

# SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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## THE CAVE.

Synopsis—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid— 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 and 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, talking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island in a matter of some difficulty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it.

(CHAPTER V—Continued.)

Mr. Tubbs then produced a legal-looking document which I took to be the original agreement of the members of the expedition. Beneath their signatures he had inscribed a sort of codicil, by which I relinquished all claim on any treasure recovered by the party. I signed the clause in a bold and defiant hand, under the attentive eyes of the company. A sort of sigh went round, as though something of vast moment had been concluded. And indeed it had, for now the way was clear for Violet's map.

Coverly I watched the faces around me. Mr. Tubbs' eyes had grown bright; he licked his dry lips. His nose, tip-tilted and slightly bulbous, took on a more than usually rosy hue. Captain Magnus, who was of a restless and jerky habit at the best of times, was like a leashed animal scenting blood. Beneath his open shirt you saw the quick rise and fall of his hairy chest. His lips, drawn back wolfishly, displayed yellow, fang-like teeth. Under the raw crude greed of the man you seemed to glimpse something indescribably vulpine and ferocious.

The face of Dugald Shaw was controlled, but there was a slight rigidity in its quiet. A pulse beat rigidly in his cheek. All worldly good, all hope of place, power, independence, hung for him on the contents of the small flat package, wrapped in oil-silk, which Miss Browne was at this moment withdrawing from her pocket.

Only Cuthbert Vane, seated next to me, maintained without effort his serenity. For him the whole affair belonged in the category known as sporting, where a gentleman played his stake and accepted with equanimity the issue.

The dead sailor's legacy consisted of a single sheet of time-stained paper. Two-thirds of the sheet was covered by a roughly-drawn sketch in faded ink, giving the outline of the island shores as we had seen them from the Rufus Smith. Here was the cave, with the name it bears in the Admiralty charts—Lantern bay—written in, and a dotted line indicating the channel.

To all appearance the map was merely to give Hopperdown his directions for entering the cove. There was absolutely no mark upon it to show where the treasure had been buried.

Now for the writing on the sheet below the map. It was in another hand than that which had written Lantern bay across the face of the cove, and which, though labored, was precise and clear. This other was an uneven, wavering scrawl:

"He sed it is in a Cave with 2 mouths near by the grave of Bill Halliwell wich was cut down for he new to much. He sed you can bring a boat to the cave at the half Tide but beware the turn for the pull is strong. He sed to find the Grave again look for the stone at the head marked B. H. and a Cross Bones. In the Chist is gold Doubloons, a vast lot, also a silver Cross with he sed leve for the Grave for he sed Bill walks and thats unlucky."

That was all. A fairly clear direction for any friend who had attended the obsequies of Bill and knew where to look for the stone marked B. H. and a cross-bones, but to perfect strangers it was vague.

A blank look crept into the intent faces about the table.

"It—it don't happen to say in more detail just precisely where that cave might be looked for?" inquired Mr. Tubbs hopefully.

"In more detail?" repeated Miss Browne, challengingly. "Pray, Mr. Tubbs, what further detail could be required?"

"A good deal more, I am afraid," remarked the Scotchman grimly.

Miss Browne whirled upon him. In her cold eye a spark had kindled. And suddenly I had a new vision of her. I saw her no longer as the deluder of Aunt Jane, but as herself the deluded. Her belief in the treasure was an obsession. This map was her salvation. Her way of escape from an

existence which had been drab and dull enough, I dare say.

"Mr. Shaw"—Miss Browne gave the effect of drawing herself up in line of battle—"I feel that I must give expression to the thought which comes to me at this moment. It is this—that if the members of this party are to be chilled by carping doubts, the wave of enthusiasm which has floated us thus far must inevitably recede, leaving us flotsam on a barren shore. What can one weak woman—pardon, my unflinching Jane!—two women achieve against the thought of failure firmly held by him to whom we looked to lead us boldly in our forward dash? Mr. Shaw, this is no time for crawling earthworm tactics. It is with the bold and sweeping glance of the eagle that we must survey this island, until, the proper point discerned, we swoop with majestic flight upon our predestined goal!"

Miss Browne was somewhat exhausted by this effort, and paused for breath, whereupon Mr. Tubbs, anxious to retrieve his recent blunder, seized with dexterity the opportunity.

"I get you, Miss Browne, I get you," said Mr. Tubbs with conviction. "Victory ain't within the grasp of any individual that carries a heart like a cold pancake in his bosom. I may be rather a man of thought than action, ma'am, and at present far from my native heath, which is the financial centers of the country, but if I remember right, it was Ulysses done the dome-work for the Greeks, while certain persons that was depended on sulked in their tents. Miss Higgleby-Browne, you can count—count, I say—on old H. H.!"

"I thank you, Mr. Tubbs, I thank you!" replied Miss Browne with emotion. As for Aunt Jane, she gazed upon the noble countenance of Mr. Tubbs with such ecstatic admiration that her little nose quivered like a guinea-pig's.

## CHAPTER VI.

### The Cave With Two Mouths.

Obscure as were the directions which Hopperdown's niece had taken from his dying lips, one point at least was clear—the treasure-cave opened on the sea. This seemed an immense simplification of the problem, until you discovered that the great wall of cliffs was honeycombed with fissures.

One of the boats which had conveyed us from the Rufus Smith had been left with us, and in it Mr. Shaw, with the Honorable Cuthbert and Captain Magnus, made a preliminary voyage of discovery. This yielded the information above set down, plus, however, the thrilling and significant fact that a cave seemingly predestined to be the hiding place of treasure, and moreover a cave with the specified two openings, ran under the point which protected the anchorage on the south, connecting the cove with the sea. Only the Scotchman remained exasperatingly calm and declined to admit that the treasure was as good as found.

"I'll wait till I see the color of my money before I reckon the interest on it," he remarked. "It's true the cave



Made a Preliminary Voyage of Discovery.

would be a likely and convenient place for hiding the chest; the question is: Wouldn't it be too likely and convenient? Sampson would maybe not choose the spot of all others where the first comer who had got word of the story would be certain to look."

"Well, friends," remarked Mr. Tubbs, "there's them that sees nothing in the doughnut, and there's them that see the doughnut that's around the hole. I ain't ashamed to say that old H. H. is in the doughnut class. Why, the Old Man himself used to remark—I guess it ain't news to some here about me bein' on the inside with most of the leadin' financial lights of the country—he used to remark, 'Tubbs has it in

him to bull the market on a Black Friday.' Ladies, I ain't one that's inclined to boast, but I jest want to warn you not to be too astonished when H. H. makes acquaintance with Bill Halliwell's tombstone, which I'm willin' to lay he does yet."

"Well, good luck to you," said the grim Scot, "and let me likewise warn all hands not to be too astonished if we find that the treasure is not in the cave. But I'll admit it is as good a place as any for beginning the search."

The cave which was now the center of our hopes—I say our, because somehow or other I found myself hoping and fearing along with the rest, though carefully concealing it—ran under the point at its farther end. The distance was about sixty feet from mouth to mouth, and back of this transverse passage a great vaulted chamber stretched far under the land. The walls of the chamber rose sheer to a height of fifteen feet or more, when a broad ledge broke their smoothness. At high water the sea flooded the cavern to its farthest extremity and beat upon the walls. Now and again, it was to prove, even the water-worn pavement between the two archways was left bare, and one could walk dry-shod along the rocks under the high land of the point from the beach to the cave. But this was at the very bottom of the ebb. Mostly the lower end of the cave was flooded, and the explorers went back and forth in the boat.

A certain drawback to boating in our island waters was the presence of hungry hordes of sharks. You might forget them for a moment and sit happily trailing your fingers overboard, and then a huge moving shadow would darken the water, and you saw the ripple cut by a darting fin and the flash of a livid belly as the monster rolled over, ready for his mouthful.

What with the genius of Cookie and the fruitfulness of our island, not to speak of supplies from the Army and Navy stores, we lived like sybarites. There were fish from stream and sea, coconuts and bananas and oranges from the trees in the clearing. I had hopes of yams and breadfruit also, but if they grew on Leeward none of us had a speaking acquaintance with them. Cookie did wonders with the pigs that were shot and brought in to him, though I never could sit down with appetite to a massacred infant served up on a platter, which is just what little pigs look like.

"Yes, yo' cas' yo' eye on dis yere lan-nahcent!" Cookie would request, as he placed the suckling before Mr. Tubbs. "Tendah as a new-bo'n babe, he am. Jee' lak he been tucked up to sleep by his mammy. Sho' now, how yo' got de heart to stick de knife in him. Mistah Tubbs?"

It was significant that Mr. Tubbs, after occupying for a day or two an undistinguished middle place at the board, had somehow slid into the carver's post at the head of the table. Flanking him were the two ladies. Everybody else had a sense of sitting in outer darkness, particularly I, whom fate had placed opposite Captain Magnus. Since landing on the island, Captain Magnus had forsworn the effeminacy of forks. Loaded to the hilt, his knife would approach his cavernous mouth and disappear in it. Yet when it emerged Captain Magnus was alive. Where did it go? This was a question that agitated me daily.

The history of Captain Magnus was obscure. It was certain that he had his captain's papers, though how he had mastered the science of navigation sufficiently to obtain them was a problem. Though he held a British navigator's license, he did not appear to be an Englishman.

The captain, as Mr. Vane had remarked, was Miss Browne's own find. Before the objections of Mr. Shaw—evidently a Negative Influence from the beginning—had caused her to abandon the scheme, Miss Browne had planned to charter a vessel in New York and sail around the Horn to the island. While nursing this project she had formed an extensive acquaintance with persons frequenting the New York water-front, among whom was Captain Magnus. As I heard her remark, he was the one nautical character whom she found sympathetic, by which I judge that the others were skeptical and rude. Being sympathetic, Captain Magnus found it an easy matter to attach himself to the expedition—or perhaps it was Violet who annexed him, I don't know which.

The strange beast of the jungle was a white bull-eterrier.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coming of Age.

We mourn over the coming of age, but how many of us would really choose to remain young and so lose the treasures that the years bring; the varied friendships, the adventures, the garnered wisdom? Perpetual youth would leave us behind our own generation, would rob us of life's purpose and meaning.

# The Old Folks' Christmas

By Christopher Grant Hazard

THE Old Folks decided that it was time for them to be young again. So, they set up a Christmas tree in a corner of the big dining room.

Santa Claus came bustling in and began to make things pleasant. Tied to his belt there was an alarm clock. Its bell was ringing like everything. This was to wake the Old Folks up.

First, he called the roll, to see if they were all up and awake. Then, he began to pick the presents off the tree.

Soon the room was gay with dolls, horns and jumping jacks.

A doll was riding in her carriage, squeaking and rising up every few feet as she rode along.

There was a talking doll, too. She sang and talked when they pushed the buttons on her dress.

There were hot dolls for cold nights and cups and balls for the Old Folks to play with when they could not sleep.

The Old Folks all played with their presents. They blew on their horns, and amused themselves with the jumping-jacks, and sent the moving toys running about the room all at once.

But, after all, the Old Folks thought it wasn't so very much fun because there were no real children there. So they sent out to see if they could find some.

They found Lucy, Peter, Billy, Mary, Sally, Hilda, Ruth, and some other children, who all came to see the Old Folks' Christmas tree.

Lucy told the Old Folks the story about her dog Trump.

Trump was a tramp dog, but he could do some tricks. He loved to be dressed up in a blanket, with a belt. Then, with a beribboned straw hat on his head, he would walk across the room upon his hind legs.

After Lucy came Peter.

Peter said that he did not know any stories, but once he carried the flag for the big boys' baseball team, and they let him go in to see the baseball game, free.

Then Billy told a story.

He said that once he sat up all night, waiting for Santa Claus to come and fill his stocking. That is, he tried to sit up all night; but Santa Claus didn't come and so he fell asleep in the dark. The next day the doctor came to see him. The doctor told him he had had "stockingitis."

Billy said, too, that when he woke up in the early morning and found that Santa Claus had forgotten to fill his stocking, he was going to throw himself on the floor and pound his heels on it and holler. But then he happened to remember how ugly his



First, He Called the Roll.

brother Harry looked when he did that. So Billy thought he wouldn't; and he didn't.

Mary told about the songs she sang to her doll.

She said that the song that her doll liked the best was:

The little dog went to the market town, With one foot up, and one foot down; But when he came to a muddy place He jumped cle-e-e-an over!

Mary said that she always jumped her doll at the "jump" part.

Sally thought that it was a long time since she had known a story. "Most as long as the night before Christmas," but she did remember a ride she once had on a little donkey. She said they had to send the old donkey on ahead to make the little donkey hurry.

Then she remembered about the cats at her grandma's house. There was a big cat for the big mice, and a little cat for the little mice.

Hilda told a story about a little blind boy she once saw.

When she said her evening prayer

that night, her mother said to her: "What are you going to say, in your prayer tonight, about that poor little blind boy you saw to-day?"

So Hilda asked God about him. The very next day she took the little blind boy a big orange.

It was now Ruth's turn. "Once I asked a little girl if that was her sister," said Ruth. "The little girl said: 'It ain't a sister, it's a baby.'"

One of the other boys now had a story to tell.

"Once I saw a cyclone come around the corner of a street," he said. "A man had a tent there with a lot of dolls in it. The man wanted to sell the dolls, but the cyclone took the tent right up into the sky, with all the dolls in it."

"Another man asked him: 'What are you making such a fuss about? Weren't your dolls for sail?' and everybody laughed except the doll man."

The Old Folks were having such a good time listening to the stories that they thought the children ought to have a good time, too. So they took all their presents that had come off the tree and gave them to the little folks who had come in.

Every boy and every girl had a toy and a box of candy—Lucy, Peter, Billy, Mary, Sally, Hilda, and the others.

Then, all the young Old Folks and all the children marched around the dining room singing.

They sang "Merry, Merry Christmas, and so the fun ended."

But I guess it didn't quite end then, either. For, as the young Young



Every Boy and Every Girl Had a Toy.

Folks went out of the door and down the street, the young Old Folks could hear them laughing, long after they turned the corner.

Besides, the young Old Folks had been talking about their "Old Folks' Christmas" ever since.

## FESTIVITIES OF OLD TIMES

Lord of Misrule Was Important Functionary at Yuletide Celebrations of the Long Ago.

THE Lord of Misrule was an important functionary at the Christmas festivities of those long-ago times. An account of this important personage has been preserved by the historian and antiquary, John Stow, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and during the first year of the reign of King Charles I. and was, therefore, a contemporary of Shakespeare.

"In the feast of Christmas," writes Stow, "there was in the king's house, wherever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule or Master of Merry Sports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The mayor of London, and either of the sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule."

At Cambridge university the Lord of Misrule was a master of art, elected to superintend the representation of Latin plays by the students, besides taking charge of their games and diversions during the Christmas season. A similar Master of Revels was chosen at Oxford.

In the Inns of Courts in London, where the barristers had their offices and belongings, a Lord of Misrule reigned with great splendor, "being surrounded with all the parade and ceremony of royalty, his guard of honor, and even his two chaplains who preached before him in the Temple church."

On the Twelfth day he abdicated his sovereignty, and we are informed that in the year 1635, this mock-representative of royalty expended in the exercise of his office about two thousand pounds from his own purse, and at the conclusion of his reign was knighted by King Charles I. at Whitehall.

### Saving the Leftovers.

Instead of always frying up any leftover potatoes, why not use them for hot tea scones? They only take a few minutes to make. To half a pound of cold potatoes add two ounces of flour and a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder. Knead them all together, then add just enough milk—sour milk if you like—to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cut into either squares or rounds with a pastry cutter or tumbler and bake on a tin in a quick oven.

### To Sweeten Musty Teapot.

To sweeten a metal or enamel teapot which has become musty, fill it with boiling water and drop in a red-hot cinder, close the lid and leave for a short time. Then rinse out with clean water.

## "GHOST PICTURE" CAUSES TRAGEDY

Woman Is Driven to Divorce and Death by Freak of Doctored Photograph.

## SAW WORK OF SPIRITS

Ardent Believer in Spiritualism Takes Her Own Life After Likeness of Husband's First Wife Reappears in Photograph.

Topeka, Kan.—How a "ghost picture" was the cause of a domestic separation and subsequent suicide an example of the disturbing effect often produced by a freak practice frequently engaged in by professional photographers, is related in an article in the Topeka Daily Capital. F. G. Willard, a photographer, tells the following:

Early in his experience as a photographer, said Mr. Willard, he was working in a big establishment in the East which made a specialty of retouching and reprinting old photographs of chromos.

One day a middle-aged Irish woman came to the shop. She had been married recently, she said, to an Irish ward politician whose first wife had been dead for some years. The present wife was excitable and "high strung." All efforts to get a good picture of her husband had met with ill fortune, she complained. What she wanted was a copy of an earlier photograph of her husband.

Arm Around Bride's Neck. There was one drawback. The early photograph was taken shortly after her husband had been married the first time. His arm was about his bride's neck.

She explained that she wanted the bride removed, her husband's hand brought back in front of him, with no suggestion of enfolding another woman in its embrace.

The photographer set to work and in a few days sent the woman a very good print of her husband—without the first bride and with a new arm cleverly painted into the picture.

In about six months he read with astonishment that the woman had left her husband, who later secured a di-



"Look!" She Cried, "She's Coming Back! She's Coming Back!"

vorce. Then, on the heels of the separation and divorce, he read of the suicide of the woman.

He did not know for several weeks what was the cause of the suicide. Then he saw the Irishman and asked him about it.

"It was all caused by that picture you made for her," the politician explained. "Right after the picture was made my wife became interested in spiritualism."

Believed She Was Coming Back.

"Then one day she came screaming into the living room and dragged me into the parlor."

"Look!" she cried, "she's coming back! She's coming back!"

"I looked and there on the picture which reposed on the parlor ensel was the faint outline of another form sitting beside me."

"Every day she watched the picture. It was uncanny. As each day passed the outline of my first wife became more distinguishable. I sprouted another arm in the picture, which seemed to reach out toward my first wife."

"My wife declared it was a visitation of the spirit of my first wife returning from another world to point out the sin of remarriage."

"Then she left me. After that it was a succession of weird spiritualistic seances with her until she became unbalanced on the subject. Time passed and I obtained a divorce."

"Then one night I learned that she had been attending a seance, during which she believed my first wife appeared and condemned her for marrying me. As an upshot of this seance she killed herself. That's the story—except that I burned the picture."