

# OLD QUINN'S BANK.

Thrusting the plan into my breast-pocket, I ran lightly up the steep narrow path and caught a glimpse of a man hurrying away. Though it was only a glance, it brought my heart into my mouth, for the man was young Jackson, who had some time before gone back to sea. He looked back on gaining the top, and seeing me following, he turned round and grumbled out in a half-sulky way: "Well, how you startled me to be sure, by rushing up so sudden-like." I looked at him without speaking, so he went on: "I think you might give a poor, shipwrecked fellow a heartier welcome, though we didn't use to be such friends over yonder," jerking his thumb toward Shingle Bay. "I've been through a deal of rough weather since then, and don't bear no ill-will. Let bygones be bygones, say I."

From the shuffling manner in which he spoke, I felt sure he had been watching us and had overheard my incautious remarks; however, as there was no help for that now, I cut him short, and turning abruptly away, hurried back to Ben. Throwing the keg into the boat, in a few minutes we had her afloat, and rowed off round the projecting mass of rock where we were quite out of sight and hearing from above.

"I hope that sneaking scoundrel didn't hear all, Ben," said I, as we rested on our oars. "It's lucky he betrayed his whereabouts before I had got any further; so let us hope there's no great harm done, after all."

"What's done can't be helped," quoth Ben philosophically. "But, as you haven't told me yet what you've found out, I can't give an opinion."

"Well, Ben, you remember that your sister said her father told her he had a snug nest put away in a bank, but that she could find no account of any money. This sat me thinking, and I came to the conclusion that the paper I at first found in the keg referred to this money, which most likely had been hidden away. The drawing on this parchment makes me pretty nearly sure that if there is anything at all, it's in Danes' Camp. What I've got to do is to hit upon the exact spot."

Ben had been looking intently at me while I was explaining, and now gave vent to his feelings in a long whistle. "From what Father said to Dolly—and he wasn't the man to make a joke—it's sartin he'd put by something; and to my mind, these charts were not drawn for nothing. But after all these years, it's likely it may have been found out; still, it's worth trying, and if we can light on the place and get the money, we'll manage to fetch it away safe enough, I warrant."

Next morning at daybreak I was out, and taking my way over the fields, wet and heavy with dew, came to the headland that rose in a bad sweep from the level land below. Right ahead, looking near in the brightness that now overspread the sky, but in reality some three miles away, appeared the low dark line which marked the ancient bank of Danes' Camp. Going on at a brisk pace, I soon got over the intervening ground, and climbing the old earthwork, commenced my search. Though broken down in some places, and overgrown with dense patches of gorse and fern and the graceful trailing boughs of the bramble, the old ditch and bank retained much of their original form; the space enclosed, being roughly square, three sides were entrenched, the fourth being the sheer edge of the cliff, which here rose to a great height. Commencing at the nearest corner, I walked round the top, the parchment in my hand, and so reached the farthest extremity of the camp. I was unable to discover anything that corresponded to the plan, which consisted of an oval with the points of the compass shown. At the south-east part were four circles, enclosing a larger one marked with a cross, while an arrow pointed to the south indicated fifty yards. I looked carefully for any object from which to measure fifty paces; but what had seemed simple on first seeing the drawing, appeared hopeless in practice now.

I sat on the bank, trying to get over my disappointment, and, to amuse myself, began rolling pieces of flint down the hill, watching as they bounded away till they were stopped by the furze bushes that fringed the path beneath. Having exhausted all the stones within reach, I tried to unearth a large flint which protruded from the turf, but found it a hard job, till, exerting all my strength, it came out at last, and slipping from my grasp, rolled down the steep slope and crashed into the bushes. At that moment I heard a footstep coming towards me, and was turning round to see who it was, when, in the hole from which I had pulled the stone, I spied a gold coin, and had just time to snatch it, when a scrambling noise caused me to close my fingers upon it, and the next instant the unwelcome form of young Jackson stood over me.

"Hillo!" said he, with what was meant to be an arch smile; "you're taking the air early this morning, shipmet." Prudently overcoming a strong desire to send him headlong down the hill, I took no notice of his pleasantry, but getting up commenced to walk homeward. I hoped Jackson would take the hint, and not trouble me with his presence; but it suited him to accompany me; and as I could not very well shake him off, I had to put the best face possible on the matter. All this

time I had kept the gold piece in my hand, not daring to look at it, and on the first opportunity I quietly slipped it into my pocket.

We walked on silently for some time, when Jackson broke out with: "I had such a run dream last night; I thought I was digging for a potful of money some one had hid in the ground. After working for a long spell, I finds it, when up you comes and calls out 'Halves!' 'All right,' said I; 'that's all fair and square.' So we parts the lot between us."

There was a pause at this, and then I rather awkwardly remarked: "What of that? It was only a dream."

"Suppose," said he, looking sideways at me, "you was to find anything, and I was to come along, of course you'd do the same, eh?" putting on a simple and friendly look.

"As it isn't very likely such a thing will happen, I don't see the good of talking about it," I was forced to say.

"Now, look here," said he, changing his manner and speaking in a bullying tone. "I heard you and Quin the other day talking on the beach down yonder about the paper you found and what you expected it meant. My old granddad was a mate of Quin's father in many a run of goods, and he often said the old man had stowed away a rich cargo, which ain't seen the light since, I reckon. If you like to take me as a partner, well and good; if not, look out, for you'll come off all the worse, I can tell you."

I was rather staggered with this; for it did not strike me at first that Jackson pretended to know more than he really did. As I did not answer, Jackson gave me another threat, and then dropped behind, but followed me home at a distance.

After breakfast, as there was nothing to keep me at home, I got leave from my father to stop for a night or two at my cousin's. Jackson was not in sight when I got out again, not expecting me so soon, I suppose; so I quickly gained the hill-top, and after walking some distance, sat down where there was no fear of being overlooked, and taking out the coin, proceeded to examine it. It was as big as two of our guineas, and as it had a hole bored through it, had evidently been used as a charm. On one side were scratched the letters T. Quin. Hastily getting up, I started at a run, and did not stop till I came to the place where I had found it. The bank at this part was thickly covered with bushes, and I now noticed for the first time that they almost hid a low mound. I made out its shape to be oval, and turning my face to the south, I took fifty long paces, which brought me to a large moss-covered stone, which did not rise above the level of the ground, so that I had not noticed it before. A huge bush overshadowed the place where I had discovered the coin, and this proved to be at the south east part of the oval mound corresponding to the positions of the five circles in the chart. It struck me that old Quin must have dropped the gold piece while working at this spot.

All excitement, I pushed on as fast as I could to Shingle Bay and found Ben at home. Taking him aside into the garden, I told him of my discovery, and showed him the coin, which he remembered having seen his father wear. When I spoke of what Jackson had told me, he looked rather grave, but brightening up after a bit, said he had a plan to deceive him. Lighting his pipe, and seeming to be greatly assisted thereby, he went into details.

"Now, as that young scamp guesses so much about this affair, it's my opinion the best way will be to get the treasure, whatever it be, to-night. We can smuggle a pickaxe and shovel down to the boat in an old sail when it falls dark. Young Jackson is sure to be along this way after you; and if you keep indoors until the evening, he'll most likely be hanging about all day. When we go out in the boat, he'll think there's something in the wind; and as he won't have the pluck for all his stoutness, to tackle us by himself, he's almost sure to go back and get the help of that precious cousin of his. The moon will be up by the time we land the tools and are ready to work; so, all things considered, it'll go hard with us, if we can't be the first in."

We followed closely Ben's programme; and as he predicted, Jackson was to be seen watching us; and as soon as we were afloat, he hurried away in the direction of his home. With the tools on our shoulders, we leaped on shore at the gap, and making our boat fast, we toiled up the steep path, and came to the camp just as the moon appeared over the hill; and by its light we set to work with all speed. We cleared away the earth under the bush, and had made a good sized hole when the pick struck with such force against a stone as almost to overturn Ben who was wielding it. "There's a rock, or something as hard, here George," said he ruefully, rubbing his arm and resting his back against the bank.

I shovelled away for dear life, and throwing out a lot of loose earth, laid bare a large boulder.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Ben. "I was afraid I'd struck the solid cliff."

With the help of a crowbar we prised the stone, and dragging it out, disclosed a bundle of dry ferns and heather; and eagerly removing this, we found a snug nest with five kegs lying in it.

"Stop a bit," said Ben. "A little more light won't be amiss." He stooped down and lit a lantern under cover of the bush. By it we could see the barrels were arranged in the same order as the circles in the chart.

Ben dragged out the first, and giving it a shake, declared it to be full of French brandy; another proved to be similar. He then laid hold of the middle keg, but found it so heavy that he could not move it. "Hillo!" said he, in an excited whisper; "this is the one worth taking care of. From the weight, it must be gold. We must get it out of this before Jackson returns, for I've an idea he won't be long."

We dug a trench through the bank, and so were able to roll out the heavy keg. This took some time, for now the moon was mounting up the sky. Happening to look over the camp, I could distinguish two dark forms making towards us. Seeing there was not a moment to lose, I quietly told Ben they were coming, and with his help, forced the keg over the edge, and sent it rolling swiftly down the slope where I had amused myself that morning. I heard

it crash through the bushes at the bottom, and then all was still.

Whispering to Ben, I replaced the two brandy barrels, and shovelled back a lot of the earth, managing this so quickly, that when Jackson and his cousin came upon us, all trace of the barrels had disappeared. We went on digging as if we were not aware of their presence until they jumped down the bank.

"So you're caught, my fine fellow," said Jackson, commencing to scrape away at the loose earth, and in a little time dragging out one of the kegs. As my father's substitute, I order you, in the name of the law, to hand over these 'ere smuggled goods."

Ben roundly refused, but afterwards, on my entreaty, consented to the arrangement. The other kegs were dragged out; and the two men continued to dig deeper, but found nothing more, seeming to have no suspicion of the trick we had played; for each at length shouldered a barrel and trudged off silently the way they had come.

We waited until they were out of sight; then getting out precious keg on a strong basket, and placing some fish on the top to conceal it, we landed at the quay, and carried it between us, with some difficulty to the cottage.

We said nothing till after breakfast, and then, with bolted doors, we forced in the head of the barrel, disclosing to our wondering eyes a glittering mass of gold pieces, which when emptied out on to the floor made a perfect hillock of guineas. When we had recovered our breath, we counted the treasure; but I am afraid to tell how much we made it, lest my veracity should be doubted.

The neighbors were very curious to know the cause of my cousin's sudden rise in the world; and though young Jackson never heard anything about the fifth keg, yet he evidently in some way connected my cousin's prosperity with Danes' Camp.

(The End.)

## X-RAYS CONFOUND SMUGGLERS.

With Their Aid French Officials Found Contraband in 27 Bundles Out of 30.

The experiments which have been making for several weeks by the customs service of the French Government, regarding the examination of trunks and packages by means of the X-rays were concluded the other day with a practical application upon thirty packages arriving by parcels-post. It took but fifteen minutes to examine the entire lot by the new apparatus, the contents of each being instantly and plainly disclosed without untying a knot or breaking a seal.

The thirty persons to whom the packages were addressed had not been warned that their things were to be looked into by the new process, and each had declared solemnly that his package had contained nothing dutiable. Yet contraband articles came to light in just twenty-seven of them; and there was much confusion in consequence, because the French Government does not look upon smuggling as a joke, and supports a good bit of its standing army on the fines it collects from people who like to hoodwink it.

The nicety with which the dutiable articles had been hidden to avoid official eyes made it exceedingly interesting to see what the X-rays would ferret out, and that part of the business was as good as a cinematographic show to the inspectors. In one of the parcels a mechanical doll had been deftly surrounded by old hats; in another, which was declared to contain fruit, a pair of women's patent leather shoes were buried in apricots and plums. In a packet labelled "articles de Paris" were shown a series of medallions and watches. Other articles, all supposed to be out of sight and touch, were women's belts and silver buckles, garters, handkerchiefs, gloves, and innumerable articles of jewelry; also two mandolins.

The last package examined had been declared to contain "samples of lingerie without value." The X-rays showed that there was a very small collection of underclothes, and a very large consignment of Egyptian cigarettes and English matches. This was such a flagrant case, because cigarettes and matches are a Government monopoly, and it is second to highway robbery to bring into the country anything that you can smoke, and matches that will really burn, that the inspectors haled before them the consignee of the parcel and showed him the living image of his crime. This is the only case where something serious will happen. The other consignees will merely pay duty.

A very lively time is expected when the new method of examination is put to work at the frontier customs stations, which is promised for the near future.

## RUSSIA'S THOUSAND-MILE CANAL

Water-way to Cross the Empire and Connect the Baltic with the Black Sea.

Russia is about entering upon interior waterway development on a scale corresponding to the trans-siberian railroad construction. A deep and long canal is to be built by Russia to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea. This stupendous project indicates the giant aims of the great empire. The canal, as projected, is to connect Riga, on the Baltic, with Cherson, on the Dnieper River, near the Black Sea. It is to be 1,000 miles long, 213.23 feet wide at the surface and 115 feet at the base, with a depth of 27.9 feet. It is to carry easily the biggest battleships of the world.

From Riga the canal is to run into the river Dvina, thence by canals from Dvina to Lepel, through the Beresina and Dnieper to Cherson. It is further projected to cover all the river regions with such a network of canals as will aid very materially in developing the whole surrounding country. Ships that hitherto went by way of the Atlantic, Mediterranean Sea, and Marmosa Sea, taking more than twelve days, will need now less than six days. Basins and harbors are to be built at all important points along the canals. Traffic is to be carried on day and night at a possible or permitted speed of about seven miles per hour. The cost of the canal is put down at \$95,200,000. Of course, it will cost more than this amount, as such huge works always do. It is to be ready for traffic in five years.

## TRUE ACCOUNT OF A RUSSIAN HORROR.

(This story was written by the Czarina for a volume intended for private circulation among members of the imperial family. Her Majesty figures in it under the name of "Princess Tella.")

It was in the early fall of 1894. Princess Tella's betrothal to the much-beloved, Nicholas, the Czarowitz, had just been decided upon in the family council, though the world and the press were still discussing the probabilities of such an event with many pros and cons. Officially her Highness was already treated like a full-fledged Russian Grand Duchess.

"Princess Tella left St. Petersburg yesterday on special No. 17, and will dine in the imperial pavilion at your station to-morrow noon."

Thus read a dispatch received by the station master at Kornoff at 5 a.m. on September 2.

Half an hour later the Adjutant of the Governor General stormed into the railway official's bedroom to announce that his Excellency and entire staff would receive her Highness with royal honors.

Prince Weripoloff to superintend the arrangements! The station master came near fainting when he heard the message. To dance attendance upon a Princess was had enough, but to satisfy the government's plenipotentiary at the same time was almost equal to attempting the impossible. Still, it had to be done.

A hundred hands were at once engaged to clear the station and its surroundings of antediluvian dirt accumulated in tens of years of slovenliness, the floors of the building were scraped and scoured, metal work and windows highly polished. The gardeners of the town were next laid under contribution, so was everybody else in the neighborhood owning a green plant or a pot of flowers, a gorgeous rug or a striking piece of furniture, all being needed in decorating either the depot or the pavilion. In the kitchen of the latter a caterer was busy with a large staff of assistants preparing superior delicacies, and all other work being abandoned for the moment, the station house looked quite extraordinary, if not elegant, when, shortly before the arrival of special No. 17, the Governor and his suite drove up in grand gala.

"Everything in perfect order," reported the station master.

"We will see," replied Prince Weripoloff ungraciously. Presently his suppressed wrath—he is always engaged at somebody or something—descended upon the head of the Chief of Police. The cabmen and drivers, halting in a neighborhood where the Princess might see them, wore their working garb; they were dirty and must be ordered away. The railway laborers had to don their best uniforms at once! There wasn't enough police present—the entire force should be drawn up, etc.

These criticisms and orders were given in a few peremptory sentences and gurgles, as was the Governor's habit. His Excellency would have considered it too much honor for an underling to address him in such a way as to make himself thoroughly understood. His officials and servants most of the time had to guess at the Prince's intentions, and woe to him who translated the abrupt instructions he chose to issue wrongly; his bread and butter, even his liberty were at stake.

Not until special No. 17 actually rolled into the station, and the music corps of the Hessian infantry, garrisoned at Kornoff, struck up the royal welcome hymn, brightened Weripoloff's face. Giving a last look to the master of police at his side, a look that said, "If there be an accident to-day, consider yourself discharged," the stern Governor changed to a smiling, happy courier. He rushed to open the door of the salon carriage with his own white gloved hand, and bowed low as her Highness, followed by two elderly ladies and a number of army officers, walked down the steps.

"General," said Princess Tella, "for the last two hours I have admired the province you govern. I am told you have done much to improve it. You like to live here?"

"To live and die here," replied Weripoloff.

"I understand, and if I had any influence in St. Petersburg I would surely exercise it in your favor. But why should you fear to lose your post? You are not a Liberal?"

"Grand Ducal Highness, I have many enemies, and a dream I had weighs heavily upon my mind."

"You may tell me of it later on," laughed Princess Tella. "These are my companions—Princess Esloff and Countess Wabbern. The gentlemen know each other." Then her Highness ordered that dinner be served, and the repast was enjoyed heartily by everybody. When coffee was brought in Princess Tella, who wanted to humor the Governor, said, "But now about your dream. Out with it, Excellency."

"It is quickly told," said Weripoloff. "I dreamed that a lowly peasant was the cause of my dismissal and disgrace."

"And when did that happen?—the dream I mean," queried her Highness.

"Three months ago,"

Princess Tella laughed. "I must compliment you," she said, "on your forbearance. I have seen any number of rustics while travelling through this province. If your Excellency were vindictive you would have transported at least one half of the population to Siberia."

Saying this Princess Tella walked to the window and looked out into the courtyard below, where a number of railway laborers were drawn up in line, attired in their best. "Fine specimens of manhood you have hereabout," she continued. "Look at that fellow on the left wing. I never saw a better model for a head of the Saviour. By the way, General, is there any objection to sending the man to St. Petersburg, where I

intend to return in a few weeks? He could sit for my altar picture with which I hope to present His Majesty the Czar for Christmas. It is to be placed in the house chapel."

The Governor fairly beamed with devotion. "Your Grand Ducal Highness' wish is a command to me," he replied without hesitation.

At that moment the Chief of Police entered, carrying two dispatches, one addressed to Princess Tella, the other to Weripoloff. Her Highness attempted to turn the General's telegram over to him, but Weripoloff explained that etiquette forbid to open it in her presence. So Princess Tella read her message, which was one of greeting and good wishes by the Czarowitz, and then the other. "I'm sorry," she said; "the dispatch calls you to report at once to the Minister of the Interior. I trust it's nothing serious."

Presently the announcement was made that the train had to proceed, and Princess Tella took leave hastily, amidst the hurrahs of all the assembled. But what did it mean? Her Highness appeared not at the window to wave her adieus and thanks for the reception, as is customary. Weripoloff, never thinking that, as a foreigner, her Highness might be unacquainted with Russian usages, noticed the omission with alarm.

Perhaps somebody or something had offended the great lady. If that be the case, he, the Governor, would be the sufferer in the end.

The General turned savagely to the master of police: "Your men look and act like drunken loafers in the presence of her Highness," he cried, "and on the outer side of the rails were no guards whatever. It seems to us, Ussloff, you neglect your duty more and more. Mind I will not stand it much longer. Either you execute my orders to the letter, or give up your epaulets. To-night I leave for St. Petersburg. See to it that I find no cause for complaint upon my return. And by the way, that red-haired laborer whom Princess Tella was gracious enough to notice must be sent to the capital at once."

With this the mighty one boarded his troika and drove off. As soon as he was out of hearing distance Col. Ussloff ran over to where the Lieutenant was stationed. Schelinsky, he snorted, "may the devil take you and your men. Miserable dunces that you are, our whole reception was spoiled by the combination of carelessness and slovenliness you represent. Where are your eyes, man? Of course, you placed no guards on the other side of the rail. A child would have known better; but you appear to think authority has given you for no other reason but that you smoke cigarettes in places where smoking is generally forbidden. And another thing, who was that red-haired scoundrel who dared raise his eyes to Princess Tella, or at least to the window where her Highness stood?"

"The guard," Schelinsky tried to explain, "was lying on the ground according to orders issued at the time when the Czarowitz passed through here."

"Rot. His Imperial Highness honored this station six months ago. To-day the guards should have been visible. But as to that ruffian, who is he? Does anybody know him?"

"Please, your Honor, it's Mischa, with his full name Michael Alexandroff," spoke up Policeman Duschkin. "I had my eyes on him all the time."

The Colonel fairly jumped with rage. "You have seen everything, and yet failed to break that dog's ribs? I shall fine you a month's pay for your stupidity." Then, turning to Schelinsky, the commander continued, "Take some of your men and arrest Mischa, then report to me."

The Lieutenant bowed submissively. "And what is to be done with the fellow?"

"He goes to St. Petersburg to the Peter-Paul Fortress, of course," snapped the Colonel. "That done, you will keep to your room, for three days, and the next three days do day and night service—that to remind you of your neglect to duty on this august occasion."

The stationmaster, who had overheard the Colonel, approached Schelinsky when the police mogul had withdrawn. "I'm sorry for you," he said, good naturedly, "you were punished for no reason whatever."

"Pshaw," laughed the Lieutenant, "that's the way of the world; the big fish will always eat the little ones. There is only one way out of it—grow and become an oppressor of your own hook. I am a terror in my own little way and can visit my displeasure, if I feel any, on quite a goodly number of people. There is this Mischa, for instance—the cause of all this trouble. Perhaps you think I won't take it out of his hide. We will see, Duschkin, you will attend me on this mission."

To be Continued.

## RELIGION IN THE ORIENT.

Remarkable Movement Now in Progress in Japan.

The savants of Tokio and other Japanese are studying religion just now from a very practical point of view. For months past, the Japan Times and other leading newspapers have devoted much space to discussing religious topics in a very liberal spirit and in the hope of solving the problem now much discussed among Japanese scholars; that is why the Occident has gone so far ahead of the Orient in civilization.

Gradually they are reaching the conclusion that the strict morality inforced by Christianity has had much to do with it, and a large body of advanced thinkers at Tokio are seriously considering the idea of originating a new religion.

It is proposed to do this by dissecting the Christian and Buddhist religion and the cult of Confucianism and uniting the best principles and doctrines of each into a new system.

## SORROW'S WORK.

The sweetest Christians are generally those who have been sore tried. When sorrow does its proper work, it destroys grosser elements only to bring forth what is more refined. If we will let sorrow do its perfect work, it will do this. When it comes on us may we not think that we are pressed by its weight for naught; may we let it work as God intends it to work; it may cause the nesting of the old, but it will bring forth a "new" which is far better.