

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON
PICTURES BY J. WELLS
COPYRIGHT THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

(CHAPTER XV—Continued.)

Tony thereupon ordered the women to sit down on the ground in the shade and not move under penalty of "getting a wing clipped." With obedient silence and looked on while the pirates with wolfish voracity devoured the meal which had been meant for us. They had pocket-fasks with them, and as they attacked them with French rance and louder and wilder. By degrees it was possible to comprehend the extraordinary disaster which had befallen us, at least in a sketchy outline which the details were added later. Tony, it appeared, was the master of a small power schooner which had been sitting out in San Francisco for a filibustering trip to the Mexican coast, and his three hard companions were the crew. None was of the old hearty breed of sailors, but what-rats pure and simple, city-dregs whom chance had led to follow the sea. Tony, in whom one detected a certain rough force and ability, was an Italian, an outlaw specimen of the breed which mass the fishing fleet putting forth from the harbor of San Francisco. Whence and where he and Magnus had been friends I do not know. But so soon as the wisdom of Miss Browne imparted the great secret to her chance acquaintance of the New York wharves, then he had communicated with his old pal, Tony. The power-schooner with her unlawful cargo stole out through the gate, made her delivery in the Mexican port, took on fresh supplies, and stood away for Leeward Island. The western anchorage had received and snugly hidden her. Captain Magnus, meanwhile, by means of a mirror flasher, had looked out, had maintained communication with his friends, and even visited them under cover of the supposed shooting expedition. And now, while we had been striving to overcome the recalcitrancy of Mr. Tubbs, Captain Magnus had taken a short cut to the same end. You felt that the secret of Mr. Tubbs would be extracted, it need be, by no delicate methods.

But Mr. Tubbs' character possessed none of that unreasonable obstinacy which would make harsh measures necessary under such conditions. His comeliness, his the illuminating conversation of the pirates had proceeded, lost the speckled appearance which had characterized it at the height of his terrors. Something like his normal face returned. He sat up straighter, moistened his dry lips, and looked around upon us, yes, even upon Aunt Jane and Miss Higlesby-Browne, with whom he had been so lately and so tenderly reconciled, with a steady and penetrating glance. After the pirates had eaten, the prisoners on the log were covered with a rifle and their hands untied, while Cookie, in a hubbubrous silence made eloquent by his rolling eyes, passed around among us the remnants of the food. Yet under all the terror was a bedrock confidence that there was, there must be something in the essence of things, an eternal rightness which would keep me safe from Captain Magnus. And as I looked across at Dugald Shaw and met for an instant his steady, watchful eyes, I managed a swift little smile rather than smile, I dare say, but with a smile.

Cuthbert Vane caught, so to speak, the tail of it, and was electrified. I saw his lips form at Mr. Shaw's ear the words, "Wonderful little sport, by Jove!"

A curious stiffening had come over Cuthbert Vane. For the first time in my knowledge of him he showed the conventional—instead of only the subconsciousness—of the difference between Norman blood and the ordinary sanguine fluid. His shoulders squared, he lost his habitual easy lounge and sat erect and tall. Something stern and aquiline showed through the smooth beauty of his face, so that you thought of eagles of crusading knights stretched on their ancient tombs in High Stannion church. He was their true descendant, after all, this slow, calm, gentlemanly Cuthbert. It was a young thing that I had been playing with, and the claws were there strong and terrible in their velvet sheath.

Captain Tony, having finished his pipe, knocked the ashes out against the heel of his boot and put the pipe in his pocket.

"Well," he said, stretching, "I'd rather have a nap, but business is business, so let's get down to it. Which of your guys has the line on the stuff, Magnus?"

"Old Baldy, here," returned Magnus, with a nod at Mr. Tubbs. "Old Washbuds I call him generally; 'oh, ha!'"

"When looky here, Washbuds," said Tony, addressing Mr. Tubbs with sudden sternness, "maybe you could bid these here soft guys, but we're a different breed of cats, we are. What-

ever you know, you'll come through with it, and come quick, or I'll be worse for your hide, see?"

Mr. Tubbs rose from the log with promptness.

"Captain," he said earnestly, "from long experience in the financial centers of the country, I have got to be a man what understands human nature. The minute you looked at 'em, I seen it in your eye that there wasn't no use in tryin' to bluff 'em. You are a congenial crowd, you boys—gosh, but you do look good to me after the bunch of stuffs 'e been playin' up to here! All I ask is, to let me in on it with you, and I'll be glad to put you wise to the best tricks of a sly old fox who ain't ever been caught yet without two holes to his shirt. I his business won't ask no half, nor no quarter, either, though I just signed up for that amount with the old girl here. But give me freedom, and a bunch of 'em, 'twix the you and I, I've near froze into a plaster figure of Virtue, what with talkin' like a Sunday school class, and sparkin' 'em old maid and makin' 'em like I wouldn't melt butter with the other. So if I will slip along with you, mates, and we'll off to the China coast somewhere where the spendin' is good and the police not too nosy, and try how far a trunkful of doubloons will go."

With a choky little gurgle in her throat Aunt Jane fell limply against us. It was too much. All day long she had been tossed back and forth like a shuttlecock by the maddening emotion. She had borne the shock of Mr. Tubbs' sordid greed for gold, his disloyalty to the expedition, his coldness to herself; she had been stung on her pride by the speaking of an old maid—and by the spite! From Miss Higlesby-Browne had come a snort of fury, but she said nothing, having apparently no confidence in Tony. Tony opened his small black eyes and contemplated him with attention. Then he glanced round upon his fellows.

"What say, boys? Shall we ship old Washbuds on the schooner and let him have his fling along with us? Eh?" And as Captain Tony uttered these words the lid of his left eye eddied for an instant, that intelligent, calculating glance.

From the pirates came a scattering volley of assents. "All right—booray for old Washbuds—sure, close the deal."

All right, Washbuds, the boys are willing. So I guess we better be moving toward that chest of doubloons. It was arranged that Sinker and a cross-eyed man named Horny should remain at the rear of the guard. As a precaution Cookie, too, was bound, and Aunt Jane, Miss Browne and I ordered into the cabin. The three remaining pirates, armed with our axes and knives, and displaying a great deal ofocular profanity, set out for the cave under the guidance of Mr. Tubbs.

"Thankful as I was for the departure of Captain Magnus, I underwent torments in this stifling interior of the cabin. Aunt Jane wept piteously. At last I heard a faint moan: "Virginia!"

I went to her. "Yes, Auntie?"

"Virginia," she murmured, "I think I shall not live to leave the island, even if I am not—executed. In fact, I have a feeling how as though the end were approaching. I have always known that my heart was not strong, even if your Aunt Susan did call it indigestion. But oh, my dear child, it is not my digestion—it is my heart that has been wounded! To have reposed such confidence in a serpent! To realize that I might have been impaled upon its fangs! Oh, my dear, faithful child, what a blow it has done to you! You had not clung to me although I permitted serpents to turn me from you! But I am cruelly punished. All I ask is that some day—when you are married and happy, dear—you will re-moove from this desolate spot the poor remains of her who—of her who—Sobs choked Aunt Jane's utterance.

"Jane—" began Miss Higlesby-Browne.

"I was speaking to my niece," replied Aunt Jane with unutterable dignity from her corner. Her small features had all but disappeared in her swollen face, and her hair had slipped down at a right angle over one eye. But, of course, being Aunt Jane, she must choose this moment to be queenly.

"There, there, Auntie," I said soothingly,

"There, there, Auntie," I said soothingly,

ingly, "of course you are not going to leave your bones on this island. If you did not know, you and Bill Halliwell might h'nt around together—think how cozy! (Here Aunt Jane gave a convulsive shudder.) As to my being married, if you were better just now on anybody's chances, I say would have to be Captain Magnus', wouldn't they?"

"Good gracious, Virginia!" shrieked Aunt Jane faintly. But I went on relentlessly, determined to distract her mind from thoughts of her approaching end.

"All things considered, I suppose I really ought to ask you to let me say a few lines over when you get back. If I am carried off by the pirates, naturally I shall have to jump overboard at once, though I dislike the idea of drowning, and especially of being eaten by sharks. Would you mind putting up a little headstone—it needn't cost much—in the family plot, with just 'Virginia' on it? And anything of mine that you don't want yourself I'd like best to have for the baby, please. Ask her when the little deed is old enough to tell her my sad story."

By this time Aunt Jane was sobbing loudly and waving her little hands about in wild beseeching.

"Jane!" broke in Miss Browne again in awful tones. But at that moment the floor of the cabin opened and the face of Sinker peered in.

"Say," he remarked, "there ain't no sense in you girls stayin' cooped up here that I see. I guess me and Horny can stand you off if you try to sneak out. So just add cool off a little."

The great heat of the day was over and the sun already dropping behind the peak of the island. Mr. Shaw



"There Ain't No Sense in You Girls Stayin' Cooped Up Here."

and Cuthbert had been allowed to sit in the shade, and I suggest that their wrists were not too tightly bound for comfort. Cookie had been released, and under the eye of Horny was getting supper. Crusoe had earlier in the day received a kick in the ribs from Captain Magnus, fortunately too much occupied with the prisoners to pursue his vengeance further, and had fled precipitately, to my enormous relief. The dog was quite wise enough to know that he would help me best by keeping out of the clutches of our common foe.

Just then there came from the woods the sound of footsteps and voices, and the three pirates and Mr. Tubbs entered the clearing. A thrill ran through the camp. Captors and captives forgot all else but the great, the burning question—had the treasure been discovered? And I am sure that no one was so thrilled as I, although in my mind the question took another form.

For now I was going to know what had been waiting for me. Back to the cave, when I stood yesterday at its black entrance, afraid to go in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIMPLE DIET ALWAYS BEST

As True Now as When Addison Advised It, More Than Two Centuries Ago.

Two hundred years ago Addison wrote: "Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that and flesh of a third. Man falls upon the smallest fruits or substance of the earth, scarce a berry or mushroom can escape him.

"It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance. Here I consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician: 'Make your whole diet consist of one dish; if you indulge in a second, avoid drinking anything strong, till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all food, or at least such as are not the best plants and simple.'"

First Papermaker.

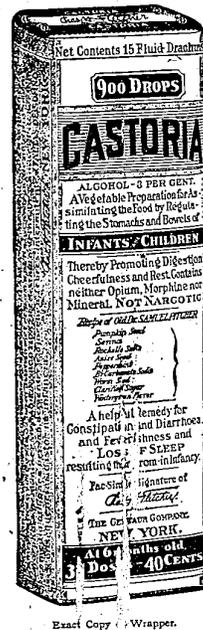
"The original papermaker is the paper spider, in the dense woods in the interior of Africa, that large spider building its home from the paper of its own making, when it selects a smooth surface about two inches square, covering it with fine threads that are paper, placing its 50 eggs beneath, then spinning a thin web that pastes it down tight until the eggs hatch in three weeks.—Indianaapolis News.

The Young Mother.

THE ILLS OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN should be so well known to the youngest of mothers that a reminder or a repetition of the symptoms of illness seems unnecessary, yet there are some mothers who overlook a feverish condition, a little colic, or a disposition to be irritable. If not corrected they may lead to serious sickness. And to correct them, to bring Baby back to its happy self, is so easy by the use of Castoria—a medicine prepared just for infants and children. It will regulate the bowels (not force them), aid digestion and so bring quiet and rest.

Fletcher's Castoria has been doing this for over 30 years; regulating the stomach and bowels of infants and children. It has replaced the nauseating Castor Oil, so-called S'othing Syrups, poisonous Paregoric and other vicious concoctions in the homes of true and honest mothers—mothers who love their children.

Those mothers will give their babies foods and medicines especially prepared for infants and children.



Exact Copy - Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

A Word About Truth.

"Great is Truth, and mighty above all things." So says the Old Testament, yet it is equally true to-day. Truth shows no favors, fears no enemies.

From the inception of Fletcher's Castoria, Truth has been the watchword, and to the conscientious adherence to this motto in the preparation of Fletcher's Castoria as well as in its advertising is due the secret of its popular demand.

All imitations, all substitutes, all just-as-good preparations lack the element of Truth, lack the righteousness of being, lack all semblance even in the words of those who would deceive.

And you! Mothers, mothers with the fate of the World in your hands, can you be deceived? Certainly not.

Fletcher's Castoria is prepared for Infants and Children. It is distinctly a remedy for the little ones. The BABY needs for a medicine to take the place of Castor Oil, Paregoric and S'othing Syrup the sane thought that led to its discovery. Never try to correct BABY'S troubles with a medicine that you would use for yourself. MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CASTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

10 Cents Gives Cheerful New Color Tone to Old Curtains

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish

The trouble about looking up to people is that it encourages them to look down upon us.

Even when a man does have greatness thrust upon him he really thinks that he achieved it.

There are happily constituted people who don't care whether they express their opinions or not.

Some women aren't so very pretty simply because they know how pretty they are.

The person who is always "on pins and needles" usually is a pin-head.—Forbes Magazine (N. Y.).

2 or 3 Cans of Baking Powder Are Not Worth the Price of One

If they are the "big can and cheap" kind because they may mean baking failures

THAT'S WHY CALUMET

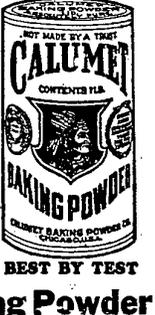
The Economy BAKING POWDER

Is the biggest selling brand in the world



Don't let a BIG CAN or a very low price mislead you.

Experimenting with an uncertain brand is expensive—because it WASTES time and money.



The World's Biggest Baking Powder