

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

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(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. Brownie's eloquence had risen to amazing heights, and already had Mr. Tubbs indignantly mixed with Ananias and Sapphira, when the Scotchman broke in upon her raptures.

"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 showing the distance by himself. Third, Mr. Tubbs has tried his hold-up business, I believe we should consider the agreement by which he was to receive a sixteenth share null and void, and declare here and now that he has nothing whatever. Fourth, the boat is now pretty well to rights, and as soon as we have a smack Bert and Magnus and I will set out, in twice as good heart as before, having had the good thing brought us here commencing from the first time. So Tubbs and his tombstone can go to thunder."

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

"But Cuthbert Vance broke in."

"Three tussling cheers, old boy!" he cried to the Scotchman enthusiastically. "Always did think that you were a frightful boaster, didn't you know? We'll stand by old Shaw, won't we, Magnus?" Which comradely 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 his superior manner to be perfectly civil all the time. Perhaps you have to be born at High Stanton 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 the surprise of the fact, only now remarked by any one, that Captain Magnus had disappeared.

CHAPTER XIV.

Some Secret Diplomacy. The enchantment of Captain Magnus, though quite unlooked for at so critical a moment, was too much in keeping with his eccentric and unusual ways to arouse much comment. Every body 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 had not been so much a tornado, as I had not been by suspecting him of conspiring against Aunt Jane's pocket, or if the Triumvirate, inspired by Mr. Tubbs, had not sat in judgment on his judgment on his own merit. Of 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 odd thing when you are playing Providence—I chose a central position, in the shade and pulled out some very smugly tattling, 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 belt. From time to time he glanced at the island 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 Higgleby-Brownie were the joint commanders of the expedition, and he commanded them. The Scotchman's practical rank as leader had involved merely the acceptance of all the responsibilities and blame, while authority rested with the petulant government dominated by the bland and witty Tubbs.

But now, faced with the failure of his coup d'état, 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.

And Jane, crying, had been led away to the cabin by Miss Higgleby-Brownie. You don't hear the voice of Violet in exhortation, mingled with Aunt Jane's sob.

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 proud 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 contempt of H. H. himself had concealed that depth of love.

The morning rose on with ever-increasing heat, and as nothing happened I began to find my watchful waiting dull. Cruise, worn out perhaps by some private nocturnal pig hunt, slept heavily where the deck of the spring of the brim of old Heintz's kettle pooled the air. I began to consider whether it would not be well to take a walk with Cuthbert Vance and discuss 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 expanse of discretion 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 might more impulsively than old H. H. And of course the business of this expedition isn't just business to me. It's—er—friendship, and—er—sentiment—in short, there's a fellow 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 Brownie, "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 amity, he 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."

"But do it, Shaw—hold the fore, old boy!" broke in Cuthbert Vance. "I say, Miss Brownie, this is a bally shame!"

Miss Brownie had always treated the respected Lord Grimsbury 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 will 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 hard 'colic' of common life. Your devotion to Mr. Shaw has a romantic ardor which I cannot but admire. But permit me also our enthusiasm for the perplexity of Mr. Tubbs to be continued."

Having offered this remarkable suggestion, Miss Brownie 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 taking H. H. to the island! Of course, having formed my 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 just the little way of a man used to handling large affairs—something else to it. I 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'd show up that grasping 'in a deal, and all that time he's got the guts. Let him know he's got to win out, and bless you, old H. H. will swing right round and fair force the profits on the other party. H. H. is the fellow who won't handle, if only you handle him right.' Can I say without bad feeling that just now H. H. was not handled right? Instead of 'bein' joshed with, as he looked for, he was took up the ear, and even when 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 me was forgotten, and he was thought of as a self-seeker and voracious shark! The pain of these recollections dampened the torrent of Mr. Tubbs' speech."

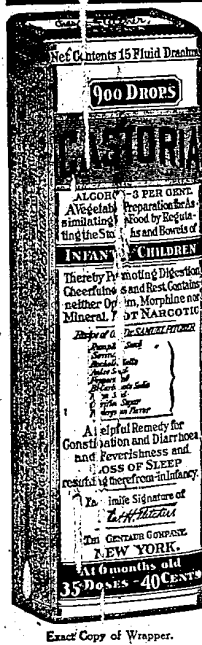
"Oh, Mr. Tubbs!" breathed Aunt Jane, heart-brokenly, and of course a tear trickled gently down her nose, following the path of many previous tears which had already left their saline traces.

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 Higgleby-Brownie 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 might more impulsively than old H. H. And of course the business of this expedition isn't just business to me. It's—er—friendship, and—er—sentiment—in short, there's a fellow that is more than worth their weight in gold."

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That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. Yet it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

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WHO SAID "WEAKER VESSEL"?

Little Incident Shows How Much Chance More Means Has With Real Mistrust of Finance.

Mr. Norman Whitehouse, the patriotic ex-suffragist who has gone into the leather business, said at a tea in New York:

"Woman should succeed magnificently in business, she is such a past grand mistress of finesse. I know a pretty girl who once took the part of a girl in a party tent at a fair. A young man came in to have his fortune told, and the pretty girl, holding his hand, said: 'You have a remarkable quality of generosity. You hate kindness, you despise the money hoarder, and you look on avarice as a shameful vice. A large and noble liberality marks your path of life.'"

"Thank you, said the young man, blushing and smiling. 'You are flattering me, I'm afraid.'"

"Not at all," said the pretty girl, and now I'm going to wrap you up these three dollars. It's for our turkey raffle. You're just a smoleen apiece. Three, five, and a one. Thank you. It's a life."

Girl Will Oxford Honors. Miss Jessie H. Fleming, the first woman to secure the Arnold essay prize at Oxford University, shares her distinction with some students who have become famous, including the late Lord Bryce and the late Professor Dicey.

Tough Luck. Agent—But, mum, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse. Woman (over washbowl)—I'll not pay another cent. I've paid regular for eight years. I've had no luck yet.

Travelers' Luck.

The Common Conversation.

"So you want to put a radio into 'Crissum Gulch'?"

"That's the idea," answered the affable stranger. "You can sit down of an evening and hear what's going on for miles around."

"That wouldn't interest anybody much. All we'd be likely to hear for miles around would be 'gimmie three cards' or 'that's good,' or such remarks."—Washington Star.

His Attitude. "Well, I'll tell you," said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, in reply to the remarks of the spectacled tourist, "I've got 14 of the peartest d—n children on earth, and I wouldn't take a million dollars for any one of 'em. But if anybody was to try to give me another he'd have to run me plumb ragged before he could—put—make me take it."—Kansas City Star.

Practically All. Governor Allen of Kansas, who is an ardent and discreet book collector, was criticizing the work of a western novelist.

"The man's early work was good," he said, "but his work today is wretched. Literature once, it is now mere potboiling trash."

"This writer's case is the case of practically all our writers. They begin with a wealth of thought and they end with a thought of wealth."

Quick, the Emergency Brake. Mrs. Junebride—Stop the car at once. Her Husband—What's the matter, dearie? Mrs. Junebride—You haven't kissed me once in the last mile.

Hoof or Mouth. "Any good lines in that new musical comedy?" "What sort—audible or visible?"—New York Sun.



"Watch me," said the strong swimmer, "I'm not afraid"

So he matched his strength against the swirl of the rapids, and laughed at the danger, and leapt repeating the stunt, until—

It was the day the life-savers had been waiting for—that day the call for help came.

It's an easy matter to smile at coffee warnings when you're going strong.

But a good many strong swimmers won't risk the rapids, and a good many coffee drinkers are beginning to think of the caffeine in coffee.

Coffee can disturb nerves and digestion, and often it does. There's a safe and satisfying course for everybody in the selection of a table drink.

Postum has charm without harm. It's the safe drink for all, and probably, therefore, it's the better drink for you. Thousands have found it better, and fully satisfying, for them.

Your grocer has both forms of Postum: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for fully 20 minutes.

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