

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 roved 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 farther; 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, enclosed by a larger one marked with a cross, while an arrow pointed to the south indicated a fifty yards. I looked carefully for any object from which I 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 my strength, it came out at last, and slipping from my grasp, rolled down 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 it was, when, I spied a gold coin, and had just time to snatch it, when a scrambling on 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, ship-desire to send him heading down the hill, getting no notice of his pleasantries, 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

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 rum 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; 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 parader, 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 him 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 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'll go to the boat in an old sail when it falls this way after you; and if you keep in doors until the evening, he'll be like to hang about all day. When we're something in the wind; and as he won't have the luck 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 and the tools are ready to work; and things can't be the first in."

We followed closely Ben's programme; and, as he predicted, Jackson soon as we were on the water, 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 had made the earth under the bush, the pick struck with such force against a stone as almost to return 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 shoved away for dear life, and threw 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, discovered a bundle of dry ferns and heard 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 middle keg, but found it so heavy that he could not move it. "Hillo!" said he, in an excited whisper; "this is the one it must be gold. We must get it out at 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 moon was mounting up, for now the opening to look over the camp, I could distinguish two dark forms making towards us. Seeing there was no time to waste, I quietly told Ben they were coming, and with his help, forced the keg over the edge, and as it fell,

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

Whispering to Ben, I replaced the two brassy 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 seeing 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 into 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, when the householders were 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 hill 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 our 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 bill of its from people who like to hoodwink it.

The twenty 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 buried in apricots and plums. In one 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 that you can smoke, and matches that will really burn, that the inspectors of the parcels and the consignee of the image of his crime. This is the only case where something serious 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

Waterway 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, 212.23 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 Dvinaburg 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 Marseilles, taking more than twelve days, can now be run in less than six days. All important points are to be built at all important points along the canal. 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

DOGS AND BICYCLES.

How the Germans Will Fight the French Bicycle Riders.

The bicycle is becoming so prominent in military manoeuvres, especially abroad, that means of defense against these flying skirmishers are already being devised.

The French soldiers have become especially proficient in bicycle tactics, and seem by nature the best fitted to quickly learn the art of riding. These troops have scurried here and there along the frontier, covering immense distances in quick time without fatigue. Germany has carefully noted these movements and does not intend to be taken unawares. The military authorities are training a thousand large dogs to drag bicycle soldiers from their wheels and otherwise annoy them. They are taught to attack only riders dressed up in various military uniforms. Any mistake in assailing a friendly uniform is punished by a severe beating, and the animals soon learn whom to regard as enemies.

It is difficult enough to propel a wheel over a rough country, laden down with a gun and the other equipments of a soldier, but to have to face a pack of savage hounds in addition will at least cause disorder in the soldiers' column. The revolver and the magazine rifle will help to equalize the struggle, but they are hard to handle on a wheel when the rider is taken unawares. The bicycle scout who would have to make a single-handed fight would stand small chances of success.

The importance of a bicycle brigade in war times has been acknowledged by all of the leading military authorities. A troop of this kind can be easily wheeled a hundred miles a day, even on poor roads, while the marching limit is only fifty. As scouts soldier-wheel-men are invaluable. The bicycle will keep a commander of an entire army in touch with the movements of each division, and can forestall in the large degree any surprise on the part of the enemy. A distance that would mean death from exhaustion to a horse can be easily accomplished on this silent steed. There is no feeding or stabling necessary, and the dangers of being discovered by the neighing or untimely noise of a beast are avoided by the silence of rubber tires.

Whether the right defense to the insidious attacks of these noiseless enemies has been found in dogs must be proved by actual warfare. It is well known by experience that a pack of wolves are dangerous foes. They know only one desire, the extermination of their victims, and yet are filled with a contemptible fear. Dogs are of a better breed and still inherit such fierce instincts.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Col. Bibbles didn't stay long at the seashore, remarked one of the men who were sitting in front of the drug store.

No. He left the family there. But he got insulted and came home. Didn't he like it there? He says the place was very nice and comfortable. And he could have stood their habit of closing all the saloons on Sunday if they hadn't played a practical joke on him.

He always was a sensitive man. Yes. And this time his feelings are worse hurt than I ever knew them to be before. He says it was the meanest trick that ever was played on anybody. He was feeling quite thirsty and gloomy when some of the family chanced to say something about a bar that was located a little way out in the ocean. The colonel didn't lose a minute. He went out and got a bathing suit and waded a quarter of a mile in the blistering sun, only to discover that it was a sandbar.

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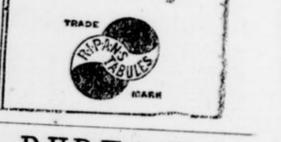
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