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THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF AN INDIAN GRAVE

BY MAUD WALKER.

"The Boy Explorers" were very busy making preparations to visit a range of hills several miles distant from town where were to be found a number of old Indian graves. "The Boy Explorers" had no doubt but that there were buried in these graves many wonderful treasures to be got by said "Boy Explorers" should they resort to a certain peculiar method of getting at them, said method having been fully explained by Doodle Pinkerton, Leader and Chief Instigator of the little band of boys known as "The Boy Explorers" of the town of Dashton.

The day set for the expedition was a Saturday. "The Boy Explorers" were up and stirring early, getting together their camping outfit, for they were to spend the night in the hills, doing their digging for hidden treasure between the hours of sundown and sunup, in accordance with the certain rules laid down to them by their captain, Doodles.

"You see it's this way," Doodles had explained in an impressive voice. "If a feller wants to git any hidden treasure from an Indian grave he's gotter foller the ancient rules laid down by the Great Chief Spirit. The Great Chief Spirit said to his folks that they must always go into a grave between sundown and sunup. And if there were stars they must chant a Injun hymn as they dig. But if the night were dark they was to never speak a word. If they broke the still silence of the night they would meet with something dreadful—something awful. Maybe the earth might open up and swallow em—the diggers after hidden treasure."

"And couldn't a feller even sneeze or cough?" asked Bert Day, one of the most enthusiastic "Boy Explorers." "Sposen he had a cold?"

"Then he'd have to stay in camp and not go with the diggers," said Doodles. "A feller musn't make a sound, even a sneeze or cough. That would break the charm."

"The Boy Explorers" did not reach the hills, where the Indian graves were hidden away under two generations of grass and weeds, till late in the afternoon. Their first thought was to build a camp fire and prepare some supper and refresh the inner boy. They were tired and ravenous, and had not time to think of graves and hidden treasures till legs were rested and stomachs filled. Then they began to talk over their plan of work.

They put up a little tent, fearing to sleep without shelter, for the nights were very cold, it being the first week of December. Inside the tent they arranged their blankets for bedding, hoping to have secured all the hidden treasure held by the sunken, grass-grown graves before the night had advanced very far. Indeed, they thought the task before them could be accomplished within a few busy hours.

Each "Explorer" had with him a spade or shovel, or a pick, and as soon as the sun had dropped from sight the band, seven strong, went forth to find graves among the hills. For an hour they hunted, beating about every clump or brush or heavy tangled grass; but not one spot did they find that suggested that there lay buried a decaying Indian skeleton and rich treasure of arrow heads, beads and other ornaments that had done service to a fashionable Indian.

"Good! The graves are hard to find," declared Doodles, resting on the handle of his spade and blowing his warm breath on his benumbed fingers. Let's go over beyond that rocky point there. It looks like a spot where Injuns might want to bury their dead."

And so the band moved on round the hill, trying every foot of ground as they went along.

"Ah, here's loose dirt and stones!" cried Billy Davis, turning up some soil with his spade. "As sure as my name's Bill, I've discovered a grave!"

The other six members of the band rallied round Billy, declaring that he had surely turned the first spadeful of Indian-grave dirt. So picks, spades and shovels were put to work with a vengeance. But just as they were getting in to the ground Tom Travis cried out: "Ah, my spade hit something—"

But Doodles had dropped his shovel in a hurry and was looking with blazing eyes at the offender. "How dared you speak?" he at last blurted out. "You've broken the charm that's over this grave. Hairy you any sense?"

"All the band of 'Explorers' were as angry with Tom as was their Leader and Chief Instigator, Doodles. Yes, the charm was broken. And now they must look for another grave, and recommence their work. But Tom was not to be turned down as the only offender. Looking up at the starry heavens above their heads he said: 'I thought we were to sing an Injun chant unless it was cloudy. See the stars up yonder? Seems to me my talking wasn't so much after all.'"

Doodles felt the warm blood mount to his cheeks, and was glad it was too dark for the others to see his confused blush. He, then, had been the first offender, for his men in what they should do before a spade was touched to earth.

"Well, we'll find another grave," he said, apologetically, turning and walking off over the rough ground. "And once we've got 'er we've got to all understand just what to do. And not one among us must break the rules of digging. If I break one of 'em—Well, jest turn me down and send me back to camp."

But finding another spot that bore the unmistakable marks of being a grave—and a grave full of hidden treasure—was not so easy to accomplish, and it was long past midnight when at last one of the boys—by name of Scotty Brown—cried out: "I believe I've got 'er, fellers!"

And once more the band gathered to inspect, and after inspection, to declare that "Scotty had surely hit the grave of a Injun chief."

Then it was Doodles' place to hold up a warning finger, and to say in most impressive tones: "Look up, 'Explorers,' and you'll see that the clouds have gathered above us and these here solemn graves. So, let us work in silence. If a single man-jack speaks, blows his nose, coughs, sneezes or laughs, he'll be fired from this club of Explorers."

"Right!" "Good 'nough!" "Correct you are!" came the responses in hearty voices. "Now, after I've counted three—I'll say 'Dig!' And let every feller turn his self loose with his spade or pick." Thus commanded Doodles. "One, two, three! Dig!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS



The Bird. "What makes you so gay? The Snowman. Bless if I know! There's some-pin about this Christmas Season that makes a feller feel good somehow."

Uncle Pastus. "Dere! Chillun dere's ouah Crismus Tree, an bress de Lawd ef dey aint a Present already on it."

Santa. "Hang these New-fangled contraptions! I wish I'd stuck to my old Reindeer!"

and shovel, every boy working with a will. Indeed, they were so cold that vigorous work was welcome; it would start their blood to circulating freely and warm them a bit.

About ten minutes after the beginning of the work for the big rain drops fell. The clouds had thickened, too, till it was almost impossible for the boys to see each other. Only a faint light came to them from the Western horizon that was as yet clear of clouds.

With first rain drops Doodles looked about questioning in the faces of his fellow-diggers; but each countenance was as placid as a mask. Not a "man-jack" would show the least concern over the threatened downpour, but stooped over his work with renewed energy.

Then a flash of forked lightning made his day for a moment, being immediately followed by low thunder. The raindrops became smaller and more numerous, causing more than one of the "Explorers" to wish mentally that he were safe at home and in his own bed. A December thunder storm was not agreeable to be out in. But not one of the diggers was willing to give the signal to quit work and retire to their tent. All waited upon the order of Doodles. All knew their feelings, too, and felt his own responsibility. And for once in his life, Doodles realized that to be a Leader was not all that he had thought it to be. A Leader must bear all the responsibility of failure as well as all the glory of success. Should he give the signal to stop work he might call down condemnation on his own head. What was he to do, then? The rain was coming faster and faster. And a high wind had risen. It seemed senseless—even foolhardy—to keep the boys at work.

But just as Tom and Billy were on the point of throwing down their spades there was a lurid flash of lightning that blinded them, followed by so terrible a crash of thunder that Doodles, unconsciously, screamed aloud, throwing down his spade and starting wildly towards the tent. The others of the band asked no questions. But Billy and Tom each felt thankful in his heart that he had not been the first to show weakening. But they made quick time as they followed their Leader and

Chief Instigator to the tent, where all huddled among the warm blankets till morning.

The sun was about an hour high when "The Boy Explorers" were awakened from a deep sleep by a gruff voice over their heads: "Waal, I'll be-jiggered! A whup pack of youngsters campin' in a tent!" "The Boy Explorers" looked up at the intruder whose face was put in through the opening of the tent. It was a brown, whiskered old face, grinning and jolly. It proved to be the farmer who owned "that

parcel of land," and he explained to the "Explorers" that the holes they had mistaken for Indian graves (full of hidden treasure) were "old prospect holes whur he'd been lookin' for coal."

And "The Boy Explorers" of Dashton returned home that day, less enthusiastic over Indian graves, and hidden treasure, than they had ever been before.

"And to think of my breaking a charm over an old prospect hole!" said Tom, with a meaningful glance at Doodles. "Well, it was an experience, all the same."

"And we don't give a rap," said Billy. "We had a fine supper, and a good hour's sleep, to boot."

"Hurray, hurray, hurray for The Boy Explorers of Dashton! Hurray for Doodles, the main guy among them!" And with this jolly cry "The Boy Explorers" entered their home town in time to dress for Sunday school which was held in the afternoon. And no one, except their parents, were ever the wiser concerning their Indian graves and hidden treasures of the hills.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Tonight is all the year to me,
When, out of all the ripened days,
Sorrow is sifted, Beauty stays,
The winnowed grain of Memory.

Here all the months their emblems strew;
For April, there is Youth's delight;
For May, there are those blossoms bright;
For all Spring's love-time, there is Youth!

The Yule-tide flame snaps blithe below;
Bright holly berries burn above;
And Fancy builds a dream thereof—
A dream of Summer—mid the snow.

For Autumn, there is harvest good
For Winter, there's the wondrous thrill
Of laughter 'round the laden board.

Method tonight, my happy heart
Rides, like the Wise Men, from afar,
Back through the ages, with a star
For certain guide and errand chart;

Back through the ages, unto Them
Who in the lowly manger lay,
Where stolid kine soft watched by day
Above the Babe of Bethlehem.

And all the home—the joy—that He
Gave to all Christmas-tides of Time
Lifts here a pinnacle sublime—
Tonight is all of Life to me!
—Chester Firkins, in the December Atlantic.

FRANK CONFESION

Rich Uncle Ebenezer—So you are named after me, are you?
Small Nephew—Yes, Ma said it was too bad, but we needed the money.—London Opinion.

Baldwin—Had a fine time last night, hadn't you?
Rambo (bathing his aching head)—Best ever!
Baldwin—What did you do?
Rambo—I haven't the slightest idea.—Chicago Tribune.



"As sure as my name's Bill, I've discovered a grave!"

DR. DANIEL SAYS THAT DR. PUGSLEY HAS LOST PRESTIGE

"It appears to be the general feeling that Dr. Pugsley has seriously injured his own prestige and that of the government," said Dr. J. W. Daniel, M. P., yesterday in an interview with a Telegraph reporter on the incidents of the present session at Ottawa. The member for St. John returned yesterday for the recess and was discussing the action of the minister of public works in refusing to follow up his charges of electoral corruption when challenged on the floors of the house. Other matters of interest, including the question of the Japanese treaty and the influx of immigration which has been brought prominently before parliament were also referred to in his review of the work of the session.

"The first notable event," said Dr. Daniel, in reply to a request for some account of the proceedings in parliament, "was the discussion on the address. Only three members of the cabinet replied in the debate on the speech from the throne—the prime minister, the minister of finance and the minister of agriculture. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had nothing to say on the address but occupied his time for the most part referring to Mr. Borden's tour and the platform he enunciated at Halifax. It was evident that both the tour and the platform have occupied a large place in the premier's thoughts and given him considerable food for reflection.

Hon. Mr. Fielding devoted a great deal of his time to play-by-play and made hardly any reference to the large adverse balance of trade which was very serious during the past year.

Hon. Sidney Fisher was in fact the only minister who alluded to it and tried to account for the situation by a reference to the large increase of raw material from the United States. He had evidently forgotten that if he had followed that argument out it would mean that the raw material cost more than the manufactured product. All the ministerial speakers skidded when it came to financial matters. At the same time an excess of \$120,000,000 in imports over exports is looked upon as very serious by the banks as it means that sooner or later this amount has to be paid for by the people of the country.

In connection with the address, Dr. Daniel was asked relating to A. E. Kemp's speech in which the member for Toronto made some forcible remarks on the prolonged silence of Hon. William Pugsley on political corruption. Mr. Kemp, Dr. Daniel said, was a prominent manufacturer in Toronto, and by no means a frequent speaker in debate. He was, however, well known all over Canada. In the speech in question he confined his remarks to the subject of corruption in politics, especially in connection with elections, and took occasion to call on Mr. Pugsley to make good the threats he had so freely made outside.

"Mr. Kemp," continued Dr. Daniel, "spoke very strongly, and in very forcible language called on Mr. Pugsley to make his promised disclosures, but to the surprise of the house and, I think, the country generally, he sat in his place and remained silent. His refusal raised quite a storm of protest and what may be called hooting from the members on the opposition side. It appears to be the general opinion that, by his refusal to speak, Mr. Pugsley has seriously injured his own prestige and that of the government."

"Whatever he may do in the future in connection with his statements, outside the house, with regard to the election funds of the Conservative party, it is freely conceded that it is already discounted in the public eye by his failure to deliver himself when challenged so repeatedly to relieve his mind."

Another subject Dr. Daniel mentioned as having occupied the attention of the house was the Japanese treaty and the great influx of the Japanese into British Columbia. It was interesting to recall, he said, that when the Japanese treaty was under discussion last session very little objection was raised because the prime minister assured the house in unmistakable language that Japanese immigration would be confined to a very small number, he thought to not more than four or five from each province of the empire of Japan. The government could not say that the danger of an influx under the treaty was not brought to their attention, because Mr. Kennedy, an M. P. from British Columbia, in a clear statement, spoke of the great danger of a large Japanese immigration and the ill results which would result to his province.

It was after Mr. Kennedy's speech that Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave his assurance as to the small number which would arrive in any one year. On the strength of that statement the house passed the treaty. It was natural that every member wished to increase the trade of the dominion and all opposition ceased.

The last discussion before adjournment, Dr. Daniel said, had reference to this very matter and although Hon. Sydney Fisher, when referring to the assurances that the numbers immigrating from Japan would be very small, had added that the assurances were in writing, the prime minister had refused, when challenged by Mr. Borden and others, to lay the documents before parliament. After the return of Mr. Lemieux, the matter would doubtless be again under discussion and there would be then no possible cause for further delay in producing the papers.

It might not be generally known, Dr. Daniel added, that there was a decided difference between the United States and the Canadian treaties with Japan as far as they applied to the influx of Japanese labor. In the United States treaty, the president had the authority to refuse admission if he saw fit; in the Canadian treaty this power of veto was left out, so that while the United States had the power to prevent the Japanese influx, Canada was helpless.

Speaking of government legislation, Dr. Daniel said that as the insurance bill had been brought down by Mr. Fielding just before the house adjourned, there had been no discussion. Some changes from the draft of last session had been made, and in many respects were an improvement. The bill was of far-reaching interest, and no doubt the committee of banking and commerce would have a busy time hearing the representatives of life insurance companies, and policyholders.

In reply to a question whether any rumors as to the date of the dominion elections were heard, Dr. Daniel said there was no word or hint as to the intentions of the government, but the opposition were taking it for granted that there would be a general election before another session, and were shaping their course