

# SPANISH DOUBLOONS



(CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.)

Long ago Mr. Shaw had left the field to Violet and with a curt shrug had turned his back and stood looking out over the cove, stroking his chin reflectively. Miss Browne's eloquence had risen to amazing flights, and she already had Mr. Tubbs inextricably mixed with Annias and Sapphira, when the Scotchman broke in upon her ruthlessly.

"Friends," he said, "so far as I can see we have been put a good bit ahead by this morning's work. First, we know the grave which should be our landmark has not been entirely obliterated by the jungle, as I had thought most likely. Second, we know that it is on this side of the island, for the reason that this chap Tubbs hasn't nerve to go much beyond shouting distance by himself. Third, as Tubbs has tried this hold-up business, I believe we should consider the agreement by which he was to receive a sixteenth share null and void, and decide here and now that he gets nothing whatever. Fourth, the boat is now pretty well to rights, and as soon as we have a snack Bert and Magnus and I will set out, in twice as good heart as before, having had the story that brought us here confirmed for the first time. So Tubbs and his tombstone can go to thunder."

"I can, can I?" cried Mr. Tubbs. "Say, are you a human iceberg, to talk that cool before a man's own fate? Say, I'll—"

But Cuthbert Vance broke in.

"Three rousing cheers, old boy!" he cried to the Scotchman enthusiastically. "Always did think that chap a frightful bouncer, don't you know? We'll stand by old Shaw, won't we, Magnus?" Which comradesly outbreak



"Tubbs and His Tombstone Can Go to Thunder!"

showed the excess of the beautiful youth's emotions, for usually he turned a large cold shoulder on the captain, though managing in some mysterious manner to be perfectly civil all the time. Perhaps you have to be born at High Staunton manor or its equivalent to possess the art of relegating people to immense distances without seeming to administer even the gentlest shove.

But unfortunately the effort of the Honorable Cuthbert's cordiality was lost, so far as the object of it was concerned, because of the surprising fact, only now remarked by any one, that Captain Magnus had disappeared.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**Some Secret Diplomacy.**

The vanishment of Captain Magnus, though quite unlooked for at so critical a moment, was too much in keeping with his eccentric and unsocial ways to arouse much comment. Everybody looked about with mild ejaculations of surprise, and then forgot about the matter.

Whistling a Scotch tune, Dugald Shaw set to work again on the boat. In the face of difficulty or opposition he always grew more brisk and cheerful. I used to wonder whether in the event of a tornado he would not warm into positive geniality. Perhaps it would not have needed a tornado, if I had not begun by suspecting him of conspiring against Aunt Jane's pocket, or if the Trumvirate, inspired by Mr. Tubbs, had not sat in gloomy judgment on his every movement. Or if he hadn't been reproached so for saving me from the cave, instead of leaving it to Cuthbert Vance.

But now under the stimulus of speaking his mind about Mr. Tubbs the Scotchman whistled as he

worked, and slapped the noble youth affectionately on the back when he came and got in the way with anxious industry.

As I wanted to observe developments—a very necessary thing when you are playing Providence—I chose a central position in the shade and pulled out some very smudgy tanning, a sort of Penelope's web which there was no prospect of my ever completing, but which served admirably to give me an appearance of occupation at critical moments.

Mr. Tubbs also had sought a shady spot, and was fanning himself with his helmet. From time to time he hummed, in a manner determinedly gay. However he might disguise it from himself, this time Mr. Tubbs had overshot his mark. The truth was, since our arrival on the island Mr. Tubbs had felt himself the spoiled child of fortune. Aunt Jane and Miss Higglesey-Browne were the joint commanders of the expedition, and he commanded them. The Scotchman's theoretical rank as leader had involved merely the acceptance of all the responsibility and blame, while authority rested with the petticoat government dominated by the bland and wily Tubbs.

But now, faced with the failure of his coup d'etat, Mr. Tubbs' situation was, to say the least, awkward. He had risked all and lost it. But he maintained an air of jaunty self-confidence, slightly tinged with irony. It was all very well, he seemed to imply, for us to try to get along without H. H. We would discover the impossibility of it soon enough.

Aunt Jane, drooping, had been led away to the cabin by Miss Higglesey-Browne. You now heard the voice of Violet in exhortation, mingled with Aunt Jane's sobs. I seemed to see that an ear of Mr. Tubbs was cocked attentively in that direction. He had indeed erred in the very wantonness of triumph, for a single glance would have kept Aunt Jane loyal and prodigal of excuses for him in the face of any treachery. Not even Violet could have clapped the lid on the up-welling font of sentiment in Aunt Jane's heart. Only the cold contempting eye of H. H. himself had congealed that tepid flow.

The morning wore on with ever-increasing heat, and as nothing happened I began to find my watchful waiting dull. Crusoe, worn out perhaps by some private nocturnal pig hunt, slept heavily where the drip of the spring over the brim of old Heintz's kettle cooled the air. I began to consider whether it would not be well to take a walk with Cuthbert Vance and discover the tombstone all over again. I knew nothing, of course, of Mr. Tubbs' drastic measures with the celebrated landmark. As to Cuthbert's interrupted courtship, I depended on the vast excitement of discovering the cave to distract his mind from it. For that was the idea, of course—Cuthbert Vance and I would explore the cave, and then whenever I liked I could prick the bubble of Mr. Tubbs' ambitions, without relating the whole strange story of the diary and the Island Queen.

But meanwhile the cave drew me like a magnet. I jealously desired to be the first to see it, to snatch from Mr. Tubbs the honor of discovery. And I wanted to know about poor Peter—and the doubloons that he had gone back to fetch.

But already Captain Magnus had forsaken the post of duty and departed on an unknown errand. Could I ask Cuthbert Vance to do it, too? And then I smiled a smile that was half proud. I might ask him—but he would refuse me. In Cuthbert's simple code, certain things were "done," certain others not. Among the nots was to fall in standing by a friend. And just now Cuthbert was standing by Dugald Shaw. Therefore nods and becks and wreathed smiles were vain. In Cuthbert's quiet, easy-mannered, thick-headed way he could turn his back calmly on the face of love and follow the harsh call of duty even to death. It would not occur to him not to. And he never would suspect himself of being a hero—that would be quite the nicest part of it.

And yet I knew poor Cuthbert was an exploded superstition, an anachronism, part of a vanishing order of things, and that the ideal which was replacing him was a boiler-plated monster with clockwork heart and brain, named Efficiency. And that Cuthbert must go, along with his Jacobean manner, and his family ghost, and the oaks in the park, and everything else that couldn't prove its right to live except by being fine and lovely and full of garnered sweetness of the past.

At this point in my meditations the door of the cabin opened and Miss Browne came out, looking sternly resolute. Aunt Jane followed, very pink about the eyes and nose. With a

commanding gesture Miss Browne signified the rest to approach. Mr. Tubbs bounced up with alacrity. Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert obeyed less promptly, but they obeyed. Meanwhile Violet waited, looking implacable as fate.

"And where is Captain Magnus?" she demanded, glancing about her. But no one knew what had become of Captain Magnus.

As for myself, I continued to sit in the shade and eat. But I could hear with ease all that was said.

"Mr. Tubbs," began Miss Browne, "your recent claims have been matter of prolonged consideration between Miss Harding and myself. We feel—we cannot but feel—that there was a harshness in your announcement of them, an apparent concentration of your own interests, ill befitting a member of this expedition. Also, that in actual substance, they were excessive. Not half, Mr. Tubbs; oh, no, not half! But one-quarter, Miss Harding and myself, as the joint heads of the Harding-Browne expedition, are inclined to think no more than the reward which is your due. We suggest, therefore, a simple way out of the difficulty. Mr. Dugald Shaw was engaged on liberal terms to find the treasure. He has not found the treasure. He has no found the slightest clue to its present whereabouts. Mr. Tubbs, on the contrary, has found a clue. It is a clue of the first importance. It is equivalent almost to the actual discovery of the chest. Therefore let Mr. Shaw, convinced I am sure by this calm presentation of the matter of the justice of such a course, resign his claim to a fourth of the treasure in favor of Mr. Hamilton H. Tubbs, and agree to receive instead the former allotment of Mr. Tubbs, namely, one-sixteenth."

Having offered this remarkable suggestion, Miss Browne folded her arms and waited for it to bear fruit.

It did—in the enthusiastic response of Mr. Tubbs. "Well, well!" he exclaimed. "To think of our takin' old H. H. that liberal! O' course, havin' formed his habits in the financial centers of the country, I named a stiff price at first—a stiff price, I won't deny. But that's jest the leetle way of a man used to handlin' large affairs—nothing else to it, I do assure you. The Old Man himself used to say, 'There's old H. H.—you'd think he'd eat the paint off a house, he'll show up that graspin' in a deal. And all the time it's jest love of the game. Let him know he's goin' to win out, and bless you, old H. H. will swing right round and fair fore the profits on the other party. H. H. is slicker than soap to handle, if only you handle him right.' Can I say without hard feelin's that jest now H. H. was not handled right? Instead of bein' joshed with, as he looked for, he was took up short, and even them which he might have expected to show confidence"—here Mr. Tubbs cast a reproachful eye at Aunt Jane—"run off with the notion that he meant jest what he said. All he'd done for this expedition, his loyalty and faith to same, was forgotten, and he was thought of as a self-seeker and voracious shark!" The pain of these recollections damped the torrent of Mr. Tubbs' speech.

"Oh, Mr. Tubbs!" breathed Aunt Jane, heart-brokenly, and of course a tear trickled gently down her nose, following the path of many previous tears which had already left their saline traces.

Mr. Tubbs managed in some impossible fashion to roll one eye tenderly at Aunt Jane, while keeping the other fastened shrewdly on the remainder of his audience.

"Miss Higglesey-Browne and Miss Jane Harding," he resumed. "I accept. It would astonish them as has only known H. H. on his financial side to see him agree to a reduction of profits like this without a kick. But I'm a man of impulse, I am. Get me on my soft side and a kitten ain't more impulsive than old H. H. And o' course the business of this expedition ain't jest business to me. It's—er—friendship, and—er—sentiment—in short, there's feelin's that is more than worth their weight in gold!"

At these significant words the agitation of Aunt Jane was extreme. Was it possible that Mr. Tubbs was declaring himself in the presence of others—and was a response demanded from herself—would his sensitive nature, so lately wounded by cruel suspicion, interpret her silence as fatal to his hopes? But while she struggled between maiden shyness and the fear of crushing Mr. Tubbs, the conversation had swept on.

"Mr. Shaw," said Miss Browne, "you have heard Mr. Tubbs, in the interest of the expedition, liberally consent to reduce his claim by one-half. Doubtless, if only in a spirit of emulation, you will attempt to match this conduct by cancelling our present agreement and consenting to another crediting you with the former sixteenth share of Mr. Tubbs."

"Don't do it, Shaw—hold the fort, old boy!" broke in Cuthbert Vance. "I say, Miss Browne, this is a bally shame!"

Miss Browne had always treated the prospective Lord Grasmere with distinguished politeness. Even now her air was mild, though lofty.

"Mr. Vance," she replied, "as a member of the British aristocracy, it is not to be supposed that you would view financial matters with the same eye as those of us of the Middle Classes, who, unhappily perhaps for our finer feelings, have been obliged to experience the harsh contacts of common life. Your devotion to Mr. Shaw has a romantic ardor which I cannot but admire. But permit us also our enthusiasm for the perspicacity of Mr. Tubbs, to which we owe the wealth now within our grasp."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CORNHUSKER ITEMS

News of All Kinds Gathered From Various Points Throughout Nebraska.

Short courses offered to farmers and others in Nebraska who can spare a few weeks' time are offered at the state agricultural college at Lincoln, beginning January 23. Intensive training is offered in auto tractor mechanics, animal husbandry, animal pathology, botany, dairying, entomology, field crops and soils, grain grading, horticulture, poultry husbandry and rural economics. The courses will end February 17 and are open to all persons over sixteen years of age.

Farmers in the vicinity of Friend are of the opinion that if the price of corn remains where it is now that 25 per cent less corn will be planted this spring than last. However, some of them agree that when spring opens up and the weather is favorable for corn planting and the prospects look good for a large crop, more corn will be planted than is at present contemplated.

Acting Police Captain James McDonald, shot twice in the left leg in a gun battle with yegmen in Omaha, will be immediately appointed to the position of captain, Police Commissioner Henry W. Dunn announced. A fund, subscribed to generously by several business and professional men for the injured officer, has now surpassed the \$600 mark.

Discovery of oil soaked rags and papers in a hot air pipe at the home of Frank Wroe at Fremont upon the return of the Wroe family from a trip to Lincoln, caused Deputy Fire Marshal Harry Hauser to call for an investigation of the several recent fires.

A community house, which will contain a library, auditorium and women's rest room, is being planned by the Elmwood legion post and members are securing pledges. Shower rooms, a kitchen and moving picture outfit also are included.

Fire originating in the hardware store belonging to M. F. Gates, destroyed the hardware store, the Lewellen Mercantile company store, the Robinson lunch room and a vacant building at Lewellen.

While hunting southwest of Barneson, George Guthrod, 18, of Barneston, was accidentally shot in the right arm by Floy James of Beatrice. He was taken to a Beatrice hospital. It is believed he will recover.

Raymond Kochrow of Alexandria was awarded the \$75 scholarship offered by the Union Pacific in the state agricultural college. Railroad fare also is included. He took first place in boys' club work.

By wireless, Omaha recently listened to and heard a speech delivered in Boston by R. W. Babson, former statistician for the United States. He predicted an improvement in all lines of business.

Chester may get its electric "juice" from the Deshler plant. A group of business men from that place inspected the Deshler powerhouse with a view to recommending a transmission line.

Statistics gathered by the Publicity Department of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce that Nebraska stands first among the states in the per capita of building and loan assets.

Miss Letta I. Oldfield, 14, of Tecumseh, is dead, the result of injuries sustained when a can of coal oil which she was pouring on the fire exploded, igniting her clothing.

Members of the Presbyterian Sunday School at Fremont joined in a rabbit hunt as a means of providing a stew for the annual church dinner party.

Governor McKelvie was Santa Claus at the Christmas distribution of 500 baskets of food provided by the Omaha division of the Volunteers of America.

The Midwest Implement Dealers' association comes to Omaha January 4-6 for its annual convention. James Wallace, Council Bluffs is secretary.

Burglars threw a brick through the plate glass window of Robert Goddard's jewelry store at Ogallala and escaped with two diamond rings.

Three hundred and seventy-five traveling libraries are now circulating in Nebraska.

Oliver E. Chandler, living near Elmwood, while cutting a tree was killed by the tree falling upon him.

Dewayne Stoddard, 17-year-old son of C. T. Stoddard of Aurora, lost his left arm in a saw. His mitten caught and the arm was drawn against the saw. It was amputated just below the elbow.

In letting contracts for shoes for inmates of the 17 state institutions for the first six months of 1922, the board of control found prices considerably lower than for the same period a year ago. The board was able to buy children's and adults' shoes for prices ranging from \$1.07 to \$3 a pair. A year ago the prices were nearly double that.

Fifty-two turkeys, weighing 12 pounds each, were eaten by 350 Omaha newsboys at a dinner in the Rome hotel given to them by the Rotary club.

So much confidence is placed in the discovery of oil north of Hay Springs that towns along the Northwestern line, including this place, are offering inducements to the Midwest Refining company for a refinery location. Materials now are 'n' delivered to the field north of that place, where oil was struck sixty days ago and a second well soon will be started.

## FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR DISABLED NEBRASKANS

**Who May Be Beneficiaries—Men or women who are so disabled physically by accident or disease, that they can not earn a livelihood and who are capable of being rendered fit to engage in some other occupation. In each case the feasibility of retraining both from the physical and vocational standpoints must be determined.**

**Where the Retraining is Done—In public and private institutions, industrial plants, shops, offices, at home or anywhere the student may be trained efficiently in the most advantageous way and in the shortest possible time. No classes are formed because each case must be treated individually.**

**Use of Funds—Funds may be used for instruction, incidental fees regularly charged by schools, necessary books and supplies but no funds are available for the maintenance of students during training.**

**Women's Compensation Act—Acceptance of training by persons injured in industry does not deprive them of any rights under the Workmen's Compensation Act.**

**For Civilians—This service is distinct from that of the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers, sailors and marines of the World War, now being carried on by the Federal government.**

**Your Help—You can help by sending in the names and postoffice addresses of any disabled persons whom you may know or of whom you may learn.**

Address: C. A. Fulmer, 204 University Temple, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Hot lunches for sixty children in the Friend schools are provided by the district at a cost of 2 cents a child, says Miss Margaret McGreevy, chief of the state division of child hygiene, in a report filed with the state bureau of health. This plan has been in operation three years, and she is recommending it to other schools. Children at Friend get one hot dish at noon, either soup, vegetables or cocoa. Miss Lora Mendenhall, of the home economics department there, supervises the work. In Dawson county there are forty-two rural schools where hot lunches are furnished by co-operation with parents. Miss McGreevy is urging school districts to take up the work.

W. L. Marshall of Beatrice, whose son, W. E. Marshall, mysteriously disappeared about ten years ago under circumstances which led the father to suspicion foul play, has received word that the son was alive. It is understood that the young man, 20 when he disappeared, served three years in the navy, later graduating as an architect in a government school. The card received by his father gives a photograph of the young man, but does not give his address.

District Judge Munger, in federal court, issued an order finding eleven Nebraska City plant employees now on strike, in contempt of court. A citation was placed in the hands of Deputy United States Marshal McClung, who left to serve it on the eleven men.

The first case of "black" smallpox to be found in Nebraska was reported from Falls City by Dr. E. R. Hays, according to an announcement by Dr. L. H. Dillon, chief of the state bureau of health.

Motor licenses issued this year number 262,773, representing \$2,817,836 in fees, according to records of the state auto registration bureau. This is \$38,000 more than in 1920.

Theodore Galligher, an Omaha man who was supposed to have been almost penniless and who recently died, is reported to have been possessed of property to the value of \$90,000, or more.

Mrs. Henrietta Masters, of Palmyra, died at the advanced age of 106 years. She was born in Germany, December 18, 1815, and had lived in the United States seventy-three years.

After 22 years continuous service on the Omaha police force, Captain John Briggs announces that on April 1 he will retire.

A movement is on foot to raise \$16,000 to pay the cost of holding concerts in the Omaha parks next season.

The Nebraska League of Municipalities will hold its annual meeting in Omaha January 23-25.

The Nebraska State Central Democratic committee will meet in Omaha January 14.

The winter wheat in the vicinity of Table Rock is in great need of moisture.

The Havelock shops of the Burlington, employing over 1,500 men, will go on a 40-hour-a-week basis, instead of the present 48-hour schedule, January 1, announcement was made by E. Roop, superintendent of the motive power department.

A small dog saved the life of Dave McAuliffe of Lindsay when he was attacked by a bull. He was in the yard alone when attacked. The bull knocked him down and the dog came to the rescue. Although too small to injure the bull, his attacks and barking kept the animal from killing McAuliffe until he was rescued.

All of the new machinery for the new seventy-five thousand dollar power plant being built by Pawnee City has arrived and most of it is now in place. A. W. Merkle, in charge of the installation, says that the plant will be complete about February 1.

Fifty per cent of the business men and farmers of Spencer will take out their telephones if the rate increase asked by the Northwestern Bell Telephone company is granted, according to a letter to the state railway commission from the Spencer Community club.

## TIRES OF LIFE ON LONELY ISLE

Woman Is Glad to Return to Civilization After Seven Months in South Seas.

## WANTS PRETTY THINGS

Looks Forward to Shopping Tour After Working on Lonely Copra Plantation With Husband and Friend.

Honolulu.—Mother Eve must have had a fearfully dull time if Eden resembled her home in the South Seas, according to Mrs. W. W. Meng, who has returned to civilization sated with seven months of loneliness, barefoot freedom, moonlight on coral strands, and parrot chatter in sun-baked palms. She and her husband lived an Adam and Eve existence for 200 days on Palmyra, a tiny island knoll 1,000 miles south of Honolulu, while they cultivated a virgin copra plantation. Their only neighbor was Edward Benner, who helped them with their work.

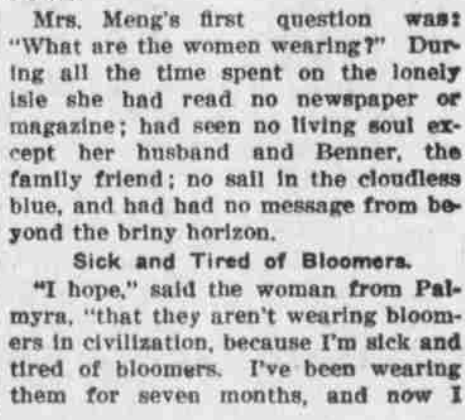
**First Question About Styles.**

Mrs. Meng, who has just returned to the Hawaiian capital, believes that a few months is all the average white woman can stand of tropical ennui and isolation, so temptingly pictured by the mystic South Sea school of romantics.

Mrs. Meng's first question was: "What are the women wearing?" During all the time spent on the lonely isle she had read no newspaper or magazine; had seen no living soul except her husband and Benner, the family friend; no sail in the cloudless blue, and had had no message from beyond the briny horizon.

**Sick and Tired of Bloomers.**

"I hope," said the woman from Palmyra, "that they aren't wearing bloomers in civilization, because I'm sick and tired of bloomers. I've been wearing them for seven months, and now I



Sated With Seven Months of Loneliness.

want some pretty things. My first dissipation is going to be a shopping tour."

She had helped the men pick and cure the cocoon nut (copra); had kept the primitive shelter looking tidy; had served the scrambled bird's eggs and devil-crab meat—and developed a deep distaste for bloomers and for the idyllic life of the novelists.

## OWL KILLS 15-POUND GOOSE

It Flies Into Connecticut Man's Yard to Attack—Ice-Clad by Sleet, It Is Caught.

Winsted, Conn.—A 15-pound goose was killed in combat with a large dark-brown owl in a small inclosure on the premises of Louis Francasso.

There were two geese under cover in the small yard when the owl entered and pitched on one of the geese, which flew into the open, where it defended itself as best it could, finally succumbing to the attacks of the owl.

The body of the goose, its breast punctured and one wing torn, was still warm when Francasso entered the inclosure. The victorious gladiator, clad in an armor of ice which had formed during a sleet storm following the battle, stood in one corner unfired. Francasso caught the owl alive. It is nearly 14 inches tall.

## BABY'S CRY CAUSES BLAST

Mother Lights Match to Look at Child and Explosion of Natural Gas Wrecks House.

Scottsville, N. Y.—When Mrs. William Goodberiet, struck a match to see what was causing the baby to cry, an explosion of natural gas wrecked the house and burned five persons so severely that they were taken to a hospital. One died later.

The house had recently been wired for electricity and the gas shut off, but a leak in the pipe filled the house during the night.