BURIED TREASURE

BY O. HENRY

THERE are many kinds of fools. Now, will everybody please sit still until they are called upon specifically to rise?

I had been every kind of fool except one. I had expended my patrimony, pretended my matrimony, played poker, lawn-tennis, and bucket-shops—parted soon with my money in many ways. But there remained one role of the wearer of cap and bells that I had not played. That was the seeker after buried treasure. To few does the delectable furor come. But of all the would-be followers in the hoof-prints of King Midas none has found a pursuit so rich in pleasurable promise.

But, going back from my theme a while—as lame pens must do—I was a fool of the sentimental sort. I saw May Martha Mangum, and was hers. She was eighteen, the color of the white ivory keys of a new piano, beautiful, and possessed by the exquisite solemnity and pathetic witchery of an unsophisticated angel doomed to live in a small, dull, Texas prairie-town.

May Martha's father was a man hidden behind whiskers and spectacles. He lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that fly or crawl or buzz or get down your back or in the butter. He was an entomologist, or words to that effect. He spent his life seining the air for flying fish of the June-bug order, and then sticking pins through 'em, and calling 'em names.

There was another besides myself who thought May Martha Mangum one to be desired. That was Goodloe Banks, a young man just home from college. He had all the attainments to be found in books—Latin, Greek, philosophy and especially the higher branches of mathematics and logic.

If it hadn't been for his habit of pouring out this information and learning on every one that he addressed I'd have liked him pretty well. But, even as it was, he and I were, you would have thought, great pals.

But, in our talks together and in our visits and conversation with May Martha, neither Goodloe Banks nor I could find out which one of us she preferred. May Martha was a natural-born non-committal; and knew in her cradle how to keep people guessing.

Old Man Mangum certainly was absent-minded. After a long time he found out one day—a little butterfly must have told him—that two young men were trying to throw a net over the head of the young person, a daughter, or some such technical appendage, who looked after his comforts.

I never know scientists could rise to such occasions. Old Mangum orally labeled and classified Goodloe and myself easily among the lowest orders of the vertebrates; and in English, too, without going any further in to Latin than the simple references to Orgetorix, Rex Helvetii—which is as far as I ever went myself. And he told us that if he ever caught us around his house again he would add us to his collection.

Goodloe Banks and I remained away five days, expecting the storm to subside. When we dared to call at the house again May Martha Mangum and her father were gone. Gone! The house they had rented was closed. Their little store of goods and chattels was gone also.

And not a word of farewell to either of us from May Martha—not a white, fluttering note pinned to the hawthorn-bush; not a chalk mark on the gate post nor a postcard in the postoffice to give us a clue.

For two months Goodloe Banks and I—separately—tried every scheme we could think of to track the runaways. We used our friendship and influence with the ticket agent, with livery stable men, railroad conductors, and one lone, lorn constable, but without results.

In talking things over one afternoon he said to me:

"Suppose you do find her, Ed, whereby would you profit? Miss Mangum has a mind. Perhaps it is yet uncultured, but she is destined for higher things than you could give her. I have talked with no one who seemed to appreciate more the enchantment of the ancient poets and writers and the modern cults that have assimilated and expanded their philosophy of life. Don't you think you are wasting your time looking for her?"

"My idea," said I, "of a happy home is an eight-room house in a grove of five oaks by the side of a charco on a Texas prairie. A piano," I went on, "with an automobile parked in the sitting room, three thousand head of cattle under fence for a starter, a buckboard and ponies always hitched at a post for the missus"—and May Martha Mangum to spend the profits of the ranch as she pleases, and to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. That," said I, "is what is to be—and a fig, a dried, Smyrna, dago-stand, fig for your curriculums, cults and philosophy."

"She is meant for higher things," repeated Goodloe Banks.

"Whatever she is meant for,"-I answered—"just now she is out of pocket. And I shall find her as soon as I can without aid of the colleges."

"The game is blocked," said Goodloe, putting down a domino; "and we had the beer."

Shortly after that a young farmer whom I knew came into town and brought me a folded blue paper. He said his grandfather had just died. I concealed a tear; and he went on to say that the old man had jealously guarded this paper for 20 years. He left it to his family as part of his estate, the rest of which consisted of two mules and a hypotenuse of non-arable land.

The sheet of paper was of the old blue kind used during the Civil war. It was dated June 14, 1863; and it described the hiding place of ten burro-loads of gold and silver coin valued at $200,000. Old Rundle—grandfather of his grandson, Sam—was given the information by a Spanish priest who was in on the treasure-burying, and who died many years before—no, afterward—in old Rundle's house. Old Rundle wrote it down from dictation.

"Why didn't your father look this up?" I asked young Rundle.

"He went blind before he could do so," he replied.

"Why didn't you hunt for it yourself?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I've only known about the paper for ten years. First there was the spring plowin' to do, and then choppin', the weeds out of the corn, and then come takin' fodder; and mighty soon winter was on us. It seemed to run along that way year after year."

That sounded perfectly reasonable to me, so I took it up with young Lee Rundle at once.

The directions on the paper were simple. The whole burro cavalcade laden with the treasure started from an old Spanish mission in Dolores county. They traveled due south by the compass until they reached the Alamito river. They forded this, and buried the treasure on the top of a little mountain shaped like a pack saddle standing in a row between two higher ones. A heap of stones marked the place of the buried treasure. All the party except the Spanish priest were killed by Indians a few days later. The secret was a monopoly. It looked good to me.

Lee Rundle suggested that we rig out a camping outfit, hire a surveyor to run out the line from the Spanish mission, and then spend the $200,000 seeing the sights in Forth Worth. But without being highly educated, I knew a way to save time and expense.

We went to the state land office, and had a practical, what they call a "working" sketch made of all the surveys of land from the old mission to the Alamito river. On this map I drew a line due southward to the river. The length of lines of each survey and section of land was accurately given on the sketch. By these we found the point on the river and had a "connection" made with it, and an important, well-identified corner of the Los Animos five-league survey—a grant made by King Philip of Spain. By doing this we did not need to have the line run out by a surveyor. It was a great saving of expense and time.

So, Lee Rundle and I fitted out a two-horse wagon team with all the accessories, and drove a hundred and forty-nine miles to Chico, the nearest town to the point we wished to reach. There we picked up a deputy county surveyor. He found the corner of the Los Animos survey for us, ran our line five thousand seven hundred and twenty varas to it, and our sketch called for, laid a stone on the spot, had coffee and bacon, and caught the mail-stage back to Chico.

It was pretty sure we would get that $300,000. Lee Rundle's was to be only one-third because I was paying all the expenses. With that $200,000 I knew I could find May Martha Mangum if she was on earth. And with it I could flutter the butterflies in old man Mangum's net, too. If I could find that treasure! . . .

But Lee and I established camp. Across the river were a dozen little mountains densely covered by cedar-brakes, but not one shaped like a pack-saddle. That did not deter us. Appearances are deceptive. A pack-saddle, like beauty, may exist only in the eye of the beholder.

I and the grandson of the treasure examined those cedar-covered hills with the care of a lady hunting for a wicked flea. We explored every side, top, circumference, mean elevation, angle, slope and concavity of every one for two miles up and down the river. We spent four days doing so. Then we hitched up the roan and the dun, and hauled the remains of the coffee and bacon the 149 miles back to Concho City.

As shortly as could be after our empty return Goodloe Banks and I foregathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon to play dominoes and fish for information. I told Goodloe about my expedition after the buried treasure.

"If I could have found that three hundred thousand dollars," I said to him, "I could have scoured and sifted the face of the earth to find May Martha Mangum."

"She is meant for higher things," said Goodloe. "I shall find her myself. But, tell me how you went about discovering the spot where this unearthed increment was imprudently buried."

I told him in the smallest detail. I showed it in the draftsman's sketch with the distances marked plainly upon it.

"Away," I said, "away with your water marks and variations!"

After glancing over it in a masterly way, he leaned back in his chair and bestowed upon me an explosion of sardonic, superior, collegiate laughter.

"Well, you are a fool, Jim," he said, when he could speak.

"Why am I a fool?" I asked. "Buried treasure has been found before in many places."

"Because," said he, "in calculating the point on the river where your line would strike, you neglected to allow for the variation. The variation there would be nine degrees west. Let me have your pencil."

Goodloe Banks figured rapidly on the back of an envelope.

"The distance from north to south, of the line run from the Spanish mission," said he, "is exactly 22 miles. It was run by a pocket compass, according to your story. Allowing for the variation, the point on the Alamito river where you should have searched for your treasure is exactly six miles and nine hundred and forty-five varas farther west than the place you hit upon. Oh, what a fool you are, Jim!"

He smiled in his superior way; and then I saw come out in his face the singular, eager, consuming cupidity of the seeker after buried treasure.

"Sometimes," he said with the air of the oracle, "these old traditions of hidden money are not without foundation. Suppose you let me look over that paper describing the location. Perhaps together we might—"

The result was that Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became companions in adventure. We went to Chico by stage from Huntersburg, the nearest railroad town. In Chico we hired a team drawing a covered spring wagon and camping paraphernalia. We had the same surveyor run out our distance as revised by Goodloe and his variations, and then dismissed him and sent him on his homeward road.

It was night when we arrived. I fed the horses and made a fire near the bank of the river and cooked supper. Goodloe would have helped; but his education had not fitted him for practical things.

But, while I worked he cheered me with the expression of great thoughts handed down from the dead ones of old. He quoted some translations from the Greek at much length.

The next morning was a bright June one. We were up early and had breakfast. Goodloe was charmed. He recited—Keats, I think it was, and Kelly or Shelley, while I broiled the bacon.

Goodloe was looking at old Rundle's document when he ripped out a most uncolligiate swear-word.

"Come here," he said, holding the paper up against the sunlight. "Look at that," he said, laying his finger against it.

On the blue paper—a thing I had never noticed before—I saw stand out in white letters the words and figures: Malvern, 1898."

"What about it?" I asked.

"It's the water mark," said Goodloe. "The paper was manufactured in 1898. The writing on the paper is dated 1863. This is a palpable fraud."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "The Rundles are pretty reliable, plain, uneducated country people. Maybe the paper manufacturers tried to perpetrate a swindle."

And then Goodloe Banks went as wild as his education permitted. He dropped the glasses off his nose and glared at me.

"I've often told you you were a fool," he said. "You have let yourself be imposed upon by a clodhopper. And you have imposed upon me."

I rose and pointed a large pewter spoon at him, fresh from the dish water.

"Goodloe Banks," I said, "I care not one particle of navy bean for your education. I always barely tolerated it in any one, and I despised it in you. What has your learning done for you? It is a curse to yourself and a bore to your friends. Away," I said, "away with your water marks and variations! They have nothing to me. They shall not deflect me from my quest."

I pointed with my spoon across the river to a small mountain shaped like a pack saddle.

"I am going to search that mountain," I went on, "for the treasure. Decide now whether you are in it or not. If you wish to let a water mark or a variation shake your soul, you are no true adventurer. Decide."

A white cloud of dust began to rise far down the river road. It was the mail wagon from Hesperus to Chico. Goodloe flagged it.

"I am done with the swindle," said he sourly. "No one but a fool would pay any attention to that paper now. Well, you always were a fool, Jim. I leave you to your fate."

He gathered his personal traps, climbed into the mail-wagon, adjusted his glasses nervously, and flew away in a cloud of dust.

I investigated the hill shaped like a pack saddle from base to summit. I found an absolute absence of signs relating to buried treasure. There was no pile of stones, no ancient blazes on the trees, none of the evidences of the three hundred thousand dollars, as set forth in the document of old man Rundle.

I came down the hill in the cool of the afternoon. Suddenly, out of the cedar-brake I stepped into a beautiful green valley, where a tributary small stream ran into the Alamito river.

And there I was startled to see what I took to be a wild man, with unkempt beard and ragged hair, pursuing a giant butterfly with brilliant wings.

"Perhaps he is an escaped madman," I thought; and wondered how he had strayed so far from seats of education and learning.

And then I took a few more steps and saw a vine-covered cottage near the small stream. And, in a little grassy glade, I saw May Martha Mangum plucking wild flowers.

She straightened up and looked at me. For the first time I knew her color of the white keys of a new piano—turn pink. I walked toward her without a word. She let the gathered flowers trickle slowly from her hand to the grass.

"I knew you would come, Jim," she said clearly. "Father wouldn't let me write, but I knew you would come."

What followed you may guess—there was my wagon and team just across the river.

I've often wondered what good too much education is to a man if he can't use it for himself. If all the benefits of it are to go to others where does it come in?

For, May Martha Mangum abides with me. There is an eight-room house in a live oak grove, and a piano with an automatic player, and a good start toward the three thousand head of cattle is under fence.

Modern Definitions

Fashion—A device of foreign dressmakers and tailors to make sane persons appear ridiculous at great expense to themselves.

Love—A sentiment which the statesman has for power, the painter for art, the maid for a man, some men for their wives, and all men for money.

Money—A medium of exchange, in the use of which one man gets the worst of it; also, a fuel much affected by cold propositions in search of a hot time.

Mortgage—A new style of roof for financially shaky individuals with a penchant for motoring. Proof against an immediate rainy day, but powerless against falling due.

Obituary—A verbal post mortem mantle that covereth a multitude of sins.

Deep Thinker.

The new teacher was somewhat uncertain as to the nationality of her latest charges. She was not kept long in doubt, however. "Yoke," she wrote on the board, then asked in her most musical tones, as she looked graciously round the class. "Can any little boy or girl tell me the meaning of that word?"

A small blond boy raised his hand. "Ay know," he said hoarsely. "It—it ees when you say somet'ing funny."—Woman's Home Companion.

Historic Titles Scarce.

When electing their designations, new peers have to remember that, once a title has been held by a member of the royal family it will never subsequently be bestowed upon a subject not of royal blood. This rule bars the adoption for titles the name of every English county. No wonder new peers are beginning to fall back on names of rivers and streets and that Lord Selby struck out in a new line by choosing his wife's surname.—London Chronicle.

WOMEN FOLLOW THE HOUNDS

In No Country Is the Sport So Well Beloved by Women as It Is in Ireland.

Hunting absorbs keen sportswomen in Ireland, and it is seldom that a frost drives the Irish follower to hounds from the countryside. Irish women are renowned for their fearless prowess in the hunting field, where the terrible obstacles to be negotiated call for nerves of steel, and it is neck or nothing in the distressful country, says the London Daily Graphic.

The fearsome stone walls, sometimes overgrown with turf and masking a brook, appal all but the stoutest hearts, and even the most hardened sportswoman is known to quail at the commencement of the hunting season, experiencing the sensation of the heart in the mouth when called upon to face the stiff going. She finds her nerve returning, however, after a day or so in the saddle.

The late empress of Austria used to hunt regularly in Ireland, where her reckless and brilliant horsemanship is still spoken of. With the late Bay Middleton to give her a lead, she was always in the first flight and stuck at nothing. The famous happy-go-lucky hospitality that marks the Irish temperament is exemplified in matters sporting, and open house is kept by those having accommodation in a good hunting district.

The Irish colleen will dance all night at a hunt ball and turn up at a distant meet as fresh as paint without going to bed at all, full of life and spirit, with wit and repartee bubbling like a font. The Irish country brings out all the dare devil Irish nature, and there is little searching for gaps or gates when the blood of Irish horse and rider is up.

Ireland is not overrepresented in the matter of hunting, and Irish packs are not by any means numerous, and may be reckoned to number a couple of dozen. Some only possess quite a restricted number of couples, and but few hunt four or five days a week, though an occasional six-day may bring the total up. The Meath hunts five days a week and is one of the famous hunts of the United Kingdom, and the County Galway, the Blazers, has four days a week.

Dickens' Care for His Guests.

If Dickens was particular regarding the equipment of his own bedroom he was equally careful for the comfort of his guests. Charles Dolby, in "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," says of the bedrooms at Gad's Hill: "Each of these rooms contained the most comfortable of beds, a sofa, an easy chair, cane-bottomed chairs—in which Mr. Dickens himself had a great belief, always preferring to use one himself—a large-sized writing table, profusely supplied with paper and envelopes of every conceivable size and description, and an almost daily change of new quill pens. There was a miniature library of books in each room, a comfortable fire in winter, with a shining copper kettle in each fireplace; and, on a side table, cups, saucers, tea caddy, teapot, sugar and milk."

A peculiarity of the household, adds Mr. Dolby, was the fact that, except at table, no servant was ever seen about.

His Dreams Come True.

A number of interesting stories are told of F. P. Nevins, Pittsburg's most dazzling operator, by Isaac F. Marcosson in his article, "The Millionaire Yield of Pittsburg," in Munsey. One of them deals with the erection of his famous hostelry, says the writer.

"About 12 years ago Nicola built a million-dollar hotel in an out-of-the-way corn-field. People thought he was insane. Now he has reared about it a whole civic center, which includes a memorial hall, an armory, and fine clubs, and all in time embrace the new University of Pittsburg." It was Mr. Nicola who vivified a string of decrepit railroad properties, and sold them to George J. Gould as the nucleus of the Pittsburg division of the Wabash system. He is a dreamer of indomitable will, and he has seen some of his big dreams come true."

How Life Appears.

To Pessimists.
Keep out.
Dangerous.
No smoking.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

To Optimists.
Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Money back if not satisfied.

Sailor Swam Fifteen Miles.

Alfred Schurman, a sailor on the British steamship Bentmore, made a remarkable record by swimming fifteen miles through the Gulf of Mexico to shore.

The Bentmore steamed from Port Arthur and was out fifteen miles in the gulf when Schurman, who was engaged at work on the railing, was pitched overboard by a lurch of the ship and was not missed by his shipmates. He struck out and after nearly seven hours in the water finally made shore.

It was a turbulent sea and Schurman was exhausted when picked up on the beach five miles from Port Arthur and sent to a hospital.

As a Man Is Known.

"A man, like a watch, is known by his works," observed the epigram maker.

"And by the hours he keeps," added the wife.

"And by the spring in him," said the athlete.

"And by his being sometimes fast," remarked the reformer.

"And by the way his hands go up," put in the pugilist.

"And by his not always going when we want him to," finished the girl who'd been robbed of her beauty sleep

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that every organ of the wonderful human body is dependent upon every other. If your liver goes wrong your blood will be impure; if your bowels are inactive your stomach and digestion will show it. And one trouble leads to another.

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have become the most famous and the most approved family remedy in the world. They are known for their wonderful and unrivaled power to cause regular, natural action of the liver and bowels. They are gentle, safe but sure. Beecham's Pills benefit every organ of the body—brighten the eye, clear the brain, tone the nerves and increase vigor—because they

Remove the First Cause of Trouble

Special directions for women with every box. Sold everywhere, 10c., 25c.

I Certainly Do Recommend

HENKEL'S FLOUR

Bread Flour for it makes delicious bread and lots of it. Velvet Pastry Flour for cakes and pastry. Good every day.

Astonished Husband.

De Wolfe Hopper tells a good story about the domestic unhappiness of another actor. The hero of the joke was a man who had married because the woman had much money, although no beauty. Naturally, after the wedding ceremony and the acquisition of the bride's financial resources, the husband was never very attentive to her.

Another member of the company in which the couple were appearing was, however, far more appreciative of the lady's charms, and proceeded to make love to her in an ardent but straitly manner. The grand finale came one evening when the actor discovered the other man kissing his wife. The fond lover stood petrified with fear, and expected to be shot down the next moment.

No such thing happened. The outraged husband only lifted his hands toward the ceiling with a gesture of intense surprise, and exclaimed:

"Merciful heavens! And he didn't even have to!"

Guess What.

Tom—Yes, Miss Roxley and I are strangers now. I've been asked not to call there again.

Jack—I'll bet old Roxley had a hand in that.

Tom—Well er not a hand exactly.

Nothing Hard About That.

"The woman I marry," he said, "must be able to blush." "Oh," she replied, "I can do that. I blush every time I am seen anywhere with you."—San Francisco Chronicle.

As a corrective for indigestion and a regulator of the system, no remedy can excel in purity and efficiency Garfield Tea.

Some men give a dollar with one hand and grab two with the other.

"Pink Eye" is Epidemic in the Spring. Try Murine Eye Remedy for Reliable Relief.

But it takes a woman to keep a secret she doesn't know.

No Time Specified.

Two beautifully dressed women were parting with a finger-tip handshake.

"You must come and see me. Won't you come and see me some time?" asked one, with just the faintest tinge of eagerness.

"Yes, I will come and see you. I will come and see you some time," echoed the other, with not the faintest tinge of eagerness, and with a glacial, acetic acid smile.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolsalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Its Nature.

"Does anybody ever win at a tea fight?"

"Of course not. It is a drawn battle."

A sermon is either based on a text or a pretext.

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That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Some women are passing fair—and some others cannot pass.

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I want every person who has dyspepsia or indigestion to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To do this I am willing to give millions of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a vial. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Which makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgment. Get what you ask for!