

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XXVII. CONTINUED.

"She is a singular girl," at last she said, "and if the man is so completely infatuated with her as you say, an alliance of any sort between them might be dangerous to our plans. I dislike her, and have no confidence in her airs of superiority and virtue; but she will inevitably find out from Van Tassel the whole story of your pretended identity with Lord Clarence Stanley, and our only safety in regard to him lies in the fact that we are on guard against him and we can more easily prove him to be a dangerous lunatic than he can prove you to be other than the man whose name you bear. I do not think we need to be alarmed on this subject. But I must find out whether that Mendoza girl has left the Hamilton family. I cannot go there personally, for Polly dislikes and mistrusts me, and I don't like her. To confess the truth, Lord Clarence, I am inclined to be jealous of her. In your inmost heart, my dear Clarence, or what passes for that organ, I believe that you are more than half in love with Polly Hamilton, and you are sorry now that you have lost the chance of marrying her."

"What, when I have the choice of you instead?" exclaimed Stanley. "My dearest girl! How can you do yourself such injustice?"

Olive gave felt her cheek redden angrily. There was an insolent freedom in the man's tone which she resented with suppressed but bitter fury. "The man is not a gentleman," she thought, "not even in outward seeming. How could the Hamiltons have been deceived in him all these years? But how handsome! I suppose Polly was quite made about him, and, of course, that would blind her father and mother. But I must get some hold on him even stronger than my knowledge of his early life: for when I have married him, it will be as much to my interest as to his own to preserve his secret; and, devil that he is, he knows that as well as I do."

While these thoughts were passing through the shrewd mind of Miss Gaye, she was looking up into her lover's face with the ingenuous and childlike smile which deceived most men and was not wholly without effect even in the keen eyes now observing her; while the glowing crimson of her cheek might well enough pass for the blush of pleasure in listening to a compliment from the lips of the man whom she loved.

Despite his admiration for Olive Gaye's particular kind of cleverness and her quite extraordinary executive ability, Stanley could never rid himself of the feeling that he had been captured and was held, like any other captive animal, with a chain long enough for apparent freedom, it is true, and loose enough to make him almost unconscious of its presence, but when he sought to evade it he was made to feel, in an unmistakable manner, that it was there.

"But I shall marry her," he thought. "That or the wild West and freedom is now my only alternative; and I am afraid I am spoiled for the prairies and canyons. Too much civilization and luxury have made the necessity for their continuance imperative. In order to possess them I must marry her; and when I do—"

Stanley did not complete the sentence; and could Miss Gaye have seen his face at that moment, the expression of it might have robbed the coronet of the prospective countess of much of its luster.

Outside her own family, no one knew or remotely suspected the engagement of Olive to Clarence Stanley, with the single exception of Bertha Sefton; and Miss Gaye had only taken her friend into her confidence when she realized the danger of not confiding in her. Bertha had already ascertained all that had been received in regard to Dolores having absented herself suddenly, and, as it seemed, mysteriously, from the Hamilton family; and in that way Olive and Stanley knew that she had never returned there after her meeting with Van Tassel.

"They have gone to California together," said Stanley. "I feel they have done so in quest of the Santiago Canyon, of which he knows the locality; and by this time they have arrived there and are doubtless searching for the treasure."

"Have patience, Clarence; they will not find it," said Olive. "You alone possess the secret, and as that girl's father lost his life in the search for it, you may be quite certain she is in no haste to risk hers—no! I learn through Bertha that she has left the Hamiltons for entirely different reasons—in which Polly believes, but in which Mrs. Hamilton does not put the least faith. The dear mother, on the contrary, has lost all confidence in the wonderful Spanish senorita, in the belief that her sudden and mysterious disappearance is explained by the equally sudden and mysterious disappearance of Lord Clarence Stanley—in short, Mrs. Hamilton is firmly convinced that Polly's late sweetheart and recently acquired sister have eloped together."

"Then they do not suspect that I am still in New York?" said Stanley, eagerly.

"Nothing short of meeting you face to face would convince Mrs. Hamilton of that fact," said Olive, in answer. "Mary does not believe that Dolores has gone off with you; and in order to keep her from learning the true state of affairs I have been obliged to take Bertha Sefton into my confidence. But Bertha is a fool and couldn't be made to keep any secret very long—therefore the sooner we start on our wedding-journey the better, and I have arranged to have the ceremony take place to-morrow evening. Bertha will be our only witness, and the minister of the church to which she belongs will perform the ceremony at his own house. She has arranged the

matter for me, and my people have all agreed to be secret about the marriage for the present on account of your recent bereavement—poor boy!"

"You are a trump, Olive!" exclaimed Stanley. "I begin to think I shall end by falling in love with you, my dear. You really are worth a dozen of the ordinary sort of women!"

"Oh, thanks!" exclaimed Miss Gaye, with a slight flush, half-pleased, half-angry. "But that isn't much of a compliment. Now, I want you to explain to me once more the secret of the cryptograph, and also to go over, in detail, every point of the Mendoza story, in so far as it has any bearing whatever on this concealed treasure."

Stanley gave a hurried glance about the room and then toward the door, which was closed, but not locked.

Olive rose and, with a low, gurgling laugh, like that of a playful child, locked the door.

"Just to satisfy your suspicious mind, dear," she said, coming back to her chair that was drawn up close beside him. "It is quite unnecessary, for we are alone in the house; even the servants are out, and my uncle and his family will not return before midnight. I arranged this tete-a-tete on purpose, that we might suffer no interruption."

He drew from his pocket-book—the same old one, marked with the arms of the Windermere family, that he had carried for so many years—all the papers relating to the cryptograph, both the original parchment and the various translations and cuttings of the separate pieces of the picture forming the figure of the Indian princess.

These he spread out on the table, and for hours this man and the girl who had determined to be his wife pored over the mysterious script, studying it word for word, letter by letter, and finding many new and hidden meanings in it, until both felt that it was engraved on heart and brain forever.

It was late when they ceased to pore over the secret of the cryptograph, but both felt that they thoroughly understood it, and each longed for the hour when he or she could set out in search for the hidden treasure.

She accompanied her lover to the door, and as she raised her face to his for the good-night kiss, which he pressed with all a lover's fervor on her small red mouth, a great, old-fashioned clock in the upper hall struck the hour in deep, sonorous peals of sound.

"Eleven o'clock, Clarence. I had no thought it was so late. Uncle Gaye and the girls will soon be here. Good-night, good-night, dear boy; but come very early in the morning. There is much to be arranged yet, and then we will appoint where and when to meet Bertha in the evening."

She hastily closed the door as her lover turned to wave his hand in adieu; and then she drew a sigh of mingled relief, pain and anger.

"I love that man!" she muttered to herself; "but that won't last, because I hate him, too. Heigh-ho! I wonder, as the French say, if the game is worth the candle. But it is too late now for moralizing, and fate will help me through, as usual."

"You are early, dear," said Miss Gaye to Lord Clarence, when, on the following morning, she ran down stairs to meet him. "Come here! Let me look at you. As I live, I don't believe you have read the news this morning, Clarence."

"Well, I have not," said Stanley, carelessly. "There is nothing that can happen of any particular interest to me any more. Or is there? What has happened? Anything that concerns me, is it?"

"Read and judge for yourself," said Olive; and taking a slip of paper from her corset-pocket she had carefully placed it in Stanley's hand.

And this was the startling announcement that met his eyes:

SECOND ACT IN THE DRAMA.

"The attempt at a tragedy begun two days ago in the house of Baron von Helmboltz, was last night, successfully carried out. The beautiful young baroness was found, at about eleven o'clock, dead, lying on a lounge in her room. The baron, who has just entered, was the one to make the discovery; and notwithstanding the madness of his grief, he has so far controlled it as to give valuable suggestions to the police in regard to this most terrible tragedy. The young countess, it appears, had been married before, to a Spanish adventurer who had treated her vilely, and who was supposed to have been killed, years ago, in a quarrel at a gaming-table; but only a fortnight since, or thereabouts, the baron received anonymous intelligence of the re-appearance of the first husband, whose name was Carlos Mendoza. The baroness was murdered by means of a long, slender dagger driven through the heart, and which had been left in the fatal wound by the murderer—who had probably fled in trepidation at some approaching sound—and this dagger, taken possession of immediately by the police, bears on its blade the name of 'Carlos Mendoza,' the letters deeply engraved in the steel—"

"This is Van's work!" exclaimed Stanley, in a low tone, as he turned to Olive Gaye, who stood beside him, her gaze fastened on the words while he read them, "without doubt this is Van's work, but what infernal stupidity about the dagger—the one I gave him bore his own name—I did not even know he had the other one! This might be infernally awkward if I should ever—that is to say, if Carlos Mendoza does live, it might be deemed unpleasant for him; but he may be lucky enough to be able to prove an alibi—"

Olive laughed merrily.

"The unlucky Carlos may be fortunate enough to prove an alibi; though,

if he were in your place, Clarence, he couldn't."

"Why not?" said Stanley, sharply, and glancing at the printed slip, "according to the newspaper report, this woman must have met her death some time between ten o'clock, when her maid left her, perfectly well, and eleven o'clock, when her husband, entering her room, found her dead. Now, I was with you, here in this room the entire evening, and when I parted from you it struck eleven o'clock, and you remarked upon the hour."

"Oh, yes, dear Clarence, but I am the only living person who can help you to prove an alibi—and to-night I shall be your wife. In such a case a wife's evidence would not be received either for or against a suspected criminal. So you see, dearest, you would be quite helpless, if you were Carlos Mendoza, and if you should, by some chance, be arrested on circumstantial evidence—because if I am not your wife then I shall hate you, and in that case I would remain silent, while if I am your wife my evidence would be of no value. Poor Carlos! How glad you should be that you are Clarence now and not Carlos."

Stanley felt a cold chill run over him from head to foot as he met the mocking, smiling eyes of his future wife—and from that moment he felt that he was a doomed man, for, whether he married her now, or fled from her, either way he was at the mercy of this heartless, unscrupulous, cruel girl; for she held his life and future safety in the hollow of her hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOLORES IS VINDICATED.

As day followed day, and her lover neither returned, nor made any effort, by letter or otherwise, to obtain the forgiveness she would so gladly have bestowed on him, the conviction forced itself upon Polly Hamilton that Clarence Stanley was gone forever.

Neither did any word come from Dolores, and, unconscious to herself, the reiterated suspicions of Mrs. Hamilton were beginning to tell upon her. She, who had always been bright and cheerful as the morning, radiant as June sunshine and happy and sweet of temper as all young, healthy, untrammelled life should be, was now the embodiment of irritability, melancholy, fitful, bitter, desirous of merriment, or else irrepresible, unconquerable grief.

"Don't speak to me of Rita's treachery," she said one day to her mother, turning upon her almost furiously. "She is incapable of treachery. Besides which, it is unnecessary. I gave him to her. Yes, madly as I have loved Clarence Stanley, I would not owe him to any woman's pity, not even to Rita. I told her that if she really loved him, I gave them to each other freely, and I would have died rather than come between them."

Mrs. Hamilton looked at the pale and now tearless face of her suffering child, and began to realize that she had never before understood the almost tragic possibilities of her once gay, light-hearted, happy daughter. She folded her in her arms and held her close to her heart, and then she whispered a thought which came to her suddenly.

"Love, real love, can never die, Polly, dear. It is a great misfortune to have wasted such a love as yours, even for a short time, on the wrong man; but the world is wide, and you are but a child yet. Bury the false lover, if you will, darling—the sooner the better; but you will yet meet the true lover, and then you will know the dead love in your heart is only sleeping, waiting for the right man to awaken it to new and stronger life than it has yet known."

Polly started and thrilled strangely. There was surely some great force for that thought. She could not yet understand it, and it seemed to give her only pain; and yet, what had her mother said? The world was wide, and she was yet but a very young girl!

"Oh, mamma!" she murmured. "Do not speak to me of other men. I think I hate the whole race of men just now—all except papa—and the whole world is dreary, dreary—especially this part of it—and I wish, I wish I could leave New York—now, to-day—this—hour—forever!"

"And so you shall, dearest!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, glad enough for the suggestion, and reminded by it of the advice which Doctor Macdonald had given her to take Mary away and give her the benefit of new scenes and new associations at once.

"Your father has spoken of going to California this very week; business calls him there imperatively. Why should we not return there with him?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

French "Mrs. Partington."

Calino, the French "Mrs. Partington," does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well-known doctor, who, at Calino had been buying hay for his horses for a while, made up his mind that the hay was worthless.

"That is very poor hay that you have been buying," the doctor complained.

"But the horses eat it, sir," said Calino.

"No matter; it's bad hay."

"Yes, sir," said Calino, respectfully. "I'll change it. I know you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are."

One day the bell rang, and Calino came in.

"A patient has arrived, sir," he reported.

"An old patient or a new one?" asked the doctor.

"New one, of course, sir," said Calino. "The old ones never come back!"

Calino admired very much the beautiful teeth of a lady among his master's patients.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Her teeth are as fresh and sound and white as a new-born baby's!"—Youth's Companion.

New York's First Police.

In 1658 New York had in all ten watchmen, who were like our modern police. In 1697 New Yorkers were ordered to have a lantern and candle out on a pole from every seventh house. And as the watchman walked around, he called out, "Lantern, and a whole candle, light. Hang out your lights."

THE BAD BOYS' REPUBLIC.

William R. George's System of Transforming Lawless Street Waifs Into Good Citizens.

By D. L. Pierson.

The George Junior Republic at Freeville, N. Y., is, perhaps, the most remarkable community ever devised. This extraordinary reformatory is literally a nation in miniature, with its own parliament and laws; its own coinage, police, prisons, shops, farms, newspapers, hotels, banks, etc. The founder of this Republic is Mr. William R. George. Some years ago he became much interested in problems concerning juvenile law-breakers and "incorrigibles" in New York City, and made up his mind to try the experiment of taking them away from their evil surroundings in the city, and giving them a chance to reform in the country. At first the experiment was not wholly a success, but gradually the scheme of a self-governing Republic was perfected, and with the very best of results. July 10th, 1895, is counted as "Independence Day," and is celebrated each year.

The smallest Republic in the world is likewise the most extraordinary and probably the best governed. It is diminutive in territory, in the number of its inhabitants, and in the age and size of its citizens. And yet there are few of the best characteristics of the largest democracies which have not their counterpart in the smallest. The interest taken in the enterprise is shown from the fact that on some days during the summer they have over 200 visitors.

The George Junior Republic, as it is called, is located at Freeville, in Tompkins County, New York. Its citizens are boys and girls, gathered largely from the slums of great cities. Most of them have "histories" more interesting than creditable. They have been horse thieves, pickpockets, runaways, and on the whole, very promising candidates for jails, penitentiaries, "dives" and the gallows. At the Republic, however, they are soon transformed into independent, thrifty, law-abiding citizens.

The territory of the Republic consists of about 100 acres of farm land not far from Ithaca. There are only ten plain wooden buildings in the "metropolis." These comprise two cottages, one for boys and one for girls; the "Republic" building, containing the library, kitchen, restaurants, hotel and "garroo" (lodging house); the school-house, bank and



THE PRESIDENT (SALARY FIFTY CENTS A WEEK) AND HIS CABINET.

store; the Government building, including court-house, jail, Capitol and postoffice; a girls' jail; a hospital; a barn; a laundry and bath-house; a carpenter and machine shop. Money for a chapel has also recently been given. The land is good farming, and fine crops of hay, grain and vegetables are raised every year. Horses, cows, pigs, etc., are also kept to advantage.

This little Republic is a government of the children for the children and by the children. The citizens are boys and girls from twelve to eighteen of age. Those under twelve are minors, and must have guardians appointed by the State from the older citizens. Many of these guardians have shown themselves to be wise, tactful and loving caretakers of the little ones intrusted to their charge. When the minors cannot fully support themselves their guardians must look out for them, so that the State is not encumbered with their support. The total number of inhabitants of the Republic is now eighty-six.

Formerly, the Government was modeled after that of the United States, with President (at a salary of fifty cents a week), a Cabinet, Senate, House of Representatives and Supreme Court. Judges, police officers, and other officials must pass a Civil Service examination, and in consequence the most thumbed books in the



THE JAIL.

library of the Republic are those containing the penal and civil code of New York State. All tenure of office is dependent upon upright behavior. It is the ambition of every boy to at-

tain to the distinction of the vertically striped trousers. Most of them indeed would rather be "cop" than President. In 1896 a force of fourteen policemen was necessary to preserve order, but now the State is encumbered with the support of only two. There is, of course, a smart little army.

The position of Chief Justice, Civil Service Commissioner, Board of Health Commissioner, Sheriff, and in fact almost every prominent civic office—excepting that of Coroner—has its counterpart in this Junior Republic. There is even an officer detailed in the early fall to compel lazy truants to attend school. The representative form of government, however, was found to be too unwieldy for so small a Republic, and at the suggestion of one of the boys a town meeting was substituted for Congress as the law-making body.

There are two political parties in the Republic, the "G. G. P." or Good Government Party and the "G. O.



THE PRISON GANG GOING OUT TO WORK—OBSERVING THE RECORDS WITH THEIR CLUBS.

P., or Grand Old Party. Hot are the contests waged.

"Woman Suffrage" prevails at the Republic, since to refuse them the ballot would mean taxation without representation.

A heavy fine was imposed on cigarette smoking, but nevertheless some would often steal away beyond the policeman's beat, and indulge in this habit. Consequently an amendment was passed which made a citizen liable to arrest and punishment if even the smell of smoke could be detected in his breath. The penalty is a fine of from one dollar to three dollars, or from one to three days in the work-house.

Gambling of any sort receives no quarter from the officials. The first boy caught "shooting craps" was no less a personage than a member of the Senate of the Republic; and even though he pleaded guilty, the judge fined him twenty-five dollars. He refused to pay. He lost not only his seat in the Senate but also his rights of citizenship, and he was obliged to do the ignominious striped suit of a convict and break stone at five cents an hour. One night Mr. George himself was passing his prison cell and spoke to the boy, advising him to pay up and get out of prison. "No, I won't do it," the boy answered, and then, with the steady wit of the street urchin, he added: "I'll guess I'll take the small-pox-to-night-ans, as he was breaking stone, he suddenly threw down his hammer, threw up his hands in a tragic manner, and exclaimed: 'I surrender! March me to me bank account!'"

When we remember that these laws against swearing, gambling, smoking and other vices, with their heavy penalties attached, are of the boys' own making, and are enforced by the boys with a rigor which shows a strong public sentiment against the evils, we have some idea of the success which has attended this most interesting effort at self-government.

The jail is no playhouse, but has small cells with bars and high windows, the hardest of beds, and unmistakable prison fare. Upstairs is the court-room, containing, among other things, a trap-door for the entrance of the prisoner, an imposing high desk for the judge, and a jurors' bench. There is also a small space railed off for the witness stand, and rows of



A LITTLE QUIET ADVICE.

(Each boy under twelve has a guardian appointed by the State.)

seats for interested listeners. The sessions of the court are most orderly and impressive. The pros and cons are carefully weighed; evidence is called for in the proper order, and

most heart-stirring appeals are made to the jury. Only one case of bribery has ever been discovered, and on that occasion the guilty official was immediately deposed, and suffered disgrace as well as legal penalties.

But the citizens of the Republic spend a comparatively small part of their time making laws and breaking them. Each must be at work earning his or her own living. Bear in mind that the motto of the Republic is, "Nothing without labor," and this motto is strictly adhered to, except in case of sickness. Every citizen is supposed to work and earn enough money to pay for his board and clothes. There are two adult head farmers, as well as a carpenter and a housekeeper, who superintend the work; but the boys themselves take contracts for running the hotels, making roads, laying drains, farming, building, etc. These contractors hire laborers at wages ranging from fifty cents to \$1.50 per day, according to the skill of the workman. The girls are employed at household duties, and the minors usually help their guardians. Wages are paid once a

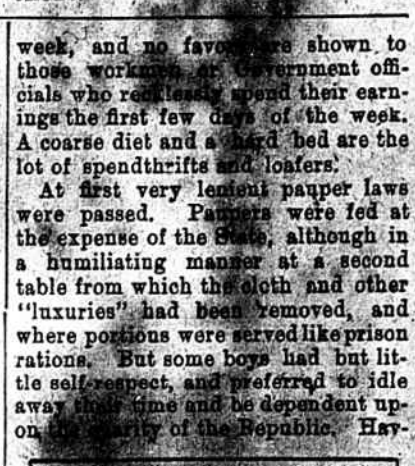
week, and no favor is shown to those who work hard and earn their earnings the first few days of the week. A coarse diet and a hard bed are the lot of spendthrifts and loafers.

At first very lenient paper laws were passed. Penalties were laid at the expense of the State, although in a humiliating manner at a second table from which the cloth and other "luxuries" had been removed, and where portions were served like prison rations. But some boys had but little self-respect, and preferred to idle away their time, and be dependent upon the State of the Republic. Hay-



CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC LAYING A TILE DRAIN.

ing no income or property they were practically tax free, and it was not long before the industrious taxpayers began to realize the expense which idlers entailed on the State. Finally a Senator, whose own parents at home were wholly dependent upon city charity, submitted a bill to the Legislature to the effect that those "who would not work should not eat." The poor but dishonest were thus deprived of support. At the same time, those who through illness are unable to work are provided with free meal tickets.—The Wide World Magazine



An Ambitious Essay on Lions.

It is the custom of the teachers in the public schools of Washington to take the pupils of the younger grades to the National Zoological Park at least once every term for the double purpose of giving them a day of recreation and a lesson in natural history. Upon their return the children are required to give the result of their observations in writing. Here is a sample from a bright-minded eleven-year-old whose father occupies a high official position:

"Lions always walk except when they eat and they growl. Their roar is terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest but when they are in cages it sounds like they are sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkeys according to their size but keep swishing all the time and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats no matter what you think and their size has nothing to do with it and they think without talking. Once a donkey stole a lion's skin and went around bragging about it but the other donkeys got on to him and killed him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."

The Slamming-Door Habit.

Every mother probably admits to herself that she had the greatest comfort with her children previous to the time they learned to slam doors like their father.—Atchison Globe.

The Boy Who is Saved.

The small boy whose grandmothers are both dead stands a pretty good chance of not being spoiled.

Land of Longevity.

France has more persons over sixty years of age than any other country. Ireland comes next.

MONUMENT TO FRANCES SLOCUM

Commemorates the "White Rose of the Miami" who was stolen by Indians. With impressive ceremonies and eloquent oratory the monument over the grave of Frances Slocum was unveiled recently in the cemetery of the little village of Peoria, near Wabash, Ind. By this memorial the story of the "White Rose of the Miami" will be presented in imperishable bronze and the minds of the numerous de-



FRANCES SLOCUM.

scendants of her father in many parts of the country will be set at rest.

At 12 o'clock a large crowd had gathered at the resting-place of the famous woman. The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. Arthur Gaylord Slocum, President of Kalamazoo College. The veiling was removed from the shaft by Victoria and Mabel Bondy, great-granddaughters of Frances Slocum. Then followed an address by Charles E. Slocum, of Defiance, Ohio, and speeches by early settlers of Indiana and other citizens interested in the strange and pathetic story of the white woman who became socially lost to her people by contact with the American Indians.

Frances Slocum was carried away from the home of her parents in what is now Wabash County, Indiana, in 1778. She was a child of five years at that time. In spite of almost superhuman efforts made by her family nothing was learned of her fate until 1835, when she was found living with the Miami near Peoria. She had become the wife of a chief and had lost all traces of her English origin save in complexion and features.

When it was proposed that the return to her people she flatly refused to do so. She had forgotten her childhood, her language and her race, and remained with the Indians almost to the day of her death in 1847. For several years members of the Slocum family have been active in raising funds for the monument which has just been unveiled.

Snake Imprisoned in a Tree.

The Rev. S. S. Crain, in the city from Emberson, reported a peculiar incident. He had W. M. Fears, living on the Jesse Carvins place, cutting posts for him a few days ago. At the end of one of the pieces of post timbers was a hollow fork. When the cut was split open a little black snake about two feet long was found in the hollow. It was alive and writhed and squirmed, but could not escape. It was discovered that an inch and a half of the tail projected through the wood on the outside of the bark. The fork of the tree had completely grown around it. The supposition is that the snake crawled into the hollow to hibernate, that its tail got caught in a crack of the fork and that it grew over him while he remained in the torpid state. The wood had so thoroughly grown around the snake's body that when the chip was split open in which it was encased the snake stuck to one side of the chip. The snake must have been held in its peculiar prison for years.

Carries Water From the Well.

The labor of carrying pails of water from the well to the house day after day soon becomes monotonous and tiresome, and as the work generally falls on the women of the household, anything which will lighten the labor will be duly appreciated. Henry W. Harless, of Good Hope, Mo., has evolved an apparatus by means of which it is possible to send the pails to the well, fill them and return them to the house without doing any heavy lifting, the operator simply standing at the house and turning a crank. The buckets are suspended on the ends of the ropes, which are wound on the drum, the latter being supported by a carriage riding on the cable. The turning of a crank slides the carriage along the cable to the spring, where the toothed wheel engages a cog wheel on the drum to lower the buckets into the well and fill them. Then the motion of the



WATER-ELEVATING AND CARRYING APPARATUS.

crank is reversed and the pails are lifted, the drum being automatically locked when the pails are at the right height. Then the carriage travels back to the house. The cable can be so placed as to incline slightly toward the house, which will allow the carriage to return of its own accord, the speed being regulated by a brake on the crank shaft.