

# SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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### THE DOUR SCOT.

Synopsis.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higgleby-Browne into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward Island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel engaged for the hunt, and in the confusion is unwillingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane.

### CHAPTER III.

#### I Engage the Enemy.

It was fortunate that I slept well in my narrow berth on board the Rufus Smith, for the next day was one of trial. Aunt Jane had recovered what Mr. Tubbs, with deprecating coughs behind his hand, alluded to as her sea-legs, and staggered forth wanly, leaning on the arm of Miss Higgleby-Browne. Yes, of Miss Browne, while I, Aunt Jane's own niece, trotted meekly in the rear with a cushion. Already I had begun to realize how fatally I had underrated the lady of the hyphen. In imagining I had only to come and see and conquer Aunt Jane. The grim and bony one had made hay while the sun shone—while I was idling in California, and those criminally supine cousins were allowing Aunt Jane to run about New York at her own wild will. Miss Higgleby-Browne had her own collar and tag on Aunt Jane now, while she, so complete was her perversion, fairly hugged her slavery and called it freedom. Yes, she talked about her emancipation and her soul-force and her individuality, prattling away like a child that has learned its lesson well. "Mercy, aunty, what long words!" I cried gaily, sitting down beside her and patting her hand. Usually I can do anything with her when I get her up a bit. But the eye of Miss Higgleby-Browne was on her—and Aunt Jane actually drew a little away.

"Really, Virginia," she said, feebly endeavoring to rise to the occasion as she knew Miss Browne would have her rise, "really, while it's very nice to see you and all that, still I hope you realize that I have had a—deep soul-experience, and that I am no longer to be trifled with—and—treated as if I were—amusing. I am at a loss to imagine why you came. I wrote you that I was in the company of trusted friends."

"Friends?" I echoed aggrievedly. "Friends are all very well, of course, but when you and I have just each other, aunty, I think it is unkind of you to expect me to stay thousands of miles away from you all by myself." "But it was you who sent me to New York, and insisted on my staying there!" she cried. Evidently she had been living over her wrongs.

"Yes—but how different!" I interrupted hastily. "There were the cousins—of course I have to spare you sometimes to the rest of the family!" Aunt Jane is strong on family feeling, and frequently reproaches me with my lack of it.

"But in expecting Aunt Jane to soften at this, I reckoned without Miss Higgleby-Browne. A dart from the cold gray eyes galvanized my aunt into a sudden rigid erectness.

"My dear Virginia," she said with quivering severity. "let me remind you that there are lies even dearer than those of blood—soul-affinities, you know, and—in short, in my dear friend Miss Higgleby-Browne I have met for the first time in my life with a—Sympathetic Intelligence that understands me!"

So that was Violet's line! I surveyed the Sympathetic Intelligence with a smiling interest.

"Really, how nice! And of course you feel quite sure that on your side you thoroughly understand—Miss Higgleby-Browne?"

Miss Browne's hair was rather like a clothesbrush in her mildest moods. In her rising wrath it seemed to quiver like a lion's mane.

"Jane," uttered Miss Higgleby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "do you or do you not realize how strangely prophetic were the warnings I gave you from the first—that if you revealed our plans malignant influences would be brought to bear? Be strong, Jane—cling to the Dynamic Thought!" "I'm clinging!" sniffed Aunt Jane, dabbing away her tears. "Really, Virginia," she broke out in a whimper, "it is not kind to say, I suppose, but I would just as soon you hadn't come! Just when I was learning to expand my individuality—and then you come and somehow make it seem so much more difficult!"

I rose. "Very well, Aunt Jane," I said, coldly. "Expand all you like. When you get to the bursting point I'll do my best to save the pieces. For the present I suppose I had better leave you to company so much more favorable to your soul development!" And I walked away with my head in the air.

It was so much in the air, and the deck of the Rufus Smith was so unstable, that I fell over a coil of rope and fetched up in the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Fortunately this occurred around the corner of the deck-house, out of sight of my aunt and Miss Browne, so the latter was unable to shed the lurid light on the episode which she doubtless would if she had seen it. Mr. Vane stood the shock well and promptly set me on my feet.

"I say!" he exclaimed sympathetically, "not hurt, are you? Beastly nuisance, you know, these ropes lying about—regular man-traps, I call 'em."

"Thanks, I'm quite all right," I said, and as I spoke two large genuine tears welled up into my eyes. I hadn't realized till I felt them smarting on my eyelids how deeply hurt I was at the unnatural behavior of Aunt Jane.

"Ah—I'm afraid you are really not quite all right!" returned the Honorable Cuthbert with profound concern. "Tell me what's the matter—please do!"

I shook my head. "It's nothing—you couldn't help me. It's just—Aunt Jane. She has let this awful Higgleby-Browne person get possession of her, body and soul."

"Oh, I say, aren't you a bit rough on Miss Browne? Thought she was a rather remarkable old party—goes in strong for intellect and all that, you know."

"That's just what fooled Aunt Jane so—but I thought a man would know better." My feathers were ruffled again.

"Well, fact is, I'm not so much up in that sort of thing myself," he admitted modestly. "Rather took her word for it and all that, you know. There's Shaw, though—cleverest chap going, I assure you. I rather fancy Miss Browne couldn't pull the wool over his eyes much."

"She evidently did, though," I said snappishly, "since he's let her rope him in for such a wild goose chase as this!"

"Oh, really, now, Miss Harding, you don't think it's that—that the thing's all moonshine?"

"Why, what else can it be?" I demanded, driven by my wrongs to the cruelty of shattering his illusions. "Who ever heard of a pirate's treasure that wasn't moonshine? The moment I had read Aunt Jane's letter telling of the perfectly absurd business she was setting out on I rushed down by the first boat. Of course I meant to take her back with me, to put a stop to all this madness; but I was too late—and you are glad of it, I dare say!"

"I can't help being glad, you know," he replied, the color rising to his ingenuous cheeks. "It's so frightfully jolly having you along. Only I'm sorry you came against your will. Rather fancy you had it in your head that we were a band of cutthroats, eh? Well, the fact is I don't know much about the two chaps Miss Browne picked up, though I suspect they are a very decent sort. That odd fish,

Captain Magnus, now—he was quite Miss Browne's own find, I assure you. And as to old H. H.—Tubbs, you know—Miss Browne met up with him on the boat coming down. The rum old chap got on her soft side somehow, and first thing she had appointed him secretary and treasurer—as though we were a meeting of something. Shaw was quite a bit upset about it. I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw no end when you know him—he's such a wonderfully clever chap!"

I had no wish to blight his faith in the superlative Mr. Shaw, and said nothing. This evidently pained him, and he continued to sound the praises of his idol. It seemed that as soon as Miss Browne had beguiled Aunt Jane into financing her scheme—a feat equivalent to robbing an infant-class scholar of his Sunday school nickel—she had cast about for a worthy leader for the forthcoming Harding-Browne expedition. All the winds of fame were bearing abroad just then the name of a certain young explorer who had lately added another continent or two to the British empire. Linked with his were other names, those of fellow adventurers, which shone only less brightly than that of their chief. One Dugald Shaw had been among the great man's most trusted lieutenants, but now, on the organization of the second expedition, he was left behind in London, only half recovered of a wound received in the Antarctic. His old companions had taken again the path of glory, and were far on their way back to the ice-fields of the South pole. Only Dugald Shaw was left behind.

"And so," the even voice flowed on, "when I ran on to him in London he was feeling fearfully low, I do assure you. A chap of his sort naturally hates to think he's on the shelf."

"Well, old Shaw was fancying there was nothing for it but to go back to his place with the P. & O., which seemed a bit flat after what he'd been having, and meant he would never get beyond being the captain of a liner, and not that for a good many years to come, when a cable came from this Miss Higgleby-Browne offering him command of this expedition. As neither of us had ever heard of Miss Higgleby-Browne, we were a bit floored for a time. But Shaw smoked a pipe on it, and then he said, 'Old chap, if they will give me my figure, I'm their man.' And I said, 'Quite so, old chap, and I'll go along, too.'"

"I had to argue quite a bit, but in the end the dear old boy let me come—after wiring the pater and what not. And I do assure you, Miss Harding, it strikes me as no end of a lark—besides expecting it to put old Shaw on his feet and give us hundreds of money all round."

Well, it was a plausible story, and I had no doubt, so far as the Honorable Cuthbert was concerned, an absolutely truthful one. The beautiful youth was manifestly as guileless as a small boy playing pirate with a wooden sword. But as to Mr. Shaw, who could tell that it hadn't after all been a trumped-up affair between Miss Browne and him—that his surprise at the message was not assumed to throw dust in the eyes of his young and trusting friend? So great was my faith in Aunt Jane's glibness, so dark my distrust of Miss Browne, that all connected with the enterprise lay under the cloud of my suspicion. Mr. Shaw, after even a casual glimpse of him, one couldn't picture as a victim. I felt that he must have gone into the enterprise with his eyes wide open to its absurdity, and fully aware that the only gold to be won by anybody must come out of the pocket of Aunt Jane.

As these reflections passed through my mind I looked up and saw the subject of them approaching. He lifted his helmet, but met my eyes unsmilingly, with a sort of sober scrutiny. He had the tanned skin of a sailor, and brown hair cropped close and showing a trace of gray. This and a certain dour grim look he had made me at first consider him quite middle-aged, though I knew later that he was not yet thirty-five. As to the grimness, perhaps, I unwillingly conceded, part of it was due to a scar which seamed the right temple to the eyebrow, in a straight livid line.

He was welcomed by Mr. Vane with a joyous thump on the shoulder-blade. "I say, old man, Miss Harding has turned out to be the most fearful doubting Thomas—thinks the whole scheme quite mad and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Conundrum.

A Conundrum. A little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris!"—London Morning Post.

## Uncle Eph and the Rabbit

A Thanksgiving Story Told by Uncle Rafe

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"I've heard folks say it's all foolishness to say you can't kill a graveyard rabbit; but I got yit to see one dat's been kilt. Dey had it one day dat Harry Jackson kilt one; but 'twuz all a tale. Harry had kilt a plain ole' common rabbit; en when de neighbors heard 'bout it, some of 'em drapped in to see Harry 'bout dis en dat jes' fo' dinner. Harry up en tol' 'em 'twuz a grave-yard rabbit; en dey drapped back out widout waitin' fer dinner."

"Ol' Eph Bidlow say when he wuz young, he let de white folks talk him into b'leivin' dat you could kilt a graveyard rabbit; en de day afore 'Thanksgivin' he tuck down his double-bar' muzzel loader, en went after a rabbit wot folks kep' seein' in a certain graveyard."

"Well, sir, not long after he got to de graveyard en wuz a-settin' 'ginst a tree watchin' de leaves in de win', up a rabbit jumped, en hopped on top of a tombstone, en grinned at Eph. Den Eph, betn' hongrey fer 'Thanksgivin' dinner outer rabbit stew, tuck good aim, en lammed alosse. De rabbit jumped up, en let de load pass under him. Wild dat Eph took rood aim ag'in, en lammed away wid de udder har't. Ag'in de rabbit jumped up, en let de load pass under him. Den while Eph wuz starrin' at de rabbit, de rabbit tuck en danced on de tombstone, en turnt a somerser er two."

"Den look like it change its min', en got mad. It jumped down en kicked up its behin' legs 'twel leaves wuz fallin' all over de graveyard. Den it snorted at Eph. Fire tuck and shot out its eyes, en out its nose, en out its mouf; en it kep' snortin' at Eph; en ev'ry time it snorted de blaze would reach plum to Eph. Eph say he whirt 'roun' to go, en slipped, en fell. He lit smack on top a grave; en somp'n in de air growl' turble at him. Den Eph gid one jump; en went plum over de graveyard fence, en landed in de middle er de big road. He bounce' back fum de groun' like a rubber ball shootin' off a brick wall; en when he lit ag'in, up he bounce' ag'in; en so on, 'twel de fo'ce er de fus bouce had played out. Soon ez he could, he lit out."

"Well, sir; de path he tuck wuz so full er creeks, en ditches, en logs, dat it look like he had to jump all de way home stidder runnin' it dair. Away he went: 'Kerblickety blunk! blunkety blunk! blickety blunk!' makin' time dat 'ud er made it interestin' fer any rabbit."

"He had to pass by a pou' whar de bull-frogs wuz thicker'n leaves in winter. When dey heard de win' a ro'n', en de ground a-rumblin', dey looked out en seed a sight dey ain' never seed to forget. Dair wuz a man rikoshayin' along like a rock skippin' 'on water, en yit a missin' all de bumps en logs same ez ef he had aim ter do it. It wuz a case of a human creetur beatin' de bull-frog at de bull-frog's own business."

"When de whistlin' er de win' done died out, dem frogs raised a racket 'roun' dat pou', which Eph, at home in bed under kiver, swo' wuz de grave-yard rabbit bellerin'. Hadn' er been fer his passin' dat place afterward, en seen' de 'clement he raised 'mong's dem frogs he'd a b'lieved it wuz de graveyard rabbit toll yit."

"Heap er folks don' b'lieve his tale, noway, 'cause dey say dat nex' day some boys foun' Eph's gun in de graveyard, leavin' 'gainst a tombstone, en a whisky bottle rammed cork end down'ards in de muzzel, ez ef Eph had been tryin' to load up his gun wid de wrong machine. Dey say he wuz drunk—dead drunk—en dat 'uz all dey wuz to it."

### THE THANKS OFFERING.

By Cora A. Mattson Dolson.

A little child with white and unmarred soul Has brought my life to seem one perfect whole. Here to the altar will I bring my child. Feet yet untaught to walk are undefiled. Here, while the sacred drops fall on his brow, Will I with lips and heart respond in vow That this the choicest gift the year has given Shall be by me held as in trust from heaven. Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

### THE TURKEY'S LAST LAMENT

Birds' Ante-Mortem Statement Dwells Pathetically on the Ingratitude Displayed by Mankind.

It's a gay life. And I haven't weakened yet. The boss feeder isn't as mean as I used to think him. He restricts my liberty, 'tis true, but the eats are great. A double portion of shelled corn for breakfast. Twice as much for dinner. Hot mash for supper. I'm getting fat, positively; I had to let out my waist feathers two notches this morning. Gratitude well becomes the boss. Didn't I chase the bugs out of the garden last summer? I have much to be thankful for. Here comes the boss now. I'll give him the razz. Gobble! Gobble! But I have strange misgivings. Isn't that an ax he is swinging at his side? It was an ax that orphaned me. For the love of Mike, boss, use discretion! Remember the bugs! Squawk!

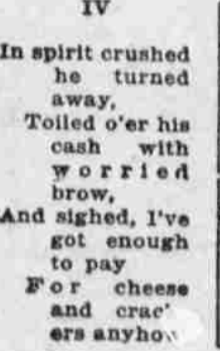
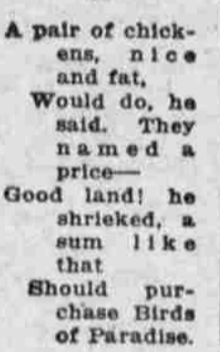


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### A THANKSGIVING EXPERIENCE.

What are your fowls, good Dealer tell? But told, he said, with glaring eye, It must be eagles that you sell. No turkey ever soared so high.



## DAIRY FACTS

### RECORDS OF GREAT BENEFIT

Much Valuable Information on Relations Between Milk and Butterfat Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Tabulation of the yearly records of 38,532 cow-testing association cows has brought to light much valuable information on the relations between milk and butterfat production, butterfat test, income over cost of feed, and other factors, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The average milk production per cow was 5,980 pounds; butterfat, 246 pounds; butterfat test, 4.11 per cent; income over cost of feed, \$55.69; returns for \$1 expended for feed, \$2.11.

The records show that in those associations where the work has been continued for a long period the production has generally increased from



### Fall Freshened Cows Produce More Milk and Butterfat Than Those Freshened in Spring or Summer.

year to year. As production increased, the income over cost of feed increased rapidly, and for each increase of 50 pounds in butterfat there was an increase of \$15 in income over cost of feed.

Cows that freshened in the fall produced more milk and butterfat and greater average income over cost of feed than those which freshened in the spring or summer. Large cows excelled small cows of the same breed in production of milk and butterfat and in income over cost of feed. As the butterfat test increased, the average production of butterfat advanced and the average production of milk declined.

These records also indicate that cows remain in the herd an average of about 4.7 years.

### BETTER-STOCK CAMPAIGN AID

Poster Issued by Department of Agriculture Illustrates Value of Good Dairy Cows.

"For the Children's Sake" is the title of an attractive poster just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, to be used in its better-stock campaign. The poster shows two cows, each surrounded by pictures of healthy children. Good milk, it is well known, is a health-giving food for children, but scrub cows do not give enough milk to feed many children. One of the animals shown on the poster is a scrub cow which produced about five quarts of milk a day—enough to supply the five children who are grouped about her. The other cow is a purebred, which gave a daily yield of 20 quarts—enough to feed the 20 children surrounding her.

"A good dairy cow," says the poster, "produces enough to feed about twenty children a quart of milk a day. An ordinary cow produces enough to feed about five children a quart a day. Every quart of milk contains health and a smile for some baby."

### CORN ALONE FOR MILK COWS

It Can Be Used to Better Advantage With Such Feeds as Bran, Meal and Legumes.

With well-filled corn cribs on many farms, and relatively low prices now in effect, the United States Department of Agriculture believes it is time to correct the impression that corn is not good feed for milk cows. Of course, corn cannot be fed alone, as its function is to supply heat, energy, and fat, rather than such elements as make up bone, muscle and the casein in milk. But it can be used to advantage along with such feeds as bran, linseed, meal, or cottonseed meal. Bran lightens and helps to balance the ration. Alfalfa or clover is usually fed with corn to supply protein.

### COW IS EFFICIENT MACHINE

Animal of Big Value in Converting Farm-Grown Feeds into High-Priced Products.

The dairy cow, of all farm animals, is our most efficient machine for converting farm-grown feeds into concentrated, high-priced food products, and therefore is entitled to the best of care. She is thin in flesh and naturally more susceptible to cold than most other classes of farm stock. If she is compelled to fortify herself against cold, snow, sleet and rain, she must, of course, convert a greater proportion of her feed into heat with which to keep up body temperature, and as a result she becomes less efficient for milk production.

