CHAPTER XXXIX. BUT NOT TO BED.

Harold glanced at the clock-it was nearly I in the morning-time to go to bed if he was rather Christmas day, the day of Ida's an be renewed, and even if the money should subsequently be forthcoming, the difficulties would be doubled. But there; he was building his hopes upon sand and be knew it. Even supposing that he held in his hand the key to the burial place of the long lost treasure, who knew whether it would still be there, or whether rumor had not enormously added to its proportions? He was allowing his hopes and his imagination to carry him away.

Still be could not sleep, and he had a mind to see if anything could be made of it. Going to the gun room, he put on a pair of oting boots, on old cont and on ulster. Next be provided himself with a dark lantern. and the key of the summer house at the top of Dead Man's Mount, and silently unlocking

the tack door, started out into the garden. The night was very rough, for the great gals was now rising fast, and bitterly cold, so cold that he hesitated for a moment before making up his mind to go on. However, be did ge on, and in another two minutes was limbing the steep sides of the great tumulus. There was a wan moor in the cold sky-the whistled most drearily through the naked boughs of the great oaks, grouped in answer like things in pain. Harman, but the place bad a spectral look about it, and he could not help thinking of the evil reputation it had borne for all these ages There was scarcely a man in Honliam, or in disingham either, who could have been per sunded to stay balf an bour by binnelf on Dond Man's Mount after the sun was well fown. Harold had at different times asked one or two of them what they saw to be a raid of, and they had answered that it was s t what they saw so much as what they felt. He had laughed at the time, but now he admitted to himself that he was anything but comfortable, though if he had had to put his feelings into words he could probably not have described them further than by saying that be had a general sensation of some-tody being behind him. However, he was not going to be frightened by this nonsense, so, consigning all superstitions to their father the devil, he marched on boldly and unlocked the summer house door. Now, though this curious ed/fice had been designed for a summer house, and for that purpose fined throughout with encumatic tiles, nobody as a matter of fact had ever dreamed of using it to sit in. To begin with, it roofed over a great depression some thirty feet or more in ameter, for the top of the mount was hollowed out like one of those wooden curs upon which jugglers catch balls. But, notwithstanding all the encaustic tiles in the world, damp will gather in a hollow like this, and the damp alone was an objection. The real fact was, however, that the spot had an evil reputation, and even those who were sufficiently well educated to know the fully of this sort of thing would not willingly have gone there for purposes of enjoyment. So R. had suffered the general fate of disused places, having fallen more or less out of reand become a receptacie for garden tools, broken cucumber frames and lumber of various sorts.



Harold got the door open and entered. Harold got the door open and entered, shutting it behind him. It was, if anything more disagreeable in the empty silence of the wide place, for the space roofed over was considerable, than it had been outside, and the question at once arose in his mind, what was he to do now that he had got there! If the treasure was there at all, probably it was deep down in the bowels of the great mound. Well, as he was on the spot, he thought that he might as well have a dig, though probably nothing would come of it. In the ere a pickax and some spades and shovels. Harold got them, advanced to the center of the space, and, half laughing at his own folly, set to work. First, having lighted another lantern which was kept there, he removed with the sharp end of the pickax a large patch of the encaustic tiles exactly in the center of the depression. Then, baving loosened the sod beneath with the pick, he took off his ulster and fell to digging with a will. The soil proved to be very sandy and easy to work. Indeed, from its appearance, he soon came to the conclusion that it was not virgin earth, but worked soil, which had been thrown there. Presently his spade struck agninst something bard; be picked it up and held it to the lantern. It proved to be an ancient spear head, and near it were some bones, though whether or no they were human he could not at the time de-termine. This was very interesting, but it was scarcely what he wanted, so he dug on manfully until he found himself chest deep in a kind of grave. He had been digging for an hour now, and was getting very tired. Cold as it was, the perspiration poured from him. As he paused for breath he heard the church clock strike two, and very solemnly it sounded down the wild ways of the wind torn winter night. He dug on a little more, and then seriously thought of giving up what he was somewhat ashamed of having under-taken. How was he to account for this great hole to his gardener on the following morning? Then and there he made up his mind that he would not account for it. The gardener, in common with the rest of the villarge, believed that the place was haunted. Let him set down the hole to the "spooks" and their spiritual activity.

Still be dug on at his grave for a little

louger. It was by now becoming a matter of exceeding labor to throw the shovelfuls of soil clear of the bole. Then he determined to stop, and with this view scrambled, not with-out difficulty, out of the amateur tomb. Once out, his eyes fell on a stout fron crowhar which was standing among the other tools, such an implement as is used to make holes in the earth wherein to set burdles and stakes, and it occurred to him that it would not be a lad idea to drive this crowbar into the bottom of the grave which be had dug. to order to ascertain if there was anything

within his reach. Accordingly he once more descended into the hole and began to work with the iron crow, driving it down with all his strength. When he had got it almost as deep as it would go, that is about three feet, it struck something—something hard—there was no doubt of it. He worked away in great excitement, widening the hole as much

Yes, it was masonry, or if it was not it. He drew the crow out of the hole, and, going. But he did not feel inclined to go to with renewed vigor. As he could no longer ned. If he did, with this great discovery on conveniently throw the soil from the hole he his mind, he should not sleep. There was took a "skep" or leaf basket, which lay bandy, another thing; it was Christmas eve, or and placing it beside him, put as much of the sandy soil as he could lift into it, and then if any succor was to be given at all lifted it and shot it on the edge of the pit. it must be given at once, before the fortress For three-quarters of an hour he labored thus had capitulated. Once let the engagement most manually till at last he came down to most manfully, till at last be came down to

the stone work. He cleared a patch of it and examined it attentively by the light of the dark lantern. It appeared to be rubble work, built in the form of an arch. He struck it with the iron crow and it gave tack a hollow sound. There was a cavity of some sort un derneath.

His excitement and curiosity redoubled. By great efforts he widened the spot of stone work already laid bare. Luckily, the soil, or rather sand, was so friable that there was very little exertion required to loosen it. This ne, he took the iron crow, and inserting it beneath a loose flat stone levered it up. This was a beginning, and, having got rid of the large flat stone, be struck down again and again with all his strength, driving the sharp point of the heavy crow into the rubble worl beneath. It began to give-he could hear bits of it falling into the cavity below. There! it went with a crash, more than a square foot

He leaned over the bole at his feet, de voutly hoping that the ground on which he was standing would not give way also, and tried to look down. The next second he threw his head back, coughing and gasping The foul air rushing up from the cavity or chamber, or whatever it was, had poisoned him. Then, not without difficulty, climbed out of the grave, and sat down on the pile of sand he had thrown up. Clearly e must let the air in the place sweeten a little. Clearly, also, be must have assistance if be must descend into the great hole. He could not undertake that by himself.

He sat there upon the edge of the pit, condering who there was he could trust. Not his own gardener. To begin with, he would never come near the place at night, and besides, such people talk. The squire! No; he could not rouse him at this hour, and also obvious reasons, they had not met lately Ah! be had it. George was the man! To be gin with, he could be trusted to hold his tongue, and the episode of the production of the real Mrs. Quest had taught the colone that George was a person of no common powers. He could think, and he could act

He threw on his coat, extinguished the large stable lantern, and having passed out, locked the door of the summer house, and started down the mount at a trot. The wind had risen steadily during his hours of work. and was now blowing a furious gale. It was about a quarter to 4 in the morning, and the stars shown brightly in the hard, clear blown sky. By their light and that of the waning moon he struggled on in the teeth of the raging tempest. As he passed under one of the cake he heard a mighty crack overhead, and guessing what it was ran like a hare. He was none too soon. A circular gust of more than usual flerceness had twisted the top right out of the great tree, and down it came upon the turf with a rending, crashing sound that made his blood turn cold. After this escape he avoided the neighborhood of the grouning trees.

George lived in a neat little farm bousabout a quarter of a mile away. There was a short cut to it across the fields, and this he took, breathlessly fighting his way against the gale which swept, and roared, and howled in its splendid might as it came leaping across the ocean from its birthplace in the distances of air. Even the stiff hawthorne fences bowed before its breath, and the tall rs on the sky line beat like a rod beneath the fresh rush of a salmon.

Excited as he was, the immensity and grandeur of the sight and sounds struck upon him with strange and awful force. Never before had he felt so far apart from man, and so near to that dread Spirit round whose feet millions of rolling worlds rush on forever, at whose word they are, endure, and

He struggled on until at last he reached the house. It was quite silent, but in one of the windows a light was burning. No doubt its occupants found it impossible to sleep in that wild gale. The next thing to consider was how to make himself heard. To knock at the door would be useless in that turmoil. There was only one thing to be done—throw stones at the window. He found a good sized pebble, and, standing underneath, threw it with such good will that it went right through the glass, lighting, as he after ward heard, full upon Mrs. George's sleeping nose, and nearly frightening that good woman, whose nerves were already shaken by the gale, into a na seem night cap appeared at the window. by the gale, into a fit. Next minute a red

"Who's there?" came the faint answer, "Me-Col. Quaritch. Come down. I want

to speak to you." The head was withdrawn, and a couple of minutes afterward Harold saw the front door begin to open slowly. He waited till there was space enough and then slipped in, and together they forced it to.

"Stop a bit, sir," said George; "Pil light the lamp," and he did. Next minute he stepped back in amaze-

"Why, what on 'arth hev you bin after, sir!" he said, contemplating Harold's flith begrimed face, and hands, and clothes. "Is anything wrong up at the castle, or is the

cottage blown downf" "No, no," said Harold; "listen. You've heard tell of the treasure that old Sir James

de la Molle buried in the times of the Round-

the gale blown it up!" "No, but by heaven I believe that I am in a fair way to find it!"

George took another step back, remember ing the tales that Mrs. Jobson had told, and not being by any means sure that the colonel was not in a dangerous condition of lunacy "Give me a gines of something to drink water or milk, and I'll tell you. I've been digging all night, and my throat's like a

"Digging, why, where!"
"Where! In Dead Man's Mount."
"In Dead Mun's Mount!" said George.
"Well, blow me, if that ain't a funny place to dig at on a night like this," and, too nunazed to say anything more, he went off to

Harold drank three glasses without stopping, and then sat down to tell as much of his moving tale as he thought desirable.

CHAPTER XL

HOW THE RIGHT WENT. George sat opposite to him, his hands on his knees, the red night cap on his head, and a comical expression of astonishment upon his melancholy countenance.

"Well," he said, when Harold had done "blow me if that ain't a master one. And yet there's folks who say that there ain't no such thing as Prowidence—not that there's anything provided yet-p'r'aps there ain't haven't used any money to pay debts in nawthing there, after all." haven't used any money to pay debts in more than a year now."—Texas Siftings, "I don't know if there is or not, but I'm

going back to see, and I want you to come "Now?" said George, rather unensily

you like, but I'm going back at once, and going down the hole too; the gas most be out of it by now. There are reasons," he added, "why, if this money is to be found at all, it

suld be found this morning. Today is Christman day, you know."
"Yes, yes, colonel; I know what you mean, Bless you, I know all about it; the old equire must talk to somebody; if he don't be'd bust; so he talks to me. That Cossey's coming for masonry, it was something uncommonly like his answer from Miss Ida this morning. Poor young lady, I saw her yesterday, and she looks like a ghost, she du. Ah, he's a mean one, that Cossey. Larver Quest warn't in it with him, after all. Well, I cooked his grosso for him, and I'd give summut to have a land in cooking that banker chap's too. You wait a minute, colonel, and I'll come along, gale and ghostesses and all. I only hope it mayn't be after a fool's errand, that's all;" and he retired to put on his boots. Presently he appeared again, his red night cap still on his end-for be was afraid that the wind would blow a bat off - and carrying an unlighted lantern in his hand. 'Now, colonel, I'm endy, sir, if you be;" and they started.

The gale was, if anything, flercer than ever. Indeed, there had been no such tempest in those parts for years, or rather conturies, as the condition of the timber by 10

'clock that morning amply testifled. "This here wind must be like that as the squire tells us on in the time of King Charles, as blew the top of the church tower oil on a Christmas night," shouted George; but Harold made no answer; and they fought then way onward without speaking any more, for their voices were almost inaudible. Once the colonel stopped and pointed to the sky line Of all the row of tall poplars which he had seen bending like whips before the wind as he came along, but one remained standing now, and as he pointed that vanished also.

Reaching the summer house in safety, they entered, and the colonel shut and locked tho door behind them. The frail building was erally rocking in the fury of the storm.
"I hope the roof will hold," shouted George,

but Harold took no heed. He was thinking of other things. They lighted the lanterus, of which they now had three, and the colonel slid down into the great grave he had so industriously dug, motioning to George to fol-low. This that worthy did, not without Then they both knelt and stared down through the hole in the masoury, but the light of the lanterns was not strong ough to enable them to make out anything with clearness.

"Well," said George, falling back upon his favorite expression in his amazement, as he drew his night capped head from the hole, 'if that ain't a master one, I niver saw a nasterer, that's all. What be you a going to do now, colonei! Hey you a ladder here?" "No," answered Harold; "I never thought

of that; but I've a good rope; I'll get it" Scrambling out of the hole, he presently eturned with a long coil of stout rope. It belouged to some rgen who had been recently employed in outting boughs off such of the oaks as needs I attention

They undid the rope and let the end down to see how deep the pit was. When they felt that the end lay upon the floor they pulled it un. The depth from the hole to the bottom of the pit appeared to be about sixteen fact, r a triffe more. Harold took the iron crow bar, and having

made the rope fast to it, fixed the bar across the mouth of the aperture. Then he doubled the rope, tied some knots in it, and let it down into the pit preparatory to climbing down it. But George was too quick for him. For-

getting his doubts as to the wisdom of groping about Dead Man's Mount at night, in the ardor of his burning cariosity, he took the dark lantern and holding it in his teeth, passed his body through the hold in the maary and cautiously slid down the rope. "Are you all right?" asked Harold in a

voice tremulous with excitement, for was not his life's fortune trembling on the turn! "Yes," answered George, in a doubtful voice, and Harold, looking down, could see

that he was holding the lantern above his bend and staring at something very hard. Next moment a most awful howl of terror echoed up through the pit, the lantern was und, and the rope com menced to be agitated with the utmost vio

In another two seconds George's red nightcap appeared through the hole, followed by a face that was literally livid with terror. "Let me up, for God's sake," he gasped,

"or he'll bev me by the leg!"
"He! who?" asked the colonel, not without a thrill of superstitious fear, as he dragged the panting man through the hole.

But George would give no answer until he was through the hole and out of the grave. Indeed, had it not been for the colonel's enger entreaties, backed to some extent by actual force, he would have been out of the summer house and half way down the mount by

"What is it?" roared the colonel, in the hole, to George, who, shivering with terror, was standing on the edge thereof.

"It's a blessed ghost, that's what it is, blonel," answered George, keeping his eyes fixed upon the hole, as though he momentarily expected to me the object of his fears emerge. "Nonseuse," said Harold, doubtfully.

"What rubbish you talk! What sort of a ghost F "A weste un," said George; "all bones like.

"All boss" answered the colonel: "why, it must be a skeleton.

"I don't say that he ain't," was the answer: "but if he be, he's seven foot high, and sitting airing of hisself in a stone bath."
"Oh, rubbish!" said the colonel. "How can a skeleton sit and air himself! He would tumble to bits."

"I don't know; but there he is; and they ion't call this place Dead Man's Mount for nawthing."

"Well," said the colonel, argumentatively, 'a skeleton is a perfectly harmless thing." "Yes, if he's dead, may be, sir; but this me's alive; I saw him nod his head at me." "Look here, George," answered Harold, feeling that if this went on much longer he should lose his nerve altogether, "I'm not going to be scared. Great heavens, what a "Yes, yes. I have heard tell of that. Hev gust! I'm going down to see for myself." "Very good, colonel," answered George; "and I'll wait here till you come up again-that is, if you iver du."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMOROUS.

-Belle (suddenly)-"I'm afraid all this talk about students is rather frivolous for Sunday." May (easily)-"Oh, out they're all theological students, you

know."—Harper's Bazar. -Hackman-"Is the doctor at home?" firidget-"Yes, sir, he's out in the backyard killing a chicken." Hackman-"Call 'im in, I've got bigger game."-Puck.

-Benevolent Old Gentleman-"My good man, how came you to adopt begging as a trade? Or would you call it a profession?" Beggar-"It is neither, sir. It is an art."-Terre Haute Express.

-Merchant-"Mr. Canesucker, can you pay this little bill to-day?" Dudey Canesucker-"Not to-day; some other iay." "It occurs to me that you should try and save up, so as to meet your ob-ligations." "That's what I'm doing; -Epicure-"Waiter, this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old." Waiter-"Ah, pardon, monsieur! "Why, colonel, that bain't a very nice spot to go digging about in on a night like this. I niver heard no good of that there place—not as I bolds by sich talk myself," he added, spoloretically.

"Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may iteave it. (Tastes it). Ah! to be sure, apologetically.
"Well," said the colonel, "you can do as nice, indeed!" it is venison; and very nice, too-very

ST SPEAKS.

at Sierra Kidney Manufacti and Live rch 24th, 1890. a great increase GENTLES edy and judge in the sale ls for it that it that by th satisfaction to

ANOTH

is the best selling the parties nat I bandle in WM. SALTER. 21st, San Fran-2445 Missis

A WELL-MERITED TRIBUTE. SO SAYS THE "NEW YORK WORLD.

Mr. Wm. Shaw Bowen Visits New Orleans and Gives a Graphic Account of What He Saw in the Creole City. Pen Pictures of Generals Beauregard and Early. Their Supervision, Says Mr. Bowen, is an Absolute Guarantee of Good Faith.

an Absolute Guarantee of Good Fatth. The staff correspondent of the New Luck World, Mr. Wm. Shaw howen, in pursuance of his journalistic duties has written a graphic, it somewhat sensational account, of the last monthly drawing of the Louisana State Lottery Company, from which, with some slight month-carious, the following excerpts are taken. Mr. Bowen prelaces his description, which occupies over a page of the World, in its issues of March 24th and fifth, with an interesting reminiscence of Lieutenant-General Junal A. Early, who with Gen. Beaurogard, regularly superintents the drawings.

I saw him first," says Mr. Bowen, "under the

"I saw him first," says Mr. Bowen, "under the following circumstances."

When the Confesionate Army overran a portion of Maryland the sensation at Washington sing rested the probable senings of the Romans when the hordes of Attila poured in tremendous tide into the territory of the decaying captire. The National capital was threatened, an army corps appeared before the north side of the city, and kirmishing went on betouth the fortheadens. The grey-clad pickets were stationed within sight of the unfinished dome of the cipitol.

Engaged in special work, I endeavored to pass from a point in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and Maryland, to the chain bridge, above decarge-own. The task was peritons. If captured by the Confederates my life would have undoubtedly past forfielt. Forting days I my concaded in torests and in low underbush, moving cautious by night and avoiding camp fire and vagou rains. The sun had just some down behind the olive Virginia bills when I cultivated to cross the highroad between Panned Rockmand George own. All was still, although the read had been inversed within an hour be the significance of a latent which hands of the energy. I passed as I stood among the low which hands of a latent which hands of the way, intending to proceed along it, trust of the way, intending to proceed along it, trust the way, intending to proceed along it, trust

mounted on very lair horres, led the vair. The
mou earried Uncle samuely salves slung from
heir wais belts and their ribuch hats darped
over their eyes with the motions of their steeds.

Next came a commandian factore of their steeds.

A tail, think set must be pain grower to back.

A tail, think set must be pain grower.

The factor with whom he con Orsel. His
bearing was intensely milliarly how this anding
his shemsiers were slightly rounded. The face
was a martial one, ferce and energett. Keen
cycs gleamed better history, overhanging brows,
and the mouth was firm and positive. The insignis on the coat collar, which wisseen as plainby as is the paper on which I write, told me that
the warrior who passed as it were in review was
a licutemate who passed as it were in review was
a licutemate who passed as it were in review was
a licutemate who passed as it were in review was
a licutemate who passed as it were in review was
a licutemate who passed as it were in review was
a licutemate who have heart my heart
things gainst its percurdium and even cause
shocks to the ground, with which it was in close
contact, as I grard with stony cycs on the mossy
carte, You could. I fancy, have heart my heart
things gainst its percurdium and even cause
shocks to the ground, with which it was in close
contact, as I grard with stony cycs on the robel
General and hit suite. The story which the side
decamp was in the act of relating must have
been a functions one, for the sunbrowned, asturnine countenance of the commander relaxed
into a smile as his horse bore him out of sight.
Some dilapidated looking Virginia troopers followed—tough, weather-beaten iclows, who carried all manner of trops and plunder at their
soddle bows. One of them said something
about a street in Lynchburg set a commade
laughed. In a couple of minutes the clatter of
salve died away in the distance.

The officer of high rank was little effect.

the died away in the distance.
The officer of high rank was Librat. Gen, Juhai.
Early, the brave soldier, not a military strateest, but bold and indefatigable in the execution
orders in the field. It was "Old Jubai,"

of orders in the leave.

With this striking pen picture of Gen. Early as seen some years ago, Mr. Dowen fairly comes down to the subject in hand.

On Thesday, March II, I set in the balcony of the Academy of Music at New Orleans and beheld a spectable which in one sense was almost as interesting as the dangerous military episode of the far-back war days. The superfloous scenery was cleared away so as to expose the entire of the far-back war days. The superfluous scen-ery was cleared away so as to expose the entire stage ores. An immense drum of mahogany, with glass in place of the conventional sheep-skin, was poised on an axis passing through its centre on a wooden standard. The axis praired ed from the glass heads on either side, and ended in a grank of iron with a wooden handle. The diameter of the drum, was about five feet, and from head to head the distance was apparently one-half the diameter. A trap door ten inches square was formed in the circumforence. On the opposite side of the stoge and resting on a standard above the green cloth was a smaller wheel. It was a highly polished brazer

On the opposite side of the stoge and resting on a standard above the green cloth was a mailer wheel. It was a highly polished brasen iffair, with plate-glass heads. Through the later an axie ran, but, unlike the large drain, here were no cranks. A small trap, about six nehes square, appeared in the periphery, several chairs stood in the centre of the stage is the rear of the mechanisms above described. By the side of the first drum stood a white-headed old man. He was of large staturs, but he progress of years weighed heavily upon him, and his shoulders were bont so as to throw his lorid face, with its full white hirstite covering, orward towards the floor. Grey blue eyes, ferred and penestrating, gleathed becen't bushy, we than gray to thing, well cut and heat, covered the aged man. He patised a moment, with one hand sating on the great mallogany drain. Throwing his head back, he swept his eyes cursorily over the eager assemblage before him. I had each that marked coductumes before. It was he ex Confederate warrior, heat, don, Early, At 10.45 velock another historical personage appeared on the seems. He was clad in black, and a handsome ince crowned by snow white, leasily enopped hair was poined product hove in cleant, dignified form. His shaven checks and yell as fared in hove in cleant, dignified form. His shaven checks are the Gallic cast, was impossive. You might saily mistake him for a commander of a French lores of Mr. Bowen, comparing Gen'is Beautreard and Early to "Crouplete," which, though as yell as for lack of space, we necessarily omit two our direct.

well as for lack of space, we necessarily omit from our direct.

Two small boys in knickerbockers took their places, one by the large drum and one by the small brass wheel. With the utmost solemnity fint. Early proceeded to biladfold the boy beside him. Located hear the brazen drum for Beside him. Located hear the brazen drum for Beside him. Located hear the great of the lawfile handkershief over the eyes of his lawestless stant, howers white convenies of a lawfile heart he great wheel. The contents of each sack near the great wheel. The contents of each sack near the great wheel. The contents of each sack assumed the bulk of a bushel of grain. The sathered neck of each sack was thirty fied with a cord over which a strip of white paper was facult by broke the seaf of one sack and poored the contents through the two-door opening include contents through the two-door opening include great wheel. There was a rettling cound the contents through the trap-door operating has the contents through the trap-door operating has the great wheel. There was a retting sound and a heap of small white and black eylindors appeared through the glass side of the bottom of the drum. One sack after the other was emptiod until the little cylinders filled the drum persetly half tail. In other words a drum, five feet in diameter and two feet six inches doop at the sacks, in bulk two feet six inches doop at the thickest part. After closing the door, Gen. Early motioned to two necroes who stood in the wings. They approached, one on each side of the drum, and by the axis eranks they slowly revolved if three times. Then they reversed the action and turned the drum three times in the opposite direction. The little black and white cylinders sattled mornily as they whirled about. Then the negroes returned to their places in the wings. On the other extraonity a scene almost fdenical was cannoted. There was, however, only a single carvas sack—a small one—and three words. On the other extraonity is now and white characters in little black and white characters in sittle black and white operation and where we no sable assistants to turn the brazen drum. Gett. Beautageard poured the contents—in little black and white cylinders—through the trap-door, closed it, and whirded the drum three limes in one direction and three times oppositely.

The balcony was nearly filled with wom he larger proportion were evidently reside the city of New Orleans. Many of them is all concealed a printed slip of paper. The ad purchased treets in the drawing and co t curb their impatience and await at a tidings of the lucky numbers. Forms he tidings of the Tucky nambers. Forms of the rossen were strangura-Nerthern yisitors to the rossen were strangura-Nerthern yisitors to the semi-fropiesi city. There were the semi-fropiesi city. There were the regular attendants who were silvays on the case of the semi-free times at the second prove formate. The close struck it.

The two ex-generals then glanced at one another. Then they arose from their acclaimed each opened the door of the wheel beside which he should. At usigmal the two bindholded boyseoch resched a hand inside the wheel beside which

has were placed. Stamascowers each bay drew forth a silicio little extincte. The boy beside the great drain banded his cylinder to General Early, who had resumed his chair. The bay placed by the small biaso wheel extended his cylinder to General Beautreard.

"Ohl Jubb!" drew the winte paper from the entireline black rubber tube in which it was threat. In measured tones he read the number "28,150." The volic of General heatrequart was likewise measured and somewhat harder in the tember when he called the figures on the white alip of paper which he drew from the little black tube: "250" he and. Thus it was that teket No. 48,150 drew a prize of \$250. The rubber eviluders were handed the boy by the box. There were sin cylinders contained in the small brass drum over which General Beauregard presided and case by one the boy, his assistant, drew forth from each the red of paper which decided the fate of many a man's or woman's aspirations and hopes. When the cylinders had been withdrawn from each of the wheels the clerk, seated at the table, called "Time" Theretapen "Old Jubal" and his coadjutor, Beauregard, solemniy arose, closed the trap doors and caused the wheels to revolve three times in one direction and three times the other. Then the doors were agalu opened and ine thoroughly shaken up coatonis were abstracted one by one by the blindfolded boys. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the little cylinders, I will needless, contrained and the sace of tubber, about one inch ling and one-security of an inch in diameter, open at each cod. There are 100,00 of these who have allowed the paper taket or slip, on which is printed one of the binder, corresponding to the number of tickets in the drawing, and in each cylinders, to whe has prizes in the drawing, and the care of white paper and called "Allow Each India Sulpings and seed allow of the sub prizes in the drawing. The entirelier which contains the slip marked Economics of all of those who lavest in the stay in the stay of the cylinders, each one contai

I pen the vital question, whether or not the awings of the Louisiana State Lettery Commy are fair and honest, and in accordance in the advertisements of the Company to a pendic. Mr. Bowen is very explicit. His ethnical comming as it does from an adverse tree will be conclusive to any fair-minded

the will be conclusive to any fair minded ret.

The most important problem connected with lottery which I referenced to asive was the estimact the fairness of itself awings. It was a the estimact the fairness of itself awings, It was a the loop that found could be discovered it spent much time and labor in trying to cerick cry. There are two ways by which the impany could swindle itsensemens. The first of placing a greater quality of numbers in those wised han the scheme calls for. The more of testers in a mon hiy drawing is 100.

Then are I obtain the scheme calls for. The more of testers in a mon hiy drawing is 100.

Then are I obtain the scheme calls for in the large sed, synthes which are drawn solutioned in the large wheel were in most of the large wheel were in made of the large in the large wheel were in allow of the large in the large wheel were in the large which are brought in scaled large and blisty deposited in the large wheel might be correspondingly diminished.

The taken contained in the large wheel might be reason in number prior to their removal from lightly deposited in the large wheel might be reason in linear near two reasons why this is not be. If so, the transit would be come to be conductors of a sambling sense, but I could not find an enemy of the lottery a conduction of that defined and find an enemy of the lottery are admitted to the day of the continuous of a sambling sense, but I could not find an enemy of the lottery are admitted by the and in one but they are to the invester. Forms conducted the probability to consulted without their sameton.

out ettracting the affection of the regular centers of the drawings. The wheel with lass sides stands in plain and casy sight. The evilinders, each containing a ticket, occupy a space in the Interior. The addition of ickets would raise the contents above the taperson for the ry linder handed to him by no folded boy and taken by the latter from large wheel. Simultaneously Gen. Beauto-could, by the same manevre, substitute a suler for the one drawn from the brase or swheel. The \$20,000 could thus be disposed

and the number of the ticket so trausfulently by the lottery.

That amplying of the kind occurs I do not for a moment believe. I watched the house of old Jubal and of his conference when the empited processes dealer, and there was not the allohatest challow of doubt in the proceedings. The boys dress out the extracters and Beauropard and Early took them with the tips of their fingers. They conside the tickets in plain with the allohand with a mindress. of their fingers. They unrolled the sight and called out the numbers.

The washerwoman has better lock than the farmer nowadays in getting a living out of the soil.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

This body of ours has been like ned to a tenement. It often has a haunted apartment—the stemach, seared by the delrich sprite, daysepsia, digestion flies and refuses to return. What can break the spell, what can raise the han laid upon the unhappy organs? We arrawer und statingly. Hostetter's Stomach Eitters, and we are warranted in the response by the record diestimony of myriads, covering a period of over a third of a century. A course of the litters, became in any stage of the affliction, and periodently followed, will terminate in cure positive, not partial. The litters restores tone to the epigastric nerve, renews and purifies the julees exiding from the cellular tissue that act upon the food digestively, expels bile from the stomach and the blood, and promotes a regular liabit of testy. Malazia, kidney complaint, nervousness, rheupatiem and neuralgia give way to this medicine. This body of ours has been likened to a ten-

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"All gone," murmured Ponsouby, sadly, as he surveyed his bald head in the mirror. Not even a part remains.

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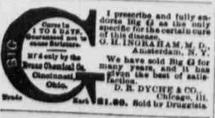
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