

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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TREASURE ISLAND.

Well, here's a new kind of "Treasure Island"—a kind that Stevenson himself would chuckle over, could he come back to read it. And by a woman, too! So, as you may easily imagine, it's different from the rank and file of the many stories about treasure islands.

Just the same, it's a real treasure island story—an uninhabited island, adventures who have adventures, mystery, treachery, violence and Spanish doubloons. And this time, for good measure, love and romance and humor are thrown in.

The author, Camilla Kenyon, was born in San Francisco, with a legend of a buccanier ancestor in the family. She says she sometimes thinks the old rover's soul may have got by mistake into her earthly frame. Anyway, she always has doted on sea tales of adventure—and now she has written one of her own that's better reading than most of those she has read.

Yes; it's sure different—the red-headed heroine tells the story herself! An interesting young person with a yarn that will keep you reading far beyond bedtime.

CHAPTER I.

An Aunt Errand.

Never had life seemed more fair and smiling than at the moment when Aunt Jane's letter descended upon me like a bolt from the blue. The fact is, I was taking a vacation from Aunt Jane. Being an orphan, I was supposed to be under Aunt Jane's wing, but this was the merest polite fiction, and I am sure that no hen with one chicken worries about it more than I did about Aunt Jane. I had spent the last three years, since Aunt Susan died and left Aunt Jane with all the money and no one to look after but me, in snatching her from the brink of disaster. Her most recent and narrow escape was from a velvet-tongued person of half her years who turned out to be a convict on parole. She had her handbag packed for the elopement when I confronted her with this unpleasant fact. When she came to she was bitter instead of grateful, and went about for weeks presenting a spectacle of blighted affections which was too much for the most self-approving conscience. So it ended with my packing her off to New York, where I wrote to her frequently and kindly, urging her not to mind me but to stay as long as she liked.

Meanwhile I came up to the ranch for a long holiday with Bess and the baby, a holiday which had already stretched itself out to Thanksgiving, and threatened to last until Christmas.

As to Aunt Jane, my state of mind was fatuously calm. She was staying with cousins, who live in a suburb and are frightfully respectable. I was sure they numbered no convicts among their acquaintance, or indeed any one from whom Aunt Jane was likely to require rescuing. And if it came to a retired missionary I was perfectly willing.

But the cousins and their respectability are of the passive order, whereas to manage Aunt Jane demands aggressive and continuous action. Hence the bolt from the blue above alluded to.

I was swinging tranquilly in the hammock, I remember, when Bess brought my letters and then hurried away because the baby had fallen downstairs. Unwarned by the slightest premonitory thrill, I kept Aunt Jane's letter till the last and skimmed through all the others.

At last I came to Aunt Jane. I ripped open the envelope and drew out the letter—a fat one, but then Aunt Jane's letters are always fat. Nevertheless, as I spread out the close-filled pages I felt a mild wonder. Writing so large, so black, so staggering, so madly underlined, must indicate something above even Aunt Jane's usual emotional level. Perhaps in sober truth there was a missionary.

Twenty minutes later I staggered into Bess' room.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't wake the baby!"

"Baby or no baby," I whispered savagely. "I've got to have a time-table. I leave for the city tonight to catch the first steamer for Panama!"

Later, while the baby slumbered and I packed, I explained. This was difficult; not that Bess is as a general thing obtuse, but because the picture of Aunt Jane embarking for some wild, lone isle of the Pacific as the head of a treasure-seeking expedition was enough to shake the strongest intellect. And yet, amid the welter of ink and eloquence which filled those fatal pages, there was the cold hard fact confronting you. Aunt Jane was going to look for buried treasure, in company with one Violet Higlesby-Browne, whom she sprung on you without the slightest explanation, as though alluding to the queen of Sheba or the Siamese twins. By beginning

at the end and reading backward—Aunt Jane's letters are usually most intelligible that way—you managed to piece together some explanation of this Miss Higlesby-Browne and her place in the scheme of things. It was through Miss Browne, whom she had met at a lecture upon Soul-Development, that Aunt Jane had come to realize her claims as an Individual upon the Cosmos, also to discover that she was by nature a woman of affairs with a talent for directing large enterprises, although adverse influences had hitherto kept her from recognizing her powers. There was a dark significance in these "adverse influences," though whether they meant me or the family lawyer I was not sure.

Miss Higlesby-Browne, however, had assisted Aunt Jane to find herself, and as a consequence Aunt Jane, for the comparatively trifling outlay needed to finance the Harding-Browne expedition, would shortly be the richer by one-fourth of a vast treasure of Spanish doubloons. The knowledge of this hoard was Miss Higlesby-Browne's alone. It had been revealed to her by a dying sailor in a London hospital, whither she had gone on a mission of kindness—you gathered that Miss Browne was precisely the sort to take advantage when people were helpless and unable to fly from her. Why the dying sailor chose to make Miss Browne the repository of his secret, I don't know—this still remains for me the unsolved mystery. But when the sailor closed his eyes the secret and the map—of course there was a map—had become Miss Higlesby-Browne's.

Miss Browne now had clear before her the road to fortune, but unfortunately it led across the sea and quite out of the route of steamer travel. Capital in excess of Miss Browne's resources was required. London proving cold before its great opportunity, Miss Browne had shaken off its dust and come to New York, where a mysteriously potent influence had guided her to Aunt Jane. Through Miss



"I Must Get to Panama in Time to Save Her."

Browne's great organizing abilities, not to speak of those newly brought to light in Aunt Jane, a party of stanch comrades had been assembled, a steamer engaged to meet them at Panama, and it was ho, for the island in the blue Pacific main!

With this lyrical outburst Aunt Jane concluded the body of her letter. A small cramped postscript informed me that it was against Miss H.-B.'s wishes that she revealed their plans to anyone, but that she did want to hear from me before they sailed from Panama, where a letter might reach her if I was prompt.

"And of course," I explained to Bess as I hurried things into my bags, "if a letter can reach her so can I. At least I must take the chance of it. What those people are up to I don't know—probably they mean to hold her for ransom and murder her outright if it is not forthcoming. Or perhaps some of them will marry her and share the spoils with Miss Higlesby-Browne. Anyway, I must get to Panama in time to save her."

"Or you might go along to the island," suggested Bess.

I paused to glare at her.

"Bess! And let them murder me, too?"

"Or marry you—" cooed Bess.

One month later I was climbing out of a lumbering hack before the Tivoli hotel, which rises square and white and imposing on the low green height above the old Spanish city of Panama. In spite of the melting tropical heat there was a chill fear at my heart, the fear that Aunt Jane and her hand of treasure-seekers had already departed on their quest.

I crossed the broad gallery and plunged into the cool dimness of the lobby in the wake of the bellboys, who, discerning a helpless prey, had swooped en masse upon my bags.

"Miss Jane Harding?" repeated the

clerk, and at the cool negation of his tone my heart gave a sickening downward swoop. "Miss Jane Harding and party have left the hotel!"

"For—the island?" I gasped.

He raised his eyebrows. "Can't say, I'm sure." He gave me an appraising stare. Perhaps the woe in my face touched him, for he descended from the eminence of the hotel clerk where he dwelt apart sufficiently to add, "Is it important that you should see her?"

"I am her niece. I have come all the way from San Francisco expecting to join her here."

The clerk meditated, his shrewd eyes piercing the very secrets of my soul.

"She knew nothing about it," I hastened to add. "I intended it for a surprise."

This candor helped my cause. "Well," he said, "that explains her not leaving any word. As you are her niece, I suppose it will do no harm to tell you that Miss Harding and her party embarked this morning on the freighter Rufus Smith, and I think it very likely that the steamer has not left port. If you like I will send a man to the water-front with you and you may be able to go on board and have a talk with your aunt."

Did I thank him? I have often wondered when I waked up in the night. I have a vision of myself dashing out of the hotel, and then the hack that brought me is bearing me away. Bellboys hurled my bags in after me, and I threw them largess recklessly. Madly we clattered over cobbled ways. Out on the smooth waters of the roadstead lay ships great and small, ships with stripped masts and smokeless funnels, others with faint gray spirals wreathing upward from their stacks. Was one of these, the Rufus Smith, and would I reach her—or him—before the thin gray feather became a thick black plume? I thought of my aunt at the mercy of these unknown adventurers with whom she had set forth, helpless as a little fat pigeon among hawks, and I felt, desperately, that I must reach her, must save her from them and bring her safe back to shore. How I was to do this at the eleventh hour, plus about fifty-seven minutes, as at present, I hadn't considered. But experience had taught me that once in my clutches Aunt Jane would offer about as much resistance as a slightly melted wax doll. She gets so soft that you are almost afraid to touch her for fear of leaving dents.

So to get there, get there, get there, was the one prayer of my soul.

I got there, in a boat hastily commandeered by the hotel clerk's deputy. We brought up under the side of the little steamer, and the wide surprised face of a Swedish deck-hand stared down at us.

"Let me guard! I must come aboard," I cried.

Other faces appeared, then a rope-ladder. Somehow I was mounting it—a dizzy feat to which only the tumult of my emotions made me indifferent. Bare brawny arms of sailors clutched at me and drew me to the deck. There at once I was the center of a circle of speechless and astonished persons, all men but one.

"Well?" demanded a large breezy voice. "What's this mean? What do you want aboard my ship?"

I looked up at a red-faced man in a large straw hat.

"I want my aunt," I explained.

"Your aunt?" he roared. "Why the devil should you think I've got your aunt?"

"You have got her," I replied with firmness. "I don't see her, but she's here somewhere."

The captain of the Rufus Smith shook two large red fists above his head.

"Another lunatic!" he shouted. "I'd as soon have a white horse and a minister aboard as go to sea in a floating bedlam!"

As the captain's angry thunder died away came the small, anxious voice of Aunt Jane.

"What's the matter? Oh, please tell me what's the matter!" she was saying as she edged her way into the group. Her eyes, round, pale, blinking a little in the tropical glare, roved over the circle until they lit on me. Right where she stood Aunt Jane petrified. Her poor little chin dropped until it disappeared altogether in the folds of her plump neck, and she remained speechless, stricken, immobile as a wax figure in an exhibition.

"Aunt Jane," I said, "you must come right back to shore with me." I spoke calmly, for unless you are perfectly calm with Aunt Jane you fluster her. She replied only by a slight gobbling in her throat, but the other woman spoke in a loud voice, addressed not to me but to the universe in general.

"The Young Person is mad!" It was an unmistakably British intonation.

"Anybody that ain't goin' in that direction is welcome to jump aboard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORN BORER NOW SPREADING WEST

Fight to Protect Corn Belt From Advance of Pest to Be Concentrated in Ohio.

PEST DOES HARM IN CANADA

Farmers Urged to Cut Cornstalks Close to Ground as Possible to Destroy Winter Home of Insect—Fall Plowing Helps.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The fight to protect the corn belt against the advance of the European corn borer is now to be concentrated in Ohio, where, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, infestations of the pest have been found along the entire southern shore of Lake Erie over a strip varying from six to twelve miles in width and extending to within six miles of the Indiana border. It is at the western end of the lake that the borer also threatens a descent upon this country from Canada by crossing the Detroit river. The department is preparing to reduce its efforts against the pest in other places and in co-operation with Canadian and Ohio authorities concentrate them in Ohio.

Heavy Infestation in Ontario. For some months the Canadian authorities have been combating the pest on the northern shore of the lake, where it has gained a strong foothold, practically devastating entire cornfields in the vicinity of St. Thomas. A three-days heavy wind at the period when the moths were flying is believed to have blown some of them across the lake into Ohio.

Every possible effort, it is said, will be made to hold down the infestations on the Ohio and Pennsylvania side of the lake. Farmers will be urged to cut their cornstalks as close to the ground as possible, as the insect makes its winter home in the stalk. For this reason, too, fall plowing is recommended. The Ohio authorities, it is said, are fully alive to the need for checking the spread of the pest, and are co-operating with the department and conducting work of their own toward this end.

Floating Cornstalks a Source of Danger

This is the first instance known in which the corn borer was carried any great distance by wind. It has been known, though, to travel by water in floating cornstalks, and in this manner has made its way to islands. This is one ominous feature of the presence of the borer in Ohio, it is said. At present the infestations are in a strip that drains into Lake Erie, and floating stalks are not likely to do much harm. However the divide where the



The European Corn Borer. Top at left—larvae and pupae in cornstalks, and young tassel attacked by the insect. Male and female moths drawn on same scale as the corn. Top center—a female moth with cluster of eggs on a section of corn leaf, on a considerably larger scale. Top right—mature tassel showing typical injuries by caterpillar (the broken tassel stem is often the most noticeable evidence of the presence of the insect during the early summer months). Center—external and internal views of injuries inflicted on two ears of sweet corn. Lower half of the plate—snap beans, beets, and celery attacked by the borer, cornstalk containing caterpillars, corn stubbles cut away to show how the caterpillars hide themselves in the fall, winter, and early spring months, "smartweed," which is a favorite food at times, "barnyard grass," which in Massachusetts is often heavily infested, and "cocklebur" plant, a weed that often serves as a breeding place for the pest.

drainage of the Ohio river begins is only a few miles south of the infested area. Once over this watershed, it is said, there is no telling where the pest may be carried. It is thought altogether possible that infested stalks in that event might be carried even to places far down the Mississippi river.

The European corn borer has been known in this country only a few years. It is well known in northern Europe, where it does great damage to corn, especially in Austria. It is supposed to have come to this country and to Canada in importations of broom corn from Europe, and at present several large areas in New England and New York are under Federal quarantine to prevent its further spread. Its presence in Ohio is one of the most important developments since it entered this country.

SUGGESTIONS TO AID FARM TIMBER OWNERS

Selling of Product Calls for Good Business Methods.

Benefit by Experience of Neighbors and Investigate Local Requirements and Prices—Advise and Secure Competition.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Based upon methods used by woodland owners that have been successful in marketing their products, the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture offers the following 10 suggestions for aiding others who have timber on the farm for sale:

Get prices for various wood products from as many sawmills and other wood-using plants as possible.

Before selling, consult neighbors who have sold timber and benefit from their experiences.

Investigate local timber requirements and prices. Your products



Black Locust Plantation—Five-Year Old Trees.

may be worth more locally because transportation is saved.

Advertise in papers and otherwise secure outside competition.

Secure bids if practicable both by the lump and by log-scale measure.

Be sure that you are selling to responsible purchasers.

Get a reliable estimate of the amount and value of the material before selling.

Market the higher grades of timber and use the cheaper for farm purposes.

Remember that standing timber can wait over a period of low prices without rapid deterioration.

Use a written agreement in selling timber, especially if the cutting is done by the purchaser.

Additional details concerning the profitable marketing of woodland products are contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1117, Forestry and Farm Income, copies of which may be had upon request of the division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

GOOD PREVENTIVE OF VERMIN

All Small Inclosures Should Be Cleaned and Disinfected Before Being Used.

Except in accidental cases, hog lice are found only on hogs, and they do not voluntarily leave their natural host, says the United States Department of Agriculture. When separated from the animal they live only two or three days. The lice pass readily from one hog to another when the animals come in close contact. Practically all cases of infestation occur from contact with lousy animals and not from infected premises. Under reasonably good sanitary conditions pens, corrals and premises which have contained lousy hogs are not a source of danger to hogs free from lice.

As a precautionary measure, however, and because it is good sanitary practice, all small inclosures which have contained lousy hogs should be cleaned and disinfected before being used for a new lot of hogs. The litter and manure should be removed and the floors cleaned after which the woodwork and floors should be sprayed with a good disinfectant. The coal-tar-cresote dips, diluted in accordance with instructions on the container, are suitable for this purpose.

TAKE-ALL DISEASE OF WHEAT

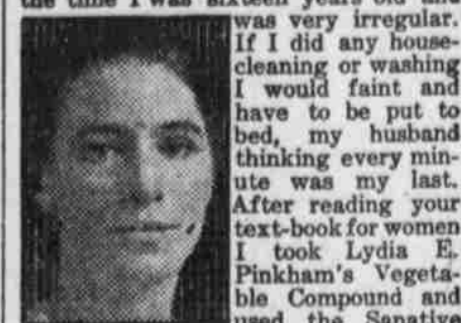
Department of Agriculture Has Found Thirty-Nine Varieties Immune to Ailment.

Efforts by the United States Department of Agriculture to combat the so-called take-all disease of wheat in Illinois and Indiana have resulted in finding 39 varieties that are either immune or highly resistant to the disease. They are Belogina, Crimean, Currell, Dietz, Longberry, Early May, Fulcaster, Fultz, Gipsy, Gladden, Gold Coin, Grandprize, Harvest King, Hungarian, Jones Fife, Kanred, Kharkof, Leap, Malakof, Mammoth Red, Michigan Amber, Mediterranean, Minnesota Reliable, Nigger Pesterboden, Poole, Portage, Pride of Indiana, Red Cross (red chaff), Red Rock, Red Wave, Reliable, Rudy, Stoner (Marvelous), Trumbull, Turkey, and Wheeling.

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