumed intention of buying the copra at a high figure, on speculation, and suggested the advisability of placing a guard over it at night. The colonel's cupidity was aroused, and the guard was set; but, owing to Br'er Miguel's ghostly influence, the most he could make his men do was to patrol the shore each night in a proa. As it was likely to be a three-months' job, the soldiers didn't relish this; but they had to obey orders.

It was the 6th of May when we came so near losing the copra. On the third morning after Halstead was to appear, if everything had gone right with him; and as the time approached I became strangely apprehensive—so much so that I found it difficult to maintain an air of careless ease. In fact, had it not been for Dorotea, I might have betrayed my real interest in Guajan a dozen times. But with each day that passed it became more evident that I had no rival in her heart. Sometimes she would speak with dread of Halstead's return, and breathlessly ask me to promise that I would surely visit them in Granada the following spring. Still, July was yet so far away that my departure seemed only a dim possibility to her—a something which she must not even think about. I wondered a little what she would say when she knew, and how the colonel was going to feel.

Sebastiano had fully recovered by this time, and had resumed his investigations. Bearing the old fellow really no ill will, I one day suggested to him the possibility that Santa Rosa might be eight or ten miles to the eastward of the charted position; and on the evening of May 8 he burst into the patio, where we were at dinner, with his oily countenance fairly shining. He had been out in his big proa all day, and at last had been successful. There were exultation, greed, many things, in the look he cast upon me; but the man had suffered disappointment and illness, and the Lord knows I didn't feel like begrudging him this bit of good luck. I listened to him, congratulated him heartily upon his great discovery, and prophesied great things for his book, until midnight—a child could have seen that I had no personal interest in the reef—then I said good-night and went upstairs.

Stepping quietly along to the door of Dorotea's room, I gave a few faint taps upon it, and in a moment her voice asked:

"Quien llama?"

"Soy yo—Enriquito. Open the door for a moment." In a second she stood before me in a loose wrapper that made her look wonderfully pretty. "Dorotea, querida, I'm going for a long sail before daylight. Will you come with me, about half-past three?" The request would have been a severe test of any woman's love, but, with her arms upon my shoulders, she whispered:

"I will go anywhere at any time, with you, Enriquito mio."

So, while the stillness was unbroken save for the rustling banana leaves, we stole away to the beach and put to sea in the proa; it was to be for the last time. I wanted to remove my friend Br'er Miguel in time to prevent complications next day; so, gliding along in the wake of the guard-boat until it almost reached the head of the bay, I landed and hastily dug the figure from its concealment among the bags. Wrapping a piece of matting about the thing, so as not to frighten Dorotea, I lugged it along to where she sat waiting for me. She had heard all about Br'er Miguel as we came along, and, though frightened at my temerity—to call it by no stronger name—her sense of humor afterward got the better of her fears. Having decided that our waxen companion could find no better final resting-place than the big proa—the padre certainly owed it a "requiescat"—we floated cautiously along to where it lay, near the landing-pier, and left our friend with the tiller under his arm. Then we headed out to sea.

The first streaks of red were silhouetting the peak of Tiniquio against the eastern sky when we left Orote behind us, and in a few moments it was light enough to see the horizon. Moment after moment I strained my eyes to the westward until, finally, I saw a tiny black mass that grew more distinct as I looked. The relief was so great that I felt chilly. Dick was really coming, at last—coming precisely when he said he would—and the suspense was almost over. How I blessed McPherson and his faithful old engine! How I wanted to get Dick's honest hand between my own fingers! Then a sudden thought occurred to me, and I looked at Dorotea. She had seen the smoke; and if ever a woman's face expressed the grief of approaching separation, tormenting fears and doubts concerning the future, hers did at that moment. Her dark, melting eyes were swimming in tears; and with her arms tight about me she hid her face in my breast, sobbing out:

"Is it true, querido mio, that—you—are to—leave me? Ai, santisima Maria! I shall die!"

"No, you won't, Dorotea—Dorotita. Listen. Halstead is on that steamer; he and I own her now; we are going to ship the copra to-day, and leave Guajan this evening. But when we go away la Senora Stevens—la Dorotea Catalina de Garma Stevens—will be with us."

Friends, have you ever seen the sunshine break over a beautiful woman's face? Have you ever seen the love-light in her eyes struggle for mastery with speculations about her trousseau at the end of fifteen minutes? Have you ever been half strangled by warm, bare arms, as red lips whispered shy, tremulous questions, which your imagination must supply? Because, if you haven't, it will be impossible for you to appreciate what occurred that May morning, twenty miles from shore, while the sun reddened every stick of the proa, and the good old Countess steamed nearer and nearer, until her anchors towered over us and Halstead's own hands dropped the ladder by which we climbed on deck.

Another beautiful girl stood with outstretched arms in the doorway of Dick's cabin when we mounted to it—a girl whom Dick introduced as La Capitana, la Senora Halstead—and who embraced both Dorotea and myself with delightful impartiality.

So we sailed into Port San Luis d'Apra under English colors, and with a most original house-flag at the fore peak. It bore, upon a white field, the perfect representation of a Spanish galleon, such as sailed the Pacific a hundred years ago, and was the joint handiwork of Mrs. Halstead and McPherson.

Repeated blasts of the Countess' whistle brought the gobernador hur-

He had been successful.

rying over from Agana without his breakfast—though his daughter and prospective son-in-law were careful to see that he suffered nothing on that account—and, by his orders, the loading commenced before we rose from the table. He was a most delightful man, as simple and easy-going as a child. He couldn't account for the steamer's sudden reappearance; the fact that his daughter was going to be married and leave him that evening was inexplicable; so he gave up trying to puzzle it all out, and smoked and drank wine with us in the best of good fellowship. The only question he asked me—and it was asked in a gentle, apologetic way—was whether my position and prospects were such that I could undertake to support a wife.

I answered cautiously that I didn't quite know how far a million would go in that line, so much depended upon the girl and her requirements, but that I thought of risking it if he were satisfied. The million he regarded as my little joke, one of my American figures of speech. He had read of millions, of course, but that he should ever be related to one was a delirious bit of humor which he often related to his friends over coffee and cigars until we took him back to Spain in our own ship, the following year; then he began smoking cigars at $20 the bundle, as became a man of his dignity and connections. He also developed a fondness for Chambertin and grandchildren which I hope to humor as long as he lives.

Dorotea and I were married in the saloon after dinner. His grace, the bishop of Mindanao—otherwise Sebastiano—and Padre Bartolomeo officiating, as was eminently proper (one isn't married every day by a real bishop at the end of the world), and just as they were going ashore I handed them their fee. It was heavy, though not very handsome at first glance. There were 150 rusty old coins in the lot, and I had to rub one with brickdust before I could persuade them that it wasn't a joke. I explained that their acquaintance, and the service they had just rendered me, were worth all of the twenty-three odd hundred which the blackened old curios represented, but that if there were any change coming to me they might invest it in services for the final repose of Br'er Miguel, who would undoubtedly appear to them before long.

Bartolomeo didn't understand it at all. Sebastiano did, and, like the astute churchman he was, gave me his benediction before he walked down the accommodation ladder. But if ever he gets me in a corner! Ah, well, let us hope that he never will. I should hate to have anything unpleasant occur to mar our friendship.

That night, as the Countess steamed away from old Guajan, her nose pointed straight for Hong-Kong, a happy family party gathered in the captain's room. An enormous bag of copra, taken haphazard from the cargo, lay broached upon the table; and nestling among the bits of dried cocoanut kernel were doubloons, globe dollars, bars of pure silver. The treasure was safe on board, and we were rich—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE AUTHOR.

In arranging Mr. Stevens' narrative for publication, I find he has neglected to state the amount he and Capt. Halstead actually realized from the galleon's treasure; so, thinking that this may be of interest to many of his readers, I venture to add a few details supplied from our conversation at various times.

The steamer made a quick passage to Hong-Kong, where the Hong-Kong and Shanghai banking corporation readily undertook to handle all the silver, both in coin and ingots, giving Mr. Stevens drafts on London to the amount of £450,000. The two gentlemen, with their wives, Mr. McPherson and Don Silvestre Palacios, then made a most delightful voyage, by way of Singapore and Suez, to England, where they were successful in disposing of the gold, at an average price of three pounds six shillings to the doubloon, realizing upwards of £300,000 more.

After giving McPherson £40,000, and paying Ramirez & Co. in full for the Countess, Mr. Stevens and Capt. Halstead finally netted, in round numbers, $1,600,000 each. They then went into partnership as steamship owners, building four triple expansion steamers, and refitting the Countess of Devon with quadruple expansion engines. This fleet has been steadily making money for them, and they have each built luxurious homes, where they live most of the time when ashore—though several months of each year are spent by both families upon the Countess in cruising all over the world, sometimes carrying full cargo and sometimes merely in ballast, for pleasure.

Halstead's home is on the coast of Cornwall, near St. Ives; and Stevens owns one of the most beautiful places on the California coast, near Santa Barbara. Senor Palacios and Gen. de Garma divide their time between the two families; while McPherson, a confirmed bachelor, can always be found in luxurious quarters on the Countess of Devon, of which he is part owner.

Sebastiano is now an archbishop; and, though he occasionally accepts the hospitality of his friends, Stevens and Halstead, they are careful to avoid passing through his part of Spain when traveling in that country.

The Stevens boys are born sailors, inheriting much of their father's love of adventure. The youngest one, when visitors come to Santa Barbara, will drag them into the great hall and, pointing to a rusty diving-suit over the fireplace, say:

"Those are pa's fishing-clothes that he used to wear in the Pacific ocean, but he's getting too fat to wear them any more."

As for his mother and Gracia Halstead, they are sisters in everything but blood. Sometimes they take from an old camphor-wood chest three dresses which were Worth masterpieces not so very long ago, and are still serviceable, while they talk of the night Dorotea was married, the stories suggested by every fold of the gowns, and the wreck on the Santa Rosa reef.

THE END.

"Only, They Breathe!"

Our father was a typical officer of the time of Nicholas I. Not that he was imbued with a warlike spirit, or much in love with camp life; I doubt whether he spent one single night of his life at a bivouac fire, or took part in one single battle. But under Nicholas I. that was of a quite secondary importance. The true military man of those times was the officer who was enamored of the military uniform and utterly despised all other sorts of attire; whose soldiers were trained to perform almost inhuman tricks with their legs and rifles (to break the wood of the rifle into pieces while "presenting arms" was one of those famous tricks), and who could show on a parade a row of soldiers as perfectly aligned and as motionless as a row of toy-soldiers. "Very good," Grand Duke Mikhael said once of a regiment, after having kept it for one hour, motionless, "presenting arms"—"only, they breathe!" To respond to the then current conception of a military man was certainly my father's ideal.—Prince Kropotkin, in Atlantic.

The Newcomers All Right.

Mrs. Bronston—We must call on our new neighbors as soon as they get settled.

Mr. Bronston—Who are they?

"I don't know."

"Have you seen them."

"No."

"Then what do you know about them?"

"Every bit of their furniture was covered with canvas."—N. Y. Weekly.

An Easy Riddance.

Mr. Hardrocks—By George, I was relieved this morning.

Mrs. Hardrocks—Why, Silas, how? Did somebody pick your pocket?

Mr. Hardrocks—No. Young Perkleigh came in to see me. I thought he was certainly after our daughter, but he merely wanted to borrow ten dollars. He'll never bother us any more. I let him have it.—Cleveland Leader.

Too Sad.

There was a young woman from Leicester,
Who lived in the city of Chelchester,
She would giggle and flirt,
Till her parents felt hurt,
And wondered what on earth poclester.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A MALICIOUS HUSBAND.

"You are always complaining about my singing, Arthur, and claim it makes you nervous, while dear baby falls asleep as soon as I begin a song."

"Oh, baby is smarter than you think. He pretends to be asleep so that you will stop singing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

After the Feast.

Now doth the lone turkey warble,
In accents filled with glee:
"The good die young and I rejoice
Because of my toughness—see?"
—Chicago Daily News.

Merely Interested.

"It is claimed by the complainant that you assaulted him," said the magistrate.

"He lies, your worship. I never touched him. Robson and Tibbs picked him up and carried him to the pump. All I did was to work the pump handle."—Illustrated American.

What She Liked About Him.

He—Do you love me, darling?

She—Well, there is certainly something about you that I like very much.

He (eagerly)—What, darling?

She—That lovely diamond ring on your little finger!—Tit-Bits.

Even.

The Housewife—That Mrs. Bell next door is continually borrowing things and never bringing them back.

The Breadwinner—Possess your soul. I am doing the same thing with Bell's money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Modern Highwayman.

"Throw up your hands!" he cried.

Those addressed did so without a murmur. Then slowly and proudly the fellow took their money.

Yes, four aces are hard to beat.—N. Y.

A RECORDER OF PAIN.

Interesting Particulars of an Ingenious Invention.

By Its Aid It Has Been Ascertained That Women Suffer More Than Men—The Difference in Classes.

Prof. Arthur MacDonald, specialist in the United States bureau of education, is carrying on a series of investigations for the purpose of finding out how sensitive the ordinary person is to pain.

Under the direction of Prof. MacDonald, school-teachers all over the country have been testing school children and adults, and the result, averaged up to date, contains some very curious and unlooked-for information concerning pain. Prof. MacDonald first made tests on 1,412 persons, and from them drew the following conclusions:

Women are more sensitive to pain than men.

American professional men are more sensitive to pain than American business men, and also more sensitive than either English or German professional men. The laboring classes are much less sensitive to pain than the non-laboring classes.

The women of the poorer classes are much less sensitive to pain than those in more comfortable conditions.

Young men of the wealthy classes are much more sensitive to pain than men of the working classes.

Young women of the wealthy classes are much more sensitive to pain than young men of the wealthy classes. As to pain, it is true, in general, that women are more sensitive than men, but it does not necessarily follow that women cannot endure more pain than men.

These quite general results were obtained in a preliminary series of investigations, but they promised so much that Prof. MacDonald determined to extend his operations so as to gain information of a much more special character.

Prof. MacDonald, therefore, invented a little instrument which was designed to be used as a recorder of pain. He calls it the algometer. It looks like an immense hypodermic syringe, but the principle of its operation is that of the ordinary spring scale reversed. In short, it is a simple barrel and piston affair. Inside the barrel is a coiled spring. When the piston is pushed into the barrel it necessarily compresses the spring, which collapses according to the pressure put upon it.

A scale in the side of the barrel records the amount of pressure. Now, this affair was held against the temple of each person examined. As it was pushed against the temple, of course, the piston receded into the barrel. When the pressure of the spring made the affair uncomfortable, the subject under examination would describe his or her sensations. That is, whether the instrument hurt, or not. Of course the moment it grew uncomfortable the instrument was removed, as it was the greatest amount of sensitiveness to pain that was to be tested.

The instruments were used in tests all over the country. They were tried on the pupils of public and private schools. They were tried on business men, business women, laborers, washwomen, professional men and university women. They were tried on various parts of the bodies of these persons, and differences of ages were noted. Out of the mass of statistics received the following facts were obtained.

Generally speaking, sensibility to pain decreases as a person advances in age. The left temple is more sensitive than the right temple. The left hand is more sensitive than the right hand. Children between ten and eleven years old exhibit quite an obtuseness to pain, which, however, diminishes between the ages of 11 and 12. That is, they can stand less general pain when 12 years old than they could just prior to 11 years. But they become more obtuse again when between 12 and 13 years.

Between the ages of 13 and 17 the right temple increases in obtuseness, while the left temple increases in acuteness. Of course there are variations, but the above was culled from the majority of examples.

Girls in private schools, the children in which generally come of wealthy parents, are found to be much more sensitive to pain than girls of public schools. Thus, in the language of Prof. MacDonald, "it would appear that refinements and luxuries tend to increase sensitiveness to pain. The hardihood which the great majority must experience seems advantageous."

This also accords with the result of previous measurements to the effect that the non-laboring classes are more sensitive to pain than laboring classes. By "laboring classes" is meant artisans and unskilled laborers; by non-laboring classes is meant professional and mercantile men.

It is found, as far as differences between sexes are concerned, that girls in public schools are more sensitive at all ages than boys. This, of course, corresponds to the previous measurements, which showed that women are more sensitive to pain than men. Eight hundred and ninety-nine women and children were tested in getting at the above facts.—Boston Globe.

Plenty of Rubber Trees.

According to information received at the British foreign office, the fears recently expressed that the supply of rubber from the Amazonian forests may be exhausted in the near future, are not very well founded. Para rubber is produced over an area amounting to at least 1,000,000 square miles, and while overproduction exhausts the supply in particular localities, nature quickly reproduces the trees when an opportunity is given her.—Youth's Companion.

Done.

"Hello, Brown! How's Cleaver doing?"

"He's all right. Just borrowed five dollars of me not ten minutes ago."

"Ah, I see; he's still doing."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Lot, Those.

"Shockingly unprincipled lot, those waiters. One of them passed a bad half dollar on me the other day, confound him! And I haven't been able to get rid of it yet."—Illustrated American.

Probably.

"I'd like to find some business that isn't overcrowded."

"If you do, you'll probably find that there isn't anything in the business to attract a crowd."—Puck.

Best Unseen.

Quizzer—So he shuts his eyes to his wife's temper fits, does he?

Guyer—Yes, she's deaf and dumb and talks on her hands, you know.—N. Y. Journal.

More to the Purpose.

"Have you no fears for the future?"

"None," answered the new theatrical star, her eyes flaming. "I have a past!"

And it was ever present with her.—Chicago Tribune.