# OUINN'S BANK.

One morning I was walking along the ing a broad stretch of glistening sand exposed. Projecting above the surface 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 amtween them, I came to a cavity con- quite make out what he meant." taining something round, which could ily withdrawn. Setting to work with the silence. a piece of wood, I succeeded in clearing away the seaweed and stones which good-hve; and on my way out came blocked up the hole, and at length across at hulking young fellow, who dragged out a small barrel, strongly seemed to be hanging about the cottage. hooped with iron, and encrusted with limpet and mussel shells. I carried the son ,the son of a coastguardman stabarrel to the beach, and seating myself tioned at the lower end of our vilin a cave, proceeded to examine it. Forc- lage. He was a lazy, good-for-nothing ing in one end with a heavy flint, I finding the work too be- I t sea, predrew out an oil-skin bag-all the bar- ferred idling about at home. rel contained. Inside was a piece of soiled paper, on which the following words were scrawled in faded ink: "We are ject was, I could not make out, for I driving on to the rocks with our rud- awoke just as she seemed to be on the der washed away. I, Thomas Quin, do eve of disclosing something that was finds it take it to my daughter Doro- taking up the broken thread of my 'hy at Shingle Bay. No time for more." dream, I was doomed to disappoint-On the other side of the paper was a cough 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 come to regard the whole thing as alof 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 nothhappened more than thirty years before. His wife, who was a cousin of my Quin was passionately fond, was thus left alone in the world. She, however, 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 trudgfor 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 great- Scheme for Public Works that Elicits Exest 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 sinly 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 sat puzzling away at the drawing in my hand, and raised the hope that perhaps Quin-who, though known to be 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 mornng. 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 square, good-humoured face, the col our of mahogany; and although get ing 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 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

composure. ment, I asked them if they could make | your eyes stick right out of your head anything of the rough drawing on the when you see our prices. Just look at back of the paper; but after carefully this Paris beauty. You can't buy that examining it, they came to the con- bonney anywhere under thirty dollars Alphonse. clusion it was some old chart which sir-no sir. had been used in the hurry of the moment. It represented an irregular ov- your price? al, 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. Henwhore. The tide was ebbing, being al- |dil, "that on the night on which fathready lower than I remembered it, leav- er went on his last voyage, he promhe came back. "I'm getting too old for the work, Dolly," he said, as I sat on of the water were some timbers, and his knee before going to bed; "and besides, it's a risky business. If this run part, I am happy to serve you." 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 | Madame Mesnildot." I have searched over his papers again and again, but have found nothing reong the pebbles that were washed be- lating to any savings, so I never could

into the fire for a long time, during Saturday ?" be moved, but was too large to be eas- which none of us ventured to break

ting home. I was soon obliged to say He slunk off on seeing me, but not before I recognized him to be Will Jack-

That night I dreamed that Old Quin visited me and caused me to accompany him over the hills; but what his subweighing heavily on his spirits. Though ment. 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

most 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 ing had since been heard of him. This 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 inmother, had died in giving birth to vestigations; but some remark of Ben's Dorothy; and the little girl of whom | 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 was taken care of by some good friends | 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 ed into the village, and making straight | as plain as a pikestaff, here. You'll be all rich now-"

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.

pressions of Nationalist Gratitude.

In the British House of Commons on Friday, in the course of a discussion on the Irish estimates, Mr. I grew up together, and learnt to re- Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for gard each other with more than cou- 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 well off, had left no account of any 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 with Connemara."

Mr. Gerald Balfour for the broad and expect Alphonse, my friend," he said. generous manner in which he had "Nevertheless, you will say that, if dealt with the problem, all admitting you please," replied Alphonse. It was that he had done the best possible a matter of business; and Alphonse was with the funds at his command.

in response to appeals by Irish mem- with a shrug, as he rose from his chair mers that the Government should and adjusted his cravat at the mirror. make some provision for a Catholic "It is now half-past one o'clock. I will university in Ireland, Mr. Balfour, the go to Madame Mesnildot's, and return First Lord of the Treasury, in a very direct to you here, at perhaps three sympathetic speech, admitted that the o'clock. absence of a university was a hard- "I will await you in the salon," said ship for Ireland, and said he would do Alphonse with dignity, and he folhis ultmost in the direction of such an lowed his friend to the door. institution; but he said he was not in | We need not dwell upon the suspense

## 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 many times before he could recover his done it-greatest bargains you ever saw; biggest stock of ladies' hats and When they had got over the excite- Paris bonnets in the city, too. Make

Mr. Shortpurse-Indeed! And what is

Mr. Ribbon-Only \$29.99, sir.

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

"As you will," answered M. Bernier ised me he would give up the sea when drawing in his wrists and elbows and expanding his palms, with a shrug of the shoulders-"as you will. For my

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

"So soon, Alphonse?"

"Ah, Jules, do not suggest a later me great pleasure to have had the homday! Will your convenience permit Dorothy's mother sat looking sadly you call upon Madame Mesnildot on

M. Bernier had by no means recover-As I did not wish to be late in get- ed 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 feryour, paid for their refreshemmt, and left the cafe to walk homewards.

M. Jules Bernier was a man of his commit this to the sea. Let whoever I courted sleep again in the hope of 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 ing. him. His faith in his father's affection and generosity was too deeply rooted to be disturbed by his ungiven 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

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 "Whist!" said Ben at that instant. 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 phonse packed up his portmanteau and 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.

> preakfast?" 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 once" light a cigarette, and you can inform me regarding your pecuniary position installed himself in pleasant lodgings that I may explain it to Madame Mesnildot."

had taken his father's consent for granted, Alphonse instructed his friend pursue, repugnant, as it is to my filto say that his allowance when he married would be twelve thousand francs per annum, and that he expected to riage without his father's consent a 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, coaches will connect Killarney district and the furnished house on the Boulevarde Cauchoise.

Then came a curious scene. The M. Jules Bernier elevated his expres-Nationalists, who had previously been sive eyebrows as he heard this. "One abusing the Government for its wan- hundred and fifty thousand francs, and ton disregard of Ireland, arose one that beautiful house-furnished, parafter the other and effusively thanked bleu!-on the Boulevard, is much to

no child.

In the House of Commons on Friday, "As you wish," answered M. Bernier

a position to make a definite promise. 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

"Madame said nothing of the house," answered M. Bernier. M. Bernier had the first interview.

A cloud gathered upon the brow of Mesnildot?" Alphonse. He had persuaded himself that M. and Madame Mesnildot would with much asperity.

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 do: 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 The-

vinet 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 or 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 Mesnildot; thanks could not repay M. Bernier for what he had that day performed. He upon his visitor. kissed Jules upon both cheeks as he dream of Mademoiselle Adrienne.

was received with effusion by his son. "I have news for thee, Alphonse, the salon arm-in-arm.

'But first of all, give me yours." M. Georges Thevinet beamed upon Alphonse with paternal pride as he ans-

wered 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, 11xing 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 hear-

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, boyl—not one-third of the dot with which Moncourse such an extraordinary sieur Laguerre will endow his daugh-

"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 leelings 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 Al

left the house. "To think of the boy's contracting a matrimonial engagement without word to me!" said M. Thevinet to himself as he retired that night. "What "You have, I hope, made a good 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. might as well be a Turkish slave at

money in his pocket, and he had soon tented and happy. in the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc. "It is indeed lucky," he said to himself as he unpacked his clothes, "that I am over Keeping carefully in mind that he twenty-five years of age. Were I but a few years younger, the course I must ial, teelings, would be closed to me."

Alphonse had already decided to take such steps as would render his marlegal union, though he shrank from the process, and chafed at the delay it would entail. Had he been under the that age. But Alphonse, as we have already remarked, was twenty-eight, and he knew the power the law conterred upon him.

I wish I had been an Englishman, he said to M. Jules Bernier one evening a week later at the cate. "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 tather might exercise the brutal privilege of an Englishman, and "cut you off with a shilling. No, no, phonse, be thankful that you are a cit-

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

You do not mean to say"-- The rest of M. Bernier's speech was spoken n 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 marry.

his paper. "It is the proces-verbal, Monsieur. On done this kind of office before, and behalf of your son, Monsieur Alphonse knew better than to drive bargains at Thevinet, do you consent to his marriage with Mademoiselle Adrienne lege education? asked the court of the

"No, I don't," replied M. Thevinet,

have promised all he chose to ask, and! The legal gentleman requested that! Yes your honor.

he might be furnished with a seguand having received it, wrote down M. Thevinet's answer with great care apon 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

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

Had M. Thevinet been an Englishman bade him adieu, and having seen him with an Englishman's power over his depart, threw himself into a chair to own property, he would most inevitably have sent for his solicitor and altered Two weeks later, M. Georges Thevinet his will that day. But he could not; returned home from his travels, and a French parent's estate is, irrespective of his wishes, divided by the law amongst his children, or heirs, at his said the old gentleman as they entered | demise; so M. Thevinet could not enjoy that remote satisfaction. However, he "And I for thee, also," replied his son. | 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 Mesnildot 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 lei-

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

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 Fortunately Alphonse had plenty of in all respects, and everybody is con-

(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 spousage of twenty-five, his father's refusal es, and where there was no harder work would have bound him hopelessly ac- than picking up cocoanuts, have come cording to law. The proces-verbal is a to grief in the Fiji Islands. A letter legal weapon denied young men below 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 hored 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 clevan 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

#### TOO INTELLIGENT.

Do you say that you received a colwould-be juror.

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