

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By
CAMILLA KENYON

Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"SHALL I SPRING?"

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 Higginby-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 Donald 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 is 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. The dead sailor's map is produced. Virginia finds a mysterious dog, Crusoe.

(CHAPTER VI—Continued.)

With the midday reunion my hour of distinction arrived. The tale of the ghost-pig was told from the beginning by Cookie, with high tributes to my courage in sailing forth in pursuit of the phantom. Even those holding other views of the genesis of the white dog were amazed at his presence on the island. In spite of Cookie's aspersions, the creature was no mongrel, but a thoroughbred of points. Not by any means a dog which some little South American coaster might have abandoned here when it put in for water. The most reasonable hypothesis seemed to be that he had belonged to the copra gatherer, and was for some reason left behind on his master's departure. But who that had loved a dog enough to make it the companion of his solitude would go away and leave it? The thing seemed to me incredible. Yet here, otherwise unaccounted for, was the corporeal presence of the dog.

I had named the terrier in the first ten minutes of our acquaintance. Crusoe was the designation by which he was presented to his new associates. Violet tolerated him, Aunt Jane called him a dear twenty pettums love, Captain Magnus kicked him when he thought I was not looking. Cuthbert Vane chummed with him in frankest comradeship, and Mr. Shaw softened toward him to an extent which made me inly murmur, "Love me, love my dog"—only reversed. Not that I in the least wanted to be loved, only you feel it an impertinence in a person who so palpably does not love you to endeavor to engage the affections of your bull-terrier.

As to Cookie, he magnanimously consented to overlook Crusoe's dubious past as a ghost-pig, and fed him so liberally that the terrier's lean and graceful form threatened to assume the contours of a beer-keg.

CHAPTER VII.

An Excursion and an Alarm.

As the only person who had discovered anything on the island, I was now invested with a certain importance. Also, I had a playfellow and companion for future walks, in lieu of Cuthbert Vane, held down tight to the thankless toll of treasure-hunting by his stern taskmaster. But at the same time I was provided with an annoying, because unanswerable question which had lodged at the back of my mind like a crumb in the throat:

By what strange chance had the copra gatherer gone away and left Crusoe on the island?

One morning, instead of starting directly after breakfast for the cave, Mr. Shaw busied himself in front of the supply tent with certain explosives which were to be used in the digging operations later.

Having inquired of the Honorable Cuthbert and found that for an hour or two the boat would not be in requisition, I permitted the beautiful youth to understand that I would not decline an invitation to be rowed about the cove. Mr. Shaw had left his marine glasses lying about, and I had been doing some exploring with them. Under the great cliffs on the north shore of the bay I had seen an object that excited my curiosity. It seemed to be the hull of a small vessel, lying on the narrow strip of rocks and sand under the cliff. Now, wreckage anywhere fills me with sad and romantic thoughts, but on the shore of a desolate island even a barrel-hoop seems to suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange. I therefore commanded the b. y. to row me over to the spot where the derelict lay.

I lay back idly in the stern as the boat skimmed over the smooth water beneath the strokes of my splendid

oarsman. More than ever he looked like the island god. Every day he grew more brown and brawny, more superb in his physical vigor.

The cliffs on the north shore of the cove were considerably higher than on the other side. The wreck lay close in, driven high upon the narrow shelf of rocks and sand at the base of the sheer ascent. Sand had heaped up around her hull and flung itself across her deck like a white winding-sheet. Surprisingly, the vessel was a very small one, a little sloop, indeed, much like the fragile pleasure-boats that cluster under the Sausalito shore at home. The single mast had been broken off short, and the stump of the bowsprit was visible, like a finger beckoning for rescue from the crawling sand.

"Poor forlorn little boat!" I said. "What in the world do you suppose brought such a mite of a thing to this unheard-of spot?"

"Perhaps she belonged to the copra chap. One man could handle her."

"What would he want with her? A small boat like this is better for fishing and rowing about the cove."

"Perhaps she brought him here from Panama, though he couldn't have counted on taking back a very bulky cargo."

"Then why leave her strewn about on the rocks? And besides"—here the puzzle of Crusoe recurred to me and seemed to link itself with this—"then how did he get away himself?"

We rowed in close under the port bow of the sloop, and on the rail I made out a string of faded letters. I began excitedly to spell them out.

"I—s—i—oh, Island Queen! You see she did belong here. Probably she brought the original porcine Adam and Eve to the island."

"Lucky forgot the snake, though!" remarked the Honorable Bertie with unlooked-for vivacity. For so far Aunt Jane's trembling anticipations had been unfulfilled by the sight of a single snake, a fact laid by me to the credit of St. Patrick and by Cookie to that of the pigs.

"Snakes 'd jes' be oysters on de half shell to dem pigs," declared Cookie.

As we rowed away from the melancholy little derelict I saw that nearly by a narrow gully gave access to the top of the cliff, and I resolved that I would avail myself of this path to visit the Island Queen again. My mind continued to dwell upon the unknown figure of the copra gatherer. Perhaps the loss of his sloop had condemned him to weary months or years of solitude upon the island, before the rare glimmer of a sail or the trail of a steamer's smoke upon the horizon gladdened his longing eyes.

Suddenly I turned to Cuthbert Vane. "How do you know, really, that he ever did leave the island?" I demanded.

"Who—the copra chap? Well, why else was the cabin cleared out so carefully—no clothes left about or anything?"

"That's true," I acknowledged. The last occupant of the hut had evidently made a very deliberate and orderly business of packing up to go.

We drifted about the cove for a while, then steered into the dim murmuring shadow of the treasure-cavern. Mr. Vane indicated the point at which they had arrived in their exploration among the fissures opening from the ledge.

The place held me with its fascination, but we dared not linger long, for as the tide turned one man would have much ado to manage the boat. So we slid through the archway into the bright sunshine of the cove, and headed for the camp.

As we neared the beach we saw a figure pacing it. It was Dugald Shaw. And quite unexpectedly my heart began to beat with staccato quickness. Dugald Shaw, who didn't like me and who never looked at me—except just sometimes, when he was perfectly sure I didn't know it—there he was, waiting for us, and splashing into the foam to help Cuthbert beach the boat—he for whom a thousand years ago the skalds would have made a saga—

The b. y. halted him cheerfully as we sprang out upon the sand. But the Scotchman was unsmiling.

"Make haste after your tools, lad," he ordered. "We'll have fine work now to get inside the cave before the turn."

Those were his words; his tone and his grim look meant, "So in spite of all my care you are being beguiled by a minx—"

It was his tone that I answered. "Oh, don't scold Mr. Vane!" I implored. "Every paradise has its serpent, and as there are no others here I suppose I am it. Of course all lady serpents who know their business have red hair. Don't blame Mr. Vane for what was naturally all my fault."

Not a line of his face changed. Indeed, before my most vicious stabs it never did change.

"To be sure it seems unreasonable to blame the lad," he agreed soberly, "but then he happens to be under my authority."

"Meaning, I suppose, that you would much prefer to blame me," I choked.

"There's logic, no doubt, in striking at the root of the trouble," he admitted with an air of calm detachment.

"Then strike," I said furiously; "strike, why don't you, and not beat about the bush so!" Because then he would be quite hopelessly in the wrong, and I could adopt any of several roles—the coldly haughty, the wounded but forgiving, etc., with great enjoyment.

But without a change in his glacial manner he quite casually remarked: "It would seem I had struck—home."

I walked away. Fortunately nobody undertook to exercise any guardianship over Crusoe, and the little white dog bore me faith-

ful company in my rambles. Mostly these were confined to the neighborhood of the cove. I never ventured beyond Lookout ridge, but there I went often with Crusoe, and we would sit upon a rock and talk to each other about our first encounter there, and the fright he had given me. Everybody else had gone, gazed and admired. But the only constant pilgrim, besides myself, was, of all people, Captain Magnus. The captain's unexpected ardor for scenery carried him thither whenever he had half an hour to spare from the work in the cave. Needless to say, Crusoe and I timed our visits so as not to conflict with his.

One day, as Crusoe and I came down from the ridge, we met Captain Magnus ascending. I had in my hand a small metal-backed mirror, which I had found, surprisingly, lying in a mossy cleft between the rocks. It was a thing such as a man might carry in his pocket, though on the island it seemed unlikely that anyone would do so. I at once attributed the mirror to Captain Magnus, for I knew that no one else had been on the ridge for days. I was wondering as I walked along whether by some sublime law of compensation the captain really thought himself beautiful, and sought this retired spot to admire not the view but his own physiognomy.

When the captain saw me he stopped full in the path. There was a growth of fern on either side. I approached slowly, and, as he did not move, paused, and held out the mirror.

"I think you must have dropped this, Captain Magnus. I found it on the rocks."

For an instant his face changed. His evasive eyes were turned to me searchingly and sharply. He took the glass from my hand and slipped it into his pocket. I made a movement to pass on, then stopped, with a faint dawning of discomfort. For the heavy figure of the captain still blocked the path.

A dark flush had come into the man's face. His yellow teeth showed between his parted lips. His eyes had a swimming brightness.

"What's your hurry?" he remarked, with a certain insinuating emphasis.

I began to tremble.

"I am on my way back to camp, Captain Magnus. Please let me pass."

"It won't do you no harm if you're a little late. There ain't no one there keepin' tab. Ain't you always a strayin' off with the Honorable? I ain't so pretty, but—"

"You are impertinent. Let me pass."

"Oh, I'm impertinent, am I? That means fresh, maybe. I'm a plain man and don't use frills on my language. Well, when I meets a little skirt that takes my eyes there ain't no harm in lettin' her know it, is there? Maybe the Honorable could say it nicer—"

With a forward stride he laid a hand upon my arm. I shook him off and stepped back. Fear clutched my throat. I had left my revolver in my quarters. Oh, the dreadful denseness of these woods, the certainty that no wildest cry of mine could pierce them!

And then Crusoe, who had been waiting quietly behind me in the path, slipped in between us. Every hair on his neck was bristling. The lifted upper lip snarled unmistakably. He gave me a swift glance which said, "Shall I spring?"

Quite suddenly the gorilla blandishments of Captain Magnus came to an end.

"Say," he said harshly, "hold back that dog, will you? I don't want to kill the car."

"You had better not," I returned coldly. "I should have to explain how



"What's Your Hurry?" He Remarked.

It happened, you know. As it is I shall say nothing. But I shall not forget my revolver again when I go to walk."

And Crusoe and I went swiftly down the path which the captain no longer disputed.

"There, don't tremble so—you are safe—safe in my arms!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Juvenile Humor. The poem under analysis was Tennyson's "The Brook" and the pupils were asked to write a sentence containing the words "cool" and "hern." One small pupil turned in this one: "A little girl I knew had an awful cool doll, but it wasn't hern."

LIGHTNING KILLS GEESE IN FLIGHT

Rain of Dead Birds From Sky Follows Electrical Storm in Washington.

Silver Lake, Wash.—Wild Canadian geese flying south, were overtaken by a severe electrical storm near here, large numbers of the birds were electrocuted, and for a time they fairly rained from the sky.

R. F. Davis, a salesman, who was driving from Everett to Seattle, said: "It just rained wild geese. One



"It Just Rained Wild Geese."

goose hit the road in front, several dropped alongside the car, two more struck the top and bounded off. I stopped and got out. The road back for several hundred yards was covered with geese, big Canadian honkers. People living near the road and those in passing autos were busily engaged in gathering up the heaven-sent dinners."

None of the geese was burned, but all appeared to have broken necks.

BULL ATTACKS FIRE TRUCK

Enraged Animal Makes Up for Lack of Excitement at Lorain, Ohio, Blaze.

Lorain, O.—Bulls and fire trucks—they'll never be companions.

Members of No. 1 fire company here firmly believe this following the outfit's act in colliding with a perfectly husky bull while running to a fire.

Members of the company didn't investigate the extent of the animal's injuries for the simple reason that Mister Bull, enraged at the fiery red which adorns the fire-fighting apparatus, plunged toward the truck. Assistant Fire Chief Jack Hart, riding on the rear of the truck, didn't hesitate to order Leo Billings, driver, to "make it snappy." Billings obeyed. After following the truck for 100 feet the bull dipped sand with his tail and went through the usual bullish antics.

The firemen avoided the bull lane on the return trip to the station.

HORSE SAVES ITS OWN LIFE

Animal Pulls Bolt With Teeth on Door of Burning Stable and Escapes.

Chester, Pa.—When a stable at Seventh and Madison streets, owned by John S. Lyndell, a contractor, caught fire the other day a horse that Lyndell has owned more than twenty years was the only animal in the place.

As the flames began to crack about the old horse's ears he neighed for aid, but nobody came to let him out.

Slipping his halter the horse quietly worked his way to a door and, drawing the bolt with his teeth, walked out into an open lot, from where he surveyed the fire.

Lyndell at first thought his horse had perished in the fire, and was overjoyed when the animal whinnied a cordial greeting.

Set Factory Ablaze So He Could Be Fireman

Charged with having caused a series of fires in the plant of the Astoria Mahogany company, at Astoria, L. I., Edward Clark, a lumber handler, confessed, Fire Marshal Brophy said, to having set the fires to satisfy his thwarted ambition to become a fireman.

Clark had been rejected by the fire department. He admitted having set four fires in the factory in the last month, Brophy said, causing a total loss of about \$350,000. He had been employed by the company several years.

DAIRY THE DAIRY

MAKING MILK IN NEBRASKA

Figures Obtained Probably Approximate Requirements in Other Sections of West.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Here is what it costs, in labor and feed, to produce 100 pounds of market milk in eastern Nebraska: Winter, six months—concentrates, 41.2 pounds; dry roughage, 95.3 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 93.6 pounds; bedding, 11.1 pounds; human labor, 2 hours; horse labor, 0.06 hour; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.016; pasture, \$0.108; total costs, except depreciation on cows, \$0.788; depreciation on cows, \$0.018.

Summer six months—Concentrates, 11 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.004; dry roughage, 51.2 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 29.3 pounds; pasture, \$0.653; human labor, 1.9 hours; horse labor, 6.08 hours; total costs except depreciation on cows, \$0.805; depreciation on cows, \$0.084.

The work of determining the cost of producing milk in this section covers two one-year periods. It was begun by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the department of dairy husbandry of the University of Nebraska, in September, 1917, discontinued at the end of the first year, and resumed in September, 1919. The figures reported were based on actual records obtained by regular monthly visits of 24 hours each to eight farms for two years, and to 22 other farms for one year.

The requirements for keeping the average cow one year were: Concentrates, 1,529 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.60; dry roughage, 4,275 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 3,593 pounds; pasture, \$22.01; bedding, 340 pounds; human labor, 113.6 hours; horse labor, 3.2 hours; other costs except depreciation on cows, \$46.35; depreciation on cows, \$4.78.

During the first winter and summer the average incomes from milk were not sufficient to meet the average costs. In the second year the incomes were above the average costs in both seasons. The greater percentage of the year's income was received in the winter, but the feed, pasture and bedding costs exceeded the summer costs.

Feed for Dairy Cows Should Be Carefully Weighed.



Feed for Dairy Cows Should Be Carefully Weighed.

by a greater percentage than the winter receipts exceeded the summer receipts.

Although the figures obtained show what was required to produce milk for the Omaha market under the system of dairy management found in the section studied, and probably approximate the requirements in similar localities, it is pointed out by the department that they, of course, do not apply to dairying in sections where different conditions and methods of management prevail.

Additional details of the record and work are contained in department Bulletin 972, "Unit Requirements for Producing Market Milk in Eastern Nebraska," recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Copies of the bulletin may be had by addressing a request to the department at Washington, D. C.

MOLD "REPORTED IN SILAGE

Trouble Occurs Only Where Air Is Present, Generally Caused by Lack of Water.

The usual number of complaints are coming in regarding the presence of mold in silage. Mold can grow only when air is present. Air generally gets in as the result of the silage being too dry when put into the silo. If water was added, not enough was used. Poor packing may cause the same trouble. Mold around the doors and against the wall is the result of poor construction of the silo which allows air to enter. Nothing can be done now to remedy the condition. At the next filling time special care should be taken to see that the corn contains enough moisture and that it is well tramped. It is always safest to reject moldy silage especially for horses and sheep, although for cattle there seems to be little danger.—C. H. Eckles, chief of the division of dairy husbandry, University Farm.

CROWD ATTACKS NEGRO TORTURER

Alleged Slayer of Two-Year-Old Boy Rescued by Police in Courtroom.

HEARS SORDID TALE

Angered by Story of How Negro Had Mistreated Two Young Boys Mob Seeks to Lynch Him at Court Hearing.

Chicago.—The sordid side of life is an every-day story in the Desplaines street police court.

One day recently, however, the roomful of people who knew hard knocks and have been seared by misfortune listened, appalled at the frightfulness and horror of the tale of how Roy Butler, twenty-six-year-old negro, mistreated the two sons of the woman with whom he was living, killing one and torturing the other almost to the point of death.

"Let's lynch him," was the whisper that passed throughout the courtroom. "I order you held to the grand jury on a charge of mayhem, bonds of \$50,000; a charge of intent to murder, bonds \$25,000; cruelty to children, bonds \$2,000, and on a charge of murder without bail," said Judge Lawrence B. Jacobs after he had heard the last of the testimony.

It was the signal. Rough hands, women, as well as men, wrested Butler from the control of the police. Some sought to tear him limb from limb; others to get him outside the courtroom and away from the police. The alarm reached the desk sergeant.

Lieut. William Murphy and every available policeman rushed to the defense of law and order. Butler was rescued and landed safely in a cell.

Tortured Infant to Death.

Butler invaded the home of Mrs. Rena Coleman two years ago and drove her husband away. Harold Coleman, two and a half years old, was killed by the brutality of Butler.



Negro Heia rer Murder.

Butler and Mrs. Coleman fled from the authorities, who sought the facts of Harold's death.

Recently detectives of the Warren avenue station learned of the torture being inflicted upon Harvey Coleman by his supposed father. Hung up by the thumbs for hours, boiling water poured over his legs, and the blisters pricked with a needle, were frequent happenings in the boy's life.

His mother was also held to the grand jury.

SERVE FIVE TIMES AS LONG

Prisoner, Who Refused Five-Year Term for Plea of Guilty, Is Given 25 Years.

St. Louis, Mo.—After refusing to enter a plea of guilty of a robbery charge and receive a sentence of five years, Humbert Costello, was convicted by a jury and sentenced to 25 years in prison.

Costello told the circuit attorney that he would rather take life imprisonment from a jury than five years on a plea of guilty.

Aged Woman Student.

Cincinnati, O.—A woman of sixty-five years of age, for 15 years a student in high schools, has enrolled again here. She will complete her academic course this year. Another student to enroll was a girl from Switzerland, Ind., and still another was a girl who completed her first year ten years ago, and now she finds it possible to complete her four-year course.

Father Kills Girl Elopers and Self.

Bryant, Ill.—Angry because his fifteen-year-old daughter eloped with a thirty-seven-year-old man, Thomas Felts shot and killed her and then committed suicide.

Cannot Write, but Raises Dollar Bills. Lafayette, Ind.—William Harless, a farmer, who cannot read or write, has been arrested and sentenced to four years in prison for raising one-dollar bills to tens.