

# SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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CHAPTER XVI.  
—19—  
From Dead Hands.

As the head of the file, Capt. Tony advanced through the clearing, and what with his flowing black beard, his portly form and a certain dramatic swagger which he possessed, he looked so entirely Italian and operatic that you expected to hear him at any moment burst out in a sonorous basso. With a sweeping gesture he flung down upon the table two brown canvas bags, which opened and discharged from gaping mouths a flood of golden coins.

Slinker and the cross-eyed man shouted aloud. They ran and clutched at the coins with a savage greed. "Gold, gold—the real stuff! It's the doubloons, all right—where's the rest of 'em?" These cries broke from Slinker and Horny confusedly as the gold slid jingling between their eager fingers.

"The rest of 'em is—where they is," pronounced Tony oratorically. "Somewhere in the sand of the cave, of course. Well dig 'em up tomorrow morning."

"What was the point in not digging 'em all up while you was about it?" demanded Slinker, lowering. "What was the good o' digging up jest these here couple o' bags and quitting?"

"Because we didn't dig 'em up," responded Tony darkly. "Because these was all ready and waiting. Because all we had to do was to say 'Thanks,' to the feller that handed 'em out. We got these here bags of doubloons, as I says, without havin' to dig for 'em—once we had found the cave, which it's no thanks to old Washtubs we ain't looking for it yet. We got these here bags right out of the fists of a skeleton. Most of him was under a rock, which had fell from the roof and pinned him amidstships. Must of squashed him like a beetle, I guess. But he'd still kep' his hold on the bags." I turned aside, for fear that anyone should see how white I was. To the rest, these poor bones might indeed bear mute witness to a tragedy, but a tragedy lacking outlines, vague, impersonal, without poignancy. To me, they told with dreadful clearness the



They Played With the Doubloons Like Children.

last sad chapter of the tale of Peter; Peter who had made me so intimately his confidante, whose love and hopes and solitary strivings I knew all about.

Vaguely I heard around me a babble of exclamations and conjectures. Murmurs of interest rose even from our captive band. Then came Slinker's voice, loud with sudden fear:

"Say, you don't suppose the—the Bones would of got away with the rest of the coin somehow, do you?" he demanded.

"Got away with it?" Tony contemptuously thrust aside the possibility. "Got away with it, how? He sure didn't leave the island with it, did he? Would he of dug it up from one place jest to bury it in another? Huh! Must of wanted to work if he did! Now, my notion is that this happened to one of the guys that was burying the gold, and that the rest jest left him there for a sort of scarecrow to keep other people out of the cave."

"But the gold?" protested Slinker. "They wouldn't leave that for a scarecrow, would they?"

"Maybe not," admitted Tony, "but suppose that feller died awful slow, and went on hollering and clutching at the bags? Well, that cave wouldn't be a pleasant place to stay in, would it? And no one would have the nerve to snatch them bags away to bury 'em, 'cause a dying man, especially when he dies hard, can have an awful grip. So what they done was just to shovel the sand in on the gold they'd stowed away and light out quick."

If the ingenuity of this reasoning was more remarkable than its logic, the pirates were not the men to find fault with it. Desire is the most eloquent of advocates, and the five ruff-

ans had only to listen to its voice to enjoy in anticipation all the fruits of their iniquitous schemes. The sight of the golden coins intoxicated them. They played with the doubloons like children, jingling them in their enloured palms, guessing at weight and value, calculating their equivalent in the joy of living. Laughter and oaths resounded.

And now the night that I unutterably dreaded was upon us. But the pirates still thought of nothing but the gold. They had exhausted their own portable supplies of liquor, and were loud in their denunciations of our boney-dry camp, as they termed it.

It was Tony who intercepted a tentative movement of Capt. Magnus in my direction, and ordered me into the cabin with my aunt and Miss Browne. Through the walls of the hut we heard loud and eager talk of the morrow and its certain golden harvest as the pirates made their dispositions for the night. Then the voices trailed off sleepily and silence succeeded, broken only by the ceaseless murmur of the waves around the island.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of Which Cookie Is the Hero.

Next morning I came out of the hut in time to see Mr. Shaw and his companion in duress led forth from the sleeping quarters which they had shared with their captors. They were moored as before to a palm tree, by a rope having a play of two or three feet, and their hands unbound while they made a hasty breakfast under the eye of a watchful sentinel. Then their wrists were tied again, not painfully, but with a firmness which made any slipping of their bonds impossible.

While the pirates were breakfasting a spirited dispute took place among them as to who should go to the treasure cave and who stay in camp to guard the prisoners. Slinker and Horny urged with justice that, as they had missed all the excitement of the preceding day, it was their turn to visit the cave. The right to see the Bones they passionately claimed. Tony supported them, and it ended with Chris and Captain Magnus being told off as our guards for the morning.

In leaving the cabin I had slipped into my blouse a small penknife which I had found in Aunt Jane's bag. It was quite new, and I satisfied myself that the blades were keen. My own large sheath-knife and my revolver I had been deprived of at the suggestion of the thoughtful Magnus. I had surrendered them unprotestingly, fearful of all things that my possessions might be ransacked and Peter's diary, though hidden with much art at the bottom of the bag, be brought to light. For I might yet sell the secret of the Island Queen at a price which should redeem us all.

As the heat increased a voice of lamentation broke from Chris. He was dry-dry enough to drink up the condemned ocean. No, he didn't want spring water, which Cookie obsequiously tendered him; he wanted a drink—wouldn't anybody but a fool nigger know that? There was plenty of the real stuff aboard the schooner, on the other side of the—adjective—Island. Why had they, with incredible lack of forethought, brought along nothing but their pocket flasks? Why hadn't they sent the adjective nigger back for more? Where was the bottle or two that had been rooted out last night from the medical stores? Empty? Every last drop gone down somebody's greedy gullet? The adjectives came thick and fast as Chris hurled the bottle into the bay, where it swam bobbingly upon the ripples. Captain Magnus agreed with the gist of Chris' remarks, but deprecated, in a truly philosophical spirit, their unprofitable heat. There wasn't any liquor, so what was the good of making an adjective row? Hadn't he endured the equivalent of Chris' present sufferings for weeks? He was biding his time, he was. Plenty of drink by and by, plenty of all that makes life soft and easy. He bet there wouldn't many hit any higher spots than him. He bet there was one little girl that would be looked on as lucky, in case she was a good little girl and encouraged him to show his natural kindness. And I was favored with a blood-curdling leer from across the camp, of which I had put as much as possible between myself and the object of my dread.

But now, like a huge black Gany-mede, appeared Cookie, bearing cups and a large stone crock.

"It subtly ain't a fact, Mistah Chris, sah," said Cookie, "dat dey is a mighty unspritsuous fuddity 'bout dis yere spring watah. Down war I is come from no pussions of de Four Hundred ain't eveh 'customed to partake of such. But de sassiest I has been in lately round dis yere camp ain't of de convivulous ordah; ole Cookie had to keep it dark dat he got his life drop o' comfort on de side. Dis yere's only home-made stuff, sah. Tain't what I could offer to a genneimun if so be I is got the makin's of a genuwine old-style julep what is de beverage of de fust families. But bein' as it is, it ain't mighty coolin', sah, and it got a lil' kick to it—not much, but jes' enough

to make a genneimun feel lak he is one." Cookie's tones dripped humility and propitiation. He offered the brimming cup cringingly to the pale-eyed, red-nosed Chris, who reached for it with alacrity, drank deep, smacked his lips meditatively, and after a moment passed the cup back.

"Tain't so worse," he said approvingly. "Anyhow, it's drink!" Magnus suddenly began to laugh. "Seip me, it's the same dope what laid out the Honorable!" he chortled. "Here, ducky, let's have a swig of it!" Cookie complied, joining respectfully in the captain's mirth.

"I guess you-all is got stronger habits den dat young genneimun!" he remarked. "Dis yere ole niggah has help hisself mighty freely and dat prohibitionist Miss Harding ain't eveh found it out. Fac' is, it am puffedly harmless 'cept when de hald is weak." False, false Cookie! Black brother in peridy to Mr. Tubbs! One friend the less to be depended on if a chance for freedom ever came to us!

Cookie refilled the pirates' cups, and set the crock beside them on the ground.

"In case you genneimun feels yo'-selfs a lil' thirsty later on," he remarked. He was retiring, when Captain Magnus called to him.

"Blackie, this ain't bad. It's coolin', but thin—a real nice ladylike sort of drink, I should say. Suppose you take a swig over to Miss Honey there with my compliments—I'm one to always treat a lady generous if she gives me half a chance."

Obediently Cookie hastened for another cup, set it on a tray, and approached me with his old-time ornate manner. I faced him with a withering look, but, unmindful, he bowed, presenting me the cup, and interposing his bulky person between me and the deeply quaffing pirates. At the same time his voice reached me, pitched in a low and anxious key.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny, spill it out! It am mighty powerful dope—it done fumented twice as long as befo'—it am bound to give dat trash de blind-staggahs sho'tly!" Instantly I understood, and a thrill of relief and of hope inexpressible shot through me. I put the cup to my lips and after a brief parade of drinking passed it back to Cookie, spilling the contents on the ground en route.

Gradually the rough disjointed talk of the sailors began to languish. Covertly watching, I saw that Chris' head had begun to droop. The hand that held the cup was lifted, stretched out in the direction of the enticing jar, then forgetting its errand fell heavily. After a few spasmodic twitchings of the eyelids and uneasy grunts, Chris slumbered.

Captain Magnus was of tougher fiber. But he, too, grew silent and there was a certain meal-sack limpness about his attitude. His dulled eyes stared dreamily. All at once, with a jerk, he roused himself, turned over and administered to the sleeping Chris a prod with his large boot.

"Hey, there, wake up! What right you got to be asleep at the switch?" But Chris only breathed more heavily.

Captain Magnus himself heaved a tremendous yawn, settled back in greater comfort against his sustaining tree and closed his eyes. I waited, counting the seconds by the beating of the blood in my ears. In the background Cookie hovered apprehensively. Plainly he would go on hovering unless loud snores from the pirates gave him assurance. For myself, I sat fingering my penknife, wondering whether I ought to rush over and plunge it into the sleepers' throats. This would be heroic and practical, but unpleasant. If, on the other hand, I merely tried to free the prisoners and Captain Magnus woke, what then? The palm where they were tied was a dozen yards from me, much nearer to the guards, and within range of even their most languid glance. Beyond the prisoners was Miss Browne, glaring uncomprehendingly over the edge of her book. There was no help in Miss Browne.

I left my seat and stole on feet which seemed to stir every leaf and twig to loud complaint toward the captive pair. Tense, motionless, with burning eyes, they waited. There was a movement from Captain Magnus; he yawned, turned and muttered. I stood stricken, my heart beating with loud thumps against my ribs. But the captain's eyes remained closed.

"Virginia—quick, Virginia!" Dugald Shaw was stretching out his bound hands to me, and I had dropped on my knees before him and begun to cut at the knotted cords. They were tough strong cords, and I was hacking at them feverishly when something bounded across the clearing and flung itself upon me. Crusoe, of course!—and wild with the joy of reunion. I strangled a cry of dismay, and with one hand tried to thrust him off while I cut through the rope with the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The True Question.

Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we gain but what we do.—Carlyle.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

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Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willing with her hands. —Proverbs.

DISHES WE ALL MAY TRY

As this is the season when steamed puddings, rich sauces and hearty dishes appeal, the following will be found suggestive:

**Fig Pudding.**—Take one cupful each of raisins chopped suet, chopped figs, sweet milk, and molasses. Sift with two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of soda, ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add to the dry ingredients the molasses, milk, suet and fruit which has been dredged with flour. Pour into a greased mold and steam three hours—in smaller molds one hour will be sufficient. Serve hot with any liquid sauce desired.

**Cheese Salad.**—Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-third of cupful of cold water, add one cupful of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of salt and set aside to harden. When the mixture is rather stiff beat with an egg-beater until fluffy. Fold in one-half pound of good strong American cheese, one-half of a can of pimientos cut in bits and one cupful of whipped cream. Let stand until set. To serve, heap lightly on head lettuce, place half a peach at the side, with a spoonful of boiled dressing on top.

**Date Pudding.**—To one quart of boiling water add one cupful of sugar, a few grains of salt, then when boiling add one-half cupful of graham flour mixed smooth with a little of the quart of water; boil well and add one pound of dates which have been pitted and cut in bits then cooked until smooth; add one-half cupful of walnut meats and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix all together and serve with cream. This makes six large servings.

**Cocoa Angel Food.**—Beat the whites of five eggs until foamy, add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and beat until stiff; stir in lightly one cupful of sugar. Sift together one teaspoonful of cornstarch, one-half cupful of flour and one-fourth of a cupful of cocoa, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix well, then pour into an angel food pan and bake one-half hour. Cover with boiled frosting to which has been added fruit and nuts.

**Belgian Hash.**—Take one-half cupful of prunes, one-half cupful of currants, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half nutmeg, salt, pepper to taste, three-quarters of a cupful of vinegar and one-quarter of a cupful of water. Soak two pigs' feet and cook in the above mixture (after chopping) until all the liquor is absorbed.

"Is an old maxim in the schools. That flattery's the food of fools; Yet now and then your men of wit Will condescend to take a bit." —Jonathan Swift.

### WITH GRAPE JUICE

As a drink grape juice is acceptable at any time of the year, but there are so many delectable dishes that may be prepared from grape juice, their name is legion.

**Grape Fruit Salad Dressing.**—Take a cupful of heavy cream slightly sour, whip and when nearly stiff add five tablespoonfuls of grape juice and a few grains of salt. Use with any fruit salad, but is particularly good with camed pears, celery and lettuce which has been dipped in French dressing.

**Grape Juice Frosting.**—Put three tablespoonfuls of grape juice in a pint bowl and stir in confectioner's sugar till the mixture is thick enough to spread. From one to one and one-half cupfuls of sugar will be sufficient.

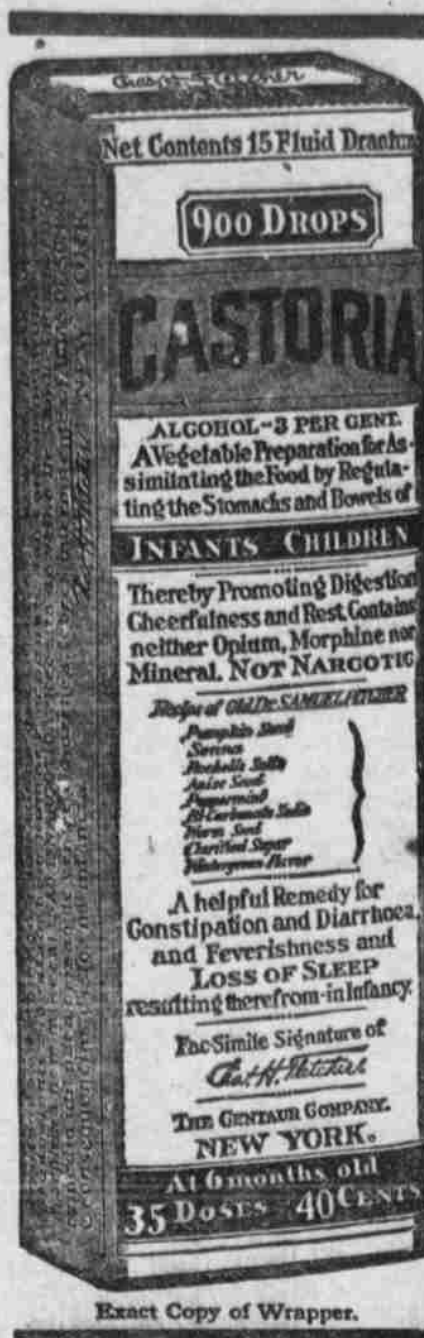
**Rice Cooked in Grape Juice.**—Combine one and one-half cupfuls of grape juice with one-half cupful of water in a double boiler. Bring to the boiling point, adding one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a generous cupful of brown rice or the impudish rice. Steam until tender and serve warm with cream, or if molded it may be served cold. Raisins may be added if more nutriment is desired.

**Grape Juice Tapioca.**—Take two and one-half cupfuls of water, one-cupful of grape juice, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of sugar and bring to the boiling point. Stir in two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca and one-third of a teaspoonful of ground cloves, or a few drops of clove extract. Cook gently until the tapioca is clear, stirring occasionally, then add the juice of one lemon. Chill and serve with sliced bananas or whipped cream with grape juice.

During the winter when the fresh grapes are not obtainable, or are too expensive, we need the acids and mineral salts found in the grape juice to counteract the heavy foods needed for heat.

**Cocoa Nut Sundae.**—Put plain vanilla ice cream in tall sherbet glasses and pour over a rich cocoa sauce. Sprinkle with shredded almonds or chopped toasted Brazil nuts.

Reliee Maxwell



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SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY GOSHEN, INDIANA

Mr. Spadhead—"Do you ever think of me?" Miss Kutting—"Yes; but I'd hate to tell you what."—Judge.

Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse in water blued with Red Cross Ball Blue. —Advertisement.

**Garcia's Method.** Mesdames Viardot-Garcia and Malbran, the wonderful daughters of Manuel Garcia, who was perhaps the greatest vocal teacher of all time, literally "learned in suffering what they taught in song."

The discipline of the Garcia home was extremely severe. It was said that Garcia used to beat his daughters till they screamed.

The neighbors, however, did not confuse method with madness, and on such occasions they quaintly said: "It is only Monsieur Garcia teaching his girls to sing."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**Long-Distance Music.** A concert was recently heard thousands of miles away over the wireless. "Nothing new about that," comments J. B. M. waggishly; "here in Boston 20 years ago I heard a young lady singing 'In Old Madrid.'"—Boston Transcript.

**Dusuns Have Women Priests.** Women priests dominate the Dusuns, a curious tribe of people inhabiting a section of British North Borneo.

**Caesar First "Emperor."** Julius Caesar was the first ruler to style himself an emperor.

Bobby's Guess. Elsie—"Your grandpa is always out of doors." Bobby—"I guess that's why pa says he's an oxygenarian."

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

**True Sympathy.** MacTaggart, a canny Scot, went to a motion picture show and sat down on the hat of the man next him. "Get up! You're on my hat! Why don't you look before you sit down?" agonizingly cried the hat's owner.

MacTaggart arose and picked up the hat. "Ah, well," he remarked, gently, "it might have been worse." "Worse!" exclaimed the wrathful one. "It's ruined, man! How could it possibly be worse?" "It might have been my ain," answered MacTaggart, thoughtfully.

**The Reason.** At a football game an old gentleman was watching from the grand stand, and at the end of the first half he pulled a bulky cigar case from his pocket and, turning to an enthusiast sitting beside him, asked: "Do you smoke?"

The enthusiast, expecting a nice cigar, promptly replied: "Yes." "Ah! Then you don't mind my smoking?" smilingly replied the old gentleman.

Virtue is a precious gem for which vice is often substituted.

You wouldn't put on hobbles to run a foot race

Then why load up on handicaps for the day's work?

A good deal of food, unwisely chosen, does weigh the body down and clog the digestion, and dull the brain.

Why put on the hobbles?

Grape-Nuts is a breakfast or lunch-time dish for those who want food efficiency, and mind and body efficiency.

Grape-Nuts satisfies and nourishes. It delights the taste. It is ready to serve whenever you are ready to eat. And it digests easily, quickly and completely—leaving no handicap of heaviness and drowsiness.

Grape-Nuts is the food for health and action.

"There's a Reason"

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