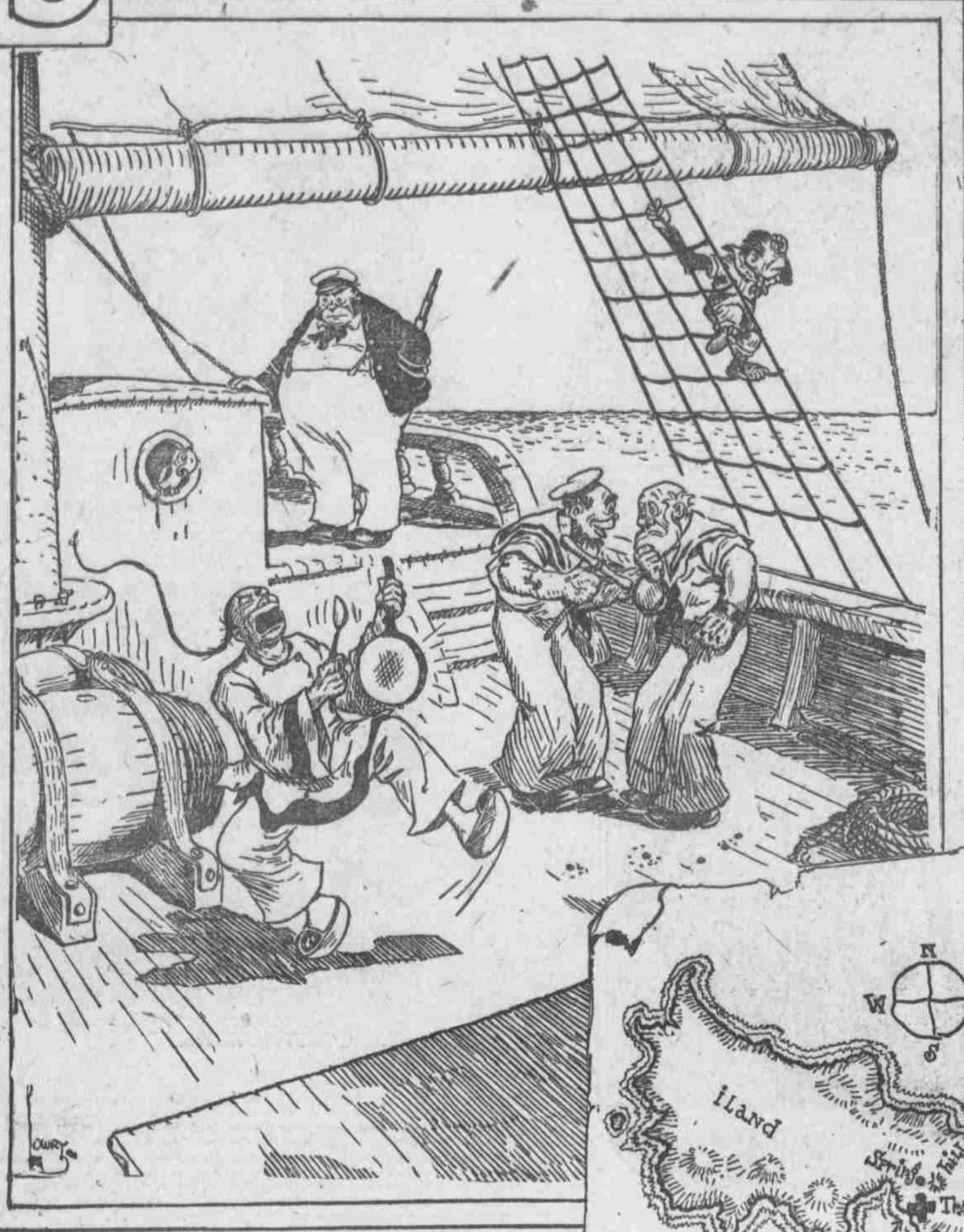


# BILL BUNK and his SHIPMATE SAM

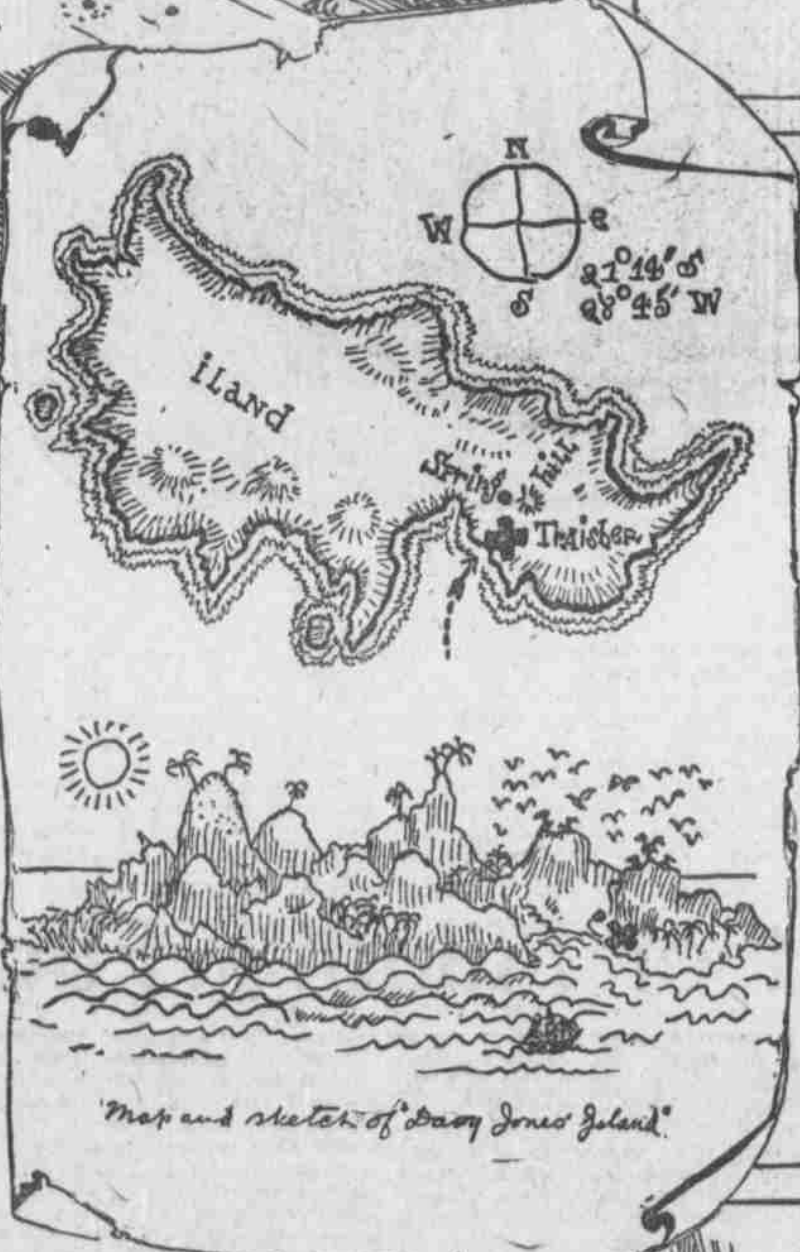
## UNHEARD OF ADVENTURES OF TWO SAILORS ON A DESERT ISLAND



"SAM PROPOSED WE EAT THE COOK."



"WORDS COULDN'T DESCRIBE THE LOOKS THAT CAME OVER THE OLD MAN'S FACE"



"Map and sketch of Daisy Jones Island"

Startled by Strange Voices, the Two Terrified Seamen, Thinking the Place Bewitched, Hastily Rebury Find and Escape to the Ship.

Narrator Hopes Some Day to Return for Wealth and Holds in His Possession Various Charts and Sketches Which Go Far to Substantiate the Yarn.

From Description Island Is Thought by Many To Be That of Smaller Trinidad, Which Was a Favorite Stronghold for Pirates in the Days of the Spanish Main.

AFTER fumbling in the depths of a battered sea chest the old sailor finally brought to light a soiled piece of paper, upon which was roughly pencilled a seaman's chart. "This," said he, "is a map of Missin' Link Island, wot I made at th' time, an' a pitcher by Bill, so if nothin' else 'll do but a yarn about buried treasure I'll spin you one wot is a yarn, an' it befo' myself right here at this identical place where th' cross is marked.

"We was down in th' Sou' Atlantic, I reckon, an' our own to a storm havin' blowed us out o' our course th' water had run so low we was reduced to two tablespoonfuls day per man. We could a stood that for a time, but t' make th' situation more pleasant th' ship had been so worsted by th' gale she was almost at th' mercy o' wind an' wave, an' arter tryin' for three days t' keep her headed for Rio Janeiro we give up in despair an' let her drift, trustin' to Providence, an' in th' meantime perparin' for another world.

"My mate, Sam, who wasn't overly rugged, was th' first to go off his head, an' hein' nackerly a thirsty chap th' way he took on was somethin' startlin' t' hear. It was plain from th' start th' poor fellow's mind was ramblin', fer nothin' would do him but old Cap. Barnacle had a privet caak o' fine clear hee water hid somers about th' wessle wot he was drinkin' of on th' sly, an' t' see Sam slip around with a cunnin' eye on th' old man all the time was enough t' set your nerves on edge.

"About this time th' Chinese cook, wot was sufferin' as much as we was in his own weather way, broke out o' th' galley all at once, jabberin' in his own heathin' a fry pan t' scare th' thirst devils away, an' Sam, who had got out th' ship's answer, an' was borin' holes in th' deck in th' hope o' strikin' a vein o' pink lemonade with cherries in it, got a new idy in his

head. Yes, sir; he come over to me very seriouslike an' proposed that we eat th' cook. You see, he argued that if th' pagan hadn't fed us so much salt horse we wouldn't a drunk up all th' water, which sounded fair, an' it wasn't no more'n right, he sed, t' have a little genuine Chinese chop suey fer a change o' diet.

"Matters had come to this pass when Missin' (we called him Missin' fer short) sighted th' Island I got marked down here, which we arterward named Missin' Link Island in honor o' th' discoverer, for as th' rest o' us had long since abandoned th' watch if it hadn't been for that faithful critter we'd a probably drifted by our only chance o' salvation 'thout ever lookin' over th' side.

"You can't imagine how th' sight o' land put new heart in us, an' in less time than it takes t' tell about it we'd lowered a boat, an' tumbled in with an empty caak, wot pullin' fer that chunk o' terrifin' with might an' main. Th' captin' bein' a cautious man, an' havin' a mortal dread o' cannibals, perforred t' remain on board, aggrein' t' stand on an' off with th' ship till we returned with th' water.

"It was only a small island, as we could see, mostly rock an' fringed with cocon' palms, but surrounded by jagged coral reefs that kept up a high surf even when th' weather was calm.

"As soon as we could beach th' boat you'd better think we started on a mad search for water, payin' no attention to poisonous reptiles or th' thousands o' land crabs that went scramblin' off into th' bushes with a noise like th' rattle o' dry bones. Ugh! They was enough t' make your flesh creep, was them land crabs, but you bet we didn't stop t' examin' th' species none till we struck signs o' fresh water, wot led up a little gully to a fine cool spring.

"Say, I want t' state right here that

that cold puddle was about th' purtiest bit o' natural scenery that ever basted upon th' view o' two poor, famished shipmates, an' th' way we danced an' shouted an' sung atween drinks soon had all th' gulls an' man-o'-war birds on th' Island in a clamor. Yes, sir; I think even th' old man must a heard us from th' ship by th' way he run in as close as he could an' stared at us through th' glass, his tongue hangin' out with thirst all th' time.

"As soon as we'd wet our whistles sufficient I told Sam an' Missin' Link t' hurry down an' fetch th' caak while I stood over th' spring t' make sure it didn't up an' vanish. You see, we wasn't just ourself yet an' not dead sure our good fortune was true. Sam hung back some at th' sly o' leavin' th' place, but arter takin' two or three big swigs t' satisfy his mind t' was th' genuine article th' two o' 'em set out fer th' beach.

"Well, sir, they hadn't been gone three minutes, an' I was jist stoopin' over fer another sup, when I was so startled by a series o' blood curdin' yells an' whoops that th' next thing I knew I'd gone beam end into th' spring an' was takin' a fresh water bath.

"I made sure poor Sam had been taken by some o' them cannibals wot frequently latches an' eats sailormen, but as th' hub-bub continued I made out a sound like 'larra', and then I knew my old mate had gone plumb deaf.

"Th' prospect o' bein' left alone on that Island, with a madman was not a cheerin' one, an' you can imagine my change o' feelin's upon peekin' around th' cliff, fer right there on th' sand, in front o' a big

chest o' gold, sat Samuel. Yes, sir; he was throwin' handfuls o' th' glitterin' stuff in th' air jist t' hear it come jinglin' down over his bald head an' otherwise behavin' like a feller wot was beret o' his senses. I made haste t' jine Sam, an' as soon as I see th' stuff was real old Spanish treasure th' scene o' rejoicin' wot folloed beat th' one at th' spring.

"It wasn't long afore our joy give way t' fear an' tremblin', howsomever, for all at once a hoarse voice sung out from th' cliff--'Ahoy! there, you lubbers!' it sed; 'back to th' ship!'

"Well, sir, we was too scared t' look behind us at first, but finally, summin' up all our courage, we turned 'round, expectin' t' see th' ghost o' old Captin' Kidd, mebbey, but to our great relief it was only poor Pol, wot th' skipper'd sent ashore t' stir us up about fetchin' th' water.

"That scare put us on our guard, an' not knowin' wot kind o' savages might inhabit th' place, we begin t' imagine every rock an' bush concealed an' enemy, an' when a tern or man-o'-war bird would wheel down an' scream over our shoulder we'd purty near faint with fright.

"The funny part of it was that treasure had been layin' right there in the shiftin' sands where them old sea rovers buried it three hundred years afore, like as not, with narry a livin' soul t' meddle till me an' Sam come along, an' then all o' a sudden it seemed 'at if we didn't git her covered from th' light o' day in a hurry there'd soon be a crowd gather 'round t' dispute our claim.

"Feelin' guilty that way, we lit in t' cover th' chest, arter first stuffin' our pockets full o' doubloons an' pieces o' eight, an' then made off for th' boat as fast as we could waddle with th' weight o' th' stuff.

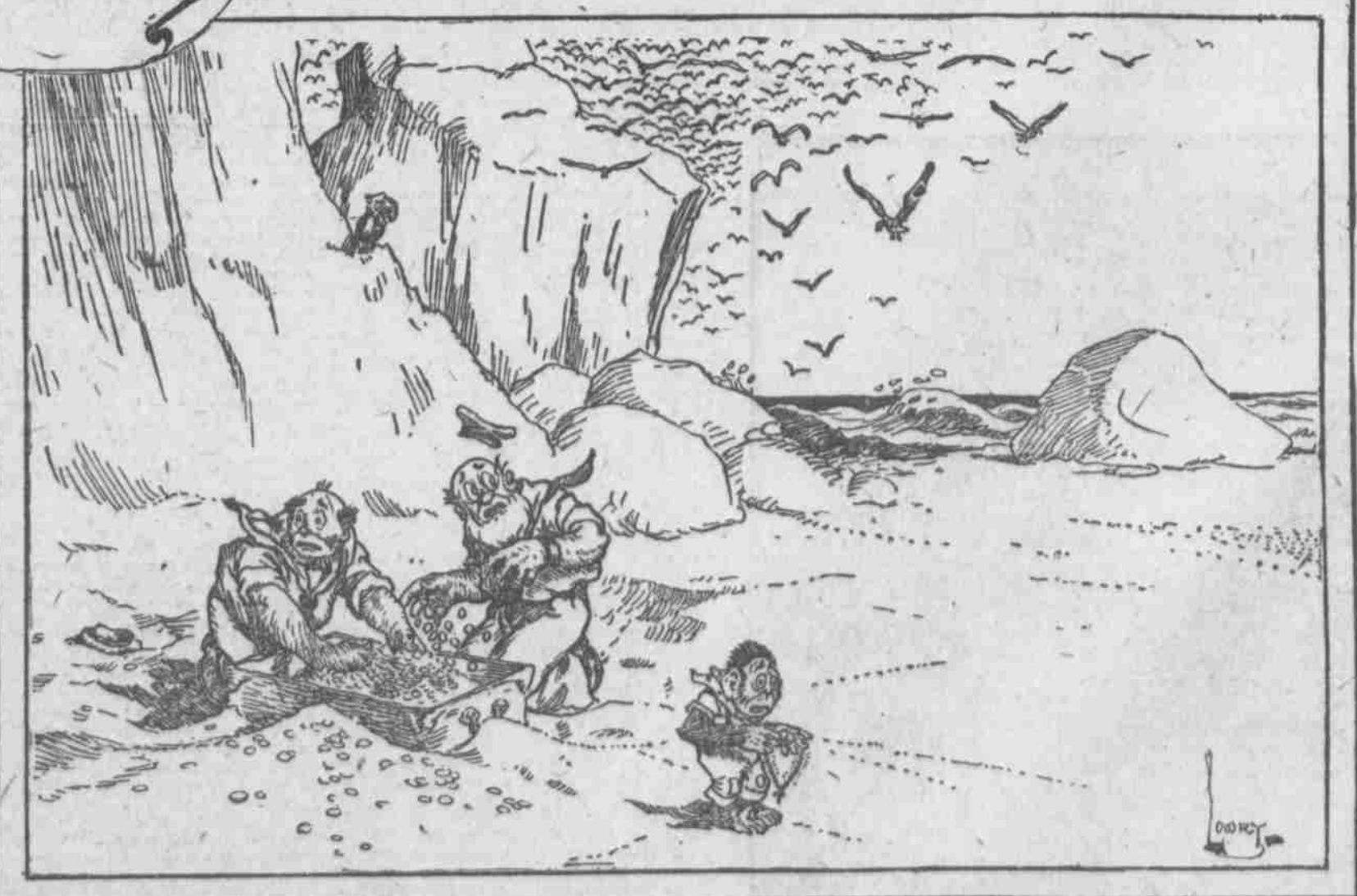
"We knowed old Barnacle t' be one o' th' greediest men that ever sailed th' sea, an' our idy was t' keep th' secret dark for th' present an' come back later an' git th' balance o' th' treasure. Plannin' that way, we never thought ag'in o' water till th' boat was hoisted an' then th' way th' old man an' 'cookie pounced upon that empty caak kind o' brought us to our senses.

"Words 'll never describe th' expression wot come over th' captin's face when he found the caak empty, an' 'll allies be-

lieve he took it t' be th' horrible joke o' a pair o' loonyticks 'till his eye caught th' sparic o' a string o' diamonds around the Missin's neck, wot we hadn't noticed before in th' excitement. Then he sized up our bulgin' pockets an' th' cat was out o' th' bag.

"Did we ever go back fer th' rest o' that gold, you're askin'? Well, no; not exactly. You see, everything's plain as daylight up to th' time where we come back with th' empty caak, but from there on's a kind o' blank space I never been quite able t' rigger out. Anyway, when I come to in th' M'rene Hospital th' young doc sed we'd been picked up by a passin' ship in a d'lerious condition an' th' story o' treasure was probably only 'imagination.

"I don't go much on doctors, but there was Sam with a entirely different yarn, an' when th' captin' come for'ard with another story that didn't gibe with Bill's or mine either, I had t' kind o' give in for th' time bein', but I got th' papers here, an' if I'm ever in them laticudes ag'in I'll find out which one o' us was dreamin' or my name ain't William Bumps, A. B., an' you can lay to that."



"AH-OY! THERE, YOU LUBBERS!" IT SAID, "BACK TO THE SHIP!"