

NEW SEARCH FOR BURIED TREASURE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S

For more than two centuries adventurous and ever hopeful persons have been seeking the treasure which that bloody pirate, Capt. Kidd, is supposed to have buried in Chester Basin, Nova Scotia. Now it is announced that another organized search for the vast amount of gold and jewels is to be made.

Capt. Kidd was said to have secreted this treasure, estimated at more than \$10,000,000, when on one of his cruises about 200 years ago he landed on Oak Island. Probably many thousands of dollars have been spent in unavailing search for the loot.

About the close of the eighteenth century that part of the country was sparsely settled and the island in question was without an inhabitant. In 1795 three men—Smith, McGinnis and Vaughan—visited the island and while rambling over the western part of it came to a spot of which the unusual and strange conditions at once attracted their attention. It had every appearance of having been cleared many years before. Red clover and other plants altogether foreign to the soil were growing. Near the center stood a large oak tree with marks on the trunk. One of the lower and larger branches of this, the outer end of which had been sawed off, projected directly over the center of a deep, circular depression in the land about 13 feet in diameter. These and other "signs" led the three men mentioned to commence work soon after.

Old Shaft Discovered.
They started digging in the spot where they had found the depression, and as they got down they discovered a well defined shaft, the walls of which were hard and solid, and it is said that in some places old pick marks were to be seen, while within the walls the earth was so soft that picks were not required. On reaching a depth of ten feet an oak plank was struck. They kept on digging until a depth of 30 feet was reached, finding oak platforms at each ten feet. At this point the earth proved to be too heavy for them. Superstitious beliefs were in full force in that part of the country at that time, and on this account they were unable to get any help to continue the work and were obliged to abandon it.

After an interval of six or seven years' accounts of the wonderful discoveries made at Oak Island had spread all over the province and a gold seeking expedition was formed in Truro, N. S. Work was at once resumed and the shaft was excavated to a depth of 90 feet. Marks were found every ten feet as before, and an iron bar was frequently used in taking soundings. At the 90-foot mark

sumed, but again the water forced the tappers to stop working.

In 1863 another effort was made to overcome the water and obtain the treasure. The undertaking proved to be most difficult, as the flow of water was very heavy. About this time the men who were engaged in the underground work got the idea that the shaft was in danger of caving in and refused to enter.

Halifax Syndicate Tries.
An examination was made of the shaft and experts found it to be in a very unsafe condition, and it was forthwith condemned. The pump was withdrawn and the shaft was abandoned and work suspended. The management were at their wits' end and did not know what to do or what course to take to surmount the overflowing difficulty. However, it appears that in the meantime some Halifax men had been interested and entered into an agreement to clear out the "money pit" and recover the treasure for a share of the amount so received. This syndicate spent a lot of money sinking a new shaft and made heroic efforts to overcome the flow of water but were forced to abandon it. It was at this time that a copper coin weighing an ounce and a half, dated 1317, and a stone boatwain's whistle were found in the bottom of the pit.

Among the other "signs" which led the discoverers to dig were the remains of a holting block, such as is used on sailing craft, hanging to the limb of a tree which overhung the "money pit." One of the ten footmarks found in the "money pit" was a layer of putty. This was used in the glazing of the windows of a house built there afterward. Other layers were charcoal. These articles are usually found among the stores of seagoing craft. Among other things that go to prove that these things were put there by seagoing men is an iron ringbolt imbedded in the rock. This can be seen only at very low tide and can be accounted for in no other way than that it was put there to moor vessels to, long ago.

Attempt to Pump Out Pit.
In 1896 a new Nova Scotian company was organized to look for the treasure. In the autumn of that year work was again started, with two engines and steam pumps, with the intention of pumping out the "money pit" and forming a way down the pit, which was then opened to a depth of 58 feet. At 108 feet a tunnel cribbed with timber was struck. The men went into this tunnel to explore and had gone but a short distance when they discovered a large pit about eight feet square and open as far as

the pit and commenced boring, with the idea of striking the treasure at a depth of not greater than 125 feet.

No one dreamed of there being anything below that depth. They bored through puddle clay down to a depth of 130 feet and struck nothing but several pieces of wood from 120 to 125 feet.

They started another hole and struck iron at 126 feet. They struck this iron on the edge and it prevented them from getting the three-inch pipe deeper. They, however, got a small chisel and succeeded in passing the iron and worked down without piling the hole. At 153 feet they struck wood. They put a common auger at the end of the rods and bored through the wood. When the auger went through the wood it dipped two or three inches and then struck something hard that they could not bore through. The auger was worked for some time in an attempt to get it deeper, but it would not go down, and



Map of Workings On Oak Island.

when brought up the bore was cleaned in a basin and the dirt washed out the same as if looking for gold.

A piece of parchment with several pieces of wood was the result of this washing.

New Pit Sunk and Filled.
Another hole was then started and wood was struck at 120 feet and the soft stone at 152 feet.

This time, however, they struck the box on its edge and the chisel worked down past it to 157 feet, when soft stone was again struck. They bored through this and found it three feet thick. Under this they found ten feet of puddle clay, and at 170 feet they struck iron, pieces of which they brought up, but they did not attempt to get through it.

After they gave up the boring they decided that the best plan was to sink another pit. A pit was accordingly started, but at 108 feet the water drove them out. Starting a new pit was cheaper than pumping, so again a new pit was started, but much further away from the "money pit." This was sunk to a depth of 160 feet, and if it had not been for the ill luck that always followed them at Oak Island the mystery would have been solved. At 160 feet, without a moment's warning, with a great rush the water once more broke in.

Caving of the Tunnel.
The "money pit" at once began to fill and circumstances at once showed that there was a perfect connection between the two pits. This was just what was wanted, although not quite deep enough. They at once tore the cribbing and everything else to pieces. Upon close examination it showed that no vent had been made for the water on the down stroke of the piston, and it took them more than a week to fix this mistake and get the pumps running again.

In the meantime the pit had been standing full of water, with the cribbing in a damaged condition. The water worked into the tunnel at a 95-foot level and it caved in.

That was the end of the venture. Since that time three pits have been sunk, but they have all proved failures.

The present theory is that a tunnel runs through from Smith's Cove into the "money pit" to the opposite shore. This pit is very close to the tunnel and the water broke into the pit from it.

It is now generally believed that the tunnel running to the cove was either choked by work done on the shore by the Halifax syndicate or by the dynamite used by the company working in 1896.

Her Choice.

They were sisters-in-law and reasonably well disposed toward each other. One was the mother of George, aged six months, and the other was the mother of Marian, aged six months and four days. It was impossible that a slight parental rivalry should be altogether concealed.

"Marian does not seem to grow very fast," said the mother of George, with a suggestion of commiseration in her tones. "George is much taller—" (height being measured in inches). "Perhaps he is," replied the mother of Marian, coldly. "But Marian weighs more."

"Oh, well," responded the sister-in-law, with a smile of high-bred superiority, "of course I should not wish George to be gross."

IN A REVOLUTIONARY CAMP

Letter of Gen. Greene Discussing Strategies of 1777 in a Sale.

A particularly good letter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene was sold in Philadelphia a few days ago, the New York Times says. It is addressed to Gen. Varnum and is dated "Camp at Cross Roads, August 17, 1777." It is in part:

"I readily acknowledge the propriety of your observation that delays are dangerous and that the prime of the season is wasting while we are basking in the sunshine of Pennsylvania; but repentance often comes too late. Could we have divined how Gen. Howe would have directed his future operations some part of your plan might have been carried into execution. The destruction of Gen. Burgoyne's army is one of the first ob-

jects upon the continent, but how to effect it is the question.
"You see, he moves with caution, notwithstanding our army flies before him. It is now a month since he landed at Skenesborough, his advanced parties have advanced only about twenty or thirty miles and nothing, or next to nothing, to oppose him. Sure I am he never would have dared to penetrate an inch if he had met with a serious opposition.
"Could I persuade myself that Burgoyne would not retreat upon the northern army's being reinforced, I would run all the hazard to attempt his destruction, but I am well persuaded that he would retreat immediately to Ticonderoga, where it would be out of our power to do him any great injury.
"Our situation is not a little awkward, buried in the country out of the hearing of the enemy. His excellency (Washington) is exceeding impatient, but it is said if Philadelphia is lost all is ruined. It is a great object to be sure, but not of that great magnitude that it claims.
"Rest assured we shall not remain idle long. This is a curious campaign. In the spring we had the enemy about our ears every hour. The northern army could neither see nor hear of an enemy. Now they have got the enemy about their heads and we have lost ours.
"I can assure you I was no advocate of coming so hastily here, for I ever thought Gen. Howe's motions very equivocal; but the loss of Philadelphia would injure us more than our taking New York would them, and it is not certain our rapid march did not hinder the enemy from coming up the bay to the city. That they were moving about the coast for several days is very certain."
This letter brought \$195 at the Philadelphia sale.

DO NOT FEAR AUTOMOBILES

Shetland Ponies the Only Breed of Horses That Motor Cars Don't Frighten.

About the only breed of horses which does not seem to fear the automobile is the Shetland pony. As to that, however, the Shetland takes fright at nothing so different is he in his mental makeup from other horses. Give a well broken Shetland to a child, and no trouble will be experienced through his becoming frightened at motor cars.

Children who drive Shetland ponies may now use the roads and parkways in comparative safety, so far as automobilists are concerned, provided they have been properly instructed as to the proper side of the road to keep on and the rules regarding turning out, turning corners, etc., which should be taught to every person who essays to drive a horse, grown people as well as children.—The Horse World.

Another Matter.

Judge Giles Baker, of a Pennsylvania county, was likewise cashier of his home bank, says Browning's Magazine. A man presented a check one day for payment. He was a stranger. His evidence of identification was not satisfactory to the cashier. "Why, Judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence a man to be hanged on no better evidence than this!" "Very likely," replied the Judge. "But when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

GERTRUDE'S LOVERS

BY CHARLES L. DOYLE

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Gertrude Desborough, daughter of old Merton Desborough, the coal-oil millionaire, was attractive in more ways than one. To begin with, she possessed an enviable share of good looks and a generous supply of common sense. Naturally there were not lacking suitors who cast longing eyes on the heiress of the Desborough millions, and of these Lionel Wayne and Hugh Winslow were the most favored—Gertrude showing perhaps a slight partiality for the former.

Wayne was a ready talker, always entertaining and handsome in what some people considered a rather effeminate way, while Winslow was reserved, self-possessed and built on sterner lines than his rival. Both moved in the best social circles, but neither was overburdened with money. The question that troubled Gertrude was whether it was her wealth or herself which formed the principal attraction for her admirers. She cared nothing for the fact that neither of the young men in question was rich in this world's goods, but she cared a great deal to know whether their affection was sincere or assumed.

In her heart she felt that Wayne had made a deeper impression on her than Winslow; he was more outspoken and dashing in manner than his reserved rival, whose attitude toward Gertrude was almost reverential. Still she hesitated, for one of her most intimate friends had dropped a hint in her hearing to the effect that Wayne was an unscrupulous, calculating fortune hunter. She did not believe the assertion, but it troubled her nevertheless and left her in a doubting frame of mind. She had no mother to consult in the emergency, for Mrs. Desborough had died when Gertrude was in her infancy and she shrank from asking her father's advice in the matter.

But an event was scheduled to occur which Gertrude had never counted



"Her Small Hands Were Caught Tightly in His Strong Ones."

upon. To all outer appearances her father had long ago ceased to participate actively in the strife of the business world and was supposed to be living a life of luxurious ease, regardless of the fluctuations of the stock market; so great was the girl's surprise and consternation one night when Merton Desborough gravely informed her that a series of unlucky speculations had resulted in the loss of his large fortune, and that they would be obliged to retire from the world of society wherein she had so long reigned as an acknowledged belle and heiress. Yet when the first shock of the announcement had passed away Gertrude's pride and courage came to the rescue and she threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him tenderly.

"Never mind me, papa," she said bravely; "as long as we have each other it doesn't matter. We will be just as comfortable in a quiet little home as in this big house with all its grand furnishings, and I can go to work—the same as lots of other girls do—and help you."

"I don't think that will be necessary, Gertrude; we'll probably have enough left to live on," said her father, but a look of intense gratification shone in his eyes as he spoke. Gertrude was true to the estimate he had formed of her character; it was evident that the unlooked for termination of her butterfly existence did not daunt the girl, and Merton Desborough had never felt prouder of his daughter than at that moment.

Gertrude did not abandon her resolution of joining the humble ranks of the wage earners. No sooner were they settled in the narrow confines of the little flat which her father selected as their future residence than she started out in search of work, and the following week saw her installed at a switch-board in the employ of the telephone company, fulfilling the duties of an operator. Her father smiled when she triumphantly informed him of her success, but did not try to dissuade her. The battle of life had commenced for Gertrude in grim earnest.

It must be confessed that after the novelty of the thing had worn off there were times when she regretted the leisure hours and luxuries which had once been hers. But she did not complain, and stuck to her task heroically, although at this juncture she

began to realize how very few friends the average person can rely upon. Her acquaintances in bygone days had been legion in number, but with the change in her social position they became wonderfully scarce. Three or four of her girlhood chums remained faithful to the deposed princess of their merry circle and loyally expressed their admiration of the manner in which she confronted her adverse destiny, but they were shining exceptions to the general rule.

Perhaps the sharpest sting of all was contained in the knowledge that Lionel Wayne was utterly unworthy of the good opinion she once held of him. From the day when he first learned of her father's financial ruin that astute gentleman had kept carefully out of sight, and never even came forward to express his sympathy. Yet Gertrude, in spite of the disappointment which the revelation of his true character inflicted upon her sensitive nature, felt thankful that she had found him out in time to save herself from the bitterness of a loveless marriage. Whether Winslow would prove equally faithless remained to be seen. Business had summoned him to California before the downfall of the Desboroughs had become public, and he was still absent from the city. Gertrude's belief in mankind had been severely shattered by her experience, and she hardly knew what to hope for when he returned.

"Time will show," she said with a wise shake of her little head, and addressed herself anew to the fight for existence.

A month had passed away, and Gertrude, weary from a hard day's work, was reclining on a sofa in the parlor of their flat, an open book beside her, while her father sat placidly smoking a cigar and busied himself with a formidable array of papers covered with endless rows of figures. A loud knock at the door caused Gertrude to spring to her feet, and an instant later the tall form of Hugh Winslow appeared on the threshold. The color rose to the girl's face at the sight of the unexpected visitor, but Winslow gave her no time for a commonplace salutation. Before she could speak her small hands were caught tightly in his strong ones and the glow of affection in his eyes told her that he was still the same stalwart and uncompromising lover who had submitted so meekly to her caprices in the past.

"My own little girl!" he murmured, gently, and Gertrude's wealth of brown tresses rested quietly on his breast.

"You young folks seem to have settled this matter very satisfactorily between you," broke in Merton Desborough's voice. He smiled as he spoke, and Winslow grasped the ex-finance's hand and shook it warmly. "Thank heaven for your misfortune," he said, fervently; "it has gained me the heart of the dearest girl on earth. Her money was the only bar between us, Mr. Desborough."

Merton Desborough's eyes were moist with feeling as he gazed at the speaker. "You are just the kind of man I fancied you to be," he said, finally. "Gertrude knows by this time what valuation to put upon fair-weather friends and money-seeking suitors. And now I'll let you both into a secret. My supposed ruin was nothing but a scheme to test the worth of those who sought my daughter's hand. Merton Desborough is just as heavy a weight in the financial scales as he was seven weeks ago. I don't regret the experiment, for it not only proved Gertrude's courage and affection, but also gave her a husband who really loves her for herself."

One of Gertrude's arms crept around her father's neck and the other rested upon Winslow's broad shoulder.

"The two people I love most in the whole, wide world," she said, softly. "I am a very happy girl to-night, papa."

Attitude of Birds in Flight.

When the new \$20 gold piece was issued in 1907, a critic of the design on the coins asked: "Who ever saw an eagle in flight with its legs trailing behind it?" This touches upon a question that has often been debated, but Dr. C. W. Townsend thinks that the designer was right and the critic wrong. All birds of prey, he says, habitually carry their legs behind in flight, except when about to strike their quarry. Water birds also fly with their legs extended behind, and pheasants, grouse and other gallinaceous birds do the same thing as soon as they are well under way. But the passer or perching birds, such as English blackbirds, sparrows, robins, ravens, crows, and swallows when in flight carry their legs drawn up in front. The habit of humming birds is uncertain, although some have been photographed, carrying their legs in front.

Refrigeration in Wine Making.

From experiments made in France in the employment of artificial refrigeration in wine making, the following conclusions have been drawn: Grapes may be kept at a temperature of 29 degrees Fahrenheit for a year, but it is not advisable to keep them longer than a few months because of the inevitable softening of the seeds. In the clarification of liquors and their preparation for exportation to cold climates very good results are obtained by cooling to 29 degrees for 72 hours.



Captain Kidd's House in New York City.

a flat stone two feet long and 14 inches wide was discovered. On it were cut characters which an expert read as follows: "Ten feet below are two million pounds buried." This gave the searchers renewed hope.

Water Fills the Tunnel.

This was Saturday night. Monday morning when the men returned to work the shaft was discovered full of water. It was then decided to sink a new shaft and to tunnel under the "money pit" and to take the treasure out from below. The pit was sunk to a depth of 110 feet, and just as the workers thought that the treasure was theirs the water burst in on them and the men barely escaped with their lives.

This ended the effort, and it was not till 1848 that operations were re-

they could see. The pit was opened up and at 38 feet a platform was struck.

The pit from this depth was open and well cribbed down to a depth of 108 feet. The workers at once pumped the pit out and commenced digging, but had a great deal of trouble in keeping the water out, and it was after a great deal of work and time the 113 feet was at last struck. At this depth the water became very heavy and the pumps had all they could do to keep it out. The pit was eight feet square. At this time one of the pumps went wrong and before she could be repaired the pit filled up with water.

Strike Chest by Boring.

They swung in a three-inch pipe through the water to the bottom of