

AS GOLD IS TO SILVER

SO IS

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Absolutely pure and delicious.
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LOVE AND LURE

"That is not mortar," said the captain. "I believe it is some sort of resin. Here, hold the lantern and be careful of it." The captain took his jack-knife out of his pocket, and with the large blade began to dig into the substance which filled the joint around the slab, which was about eighteen inches square. "It is resin," said he, "or something like it, and it comes out very easily; this slab is intended to be moved."

"Indeed it is," exclaimed Ralph, "and we're intended to move it. Here, captain, I'll help you. I've got a knife. Let's dig out that stuff and lift up the lid before the darkies come back. If we find any dead bodies inside this tomb, they will frighten those fellows to death, if they catch sight of them."

"Very good," said the captain. "I shall be only too glad to get this slab up if I can, but I'm afraid we shall want a crowbar and more help. It's a heavy piece of stone, and I see no way of getting at it."

"This isn't stone in the middle of the slab," said Ralph. "It's a lot more resinous stuff. I had the lantern over it and did not see it. Let's take it out."

There was a circular space in the center of the stone about eight inches in diameter, which seemed to be covered with resin. After a few minutes' work with the jack-knives this substance was loosened and came out in two parts, showing a bowl-like depression in the slab, which had been so cut out to leave a little bar running from side to side of it.

"A handle!" cried Ralph. "That is what it is," said Capt. Horn. "If it is intended to be lifted, I ought to be able to do it. Move down a little with the lantern, before the darkies come. The captain now stood on the top of the mound, with the slab between his feet, and stooping down he took hold of the handle with both hands. He was a powerful man, but he could not lift the stone. His first effort, however, loosened it, and then he began to move it from side to side, still pulling upward until he at last could feel it rising. Then with a great heave he lifted it entirely out of the square aperture in which it had been fitted, and set it on one side.

In an instant, Ralph, lantern in hand, was gazing down into the opening. "Hello!" he cried. "There is something on fire in there. Oh, no," he added, quickly, correcting himself. "It's only the reflection from our light."

CHAPTER XII.

Capt. Horn, with face white with exertion and excitement, stood gazing down into the square aperture at his feet. On the other edge of the opening knelt Ralph, holding the lantern so that it would throw its light into the hole. In a moment, before the boy had time to form a question, he was pushed gently to one side, and his sister Edna, who had clambered up the side of the mound, knelt beside him. She peered down into the depths beneath, and then she drew back and looked up at the captain. His whole soul was in his downward gaze, and he did not even see her.

"Then there came a voice from below. 'What is it?' cried Mrs. Cliff. 'What are you all looking at? Do tell me.'"

With half-shut eyes Edna let herself down the side of the mound, and when her feet touched the ground she made a few tottering steps towards Mrs. Cliff, and, placing her two hands on her companion's shoulders, she whispered "I thought it was. It is gold! It is the gold of the Incas." And then she sank senseless at the feet of the older woman.

Mrs. Cliff did not know that Miss Markham had fainted. She simply stood still and exclaimed: "Gold! What does it mean?"

"What is it all about?" exclaimed Ralph. "It looks like petrified honey. This never could have been a beehive."

Without answering Capt. Horn knelt at the edge of the aperture, and, taking the lantern from the boy, he let it down as far as it would go, which was only a foot or two.

"Ralph," he said hoarsely, as he drew himself back, "hold this lantern and get down out of my way. I must cover this up quick. And seizing the stone slab by the handle, he lifted it, as if it had been a pot lid, and let it drop into its place. "Now," said he, "get down and let us all go away from this place. These negroes may be back at any moment!"

When Ralph found that his sister had fainted and that Mrs. Cliff did not know it, there was a little commotion

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at the foot of the mound, but some water in a pool near by soon revived Edna, and in ten minutes the party were on the plateau outside the cavern. The new moon was just beginning to peep over the rocks behind them, and the two ladies had seated themselves on the ground. Ralph was pointing out question after question, to which nobody paid any attention, and Capt. Horn, his hands thrust into his pockets, walked backward and forward, his face flushed and his breath coming heavily, and with his eyes upon the ground he seemed to think entirely alone among those desolate crags.

"Can any of you tell me what it means?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "Edna, do you understand it? Tell me quickly, some of you."

"I believe I know what it means," said Edna, her voice trembling as she spoke. "I thought I knew as soon as I heard of the mound covered up by the lake. I did not dare to say so, but I think because if my opinion should be correct it would be so wonderful, so astounding, my mind could hardly take hold of it."

But what is it?" cried Mrs. Cliff and Ralph almost in one breath.

"I scarcely know what to say," said Edna, "my mind is in such a whirl about it; but I will tell you something of what I have read of the ancient history of Peru, and then you will understand my fancies about this stone mound. When the Spaniards, under Pizarro, came to this country, their main object, as we all know, was booty. They especially wished to get hold of the wonderful treasures of the Incas, the ancient rulers of Peru. This was the reason of almost all the cruelties and wickedness of the invaders. The Incas tried various ways of preserving their treasures from the clutch of the Spaniards, and I have read of a tradition that they drained a lake, probably near Cuzco, the ancient capital, and made a strong cellar or mound at the bottom of it in which to hide their gold. They then let the water in again, and the tradition also says that this mound has never been discovered."

"Do you believe," cried the captain, "that the mound back there in the cavern is the place where the Incas stored their gold?"

"I do not believe it is the place I read about," said Miss Markham, "for that, as I said, must have been near Cuzco; but there is no reason why there should not have been other places of concealment. This was far away from the capital, but that would make the treasure so much the safer. The Spaniards would never have thought of going to such a lonely, deserted place as this, and the Incas would not have spared any time or trouble necessary to securely hide their treasures."

"If you are right," cried the captain, "this is indeed astounding! Treasure in a mound of stone; a mound covered with water, which could be let off the whole shut up in a cave which must have originally been as dark as pitch. When we come to think of it," he continued excitedly, "it is an amazing thing, no matter what was put into the mound."

"And do you mean," almost screamed Mrs. Cliff, "that that stone thing down there is filled with the wealth of the Incas? The fabulous gold we read about?"

"I do not know what else it can be," replied Edna. "What I saw when I looked down into the hole was surely gold."

"Yes," said the captain, "it was gold—gold in small bars."

"Why didn't you get a piece, captain?" asked Ralph. "Then we could be sure about it. If that thing is nearly filled, there must be tons of it. I did not think," said the captain, "I could not think, I was afraid somebody would come."

"And now tell me this," cried Mrs. Cliff. "Who does this gold belong to? That is what I want to know. Whose is it?"

"Come! come!" said the captain; "let us stop talking about this thing and thinking about it. We shall all be maniacs if we don't quiet ourselves a little; and, besides, we can't go on before those black fellows come back, and we do not want to be speaking about it then. Tomorrow we will examine the mound and see what it is we have discovered. In the meantime let us get our minds and get a good night's sleep if we can. This whole affair is astounding, but we must not let it make us crazy before we understand it."

Miss Markham was a young woman who was capable of controlling herself. It was true that she had been more affected in consequence of the opening of the mound than any of the others, but that was because she understood, or thought she understood, what the discovery meant, and to the others it was something which at first they could not appreciate. Now she saw the good common sense of the captain's remarks and said no more that evening on the subject of the stone mound.

But Mrs. Cliff and Ralph could not be quiet. They must talk, and, as the captain walked away that they might not speak to him, they talked to each other.

It was nearly an hour after this that Capt. Horn, standing on the outer edge of the plateau, saw some black dots moving on the moonlit beach. They moved very slowly, and it was a long time at least, it seemed so to the captain, before Maiki and his companions reached the plateau.

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

DAILY BILL OF FARE.

- BREAKFAST—Bananas, Hamburg, Steak with Gravy, Pearl Hominy, Graham Bread, Stewed Apricots, Coffee.
- DINNER—Stewed Beef, Masheds, Potatoes, Turnips, Canned Succotash, Pickles, Jelly, Bread, and Butter, Lemon Jelly, Wafers.
- SUPPER—Rolls, Cold Meat, Apple Slump, Cheese, Crackers, Tea.

APPLE SLUMP.

- Fill small granite pan half full of pared and quartered apples; add cup of sugar, two-thirds cup molasses, a little each of nutmeg, cinnamon and clove; cover and cook a very little. Make baking powder; biscuit dough without shortening; roll one inch thick and cover the apples. Cook slowly—covered—for 15 minutes in oven for 40 minutes to brown. Lift the crust, break in pieces, and pour the apples over. The quarters should be whole and clear.

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Of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that run-down and debilitated condition which invites disease. The money invested in half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with large returns in the health and vigor of body and strength of nerves.

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"Bringing in the Sheaves"

Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons from the Sickle and Its Uses.

"Put Ye in the Sickle for the Harvest is Ripe"—Gathering in the Spiritual Harvest.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 17.—A change has taken place. Dr. Talmage when first coming to Washington preached only Sunday evenings, but so great has been the demand for his services that he now preaches Sunday morning and evening, and takes charge of the Thursday evening meeting. The throngs are immense. The subject of his sermon for yesterday was, "Bringing in the Sheaves," the text being Joel, III., 13: "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

The sword has been poetized, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortez, and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey, and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Rubens, and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries.

I do not want to sing of the sickle, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. I do not want to sing of the sickle, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries.

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet, and cornet, and organ, and thousand-voiced psalms we praised the Lord for the temporal harvest. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn of the year we praise God for the temporal harvest. We praise God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn of the year we praise God for the temporal harvest.

But I come today to speak to you of harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? Suppose I owned Colorado, and Nevada, and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own today? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own today? The man who today hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls, each one worth more than the material universe?

If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and you cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us all at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ, the weakest man going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf-binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric, and our metaphysics, and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Ay, we have to put our knee to it, or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner.

Peter swung that sickle in the day of Pentecost, and three thousand sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung the sickle at Kidderminster, and McChesney at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God. Oh, this is a mighty Gospel! It captured not only John the Baptist, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on the Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, and shops, our banking houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath, and command the people; but there are 168 hours to the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon the world, and who toll with head and hand, and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as he says to me, "Canst thou say, 'I am a Christian?' He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty Gospel, let the whole earth hear it.

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is the Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ-loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants, and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. At the battle of Lutzen, a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song!

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the Gospel harvest is prayer. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philip Melancthon lay sick unto death, as he supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philip, we can't spare you." "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go; I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin

Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends "God has saved the life of Philip Melancthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled, "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men 22 years to build—that and the building surrounding it—was a "standing in that mausoleum, and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God, and from the wings of angels, as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prays!" Oh, the mighty sickle for reaping this Gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest." How many have you reaped for God? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributor bringing in 40 or 50 souls. Here is a man who has never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with 150 souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Do not say, "Can it be? What wilt God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! and that is the instant! Why not be reaped for God this hour?"

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for 30, 40, 50 years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime, and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until he comes to the rescue. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him; for he is probably a hypocrite. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the heart, and wounded in the head, and wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgence, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say that you will not have struggles for that. Oh, no! but they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into that battle, and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger, and you fight the powers of darkness, and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I rattle the gates of your sepulchre today. I take the trumpet of the Gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of these three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke, and he fell to the ground, and he was blown the third blast: "Whosoever will, I blow the second blast: 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.' I blow the third blast: Now is the accepted time. But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by our forefathers to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead we may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a merciful God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to him than the throne on which he sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of his father's house.

NEW HOLIDAY PROPOSED. Washington, Feb. 19.—In the House of Representatives Mr. Hoar presented a petition from Marie A. Shipley that June 24, the anniversary of the discovery of the North American coast by John and Sebastian Cabot, in 1497, be made a national holiday. The matter was referred to the Judicial Committee.

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