

## Treasures Buried in the Sand.

On the plain of Chimú, near Truxillo, is a great mound said to contain a treasure of fabulous value. Several attempts have been made to tunnel into it, but sand in caving in has hindered the work.

## DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE  
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

## CHAPTER CXXXIV.

## Dunlap Exposed.

Denny sent a telegram to Berne Melrose:

"Call a meeting of the irrigation board for tonight at 8 o'clock. I'm bringing you traitor and proofs."

"DENMAN BROOKS."

Dunlap listened as he "phoned" and clung to Denny's arm. "Mr. Brooks—my God—they'll kill me. You understand? Mr. Cummings, you're a lawyer, you understand. Frightful, unfortunate affair—not my fault—Blumens insane. You saw him, Miss Lewis—insane—a madman."

"Look here, Dunlap, you're going to keep your mouth shut!"

But Dunlap's feet shuffled under him. He put his hands in his pockets to hide their frantic shaking, took them out again, twisting them wildly. Before they could get him from the room Stephens had to take one arm, Denny the other. He slouched in a corner of the machine, burying his face in his hands.

Cummings whispered to Denny:

"Will you get this Blumens and the fellow who paid the money to Loop?"

"No, not my affair. Let the irrigation board get them. Dunlap and the letters are enough for me. Anything can happen if we stall around."

Then no one spoke. Dunlap hid his head in his hands, his face wreathed in a look of despair.

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## WOMEN and THE HOME

MRS. D. A. M'KAY  
SPEAKS AT CLUB

Manor Park Mothers Enjoy an Inspiring Address Last Evening.

An inspiring address was given last evening by Mrs. D. A. McKay, at the regular meeting of the Manor Park Mothers' Club. The subject of her talk was "Wisdom and Folly in the Home," and she dealt with it from the standpoint of a mother, who has found out for herself, the wisdom and folly of a home-life.

One of the foolish attitudes, taken by a mother in her estimation, was that of thinking that they know how to deal with children without trying to learn, and depending too much upon their own knowledge. "Allowing outside interests to enter too much into home life, is another great drawback," she continued. "By this I do not mean that we should not have outside interests, but first things must come first."

Insincerity was another fault spoken of by Mrs. McKay, who showed how easily it is to criticize others.

In dealing with wisdom in the home the speaker highly recommended family worship. "We too often let things interfere with this splendid practice, and often set it aside to accomplish other things, but the only way is to sacrifice something that the worship may be held for it is from sacrifice that we benefit," she continued.

She went on to speak of originality which is a gift every mother possesses, but does not exercise. The art of story telling was also spoken of and she encouraged the mothers to develop this art, and read aloud to the children, and encourage them to read. In conclusion she told the story of "Acres of Diamonds," explaining to the mothers that each one of them had acres of diamonds at their command if they only stopped to realize it.

During the business part of the meeting plans were made for a bazaar to be held in April. Dainty refreshments were served following the meeting.

Silk Cord Bracelets.

New York, March 11.—Some of the new bracelets are colored silk cords with hangings of semi-precious stones.

Rising. "He's back! He's back!" He was shoved up the steps into the big, barren room where four months previous Dunlap had shouted, "There's what produced your friend! There!"

Berne Melrose was sitting at the rough pine table. Denny made out the tall, rugged form looming through a low-hanging cloud of tobacco smoke. A hush dropped over the room—a tense, breathless excitement. He swung to the table, faced them, unaware until that moment that a wild turbulence shook and gripped him.

Then he saw Martin Loop sitting next to Melrose, and the editor, with his sneer and his yellow pad, leaning forward, his eyes glinting with expectation.

Denny turned from the straining avid eyes of the hundred men and women, turned sharply and flung at Melrose:

"You kicked me out, Melrose. You called me a murderer, an incompetent, and every damnable name you could find. You broke your contract. Your lawyer, James Dunlap, stood here four months ago, and charged me with criminal negligence. You and every man in this room, blamed me for the death of my friend—yes, my friend, Martin Loop. The editor of this town's paper went further and called me a traitor and a blackguard afraid to face the courts. Berne Melrose, four months ago you called me a murderer and a traitor. You accused me of trafficking with the Consolidated."

"Now, Berne Melrose, your new engineer, S. Macey, repeats that I tried to wreck this job that was my job—that was my life. He's the liar—he's the traitor. That dam is all right. But I've brought you the man who planted S. Macey on the dam and planted him there to wreck it—to cripple the project and then to turn it over to the Consolidated."

"I've brought you the traitor!"

"You think I went over to the Consolidated? I took a job with the Independent because you fellows up here made me penniless—you drove me to it. It's none of your damn business what need of mine forced me to take this job. And no one paid the piper but I."

"I've got papers and a signed confession to prove every word I've said. There's your man, Melrose."

The faces pressed forward in such gaping, silent astonishment, the entire room seemed but one white, open mouthed circle. Melrose stood up, the viking form trembling, following Denny's outflung hand as it pointed to the rear of the room where Stephen and Jerome Cummings tried vainly to get Dunlap to his feet.

Denny shouted, "Dunlap, you come up here!"

A terrible, palsied moment, then the hush splitting with a shocked cry, "Dunlap!" Men on their feet, others wheeling in their chairs, Melrose thundering, "Order! Order! Hear it out! Shall we hear? Order!"

Shoving and lifting the half prostrate form, the two of them got Dunlap to the table. There he leaned, a man without bones, the shiny face appalling in its dead whiteness, the mouth sagging. Denny was white with disgust, with a half contemptuous pity.

"Speak, Dunlap. Tell them."

But Dunlap hung there, his pale blue eyes bulging, no word coming from the twisting lips.

"Is what I've said the truth, Dunlap? You and Murray Anson, chief of the Consolidated conspired to wreck this 'Twin Falls' project?"

His head wobbled.

"Is it?"

"Yes—my God—listen!"

But the room was in an uproar—wells—the table knocked over, someone thundering, "Him! Dunlap! Get him!"

Dunlap crumpled at Denny's feet, his arms wound and clinging to Denny's legs.

Denny's legs.

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CATHOLIC WOMEN  
HELP NEWCOMERS

Girls From British Isles Enjoy Liberties of the Club.

A new venture of the Catholic Women's League, namely the forming of a club for newcomers from the British Isles, which was commenced several weeks ago, is proving a most successful one. Under the direction of the immigration department of the league, with Mrs. J. J. Roach as convener, these girls, from all parts of the British Isles are invited to St. Peter's Parish Hall every Thursday afternoon. The play was such a delightful one that the girls formed a club, choosing as their honorary president, Mrs. J. J. Roach.

Each Thursday afternoon these girls meet in the club rooms, cook their own suppers, and later enjoy games and sports, or spend the evenings sewing. The girls have found it such a delightful way to spend a lonely afternoon that each week new members join, and the club now boasts of a membership of 29. Although the name of the organization is the Scotch-Canadian Club, girls from every part of the British Isles are welcome, in fact newcomers of any denomination are invited to attend, every Thursday afternoon, from four to ten.

The officers who were recently elected are as follows: Honorary president, Mrs. J. J. Roach; president, Mrs. H. Brennan; vice-president, Miss Annie Morgan; secretary, Miss Mary Hurrell; treasurer, Miss Katherine Stewart.

SPLENDID PROGRAM FOR MUSIC CLUB

Arranged by Mr. Thomas Martin, Concert Last Night a Complete Success.

Under the auspices of the Women's Music Club, a quintet of artists appeared last night in the Central Collegiate auditorium in a most successful program. It was possibly as artistic and as delightful a program as any to which the members have listened for months past. Arranged so skillfully by Mr. Thomas Martin, the concert included the work of such artists as Miss Laura Kirkwood.

Mrs. Harris-Elliott, Walter Carpenter of Brantford, Miss Nancy Poole of St. Thomas and Mr. Martin himself.

Mrs. Elliott and Mr. Martin contributed a strikingly brilliant part of the program, with their two piano work, opening the concert with the andante allegro movement from the Sonata in D major and closing it triumphantly with a selection from "The Emperor" of Beethoven's works.

Miss Kirkwood's playing was of characteristic loveliness. Technique polished to a high degree and a rare gift of interpretation combined to make a thing of beauty of each number. Among other things, she played

"By the Sea," Schubert-Liszt; "The Goldfish," by Debussy, and the Chopin "Scherzo in C sharp minor."

Mr. Carpenter combined both vocal and dramatic ability in "He Alone Charmed My Sadness," from Gounod's "The Queen of Sheba."

Miss Nancy Poole of St. Thomas was the other artist, and her violin numbers were most happily chosen. She selected quaint, haunting airs, which colored the entire program with their own beauty. "O Danny Boy," an old Londonderry air by O'Connor Morris, was a bit of fascinating violin work, and equally popular was an English dance, the

work of F. B. Dale. Accompanists for the evening were Mrs. Halcombe of St. Thomas and A. D. Jordan.

Mrs. C. R. Somerville, president of the Music Club, introduced the artists.

Wristbag Matches Hat.

Paris, March 11.—A pleasantly harmonious costume is achieved by having some tone in the hat trimming match not only the wristbag but also a bracelet. A trimly tailored navy suit had a touch of flame color on the hat, wristbag and shoe buckles.

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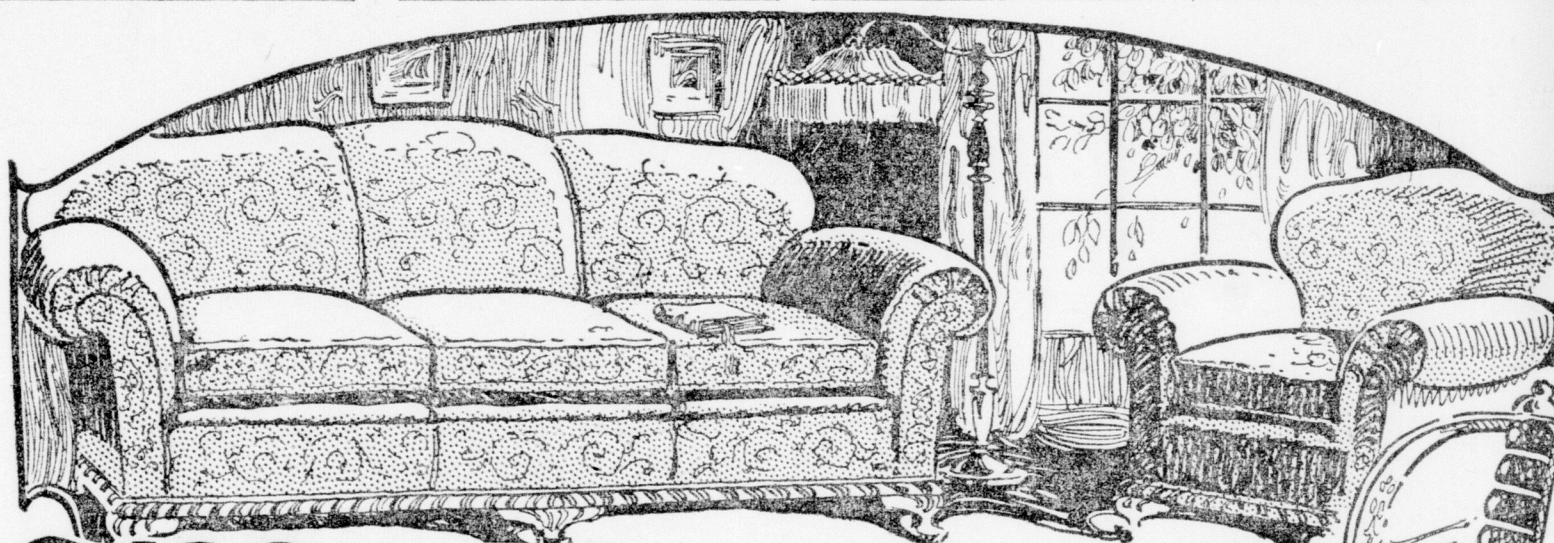
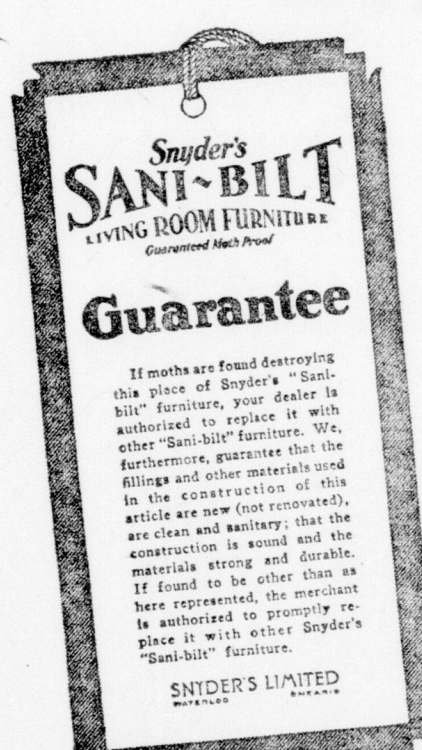
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