

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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(CHAPTER X.—Continued.)

Captain Magnus looked more ill at ease than usual.
"Did you think o' rowin' the whole way round the dingied chunk o' rock?" he inquired.
"Certainly not," said Mr. Shaw with an impatient frown. So the man, in addition to his other unattractive qualities, was turning into a shirk! Hitherto, with his strength and feverish, if intermittent, energy, plus an almost uncanny skill with boats, he had been of value. "Certainly not. We are going to make a careful survey of the cliffs, and explore every likely opening as thoroughly as possible. It will be slow work and hard. As to circumnavigating the island, I see no point in it, for I don't believe the chest can have been carried any great distance from the cove."

"Oh—all right," said Captain Magnus.
Mr. Tubbs, who had been whispering with Aunt Jane and Miss Browne, now with a very made-to-order casualness proposed to the ladies that they take a stroll on the beach. This meant that the triumvirate were to withdraw for discussion, and amount to notice that henceforth the counsel of the company would be divided.
Captain Magnus, after an uneasy wriggle or two, said he guessed he'd turn in. Cookie's snores were already audible between splashes of the waves on the sands. The Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane and I continued to sit by the dying fire. Mr. Shaw had got out his pipe and sat silently puffing at it. He might have been sitting in solitude on the topmost crag of the island, so remote seemed that impassive presence. Was it possible that ever, except in the sweet madness of a dream, I had been in his arms, piloted and cherished there, that he had called me lassie—

I lifted my eyes to the kind honest gaze of Cuthbert Vane. It was as faithful as Crusoe's and no more embarrassing. A great impulse of affection moved me. I was near putting out a hand to pat his splendid head. Oh, how easy, comfortable and calm would be a life with Cuthbert Vane? I wasn't thinking about the title now—Cuthbert would be quite worth while for himself. For a moment I almost saw with Aunt Jane's eyes. Fancy trotting him out before the girls! stole insidiously into my mind. How much more dazzling than a plain Scotch sailor—
I turned in bitterness and yearning from the silent figure by the fire.
I think in an earlier lifetime I must have been a huntress and loved to pursue the game that fled.

CHAPTER XI.

The Island Queen's Freight.
I woke next morning with a great thrill of exhilaration. Perhaps before the sun went down again I should know the secret of the island.

The two divisions of our party, which were designated by me privately the Land and Sea Forces, went their separate ways directly after breakfast, which we ate in the cool of earliest morning. I could retire to the perusal of the journal which I had recovered from the wrecked sloop without fear of interruption.

I resumed my reading with the entry of February 10.
"This morning, having grown very tired of fish, of which I got plenty every time I go out in the boat, by dragging a line behind, I decided to stay ashore and hunt pig. I set out across the base of the point, nearly due south—whereas I had been working along the coast to the north of the cove. I reached the edge of the cliffs and found that on my right hand the mountain dropped in a sheer precipice from hundreds of feet above me straight into the sea. I considered, and made up my mind that by striking back some distance one might by a very rough climb gain the top of the precipice, and so swing around the shoulder of the mountain. I did not feel inclined to attempt it. The cliffs at this point offered no means of descent, and the few yards of sand which the receding tide had left bare at their foot led nowhere.

"I turned to go back, and at that moment I heard an outcry in the bushes and, Benji came tearing out at the heels of a fine young porker. I threw up my gun to fire, but the evolutions of Benji and the pig were such that I was as likely to hit one as the other. The pig, of course, made desperate efforts to escape from the cul-de-sac which he found himself. His only hope was to get back into the woods on the point. Benji kept him headed off successfully, and I began to edge up, watching my chance for a shot. Suddenly the pig came dashing straight toward me—oblivious, I suppose, to everything but the white snapping terror at his heels. Taken by surprise, I fired—and missed. The pig shot between my knees, Benji after him. I withstood the shock of the pig, but not of Benji. I fell, flying wildly, into a matted mass of

creepers that covered the ground beside me.

"I got to my feet quickly, dragging the whole mass of vines up with me. Then I saw that they had covered a curiously regular little patch of ground, outlined at intervals with small stones. At one end was a larger stone.

"The patch was narrow, about six feet long—instantly suggestive of a grave. But swift beyond all process of reason was the certainty that flashed into my mind. I fell on my knees beside the stone and pulled away the torn vine-tendrils. I saw the letters B. H. and an attempt at cross-bones rudely cut into the surface of the stone.

"I closed my eyes and tried to steady myself. I thought, 'I am seeing things. This is the mere projection of the vision which has been in my mind so long.'

"I opened my eyes, and lo, the fantasy, if fantasy it were, remained. I smote with my fist upon the stone. The stone was solid—it bruised the flesh. And as I saw the blood run, I screamed aloud like a madman, 'It's real, real, real!'

"Under the stone lay the guardian of the treasure of the Bonny Lass—And his secret was within my grasp.

"I don't know how long I crouched beside the stone, as drunk with joy as any hash-eater toper with his drug. I roused at last to find Benji at my shoulder, thrusting his cool nose against my feverish cheek. I suppose he didn't understand my ignoring him so, or thought I scorned him for losing out in his race with the pig. Yet when I think of what I owe that pig I could swear never to taste pork again.

"Brought back to earth and sanity, I rose and began to consider my surroundings. Somewhere close at



Under the Stone Lay the Guardian of the Treasure.

hand was the mouth of the cave—but where? The cliffs, as I have already said, were too steep for descent. Nothing but a fly could have crawled down them. I turned to the crazy face of the mountain. There, surely, must be the entrance to the cave! For hours I clambered among the rocks, risking mangled limbs and sun-stroke—and found no cave. I came back at last, wearily, to the grave. There lay the dust of the brain that had known all—and a wild impulse came to me to tear away the earth with my bare hands, to dig deep, deep—and then with listening ear wait for a whispered word.

"I put the delirious fancy from me and moved away to the edge of the cliffs. Looking down, I saw a narrow sloping shelf which dropped from the brink to a distance of ten or twelve feet below, where it met a slight projection of the rock. I had seen it before, of course, but it had carried no significance for my mind. Now I stepped down upon the ledge and followed it to its end in the angle of the rock.

"Saucily hidden in the angle was a low doorway leading into blackness.

"Now, of course I ought in prudence to have gone back to the hut and got matches and a lantern and a rope before I set foot in the darkness of that unknown place. But what had I to do today with prudence—Fortune had me by the hand! In I went boldly. Benji at my heels. The passage turned sharply, and for a little way we walked in blackness. Then it veered again, and a faint and far-off light seemed to filter its way to us through a web woven of the very stuff of night. The floor sloped a little downward. I felt my way with my feet, and came to a step—another. I was going along a descending passage, cut at its steepest into rough, irregular stairs. With either hand I could touch the walls. All the while the light grew clearer. Presently, by an-

other sharp turn, I found myself in a cave, some thirty feet in depth by eighteen across, with an opening on the narrow strip of beach I had seen from the top of the cliffs.

"The roof is high, with an effect of Gothic arches. Near the mouth is a tiny spring of ice-cold water, which has worn a clean rock channel for itself to the sea. Otherwise the cave is perfectly dry. There is no doubt in my mind that in the great buccaneering days of the Seventeenth century, and probably much later, the place was the haunt of pirates. One fancies that Captain Sampson of the Bonny Lass may have known of it before he brought the treasure to the island. There were queer folk to be met with in those days in the western ocean. Yes, the cave has seen many a fierce, sea-tanned face and tarry pigtail, and echoed to strange oaths and wild sea-songs. Men had carved those steps in the passage—thirty-two of them. In the sand of the floor, as I kicked it up with my feet, hoping rather childishly to strike the corner of the chest, I found the hilt and part of the blade of a rusty cutlass, and a chased silver shoe-buckle. I shall take the buckle home to Helen—and yet how trivial it will seem, with all else that I have to offer her! Nevertheless she will prize it as my gift, and because it comes from the place to which some kind angel led me for her sake.

"I left the cave and hurried back to the cabin for a spade, walking on air, breaking with snatches of song the terrible stillness of the woods, where one hears only the high fluting sighing of the wind, or the eternal mutter of the sea.

"Back in the cave, I set to work feverishly, making the light sand fly. At the end of half an hour, at a point close to the angle of the wall my spade struck a hard surface. It lay, I should judge, under about two feet of sand. Soon I had laid bare a patch of dark wood which rang under my knuckles almost like iron. A little more, and I had cleared away the sand from the top of a large chest with a convex lid, heavily bound in brass.

"Furiously I flung the sand aside until the chest stood free for half its depth—which is roughly three feet. It has handles at the ends, great hand-wrought loops of metal. I fugged away hardest, but the chest seemed fast in its place as the native rock. I laughed exultantly. The weight meant gold—gold! I had hammer and chisel with me, and with these I forced the massive ancient locks. There were three of them, one for each strip of brass which bound the chest. Then I swung up the lid.

"No glittering treasure dazzled me. I saw only a surface of stained canvas, tucked in carefully around the edges. This I tore off and flung aside—reveling poor Benji, who was a most interested spectator of my strange proceedings. Still no gleam of gold, merely demure rows of plump brown bags. With both hands I reached for them. Oh, to grasp them all! I had to be content with two, because they were so heavy, so blessedly heavy!

"I spread the square of canvas on the sand, cut the strings from the bags and poured out—gold, gold! All fair shining golden coins they were, set a paltry silver piece among them! And they made a soft golden music as they fell in a glorious yellow heap.

"I don't know how long I sat there, playing with my gold, running it through my fingers, clinking the coins together in my palm. Benji came and sniffed at them indifferently, unable to understand his master's preoccupation. He thrust his nose into my face and barked, and said as clearly as with words, 'Come, hunt pig!'

"Benji, I said, 'we'll leave the pork alone just now. We have work enough to count our money. We're rich, old boy, rich, rich!'

"Of course, I don't yet know exactly what the value of the treasure is. I have counted the bags in the chest; there are one hundred and forty-eight. Each, so far as I have determined, contains one thousand doubloons, which makes a total of one hundred and forty-eight thousand. Estimating each coin, for the sake of even figures, at a value of seven dollars—a safe minimum—you get one million, thirty-six thousand dollars. And as many of the coins are ancient I ought to reap a harvest from collectors.

"Besides the coin, I found, rather surprisingly, laid between the upper layers of bags, a silver crucifix about nine inches long. It is of very quaint old workmanship, and badly tarnished. Its money value must be very trifling, compared to the same bulk of golden coins. I think it must have had some special character of sacredness which led to its preservation here. It is strange to find such a relic among a treasure so stained by blood and crime.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

War Shrines in Schools.

Nearly 1,000 schools in Great Britain have been provided with war shrines in memory of old scholars.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

Timely News Culled From All Parts of the State, Reduced for the Busy.

Convicts in the Nebraska state penitentiary soon will be making shirts and overalls, according to a contract signed by the state with the D. M. Oberman company of Jefferson City, Mo. The convicts, state officers stated, get one-half the profits derived by the state. One-half of their money goes to their dependents, while the remainder is held in trust for them until they are released. This same system has prevailed for years in giving convicts one-half the profits of the industries in which they are engaged.

Business men and farmers of Bloomfield have formed an organization under the name of "Burn Corn of Bust," and are engaged in furthering the movement. Rules and regulations have been adopted. One of these provides that each business man pledge himself to buy and burn two tons of corn at approximately \$9.00 per ton, but no farmer is allowed to sell over two tons to any individual.

A group of Omaha business and professional men have formed the "Men's Service League of Omaha," the object of the league is to provide a fatherly advisor, a "Big Brother," for every warward boy in the city and the governor will be requested to set aside by proclamation the week of January 23 to 29 as "Father and Son Week."

Homer Morrow, Richard Albright and Robert McHugh, Kearney Boy Scouts, were awarded medals by the Chamber of Commerce for having performed 50 hours of community service. They represent the second group of local Scouts so honored. Gold medals are given for 100 hours of service.

A near Christmas rarity was shown at Pawnee City when more than a dozen dandelion plants on the front lawn of W. D. Heartwell's town property burst into full bloom. The maximum temperature was 72 degrees, a record for the season of year, so far as can be recalled.

The postoffice and general merchandise store at Cumro, was burned to the ground. The store belonged to N. Morgan, who is the postmaster. It was partially insured. All stamps, records and government papers were in the safe and not destroyed.

Charles McNally, postmaster of Inez, Neb., was bound over to the federal court at Norfolk on a federal charge of embezzling a money order amounting to \$2,597.78.

All December weather records were broken in Omaha December 13th when the thermometer registered 70 degrees. This was one degree less than the record of December 10, 1890.

The enforcement of city ordinances requiring the inspection of milk and meat is requested by the Beatrice Woman's club in a petition filed with the city commissioners.

A Gothenburg organization of "Good Fellows" as in the past, are raising a Christmas fund for Gothenburg's poor. Thus far, \$216.25 has been raised.

In a drive to raise funds for the improvement of its building, the Omaha Young Women's Christian association obtained pledges amounting to \$30,000.

It has been announced that the Consolidated Gas and Electric Company at Beatrice will soon build a new \$150,000 plant at Beatrice.

Nebraska farm hens laid 49,132,537 dozen eggs in 1920, according to a report by the Chamber of Commerce publicity bureau.

The Nebraska State Bar association will meet in Omaha December 29-30. An attendance of 500 is anticipated. Anon Raymond, Omaha is secretary.

Herbert Tuedike, of Creston, was instantly killed when a Northwestern train struck his automobile.

The large two-story brick Woodman building at Comstock was destroyed by fire. Loss is estimated at \$50,000.

Twenty-five marines have arrived in Omaha to act as guards on mail trucks and mail trains.

The Omaha city council is investigating a proposition to develop power by harnessing the Missouri river.

The 1922 convention of the Nebraska Potato Improvement association will be held at Alliance in December.

A few cases of influenza have been reported in the vicinity of Callaway.

Valley County has just dedicated their new \$27,683.00 court house.

Acting Postmaster Herbert S. Daniel of Omaha, has been appointed auditor by Federal Woodruff to investigate regularity of the sale of the Wells-Abbott-Nieman Milling company property at Schuyler to W. Dale Clark and to protect rights of stockholders and creditors of the million-dollar concern. The Wells-Abbott-Nieman property holdings were sold for \$90,000 to W. Dale Clark by the receivers in a sale November 21, 1921. Judge Woodruff will not confirm this sale until he receives the report of Daniel.

A telephone strike is almost certain to start in Valley county January 1 with nearly 100 per cent of the subscribers "out." Following a mass meeting at St. Paul, attended by representatives of business and farming interests from all sections, the local Community club was given full power to "call out" telephones the first of the year unless the Northwestern Bell company reduces rates.

A county wide campaign to stamp out tuberculosis in cattle was launched by the Butler County Farm Bureau at its annual meeting. Co-operating with the state and federal bureaus of animal industry the local organization has made provision for the testing of every herd of cattle in the county.

Alvin Bernert, business man of Wymore, has presented his private library consisting of about 200 volumes, including a finely bound edition of Britannica Encyclopedia, to the public library.

At a meeting of highway officials, held in Omaha, T. H. Macdonald chief of the federal bureau of roads, urged the immediate construction of public highways as a means of furnishing employment to the ex-service men.

Wayne Marples was badly cut and bruised when a tractor he was operating along the highway near Wymore, struck an obstruction and rolled over a 10-foot embankment, pinning him beneath the wreckage.

The Nebraska Aircraft corporation announced that Otto Turner of Venice, Cal., representative of the Pacific-Asiatic Co., was on his way to Lincoln by airplane to negotiate the purchase of fifteen passenger planes for the Chinese government.

Weaver Bausch, 25, of Atkinson, Neb., was found guilty of desertion in evading the selective draft law in court-martial proceedings at Fort Crook, and sentenced to one year at hard labor in Leavenworth federal prison.

J. B. Greekmur, 40, proprietor of the Vesta battery station of Fairbury, was found dead in his place of business. It is the supposition that he was fixing a battery with a blow torch and that the battery exploded.

On account of the packing house strike in Omaha and the Christmas rush, the state board of inquiry, which had planned to hold hearings on economic conditions in Omaha has deferred the hearing until after Christmas.

Several farmers living in the vicinity of Shelton report the loss of horses from the corn stalk disease. F. C. Horth, who has been feeding corn fodder to his herd of horses, lost a valuable race horse.

One of the five night schools to be established in the state by federal and state governments will be at North Platte, it was decided after officials had completed an investigation. The school will carry twenty classes.

In two days after the organization of the Omaha branch of the War Finance corporation, farm loans aggregating \$1,039,000, coming through 61 Nebraska Banks were approved.

An epidemic of chicken pox has broken out among the children of Friend. Nearly all the pupils of the primary department of the city schools are down with the disease.

The four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pferfer, of near Ruite, was burned to death in the family home while her parents were out in the field picking corn.

The Ord schools have the largest attendance in their history, and it has been necessary to employ an additional teacher.

Hugh McCarty, a pioneer of Sarpy county, has just died at the age of 83 years, and is survived by 104 direct descendants.

Failure of the Bank of Cass County at Plattsmouth will cost the state guaranty fund from \$100,000 to \$125,000, was announced authoritatively.

The farm loan company, organized in Omaha for the purpose of aiding Nebraska farmers and stockmen, has a capital of \$1,000,000.

As a result of being thrown from his horse, John Reiners, 19, of Hastings, suffered the loss of his right eye and a fracture of the jaw bone.

A temporary injunction against issuing bonds for the erection of a high school at Imperial was granted in district court at McCook.

Many head of hogs have died of cholera in Richardson county during the past few days. Eno Giesman lost forty head within a short time.

A milch cow census of eight western states recorded Nebraska second with 454,790 cows.

Five head of horses burned to death when fire of unknown origin destroyed the George Gibbs livery barn at Hay Springs. A man who was sleeping in the structure was carried out unconscious. Twelve head of horses were in the barn when fire was discovered.

H. E. Barrett, of Norfolk, who was listed on the recent slacker list sent out from Fort Crook, is asking the army to make a correction in the draft records. Barrett enlisted and served in the supply company of the 137th Infantry overseas. He was honorably discharged April 14, 1919.

One hundred Nebraska Bankers met recently in Omaha and organized the State Agricultural Loan association. The purpose of the association is to convert slow assets into cash and in turn, put the cash into circulation in order to help the financial situation.

Four persons—Joseph Zeink, Mrs. John Strelow, John Hagemire and Frank Keller—were badly burned, one of them seriously, in a prairie fire near Bassett which raged all of Saturday and Sunday. It covered an area of 30 square miles and consumed 200 tons of hay.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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No man is big enough to do a lot of things and do them well enough to last. When you take him and spread him over a lot of surfaces, he makes a layer too thin to form any impression. But if you take him and hammer him with the sledge of a mighty purpose, even if there is not more than enough of him to fill a bean-shooter, he will make an impression when he strikes—D. L. Moody.

A DESSERT FOR EVERY DAY

Here is a dessert for each working day, and on Sunday ice cream and cake or a pie of some kind, which may be prepared on Saturday, may be served on the busiest day try:

Fifteen-Minute Pudding—Make a batter, using one cupful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough good milk or fresh buttermilk to make a drop batter. Butter custard cups and drop in a teaspoonful of the batter, then add two tablespoonfuls of canned cherries, juice and all. Add another tablespoonful of batter and fill all the cups about half or two-thirds full. Set in a pan, surround with boiling water and cover closely. Boil for fifteen minutes without uncovering. Be sure there is enough water but not enough to boil over into the cups. Serve with cream and sugar.

Lemon Meringue—Take one pint of milk, three ounces of sugar, one cupful of fine bread crumbs, two eggs, the juice and rind of a lemon. Mix all ingredients and cook slowly until well set, baking in a deep pie plate. Set away to cool, cover with a meringue and serve cold.

Edinburgh Pudding—Take one-half pound of oatmeal, one cupful of thick cooked custard flavored with vanilla, one and one-half pints of water, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two ounces of coconut. Cook the oatmeal, salt and water until well cooked. Cool, turn in the custard and pour into molds. Serve when molded, sprinkled with coconut and sugar, with cream.

Snow Jelly—Make jellies of pineapple, raspberry and lemon. Arrange in layers the lemon, then raspberry and when the pineapple is thickening whip it until frothy, pile this on top of the raspberry jelly. Chill before serving.

Mince, pumpkin or apple pie may be served on a day that the dinner is rather light.

The difference between a precious stone and a common stone is not an essential difference—not a difference of substance, but arrangement of the particles—the crystallization. In substance the coal and the diamond are one, but in form and effect how widely they differ. The pearl contains nothing that is not found in the coarsest oyster shell. Two men have the same thoughts; they use about the same words in expressing them; yet with one the product is real literature, with the other it is a platitude.—John Burroughs.

SEASONABLE IDEAS

Cakes and cookies will be more delicious if they are allowed to age for a while before using.

Spice Cookies—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg and one cupful of molasses, in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Then add three and one-half cupfuls of flour, a little cinnamon, clove and nutmeg and one-half to a whole cupful of chopped raisins. A few chopped nuts make an improvement. When well mixed drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered sheets and sprinkle with sugar.

Dutch Peppernuts—Mix one and one-quarter pounds of brown sugar with two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one tablespoonful of cloves with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Into this stir three eggs and as much flour as it is possible to work in. Roll thin and cut in circles the size of a quarter; bake in a very slow oven. These little cakes will puff up and are delicious. Ice the flat sides. They will keep for months.

Cranberry Cake—Cream one-half cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of light brown sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Have ready and sifted two cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of cloves; add to the sugar and butter. Fold in one and one-half cupfuls of cranberries that have been cooked, put through a ricer and sweetened slightly, then the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers and ice, using some of the strained juice of the cranberry for flavor and color.

Honey Doughnuts—Doughnuts made of honey and sour milk or cream will keep moist a long time. Take two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of honey, one cupful of sour milk; if sour cream is used take half the butter, one teaspoonful of soda, three cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Fry in deep, hot fat.

Neenie Maxwell