The TDEASU

By WALTER NOBLE BURNS

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command of the dered him. vessel, claims to be the only man in sought in vain for many years. He is equipped with bydraulic min- island.

ing machinery and has sufficient proessary on the island, which lies 390 neighbors in St. John's. Keating had coins in a handkerchief and rowed miles of the western coast of Central lost or destroyed the chart which he back to their ship. They told the tandslides upon the treasure cave and | from vellow fever. changed the topography of the Island. He will wash the earth away with about to undertake the latest Cocos gan to play their game more shrewdstreams of water powerful enough to island treasure hunt, has himself made ly. They served out unlimited grog, egroot frees and burst rocks asunder. I two former unsuccessful expeditions. as if to celebrate treasure trove. Long lie is confident of success.

States," says Captain Hackett, "I shall man all his life. He formerly safled who took care to remain strictly sober.

when savage buccaneers, flying skull- find treasures that Captain Hackett for the weight. In launching the boat, and crossbones at their mast-heads, has had difficulty in raising funds for Keating said Bogue went under and harried the Spanish main and plan- his present expedition. He succeed- was drowned. It fairly glitters from beginning to with this sum he has been able to propleces of eight, louis d'ors, moidores, voyage and to take along hydraulic watt the plank, bronzed and turbaned the Cocos island treasure. cutthrosis awarm over the bulwarks the years from purple southern seas. voyage. has lured men to ruin and death.

is buried on Cocos Island. Of this sum | ing the violent earthquakes that shook \$12,000,000 in money, builtion and the western coast of South and Cen-

to have been concealed in the same which the treasure is buried. of Bonito's old pirate crew, who Captain Hackett continued. "He was gots of gold from Inca mines, plate, tain that he never would be able to iging to the churches and ca-

Aders of the golden secret of ed. This secret has been

HE good bark N. F., named Keating, with full di- with Thompson's Hesperus will rections how to find the treasure. chart to guide them. spread her Thompson died under mysterious cirwhite wings at cumstances a little later and the ing said, was 15 feet Eagle Harbor, suspicion grew that Keating killed long by 12 feet Wash, is a few him. However that may be, Keating broad, with a ceilweeks and sail sailed to Cocos island in 1844 with ing high enough to away across the Captain Bogue, a seaman of sufficient permit a man to blue Pacific into means to finance the expedition. They stand upright. It the heart of the found the treasure, but Bogue never most fascinating returned. Keatlig said he was gold and sacks of romance of all drowned in the su:f while attempting money. Many of the to climb into a boat with his boots sacks bore the stamp Capt. Frede and pockets stuffed with gold. It is of the Bank of rick Hackett, in generally believed that Keating mur- Lima. There were

Keating made a second visit to the fixes, chalices and all the world who knows the secret of island four years later and again church ornaments. the buried treasure of Cocos island. found the treasure. In both trips he A statue of the Ma-He plans on this expedition to lift the is supposed to have brought away gold donna of solid gold lay upon the wast wealth plundered by sea rovers and jewels to the value of \$150,000. Hoor. It was so heavy that Keatin the early part of the last century He was prevented from recovering the ing and Bogue together could not and hidden on the island in a cave, entire treasure by mutinous crews on lift it, but could only push it along. the exact location of which has been both voyages. Keating and Bogue are | The glitter of the piles of gold, lest and for which adventurers have the only men, so far as is known, who Keating said, fairly made him reel ever recovered treasure from Cocos and seemed to fill the cave with a

Keating passed his secret on to the struck him with awe. islous to remain for a year if nec- Hackett brothers, both seamen and his "Bogue and Keating tied a few

Capt. Frederick Hackett, who is "Right here Keating and Bogue be

When I return to the United whaling skipper. He has been a sea- ously drunk except Keating and Bogue, ditions to Cocos island have failed to boots so that he could hardly walk dered tall galleons on the high seas. ed in getting together \$100,000, and southe and double guiness. In its mining machinery, in which he is sure crowded episodes, blind-folded victims lies the only hope of ever unearthing

"I have stood over millions," said of captured ships and lay about them Captain Hackett recently as he sat with cutlars and dragoon pistol, sea by the skylight on the quarter-deck of regues are strong up at yard-arms. the Hesperus and watched his sailors towns are sucked and looted, vessels busy with final preparations for the are left to welter to their ruin in flame expedition "It was not lack of and smoke. It centers about a lonely knowledge that caused me to fall in labord, suim-shadowed in tropic seas, my two former voyages, but lack of whereon lies buried a treasure beyond equipment and supplies. I knew after the dreams of Mente Cristo. It rings my first expedition that picks and with the clash of battle on the Island shovels would not do in Cocos, and bearbes and with the death cries of the that the only chance to get the treasmen murdered that they might never ure was to tear up the earth with befree the treasure's secret biding streams of water thrown by a hy-Pinally it hands down from the draulic mining engine. I have the ferof time of remance to prosaic latest hydraulic machinery with me nodern days a great golden mystery now, and I shall set out with perfect which like a siren beckoning through faith in the successful outcome of my

"The landslide that now lies on tor ording to well-authenticated ac of the treasure cave probably occurred counts, \$22,000,000 in pirate treasure in the middle of the last century durplate is supposed to have been hidden tral America. Forest trees have grown in 1821 by Benito Bonito, the fast of upon it, and the appearance of that the great pirates who, even after La- part of the island is vastly changed fitte had passed away, kept alive upon since the days of Bonito, Thompson the ocean the lawless traditions of and Keating. But with my bearings L'Ollenois, Pierre Le Grand, Roche and chart and the instructions given Braziliano, England, Hawkins and Sir me by Keating in many long interviews. I believe I can locate within The remaining \$11,000,000 is said radius of 30 feet the spot beneath "I knew Keating from youth up."

ed away with the treasure from a rough, ignorant man who had been the harbor of Callao when the gov a fisherman and a sailor all his life. "It was because my brother and I capture by revolutionists. It consisted else looked askance at him that after of money from the public treasury, in advancing years made it pretty cerces, ornaments and golden stat- voyage to Cocos again, he decided to divulge his secret to us. My brother be christened the royal line of down the coasts of Newfoundland and New Brunswick. On one of our voyages we took Keating with us. One tormy night as the old man sat by he table in the cabin over a glass of stiff grog. he first told us how to find the treasure. He began his strange

to Cocos with Captain Bogue.
"It was a hot day in June, he when he and Bogue landed. They struck off through the tropical jungle

"The cave, Keatwas full of bars of

many golden cruci-

ghostly radiance that at first

America. That a score of former ex- had obtained from Thompson. But he sailors they had found a spring of and towns up and down the western | The Peruvian authorities, of course peditions have proved fallures does drew another chart which he gave to fresh water, but they were so excited not discourage him. The treasure the Hacketts with explicit instructions with what they had seen that they acthunters who have gone before have how to find the cave. Keating died in ed unnaturally and the crew, may be, depended upon pick and shovel. He 1883 and Capt. Thomas Hackett, the had suspicions of the truth, anyway. will be the first prepared to use elder brother, sailed in 1885 on an ex- One word led to another, and Bogut hydraulic mining methods. Earth pedition bound for Cocos, but the voy- and Keating told as little as possible. quakes, he says, have shaken down age ended with his death in Havana but it was enough for the crew, who made them promise to go shares.

Captain Hackett was formerly a before night the whole outfit was glori- and 5 degrees north of the equator,

"Keating," Captain Hackett went on 'escaped to sea with his plunder, leaving the ship to its fate, and the men never were seen or heard of afterward. Four days later he was picked up by a Spanish coasting vessel which land ed him safely near Punta Arenas. He slowly worked his way back to Newfoundland and deposited much money in the St. John's bank.

"Keating made a second voyage to Cocos island four years later. He told us of this adventure too. I wrote the tale out afterwards in Keating's own language as nearly as I could remember it.

The first treasure was buried or Cocos island by Benito Bonito a few months before his death in 1821. Bonito was born in 1788. He was a Spaniard of supposed gentle blood. His real identity is not known-Benito Bonito was an assumed name. He be-Spanish privateer. At the close of the Napoleonic wars he became mate of a Portuguese trading brig. In 1816 he quarreled with his captain, murdered him and seized the vessel. From that date he followed the life of a pirate. One of his first prizes taken in West Indian waters was an English slaver named the Lightning. Having cut her out of Matanzas, where she was lying at anchor one night, he burned his own brig and, transferring his flag to the British vessel, renamed her the Relampago, which is Spanish for chain-lightning. Most of the crew of the slaver were made to walk the plank. Two pleaded for their lives and offered to join Bonito. On this condition Bonito spared them. These two men were Thompson, known in Cocoa island traditions as "Bugs," and a Frenchman named Chapelle, who also figures later in the story of Cocos is-

In the long, low, rakish Relampago, which could show a clean pair of heels to anything sailing the Spanish main, Bonito had a busy and prosperous career as a pirate. From Rio to the Bahamas he became a scourge and colected an immense amount of booty. When the Spanish government sent warships to hunt him, Bonito slipped around Cape Horn to fresh pastures in

The wealth of the churches spanish America is still considerable, out in the early days of the last cen-

coast, pillaging the cathedrals and lay- did not dream that Captain Thompson ing tribute upon the citizens. His who so bravely flaunted the English fame as a cruel and rapacious sea rob- flag, had sailed in earlier days under ber spread from the Horn to the Span- the Jolly Roger with Benito Bonito's ish settlements in California. In hunt- cut-throat crew. But with \$11,000,000 ing for a spot in which to bury his battened down in his hold the old lawgrowing treasure, he chanced upon Co- less spirit of his buccanneering days cos island. Cocos island is a volcanic speck in

the Pacific ocean and belongs to Costa robber again. In the night watches he Rica. It is 300 miles off the Costa and his men slit the throats of the Rica coast, 500 miles from Panama, guardians of the treasure, slipped On the trip to Cocos island destined

their cables and put to sea.

Then he shot the two men

The Mary Dear bore up for Cocos

He spread to the winds every stimb

of canvas and headed the brig west-

ward in a mad hurry to escape pur-

suit, but before the tall peaks of Co-

cos island had dropped below the ho-

rizon a Peruvian gunboat hove in

When capture seemed inevitable,

Thompson surrendered. Perhaps his

cupping brain foresaw the immunity

that must be granted to the sole pes-

were spared that they might guide the

Peruvians back to the Cocos island

treasure. The other ten men of the

landed under an armed escort. But

the desperado was a man of resource.

and undergrowth. For four days arm-

ed parties searched for them through

the length and breadth of the island.

pouring volleys into every piece of

by the broadsides with which the jun-

gles had been raked, the captain of the

Nothing was heard of Thompson

again until 1844, when on a voyage

from England to Newfoundland he fell

in with Keating, who was to become

gunboat sailed away.

the yard-arm.

to be Bonito's last, a number of his have the entire Cocos island treasure out of St. John's, Newfoundland, where All hands turned in early to sleep off men became dissatisfied. Having rowtattened down beneath the hatches of he was born and grew to manhood. their potations and be ready to bring ed their treasure to the cave they gath-For the last ten years he has made the treasure aboard next morning. As ered on the beach in sullen temper, mainder Thompson carried in 11 boat-The story of Cocce island makes his home in Vancouver, British Colum- soon as they were asleep, Keating and and soon came to open mutiny. They loads around the headland witch sep-Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure bia, where he is engaged in the fish- Bogue slipped off to shore in a whale- were tired of piracy. They demanded Island seem true in comparison, so ing trade. He is a bluff, ruddy, beard- boat. They beached their boat and that the entire treasure be divided and there landed it upon the beach stranger are the facts of this ed old sea dog, hale and vigorous de again made their way to the cave. among them and that they be set upon He sent the boats back to the brig, real remands of buried treasure than spite his three score years, and full They filled their pockets with doubt the mainland and permitted to shift keeping two men with him. With their the dream adventures, highly colored of a boylsh enthusiasm over a project loons and pieces-of-eight and louis for themselves. Bonito refused. A assistance he carried the treasure into as they are, wrought by the imagina that has been his one dream for a d'ors. Not satisfied with the money, pitched battle was fought with cut-

hand engagement many were killed.

Bonito was victorious. With the mu-

tiny suppressed, he sailed for the West Indies. Off Valparaise, some one suggested a carouse ashore. Bonito gave his consent. Seventeen men were landed and Bonito agreed to lie off and on near a certain headland and wait for them. With the 17 were all that were left of the mutineers, including Thompson and Chapelle. But Bonito proved treacherous. He sailed away and left the recalcitrants to their fate. The 17 were recognized in Valparaiso as pirates and captured. They were convicted and all except Thompson and Chapelle wer- hanged. Thompson and Chapelle escaped by represent ing that they had been forced into Bo nito's service and offered to guide s warship to Bonito's secret haunts

among the West Indian islands. The British government was just then planning a campaign of extermination against Bonito and his buc caneers. Sent to England for the purpose, Thompson and Chapelle guided a British corvette to one of their old gan his carreer as a lieutenant of a chief's places of refuge in the Carribean. Bonito's ship and crew were captured, but the grim old sea wolf, seeing ahead the loom of the gibbet on Execution dock, blew out his brains on his own quarter-deck.

Of the subsequent fate of Chapelle little is known.

Thompson drops out of sight until 1838 when he reappears as Captain Thompson, master of an English trading brig, the Mary Dear, which at the opening of the second chapter of the romance of Cocos island was lying in the harbor of Callao, Peru. A revolution was under way in Peru. Lima, the capital founded by Pizarro, was in a state of siege. Just before the beleaguering lines of the revolutionists were drawn about the city, the government authorities removed the money from the treasury, and from the churches the plate and ornaments dating back to the golden days of the conquest, and sent them for safe keeping to an old stone fortress at Callao. When the revolutionary army learned of the removal of the treasure, which was valued at \$11,000,000.

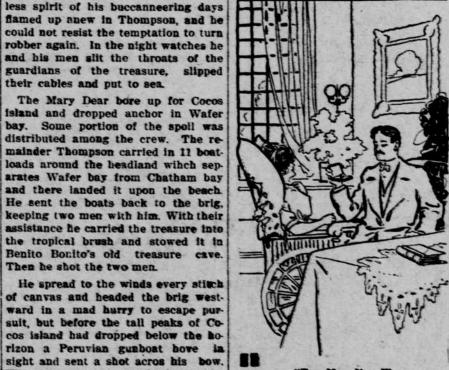
heir to the secret of the Cocos island treasure. it marched on Callao with the deter-Soon after Thompson had confided his secret to Keating be died. His mination of capturing the rich hoard. death aroused no suspicion at the In this crisis, the commandant of the time, but long afterwards in the light fortress, seeing an English flag flutof events Keating was suspected of tering from the peak of the Mary Dear, bethought him that under the folds of the union jack Lima's treasure would be safe. Captain Thompson gave his consent to the proposition. The treasure was soon stowed snugly tury the richness of the plate and or-naments with which they were adorn-ed was amazing. Bonito sacked cities board to guard it. the Cocos island treasure. How Keating lifted the treasure on two voyages to the island already has been told.

little beetle, for which no words of fine its diet to potato vines, but eats within half a century, has made a distinctly had reputation for itself. Its sweet with avidity. The female lays original home was in the Rocky mountains, where it lived until 1859, when tains, where it lived until 1859, when the under side of a leaf, and one dents that are infested with lice. The little bestle is to be encouraged even here for the good that it can do, as now to be found pretty well over the little best and the good that it can do, as now to be found pretty well over the little best and the little best and the good that it can do, as now to be found pretty well over the little best and little best and

They had gone to the country club exact conversation.

reached them from the balfroom.

What was it he had said? Some-



at high speed, ignoring the beauty of the night and the voiceless things face smiled up at him. and and Thompson and the mate were that breathed of love through the

Two days had passed slowly. He and he and the mate contrived to es-cape and kept in hiding in the caves when he had been innocent of her charge against him. He had proven his love in every known way and be concluded that she was evidently grasping at any petty reason as an thick scrub or likely hiding place. At excuse for breaking her engagement the end of this time, thinking that to bim. perhaps the fugitives had been killed

Again the telephone rang sharply and Dr. Thrane answered. "Yes, this is Dr. Thrane.

wants me? in the automobile accident? The two marooned men eked out a Who are they? . . . I will be there recarious existence on berries and in five minutes."

birds' eggs until a vessel called at Co-Somebody at the Hunts had bee cos for water. Passing themselves off hurt. He summoned his sleepy chaufas shipwrecked sailors, they were feur and was soon on the way, a fear given passage to the mainland. The growing in his heart that it might be mate died soon afterwards of yellow Elleen. How would she receive him? Would she speak? A dozen questions fever at Punta Arenas. Thompson escaped. One story has it that he went presented themselves as he hurried on of the flesh dissipated by his changed to Samoa where he lived under the to his patint. It was more than prob- spirit. name of MacComber. According to an able that her brother Bob had been

> Mr Hunt holding open the door His sweetheart," said Thrane happily, "it worst fears were confirmed when the is better not to put in an emergency older man said, "Come in, Marshail. | call for me."

> Thrane's Emergency Call

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

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The telephone bell rang insistently | Eileen was thrown from a car. She and Dr. Marshall Thrane threw down fainted, but I think they have a book on abdominal surgery and brought her around." turned indifferently to the instru-

very busy."

Thrane loved his profession and the lie about being busy was his first act ing," said the young surgeon sternly, of disloyalty. Although a young man his heart aching at sight of the girl's of thirty, he was considered the leading surgeon, certainly the most successful one, in the city.

On this particular evening he was the girl. not disposed to help humanity, for the world had gone wrong and the bitterness of his first sorrow had made him to the beautiful Eileen Hunt, three he ordered as he sat down beside her months before, had made him su- and pushed back the sleeve from her premely happy. She seemed possessed round, white arm. of the tact and democratic attitude toward the masses that go to make a curred two days before.

self at the table that the girl had been Dr. Thrane closed his eyes and for pect to sail for Japan the first. Can the hundredth time tried to recall the you go with me? Wire at once. They had been discussing love. The

topic was natural, for there had been back again at the telltale slip of paa full moon shining on the river be per. She had precipitated their quarfore the clubhouse and the soft rel because it was necessary to find strains of the waltz from Salome had some excuse for breaking her engage-

thing about the moon making a man say foolish things, he remembered. Thrane profusely for allowing her a Then she had grown strangely quiet and when he tried to penetrate her geen was merely professionally coursilence and learn the cause, she had teous when he declared that it was told him that probably he had been foolish when he proposed to her; it was moonlight then, she reminded him coolly. All his protestations to



He had made the remark because he believed it to be a true statement and sessor of the key to the hiding place she had fortunately been clever of millions of dollars. At any rate enough and quick enough to see that he and the mate of the Mary Dear he hoped it would be taken as a persenal intimation of his attitude to ward her. Argument was plainly dary Dear's crew were strung up at whelming silence they motored home

fragrant darkness.

other tale he made his way to Eng | injured. He hurried up the steps and found

"Eileen wanted us to send for Dr.

Gates, but of course we didn't want to "Yes, this is Dr. Thrane. Automotake any chances, for we didn't know bile accident? Call Dr. Gates. I am how badly she might be hurt, so I had them telephone for you, Marshall." "This is no time for personal feel-

> white face and twitching hands. "Some hot water, please." "My ankle is hurt, Marshall," said

"All right, I'll make you comfortable in a few minutes," he assured her as he dropped a tablet into a tiny morose and sullen. His engagement glass of hot water. "Close your eyes,"

"I will stay with her for a while, Mrs. Hunt. Go and get some rest," successful and helpful wife for a pro- he told her mother when he had bound fessional man. The quarrel had oc- up the girl's sprained ankle and made her forget her pain.

While Eileen slept Thrane idly for dinner and he had thought to him- picked up a magazine on a table near him. It fell open where a telegram blessed with every feminine attrac- had been thrust in. The words on the tion of beauty and charm. And now yellow slip seemed to leap into the within two months of their wedding mind of the man against his will. It day, they had quarreled. Over what? was addressed to Eileen Hunt. "Ex-

Thrane looked at the girl, then ment to him. Who was Tom?

At the same time that Effeen wakened, her mother came in, thanking few hours of sleep. The young surnothing more than he should have done under the circumstances.

His quiet acceptance of changed conditions burt the girl's pride. She had had a sufficient amount of time in which to regret her folly and she was ready for Thrane to pave a pleasant way for her confession, but the young surgeon came and went daily, coolly, impersonally profes-

It was late Sunday afternoon when Thrane came in to see Elleen. It had been a strenuous day for him and he dropped into a chair and sat silent unmindful of the efforts of callers to interest him in the general conversation. In a short time he rose to go and Eileen beckoned to him.

"I want you to wait until these people go, please. I have something for you. It is your birthday, you

"All right," he said, "provided you that matter to bear any unnecessary probing." "I promise," she answered lightly.

"not to burt."

When they were alone, he moved his chair so that he could watch her face in the light from the west window. She was going to tell him about Tom and her trip to Japan, he reflected, and braced himself for the

"I had this made for you, Marshall," she said, and slipped a velvet case toward him along the arm of her invalid chair.

He opened it and there was locket set with diamonds. "For me now?" he asked, wonder-

"Yes, open it," she commanded. "Is this rosemary-for remem

brance?" "Oh Marshall, can't you understand? Don't you see?" cried the girl seeing the shadow on his face.

He looked up then and stumbled toward her blindly. "What does it mean?" he urged. "I've suffered enough, Eileen." Her arms went round him at sight

of his pain. "It means that I-that I can't give you up." "But what about Tom and Japan?"

he questioned, afraid of his new happt-"How did you know about that?"

"I read the telegram the night you were hurt. I opened a magazine and the words on the blank just flashed up at me. I didn't mean to read." "Tom was my chum at college. Sh was named for her father."

"How I have hated the poor inno cent!" laughed the man all weariness

"This week has been terrible, Marshall. I wanted to die."

"When anybody wants to die,

Finding a Home

a way to find the animal a good home map of Cocos Island. By Thompson's leasth, Keating became the sole possessor in all the world of the secret of liceman who patrolled Ninety-seventh volition in front of a basement door.

"Baby." grunted the policeman, alpaby small enough to go into the basket could cause such violent com-motion. Cautiously he raised the cor-ner of the lid and saw not a baby, but a cat. Accompanying the cat was a

He is a fine mouser. We are leaving town and cannot take him."

The policeman aroused the cook.

For every life a cat has there seems | keeper, "but what a funny way to dispose of a cat. Why didn't they give One of the ways was sprung on a po- him away or sell him if they didn't

With fifteen manufacturers of mo

tion pictures actively engaged business in New York, it remain a Philadelphia concern to send a troupe to the city to photograph bits of New York scenes in response to the tors. New York sights are so familie to New Yorkers that they fail to real ize that the man in Grand Island Neb., never has seen the fam line or the East River bridges. troupe from Philadelphia is just a iding comedy to the sights, to uge delight of the small boys, are quick to recognize their frie

AND BAD

our fruits. This little friend is one of ad one with which most of us made

lly Coccinellidae, a small, hemi-spher-ical beetle, red or yellow backed, with

The Australian lady bug was im-

sect to the gardener and orchardist. One of the relatives of this pretty commendation can be spoken, is the Colorado beetle, or potato bug, which,

plack stripes, befitting its conduct as other plants of the solanum family with relish. It is especially fond of egg plant and consumes the bitter-sweet with avidity. The female lays