

HUNT

CHAPTER XXI. When the topmasts of the Chilian schooner had disappeared below the horizon line, with no reason to suppose that the schooner would put back again, Capt. Horn started for the caves. Had he obeyed his instincts, he would have begun to stroll along the beach as soon as the vessel had eighed anchor. But even now as he jurried on he walked prudently, keepg close to the water, so that the surf night wash out his footsteps as fast he made them. He climbed over the wo ridges to the north of Rackbirds' re, and then made his way along the stretch of sand which extended to the spot where the party had laided when he first reached the coast. He stopped and looked about him, and then in fancy he saw Edna standing upon the beach, her face pale, her eyes large and supernaturally dark, and behind her Mrs. Cliff and the boy and the two negroes. Not urtil this mo-

very morning he had spoken and listened as much as had suited him.

As he walked up the rising ground toward the caves, that ground he had traversed so often when this place had been, to all intents and purposes, his home, where there had been voices and movement and life, the sense of de-sertion grew upon him, not only desertion of the place, but of himself. When he had opened his eyes that morning, his overpowering desire had been that not an hour of daylight should pass before he should be left alone, and yet now his heart sank at the feeling that he was here, and no

ment had he felt that he was alone.

But now there came a great desire to

speak and be spoken to, and yet that

one was with him. When the captain had approached within a few yards of the great stone face, his brows were suddenly knitted. "This is carelessness," he said to mself. "I did not expect it of them. I told them to leave the utensils, but did not suppose that they would leave them outside. No matter how much they were hurried in going away, they should have put these things into the caves. A passing Indian might have been afraid to go into that dark

find something else. It was a little, short, black, wooden pipe, which was lying on a stone. He picked it up in surprise. Netther Maka nor Cheditafa smoked, and it bould not have belonged to the boy.

pipes behind them, nor ficer in charge have alshould an efficer in charge have allowed them to lounge about and smoke. But it must have been one of the sailors who left it here. I am glad I am the on to find these things."

The captal now entered the opening to the captal now entered the opening to the captal the reached the room which he had once occurred there he saw his rough

once occupied, there he saw his rough pallet on the ground, drawn close to the door, however.

The captain knew that the rest of his party had gone away in a great hurry, but to his orderly mariner's mind it seemed strange that they should have left things in such disorder.

He could not stop to consider these trifes now, however, and, going to the

end of the passage, he climbed over the low wall and entered the cave of the lake. When he lighted the lantern he had brought with him, he saw it as he had left it, dry, or even dryer than before, for the water had run off and disappeared, probably evaporated. He hurried on toward the mound in the distant recess of the cave. On the way his foot struck something which rattled, and, holding down his lantern to see what it was, he perceived

an old tin cup.
"Confound it!" he exclaimed. "This is too careless! Did the boy intend to make a regular trail from the outside entrance to the mound? I suppose he brought that cup here to dip water, and forgot it. I must to it with me when I go back."

He went on, throwing the light of the lantern on the ground before him, for he had now reached a part of the cave which was denly something on the ground attracted his attention. It was bright, the character of the ware a little solution. it shone as if it were a little pale flame of a candle. He sprang toward it, he picked it up. It was one of the

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bars of gold he had seen in the mound, "Could I have dropped this!" he ejaculated. He slipped the little bar into his pocket, and then, his heart beginning to beat rapidly, he advanced with he beginning to beat rapidly. ed, with his lantern close to the rocky floor. Presently he saw two other pieces of gold, and then a little further on, the end of a candle, so small that it could scarcely have been held by the fingers. He picked this up and stared at it. It was a commonplace candle end, but the sight of it sent a chill through him from head to foot. It must have been dropped by someone

who could hold it no longer.

He pressed on, his light still sweeping the floor. He found no more gold nor pieces of candle, but here and there he perceived the ends of burnt wooden matches. Going on, he found more matches, two or three with the heads broken off and unburned. In a few moments the mound loomed up out of the darkness like a spectral dome, and, looking no more upon the ground, the captain ran toward it. By means of the stony projections he quickly mounted to the top, and there the sight he saw almost made him drop his lantern. The great lid of the mound had been moved and was now awry, leaving about one-half of the

opening exposed. In one great gasp the captain's breath seemed to leave him, but he was a man of strong nerves and quickly recovered himself, but even then he did not lift his lantern so that he could For a few moments he shut his eyeshe did not dare to look even. then his courage came back, and, holding his lantern over the opening, he gazed down into the mound, and it seemed to his rapid glance that there was as much gold in it as when he last

saw it. The discovery that the treasure was that he felt he could not maintain his hold upon the top of the mound, and quickly descended, half sliding, to the have told anyone how long it was before this happened—the first thing he did was to feel for his box of matches, and, finding them safe in his waistcoat pocket, he extinguished the lantern. He must not be discovered, if there should be anyone to discover him. And now the captain began to think as fiercely and rapidly as a man's mind could be made to work. Someone had been there. Someone had taken away gold from that mound, how little or how much it did not matter. Someone besides himself had had access to the besides himself had had access to the sneep and to introduce you. I will be very giad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' Sheep, have gone astray.' Sheep get astray in two ways, either by trying to get into other pasture, or from besides himself had had access to the door. In the found, I will be very giad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' treasure.

His suspicions fell upon Ralph, chiefly because his most earnest desire at that moment was that Ralph might be the offender. If he could have believed that, he would have been happy. It must have been that the boy was not willing to go away and leave all that gold, feeling that perhaps he and his sister might never possess any of it, and that just before leaving he had made a hurried visit to the mound. this, the less probable it became. He was almost sure that Ralph could not bread and we found garbage. opening of the mound, for it had re-

hole, but to leave those tin things there is the same as hanging out a sign to show that people lived inside."

Instantly the captain gathered up the the intention to deceive him.

The letter from Edna, which in tone and style was a close imitation of his own to her, had been a strictly busingth of the day of daylyng. reason to suppose that anyone could have had a chance to billage the mound. Ralph's letter had been even more definite. It was constructed like an official report, and when the captain had read it, he had thought that "Perhaps, thought the captain, "one of the sailors from the Mary Bartlett may have let it! Yes, that must have been the cas. But sailors do not often leave their pipes behind them, nor should an other in charge have almost entirely confined to this important that had read it, he had not sail that the had read it, he had thought that the had read it, he had not sail that the had read it, he had not sail that the had read it, he had not sail that the had read it, he had not sail that the had read it, he had not sail that the had read it, he had probably taken great pride in its preparation. It was as guardian of the treasure mound that Ralph wrote, and his remarks were almost that the had read it, he had probably taken great pride in its preparation. It was as guardian of the treasure mound that Ralph wrote, and his remarks were almost the had probably taken great pride in its preparation. It was as guardian of the treasure mound that Ralph wrote, and his remarks were almost entirely confined to this important trust.

He brifly reported to the captain that since his departure no one had been in the recess of the cave where the mound was situated, and he described in de tail the plan by which he had established Edna behind the wall in the passage, so as to prevent any of the sailors from the ship from making explorations. He also stated that everything had been left in as high a condition of safety as it was possible to leave it, but that if his sister had been willing, he would most certainly have remained behind with the two negroes until the captain's return.

Much as he wished to think otherwise, Capt. Horn could not prevail upon himself to believe that Ralph could have written such a letter after a dishonorable and reckless vesit to

the mound. It was possible that one or both of the negroes had discovered the mound, but it was difficult to believe that they would have dared to venture into that awful cavern, even if the vigiilance of Edna, Mrs. Cliff and the boy had given them an opportunity, and Edna had written that the two men had always slept outside the caves, and had had no call to enter them. And furthermore, if Cheditafa had found the treasure, why should he keep it a secret? He would most probably have considered it an original discovery, and would have spoken of it to the others. Why should he be willing that they should all go away and leave so much wealth behind them? The chief danger, in case Cheditafa had found the treasure, was that he would talk about it in Mexico or the United States. But in spit of the hazards to which such disclosures might expose his fortunes, the captain would have preferred that the black men should have been the pilferers than that other men should have been discoverers. But who else could have discovered it? Who could have been there? Who could have gone

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

DAILY BILL OF FARE. : The winter is naught, for the : boughs are fraught With the flow of sap and the hope : of spring.

BREAKFAST—Apples and Bana: nas. Chopped Beef. Browned: Potatoes. Buttered Toast. Buck: wheat Cakes. Maple Syrup. Coffee. : DINNER-Stuffed Loin of Veal. : Canned Peas. Steamed Potatoes.: Tomato Pickles. Cranberry Sauce.: Bread and Butter. Indian Pud-:

ding.
SUPPER—Cold Meat. Rice Fritters. Canned Pears. Cake. Rolls. Tea. :

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla this Fancy Califnia Lima Beans, 70 spring may be the means of keeping you well and hearty all summer.

!......

-When making purchases of merchants who advertise with us, you will confer a favor on this paper by men tioning that you saw the advertise- my hope for brighter days, have alment in the "London Advertiser."

When making purchases of mer and rather have been here frequently, and begged me to come home; but my love for you, and my hope for brighter days, have alment in the "London Advertiser."

Ways made me refuse them. That

Dr. Talmage Tells How They May Be Brought Into the Fold.

Ringing the Gospel Bell-Every-Day Illustrations of Sin and Conversion.

Washington, D. C., March 2.-The Gospel sends out its gladdest sound in this sermon. Immense throngs pack and overflow the church to which Dr. Talmage preaches twice each Sabbath. His text yesterday morning was, Isa., liii., 6: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Once more I ring the old Gospel bell. The first half of my text is an indictment: All ye, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience, and he looks over on the opposite side of look into the interior of the mound, the house, and says: "There is a part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone iniquity of us all.' astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all still there had almost as much effect in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps upon the captain as if he had found the circuit of the room, and comes the mound empty. He grew so faint back to the point where it started, night at the theater I met some young when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily underbottom. Then he sat down, his lantern by his side. When his strength came back to him—and he could not and cried out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" stand why Martin Luther threw up and why the publican, according to the custom of this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began

to beat himself and cry, as he smote joking or not. I saw that he was in upon his breast, "God be merciful to earnest, and I said, What do you me a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know that if you will come to the meeting some of the habits of the sheep and to get into other pasture, or from be-ing scared from the dogs. In the form-ragged vest, and I went to the door er way some of us get astray. We of the church, and the young man met thought the religion of Jesus Christ me, and we went in, and as I went in put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere loked so much like my father I sobbed else. We thought if we could only right out, and they were all around, lie down on the banks of a distant so kind and so sympathetic, that I just stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which our God Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

through Jesus Christ gave our soul, But the more the captain thought of and we wandered on, and we wandered this, the less probable it became. He on, and we were lost. We wanted have lifted that great mass of stone farther we wandered, instead of finding which formed the lid covering the rich pasture, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging quired all his own strength to do it, nettles. No pasture. How was it in the and then, if anything of this sort had really happened, the letters he had received from Edna and the boy must club house when you lost your child? to the pardon of him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them have been most carefully written with tian man who came into your house, no longer. I proclaim emancipation to the intention to deceive him. give you more comfort than all your

Did your business associates in tin plates, and looked about him to ness communication. It told every-see if there were anything else which should be put out of sight. He did of the Mary Bartlett, and gave him no exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges, and they are splashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you go astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the canonade, and the conflagration. and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and 'You are a sinner;' the Holy said. Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits, the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections, and I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say is true." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all!" Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in the city; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed my-self; I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God, until one day I got a letter saving:

"My Dear Husband,-I have ted every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. When our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been

hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed apporting and baste house. petite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that he has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From you loving wife, MARY."

loving wife, MARY."
"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing-'All may come whoever will-

This man receives poor sinners still.'
And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy!' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during her work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you pro-claim: 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.' 'Yonder is a woman who would say, "I wandered off from my father's house. I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me, and he said, 'Poor thing, go home, your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. blasphemer; and I understand how he too weak to pray, and I was too weak has gone astray. And there in another to repent, but I just cried out-I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said 'the Lord hath laid on him the

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christlan bringing up I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position a good commercial position-but one men who did me no good. dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street thinking that no one cared for me when a young man rapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him so see whether he was I heard an old man praying, and he loked so much like my father I sobbed gave my heart to God, and I know that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience." "On him the Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, and let me give one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy Throw away your sins.

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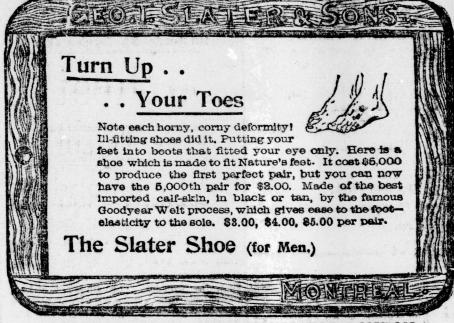
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