OLD QUINN'S BANK.

One morning I was walking along the shore. The tide was ebbing, being already lower than I remembered it, leaving a broad stretch of glistening sand exposed. Projecting above the surface of the water were some timbers, and where they were left high and dry, curiosity led me to inspect them. The beams were evidently very old; but being deeply embedded, I could not tell if they were part of some sunken vessel or the remains of a jetty. Poking among the pebbles that were washed between them, I came to a cavity containing something round, which could be moved, but was too large to be easily withdrawn. Setting to work with a piece of wood, I succeeded in clearing away the seaweed and stones which blocked up the hole, and at length dragged out a small barrel, strongly hooped with iron, and encrusted with limpet and mussel shells. I carried the barrel to the beach, and seating myself in a cave, proceeded to examine it. Forcing in one end with a heavy flint, I drew out an oil-skin bag—all the barrel contained. Inside was a piece of soiled paper, on which the following words were scrawled in faded ink: "We are driving on to the rocks with our rudder washed away. I, Thomas Quin, do commit this to the sea. Let whoever finds it take it to my daughter Dorothy at Shingle Bay. No time for more." On the other side of the paper was a rough drawing, of which, at first, I could make nothing.

This Thomas Quin was one of the bygone heroes of whom the fishermen in my part of the coast were never tired of spinning yarns. Quin had been very successful in his ventures; but on his last voyage home from France with a valuable cargo, his vessel must have foundered in a terrible storm, for nothing had since been heard of him. This happened more than thirty years before. His wife, who was a cousin of my mother, had died in giving birth to Dorothy; and the little girl of whom Quin was passionately fond, was thus left alone in the world. She, however, was taken care of by some good friends in the village, who brought her up; and in course of time she was married to a young farmer, with whom things did not prosper, and who came to an early death. Dorothy Hendil was again left in an almost destitute condition, having now to support a little daughter. While in these straits, relief came in an unexpected manner. One evening, a weather beaten old sailor trudged into the village, and making straight for the cottage, burst in on Dorothy and threw his whole stock of money into her lap. The neighbours crowded round; and it at once became known that her only brother Ben, who had long been given up as dead, had returned. After that there was no more want, for Ben was in receipt of a pension; and buying a small boat, he added to his income by fishing. My greatest delight was to visit my cousins and to go out with Ben in his little craft. I was almost as often at Shingle Bay as at home, and thus little Dorothy and I grew up together, and learnt to regard each other with more than cousinly affection. But I never mentioned the subject to my father, as I knew he would not allow me to marry a penniless girl.

These thoughts filled my mind as I sat puzzling away at the drawing in my hand, and raised the hope that perhaps Quin—who, though known to be well off, had left no account of any savings—might have hidden away his money, and the paper might contain the clue to finding it. Hiding the barrel in a crevice of the cave, I made my way to my cousin's house.

Shingle Bay, for which I was bound, was a deep inlet, shut in with high cliffs; the village consisting of one straggling street, built on the narrow strip of ground at the foot of the hill. A rough stone quay ran out into the sea for the unloading of small vessels, which occasionally put in here, and protected the outlet of a little stream that ran plashing down from a deep glen. As I went down the steep path I saw Ben Quin in his boat busy overhauling some fishing-tackle. On hearing my footsteps, he looked up and cried in a lusty voice: "Well, I'm downright glad to see you, George! I'm going to hansel these new lines this morning. We'll go up to the Cottage and have a bit of something to eat before we start."

Ben was a short, thickset man, with a square, good-humoured face, the colour of mahogany; and although getting on in years, was pretty well as sturdy as ever. We walked up the village, and soon came to the little thatched cottage, and entering its creeper covered porch, were warmly greeted by Mrs. Hendil and Dorothy.

I told the story of finding the paper, and they all crowded round me as I took it out; Dorothy leaning over my shoulder in her eagerness, read it aloud. Her mother was greatly affected on hearing this last message from the sea, while Ben had to clear his throat a good many times before he could recover his composure.

When they had got over the excitement, I asked them if they could make anything of the rough drawing on the back of the paper; but after carefully examining it, they came to the conclusion it was some old chart which had been used in the hurry of the moment. It represented an irregular oval, with the cardinal points marked, in the south-east part of which was a curious arrangement of five circles, the middle one being larger than the others. We sat discussing the discovery speculating on the strange event so long that the fishing expedition was quite put on one side.

"I welli remember," said Mr. Hendil, "that on the night on which father went on his last voyage, he promised me he would give up the sea when he came back. "I'm getting too old for the work, Dolly," he said, as I sat on his knee before going to bed; "and besides, it's a risky business. If this run is successful, I've made up my mind to retire from the trade altogether. Anyway, I've laid by a snug nest for you, my pretty. It's in a bank," I remember he added with a laugh. Dorothy and I have searched over his papers again and again, but have found nothing relating to any savings, so I never could quite make out what he meant."

Dorothy's mother sat looking sadly into the fire for a long time, during which none of us ventured to break the silence.

As I did not wish to be late in getting home, I was soon obliged to say good-bye; and on my way out came across a hulking young fellow, who seemed to be hanging about the cottage. He slunk off on seeing me, but not before I recognized him to be Will Jackson, the son of a coastguardman stationed at the lower end of our village. He was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who had been on voyage but finding the work too hard at sea, preferred idling about at home.

That night I dreamed that Old Quin visited me and caused me to accompany him over the hills; but what his subject was, I could not make out, for I awoke just as she seemed to be on the eve of disclosing something that was weighing heavily on his spirits. Though I courted sleep again in the hope of taking up the broken thread of my dream, I was doomed to disappointment. After this, I employed my leisure in rambling along the cliffs with a copy of the chart in my hand, trying to find anything at all resembling it in which to search. Two or three years, however, passed away without any discovery being made, and I had come to regard the whole thing as almost hopeless.

One afternoon Ben Quin and I had rowed inshore after a successful day's fishing, and hauled the boat up the beach of a little unfrequented bay called Flint Gap. As we had been hard at work in the sun and were tired and hot, we seated ourselves on a flat rock in the shadow of the cliffs, and after refreshing ourselves, sat talking at our ease. Of late, I had relaxed my investigations; but some remark of Ben's made me take out my copy of the chart, and the sight of this called to mind the barrel which I had hidden away. The cave was not far off. Telling Ben I would not be long, I started up and running over the sand, soon returned with the barrel. I took out the oilskin bagl, and on carefully examining it, was surprised to find that it contained an inner pocket. In this was a piece of parchment which had escaped my notice before. To my great joy, it proved to be a more elaborate drawing of the chart or plan scrawled on the paper, with some written directions besides. Ben sat looking on in wonder, when I shouted: "It's all right, Ben. We'll find your father's treasure; it's as plain as a pikestaff, here. You'll be all rich now—"

"Whist!" said Ben at that instant, putting his finger to his lips. "I believe there's some one listening in the gap up above. It'll be uncommon awkward if you're overheard."

To be Continued.

SOMETHING FOR IRELAND.

Scheme for Public Works that Elicits Expressions of Nationalist Gratitude.

In the British House of Commons on Friday, in the course of a discussion on the Irish estimates, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, after a fierce attack by Mr. Timothy Healy on the Irish Board of Works, made a statement as to the manner in which the Government proposed to expend the half million pounds voted by Parliament last year for the development of the resources of Ireland. "The scheme," said the Chief Secretary, "proposes the construction of light railways through the congested districts of North Donegal and to open up by means of steamboats and coaches a new tourist route right across the West of Ireland. A steamer service a hundred miles up the Shannon will begin on the first of August, while other lines of steamers and coaches will connect Killarney district with Connemara."

Then came a curious scene. The Nationalists, who had previously been abusing the Government for its wanton disregard of Ireland, arose one after the other and effusively thanked Mr. Gerald Balfour for the broad and generous manner in which he had dealt with the problem, all admitting that he had done the best possible with the funds at his command.

In the House of Commons on Friday, in response to appeals by Irish memmers that the Government should make some provision for a Catholic university in Ireland, Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Treasury, in a very sympathetic speech, admitted that the absence of a university was a hardship for Ireland, and said he would do his utmost in the direction of such an institution; but he said he was not in a position to make a definite promise.

THE POPULAR NINE.

Mr. Shortpurse—I noticed in the paper this morning an announcement of a revolution in the milliner trade—good bargains, etc.

Mr. Ribbon, briskly—Yes, sir, we've done it—greatest bargains you ever saw; biggest stock of ladies' hats and Paris bonnets in the city, too. Make your eyes stick right out of your head when you see our prices. Just look at this Paris beauty. You can't buy that bonney anywhere under thirty dollars sir—no sir.

Mr. Shortpurse—Indeed! And what is your price?

Mr. Ribbon—Only $29.99, sir.

Walnuts and butternuts are being successfully cultivated in Whatcom county, Wash. They are not native to the region.

The Wooing of Alphonse.

"As you will," answered M. Bernier, drawing in his wrists and elbows and expanding his palms, with a shrug of the shoulders—"as you will. For my part, I am happy to serve you."

"Then, if you will take breakfast with me at twelve o'clock on Saturday, I will give you all particulars to satisfy Madame Mesnildot."

"So soon, Alphonse?"

"Ah, Jules, do not suggest a later day! Will your convenience permit you call upon Madame Mesnildot on Saturday?"

M. Bernier had by no means recovered from the shock of hearing that M. George Thevinet was unacquainted with his son's intentions; but on reflection, he decided that Alphonse was the best judge of his own affairs, and that no responsibility would fall upon himself by accepting the post of ambassador. He therefore replied that it would give him pleasure to breakfast with his friend at mid-day on Saturday, and that he would call upon Madame Mesnildot afterwards.

M. Alphonse embraced him with fervour, paid for their refreshemnt, and left the cafe to walk homewards.

M. Jules Bernier was a man of his word, and punctually at noon on the appointed day he arrived at M. Thevinet's house carefully arrayed in evening dress in readiness to pay his formal call on Madame Mesnildot immediately after breakfast.

Little passed between the friends during the meal, though they were alone together. M. Bernier was busy with his knife and fork, and though Alphonse ate sparingly, his thoughts kept him silent. No qualms of doubt as to the precipitancy of the step he was about to take—by deputy—oppressed him. His faith in his father's affection and generosity was too deeply rooted to be disturbed by his angiven consent. But at times he was conscious of a mad yearning to follow the bold unseemly custom he had been told was prevalent among the people of Great Britain, to go in person to Mademoiselle Adrenne's mother, and flinging himself on his knees at her feet, implore her to give him her daughter's hand. But of course such an extraordinary proceeding was quite out of the question. Conventional usage, born of modesty, dictated that the principal should sit quietly at home, while a trusted family friend conveyed the weighty petition to the beloved object's mother. Alphonse had never heard that there are cases on record in which a young Englishman has taken upon him to address the girl of his choice herself without ever consulting the parents on either side at all; and if he had, he would not have believed it, even of Britons. The idea of doing such a thing never crossed his mind.

"You have, I hope, made a good breakfast?" he said to M. Jules as his friend drew the napkin from his collar with a sigh of content.

"Excellent; I thank you," replied M. Bernier. "With your permission, I will light a cigarette, and you can inform me regarding your pecuniary position that I may explain it to Madame Mesnildot."

Keeping carefully in mind that he had taken his father's consent for granted, Alphonse instructed his friend to say that his allowance when he married would be twelve thousand francs per annum, and that he expected to inherit not less than half a million of francs at his parent's death. He had nothing else to say, except that a life's devotion would be Mademoiselle Adrienne's, and he should be glad to learn whether her dot was not to be one hundred and fifty thousand francs, and the furnished house on the Boulevarde Cauchoise.

M. Jules Bernier elevated his expressive eyebrows as he heard this. "One hundred and fifty thousand francs, and that beautiful house—furnished, parbleu!—on the Boulevard, is much to expect Alphonse, my friend," he said.

"Nevertheless, you will say that, if you please," replied Alphonse. It was a matter of business; and Alphonse was no child.

"As you wish," answered M. Bernier with a shrug, as he rose from his chair and adjusted his cravat at the mirror. "It is now half-past one o'clock. I will go to Madame Mesnildot's, and return direct to you here, at perhaps three o'clock."

"I will await you in the salon," said Alphonse with dignity, and he followed his friend to the door.

We need not dwell upon the suspense of M. Alphonse Thevinet, or upon the eagerness with which he received his ambassador when he reappeared two hours later.

"You were long gone," he said breathlessly. "But do not delay; tell me Madame Mesnildot's reply."

"Her reply," answered M. Bernier, with the smile of one who loves to bring good news, "is, Yes. She assured me that Mademoiselle would be overwhelmed with gratitude for her good fortune, and that her dot would not be less than one hundred thousand francs."

"And the furnished house?" queried Alphonse.

"Madame said nothing of the house," answered M. Bernier. M. Bernier had done this kind of office before, and knew better than to drive bargains at the first interview.

A cloud gathered upon the brow of Alphonse. He had persuaded himself that M. and Madame Mesnildot would have promised all he chose to ask, and he had demanded thus much, that he might make assurance doubly sure when he came to request his father's permission to marry Mademoiselle Adrienne. He was disappointed.

"A hundred thousand is a small dot for Monsieur Mesnildot to give his only daughter," he said.

"I would counsel you to let that side of the matter remain for settlement between Monsieur your father and the parents of Mademoiselle," replied M. Bernier. "When does Monsieur Thevinet return to Rouen?"

Alphonse could not tell for certain. He was traveling in the country near Bordeaux, and had no fixed address at present; but he expected him to return at the end of the month.

"Well, I will offer you my congratulations, and take my leave for today," said M. Bernier. "It has given me great pleasure to have had the honor of conveying your message to Madame Mesnildot."

Alphonse hastened to express his gratitude for the service his friend had done him; the indebtedness, he said with sincerity, was all on his side. Without Jules, he had been quite at a loss to address Madame Mesnildet; thanks could not repay M. Bernier for what he had that day performed. He kissed Jules upon both cheeks as he bade him adieu, and having seen him depart, threw himself into a chair to dream of Mademoiselle Adrienne.

Two weeks later, M. Georges Thevinet returned home from his travels, and was received with effusion by his son.

"I have news for thee, Alphonse," said the old gentleman as they entered the salon arm-in-arm.

"And I for thee, also," replied his son. "But first of all, give me yours."

M. Georges Thevinet beamed upon Alphonse with paternal pride as he answered in impressive tones: "I have found for my son a wife. I promised my friend Monsieur Laguerre that you shall espouse his daughter Mademoiselle Clarisse."

"Mademoiselle Clarisse!" exclaimed Alphonse. "Sir, she is forty."

"She is but thirty-eight," replied his father in correction.

"She has a squint," said the son.

"She has Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Francs," said the father, fixing upon Alphonse a look in which affection and cupidity were happily blended.

"It matters nothing," cried Alphonse; "for I love another."

"Eh! What's that?" inquired old M. Thevinet, who was a little hard of hearing.

"But two weeks since, I received Madame Mesnildot's sanction to marry Mademoiselle Adrienne."

"Then you must write and apologise for your mistake. I have already told you that you are affianced to Mademoiselle Clarisse Laguerre," replied M. Thevinet, firmly.

"Never," cried Alphonse, with a gesture of despair.

"But you are. I absolutely refuse to sanction your marriage to any one else. Mademoiselle Mesnildot will not receive one-third—,mark me, boy!—not one-third of the dot with which Monsieur Laguerre will endow his daughter."

"I care nothing for the dot," cried Alphonse, wildly.

"The boy is mad," muttered M. Thevinet, senior.

"I will marry no one but Adrienne, A-dri-enne." And at this point the feelings of Alphonse overcame him and he sobbed.

Coercion, diplomacy, and persuasion, were tried by M. Thevinet in turn with barren results; and finally there ensued a quarrel so violent that Alphonse packed up his portmanteau and left the house.

"To think of the boy's contracting a matrimonial engagement without a word to me!" said M. Thevinet to himself as he retired that night. "What on earth can have got into his head? What is the world coming to?"

"To think of my father giving away my hand like that!" said Alphonse as he strode down the Boulevard. "I might as well be a Turkish slave at once."

Fortunately Alphonse had plenty of money in his pocket, and he had soon installed himself in pleasant lodgings in the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc. "It is indeed lucky," he said to himself as he unpacked his clothes, "that I am over twenty-five years of age. Were I but a few years younger, the course I must pursue, repugnant, as it is to my filial, feelings, would be closed to me."

Alphonse had already decided to take such steps as would render his marriage without his father's consent a legal union, though he shrank from the process, and chafed at the delay it would entail. Had he been under the age of twenty-five, his father's refusal would have bound him hopelessly according to law. The proces-verbal is a legal weapon denied young men below that age. But Alphonse, as we have already remarked, was twenty-eight, and he knew the power the law conferred upon him.

"I wish I had been an Englishman," he said to M. Jules Bernier one evening a week later at the cafe.

"Why so?" asked M. Bernier.

"Could I not then marry Adrienne at once without my father's consent?" asked Alphonse.

"Certainly, you might," replied M. Bernier. "But were you an Englishman you would have other things to consider, my friend. The lady might decline to marry you; and Monsieur your father might exercise the brutal privilege of an Englishman, and "cut you off with a shilling. No, no, Alphonse, be thankful that you are a citizen of the Republic."

But Alphonse did not feel thankful or pretend to be, he said in meaning tones: "I yesterday took the first step."

"You do not mean to say"—— The rest of M. Bernier's speech was spoken in an awe-struck whisper.

Alphonse pressed his lips together and answered: "I did."

It was true. On the morning of the previous day a gentleman who pursued an honorable calling analogous to that of sheriff-officer, had waited upon M. Georges Thevinet with a document of portentous size in his hand, and demanded audience of that gentleman in the name of the Law.

"What have you there?" M. Thevinet inquired of this official as he produced his paper.

"It is the proces-verbal, Monsieur. On behalf of your son, Monsieur Alphonse Thevinet, do you consent to his marriage with Mademoiselle Adrienne Mesnildot?"

"No, I don't," replied M. Thevinet, with much asperity.

The legal gentleman requested that he might be furnished with a [illegible] and having received it, wrote down M. Thevinet's answer with great care upon the document. "I have the honour to bid you respectfully adieu, Monsieur," he said as he rolled up the paper and put it under his arm. "It will be my duty to call upon you once more in a month's time."

"I fear you will have the trouble of calling also a third time," said M. Thevinet, forcing himself to be calm. "Is it not so?"

The polite official shrugged his shoulders in deprecation. "If Monsieur did not give his valued consent the second time the proces-verbal was presented," he said, "doubtless it would be the wish of M. Alphonse to have it presented two months hence for the third time."

"And then?" inquired M. Thevinet, who knew all about it, but was anxious for fuel to feed his wrath.

"Why, then, if Monsieur withheld his permission on being asked a third time, M. Alphonse would be legally able to marry without." The polite official made a profound bow and hastily withdrew. M. Thevinet's anger had mastered him, and he appeared about to vent it upon his visitor.

Had M. Thevinet been an Englishman with an Englishman's power over his own property, he would most inevitably have sent for his solicitor and altered his will that day. But he could not; a French parent's estate is, irrespective of his wishes, divided by the law amongst his children, or heirs, at his demise; so M. Thevinet could not enjoy that remote satisfaction. However, he did the next best thing. He wrote to Alphonse and told him that until he returned to his roof, penitent and prepared to marry Mademoiselle Laguerre, he should give him only the barest pittance upon which to exist. "If you think," wrote the indignant father, "that Monsieur and Madame Mesnildet will accept a penniless suitor for their daughter, the legal steps you have taken to set the necessity for obtaining my consent aside, will have served their end. But I doubt whether in your new position you will receive the welcome which they accorded your representative, M. Bernier. I should advise you to think this over at your leisure."

When Alphonse received this letter he recognized the weakness of his case, and proposed a compromise. If his father would not call upon him to marry Mademoiselle Laguerre for three years, he on his part would renounce his intention of marrying Mademoiselle Mesnildot. Would M. Thevinet receive his sorrowing son upon these terms."

The language in which the old gentleman indulged when his son's answer reached him was dreadful to hear. He would agree to no conditions whatever, and Alphonse might take his choice—Mademoiselle Clarisse, or poverty in solitude until the end of his father's lifetime. He wrote at once directing his son to choose, reminding him that this was the sole favour he had ever asked in return for all he had done for him. It was a powerful and pathetic letter; the heart of Alphonse was touched by it, and he gave way. After a bitter struggle with self he made up his mind to obey his father; he sent the sheriff-officer his fee, and directed him not to serve the proces-verbal again; repacked his portmanteau, and went home in a cab.

How old M. Thevinet called upon Madame Mesnildot, and explained that M. Jules Bernier's visit had been paid under a misapprehension; and how Madame Mesnildot said she was sorry, but that it didn't matter, because she had not mentioned the subject to Adrienne yet, it boots not to tell. We have only to conclude the history of the wooing of Alphonse by the bare statement that his father took him down to Bordeaux a month afterwards; stood over him while he agreed to the promesse de mariage which Monsieur le Notaire had prepared, and saw him espouse Mademoiselle Clarisse Laguerre at the bureau of Monsieur le Maire. Mademoiselle Clarisse promises to be a model wife in all respects, and everybody is contented and happy.

(The end.)

IN SEARCH OF AN EDEN.

Where Eve Predominated but Found it not — A Disappointed Shipload.

The party of 100 men who sailed recently from San Francisco, on the brigantine Percy Edwards, for some Adamless Eden in the south seas, where pretty native women yearned for spouses, and where there was no harder work than picking up cocoanuts, have come to grief in the Fiji Islands. A letter from one of the colonists says that all their dreams were illusions. No island could be found that were not pre-empted by England of Germany, and most of the good land was already in the hands of large corporations, which have fenced their possessions with barbed wire and put up warnings against trespassers. Forty of the colonists decided to abandon their dreams of a coral island Eden, and they secured land near Suva, Fiji, and will plant it with bananas, which are a paying crop.

Sixty of the adventurers decided to work the brigantine to Auckland, New Zealand. Most of the colonists on the vessel are single men, who became weary of regular work and hoped to find some south sea paradise where leisure would be ample and food easy to get. One hundred dollars was the price of a share in the colony, and the round trip.

WOMAN'S WAY.

Sapsmith—Some wise old chap said that a woman will forgive anything but the fact that you do not covet her. Dooced clevah wemark, don't you know.

Grimshaw—Yes; but he should have added that when she discovers that you do covet her she has no further use for you.

THEY MAY BE GRATEFUL ALSO.

What makes you speak of Miss Wisely as a diplomat?

Because among her best friends are the men whom she has refused to marry.

TOO INTELLIGENT.

Do you say that you received a college education? asked the court of the would-be juror.

Challenged for cause, promptly interrupted the counsel for the prisoner.

Yes your honor.