THE MYSTERY OF HAY STACK ROCK

Spanish Adventure of early times with an Oregon Coast Sequel of recent date = by Hubert C. Lyman.



HAY STACK ROCK, OFF THE TILLAMOOK COAST.

MAY be remembered by those who ead the account at the time what a refound mystery surrounded the disappearance in August last of the "Old Man," as he was generally referred to by those who knew him at all. Indeed was known by no other name, and I myself have nover learned what his real one was, although I have made many in-

The "Old Man" lived on the sea coast at few miles south of Seaside, Or., near the mouth of Elk Creek, where he was occasionally seen by those who included Elk Creek among their expeditions.

It was on such an expedition that I first met the old man and formed an acquaintance which resulted fatally for him and so unexpectedly for me.

I was spending my vacation of three weeks at Seaside, where I had quite exhausted the ordinary round of amuse-I had gone bathing in the surf nearly every day, taken a trip aroun Tillamook head at low tide, visited Thompson's Falls, Gearhart, and other points of interest in the vicinity, had gone clamming, crabbing and rowing, and was now longing for other worlds to con-

It was at this time that I heard of Elk Creek and how far the beach at that place surpassed in beauty the one at Sea-I immediately resolved to take trip thither and see it for myself. I per uaded a young Dr. H-, of Portland, to accompany me. He was equally enthuslastic with myself, but unfortunately his time was limited to a single day, while I still had a week. However, as the distance was only about nine miles we could easily make it in the time specified, although we were resolved to walk one way at least. We were both indefatigable walkers, and expected to derive from the tramp itself half the pleasare of the entire trip.

We set out as early as possible on the morning of Tuesday, July 31, and were soon striding along with the most joyous hearts in the world, little anticipat ing what startling events were to beand in what altered circumstances I, at least, should return along that road. Our way lay for some distance up the winding Necanicum, and I have no doubt that many a fish in its waters received a sore fright at the thundering voice of my companion as he made the welkin ring in the excess of his gayety.

We continued on our way rapidly in the cool freshness of the morning. The thick bushes on either side were covered with dew and sparkled brightly as we passed The tall firs and spruces rose high in the

This was a high, cone-shaped peak, of which we could see only the green summit over the intervening trees. "That will be an elegant climb," claimed my companion, rapturously, for he was an ardent elimber.

We hastened on and suddenly emerged in full view of the beach. At our left was a large house, evidently used as a hotel. We did not stop, however, but went on to the creek, which was backed up by the high tide from the ocean at our right. We crossed on a floating plank and walked down toward the edge of the surf, which was still nearly half a

The tall peak was still some distance down the beach. Our plan of climbing it, however, we saw to be entirely out of the question. It was not, as we had at first supposed, a part of the mainland, er even a projection from it. On the contrary it rose directly from the midst of the dashing breakers, while between it and the sandy shore lay a strip of calmer water some 50 or 60 feet in width. But even had the base of the peak been accessible, the idea of scaling its summit would have been absurd. It was, in fact, nothing more nor less than a solid rock rising nearly perpendicularly on all sides to a height, as nearly as we could judge, of 200 feet. The bright green color which we had observed before was due to a heavy growth of moss, which covered the summit and even the sides where they were not absolutely perpendicular At the foot of this huge rock were multitudes of smaller ones jutting above the surface of the water and continually

These observations we made while approaching along the beach. As we drew near another singular feature caught my

panion's attention to it, "see that cave right at the water's edge. There, on the outer side; you can't see it if you go any nearer."

The cave was, in fact, on the ocean side of the cliff, and was visible only at a long angle from it. A small opening could be seen above the water, and that only at intervals when the waves receded sufficiently to allow a fulier view. It was impossible to tell how far into the

"There is probably quite a cavern there at low tide," observed the doctor, as he walked on down the beach. I remained looking at the cave for a few moments, until I suddenly heard a loud whistle, and looking up saw my companion some distance ahead beckening to me. I im-

some surprise, for we had seen no one wear, and his hat of the same material. He also wore large rubber boots which

ed, glancing from one to the other of

"Yes," replied Dr. H--, recovering from his astonishment at the old man's unexpected appearance. "Yes, indeed

"Yes," rejoined the old man, whose not

"Have you any idea how deep it is?" I asked.

tion; "there is no way of getting out to probably not worth the trouble, either," he added, with a narrow glance at me and the same appearance of suspicion or washed by the foam and spray which mistrust which I had previously noticed

time, and was well acquainted with the surrounding region.

He was a complete mystery to me, and was evidently bent on remaining so. At least, try as I would, I could get nothing further out of him. His evident education, coupled with his present seemingly poor condition, interested me exceedingly, and I thought if I could only get at his and I thought if I could only get at his

for my paper.

It was this fact largely which prevailed my stay at Elk looking at the cave for a few moments, until I suddenly heard a loud whistle, and looking up saw my companion some distance ahead heckoning to me. I immediately rejoined him, and in answer to my queries he indicated a point on the side of the cliff opposite where we had been looking, and said, "There is the other end of your cave. It must go clear through."

It was this fact largely which prevailed upon me to prolong my stay at Elk Creek, although if there had been room for me in the afternoon stage to Seaside, in which Dr. H— managed to find a place, it is probable that I would not have remained. Upon so frail a chance depended my stay and all the remarkable events which followed.

After watching the stage depart I

speaking distance he accosted me somewhat abruptly with, "So your friend is going back?"
"Yes," I replied.
"And you," he continued.

tigations?" he asked, glancing at me so keenly that I half suspected he had already divined my purpose with rela-

As it was still early in the after-noon. I readily consented, and we started down the beach. I noticed that he glanced furtively at me from

Accordingly, we proceeded on down the beach until we arrived directly opposite the large rock, which the old man told me was named Haystack Rock, when we turned to the left and, climbing an abrupt sandy slope, reached a level plateau covered with low bushes and gnaried and stunted pine trees. Near the edge of this plateau and sheltered by a couple of

lock and key. Of this, however, the old man seemed very careful. After closing the door he turned to one corner of the room, where I had already noticed a

his shirt, and unfastening it from a chain around his neck, bent down to unlock the chest. As he inserted the key in the ck he turned to me and said: "Before I go further, promise me that if you refuse the assistance that I am depending on you for, you will at least not betray to a living soul the secret I am about to re-

Startled by the old man's earnestness, I heshtated, but, after being assured that by listening to his stery I should be under no obligation to extend the desired assistance thiess I should see fit, I gave the required promise.

Satisfied with this, the old man continued: "I am about to exceed to working.

or rather, one that is a fortune, if we but stretch forth our hands and take it." As he said this, his eyes gleamed like fires and his whole being evidenced an excitement which he could hardly control.

admit it until a trial has been made."

With this the old man turned the key in the chest and, raising the lid, revealed to my expectant eyes nothing more than what appeared to be an ordinary block of wood about a foot long and about four inches wide by one thick. The edges and sides were perfectly smooth, as though by long contact with the waves of the ocean. This he placed in my hand, and in raply to my look of astonishment said: "Do you see nothing uncommon about that place of wood?"

I looked more closely and now perceived

I looked more closely and now perceived on one of the flat surfaces a number of characters burned into the wood as though by the point of a sharp tool or weapon heated red hot. They were near-ly worn away, however, and had become so indistinct that I could make nothing of them except that they seemed to repre-sent a rude map or drawing of some kind and that words also were scattered around somewhat promiscuously. In one corner was what I took to be the signature, but at length made out to be merely four figures placed in a row, 1765.
"Don't you see?" said the old man ex

citedly, "it was in that year, in 1765, that that drawing was done."

I looked up in amazement and incredulity. "What!" I exclaimed, "in 1765."
"Certainly. Don't you see the date?"—pointing at the figures I had deciphered. "But that is impossible," I cried.
"Impossible or not," he answered posi-"it is the fact. I will tell you

now I came in possession— "But tell me first," I interrupted, 'what is the meaning of the writing?' first. It is a simple enough tale and will take but a moment."

I restrained my impatience, therefore, and prepared to hear how the block of wood had been found and with it the

great secret. "You have doubtless heard,"

"some of the many tales of buried treas-ure which have long been current along this coast. Indeed they originated, I be-lieve, with the native Indians years before the advent of the white race yet, with all these tales, or traditions there has yet been no account of any find. It is to one of these Indian leg-

ends that I owe my good fortune. You may have heard it.

"Long ago, say the Indians, there appeared off the coast near Mount Carney a strange vessel, or huge white bird, as the astonished natives at first supposed it to be. This vessel dropped anchor it to be. This vessel dropped ancho it to be. This vessel dropped anchor some distance from land, and a small boat being lowered, a number of men rowed ashore, taking with them a large chest and a strange black man, whom they killed. They then dug a deep hole and buried both the chest and the murdered negro. This done, they carved a number of inscriptions on the face of the rock, after which they returned to their ship and sailed away. "This legend excited my historical and

antiquarian interest, and I made several attempts to learn more about it from the Indians themselves. The idea of

with which you were so much struck

wood was taken from a depth of several

very marvelous, to say the least, had it

It is unfortunate that the words near the

Why do you reveal this secret to me?

this morning."
"But," said I, "another difficulty,

must have been subjected."

"It was some time, however, before I discovered the presence on the board of inscriptions infinitely more valuable than those I had placed upon it. I was trans-ferring the latter to a sheet of paper, and, having finished the task, was about consign the block of wood to the fire when my eye fell upon a figure which I was convinced I had not made. I examined it more closely and found that it had not been done by a pencil, as mine had been, but that it had been burned into the wood by a sharp-pointed instru-ment. My curiosity was excited, and after a careful scrutiny of the whole block I perceived that it was covered on very old and dim, however, and it was with extreme difficulty that I succeeded in deciphering the first few characters, as well as the date, which you have also deciphered. I accomplished enough, however, to convince me of its value, though even then I had no suspicions that its value was so great as I am now

was delighted to perceive that as the dirt and dust were washed off the letters became more distinct. I saw also that It was not, as I had supposed, a writing merely, but a chart, of which the writing was explanatory. The few words that were decipherable were in Spanish, a

give up its spoils. Providence sent me you and to you I give this chance of a thousand years."

The old man's excitement wrought upon me until I was nearly as enthusiastic as himself, though by no means so confident of success. "It will be an exciting adventure, at any rate, even if it proves to be nothing more," that I to myself.

discover it and take it from me. Finally

I to myself. However, as night was by this time fast approaching, I thought of returning to the hotel. But to this the old man vigorously protested. "No, no," said he, "you must stay here. We will make the attempt tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning:"
"Yes. You do not hesitate, do you?
The tide will be low about 5 o'clock.
In the meantime we will eat supper

and get what sleep we can, for I warn you we will need our strength.

We rose before daylight after a troubled sleep and made preparations for our venture. First we made two torches of pine knots wrapped tightly with greased cloth. These we purposed to use after reaching the inside

Leaving the cabin, we made our way as rapidly as possible in the slowly-growing dawn down the steep bank and out toward the sea. Its muffled roar came to my ear with a sinister foreboding. A light gray mist filled the air and touched our faces coldly. After picking our way carefully over the driftwood for a short distance, my companion, who had spoken scarcely a word, but who was trembling in his excitement and whose eyes gleamed with an unnatural lustre, drew me to one side and, after rummaging among the debris for a moment, began tug-ging at what appeared to be a raft. It was made of three logs about six feet long, securely fastened together. Al-

though quite heavy, we managed to drag it down to the water's edge. I saw that the ride was much lower than it had been at my previous visit. In fact, only a narrow strip of water separated us from the rock, which rose dimly from the white foam of the breakers. The small rocks we could barely discern. It was from these, the old man explained, that our greatest dinger lay as we might be dashed.

old man explained, that our greatest danger lay, as we might be dashed against them and crushed. The advantage of a raft was that, while more difficult to propel and steer than a boat, it could not sink. We were both provided with long, iron-pointed poles.

After lashing our torches, a small pick, rope and an extra pole securely to the raft, we dragged it into the surf and pushed off. The water between us and the rock, being comparatively sheltered, was quite calm, and it was with no small gratification that we perceived we were able with our poles to force the raft quite rapidly and easily toward the dark hole which we could see dimly through the gray we could see dimly through the gray mist some ten yards distant. About the mouth of the cave the water was rougher, though by no means so rough as I had seen it the previous day. The opening also was much larger, owing to the low tide. We knelt on the raft, to which we each had one foot tied, in such a manner as to be easily released in case of necessity, however, so that we should not be knelted. that we should not be knocked

washed off.

Ae we grew gradually nearer, the difficulty of keeping our raft from being dushed against some of the Jagged rocks sticking up on all sides, or from being washed back to land, grew every moment greater. Several times we narrowly escaped disaster, and more than once we would have been thrown into the water but for our presentation in

After physical exertion that would have been impossible, except in o mouth of the cave. At the same in stant a wave, larger than any we had yet encountered, struck us and knocked us against the side of the rock with such force as to daze me and nearly twist my foot off. Fortunately, however, we clung to our poles and were able to use them in time to prevent being driven back. In fact, it was now a comparatively easy matter to make our way inside; as all we had to do was to

Besides you can see the entrance marked by the arrow in the same relative posi-tion in which you observed the cave As we advanced, the walls of the cave became lower, and we were obliged to take extreme care not to smash our geads as we rose and fell with the flood of water that poured in and out. The light grew dimmer and dimmer until as it seemed to me, a very formidable one presenting itself, "how do you know that this is genuine? It seems incredible we could barely distinguish the outlines of the passage about us, while ahead was nothing but a rushing, echo that a piece of wood like this should have withstood for 140 years the constant exposure to the elements to which this ing darkness.

All at once we seemed to be seized by a strong inward current and were swept with irresistible force into the "Your objection is a natural one and indeed one of the first which occurred to me. But you forget that this piece of darkness ahead. We thrust out our poles but they met nothing, Suddenly we felt our raft scrape along the bottom, tip slightly, then stop. stranded.

feet, where it had lain for we know not how long. But I grant that even then its preservation for so long a time would be After making sure that we were in-deed firmly fixed our first care was to light one of our torches. These we found had been washed with water, not been originally hardened by a compo-sition of mercury, whose presence can even yet be detected." but the grease with which they were saturated was soon after and a bright flame shot forth. We gasped with "Granting all that, what value do you attach to 11? Do you believe it points to the hiding place of some vast treasure?"

At the word "treasure" the old man's amazement at the scene that was light

eyes began to gleam again and his fea-tures grew tense.
"Why not?" said he. "I see no reason room, whose floor was a black, seemingly bottomless expanse of heaving water. The walls rose about us, smooth to doubt it. At least we will try. We have the place marked definitely for us by the cross, and to let an opportunity like this pass we should be fools indeed. and wet and black, except where par ticles of sait had collected and shon with a dead whiteness. The shape of the room was like a dome, broken only at the further end, where it extended

farther than we could see.

After this general survey we examined our immediate vicinity more closely and perceived that we were stranded on a rock where the still abbing tide would soon leave us se-cure. Upon glancing at the wall at our side our attention was attracted by rough narrow ledge extending gradually upward toward the right. At sight of this my companion smiled in a triumphant manner and said something which I did not hear above the sound of the water. However, he stepped upon the ledge and I, after securing the raft

as well as possible, followed.

We made our way cautiously up the
slippery path, in danger every moment of
being precipitated into the gulf below. being precipitated into the gulf below.
After reaching a height of ten or 15 feet
above the water the ledge came to an
abrupt end. The old man turned in
blank amazement and despair. I myself
was almost as much astonished as he,
although what I had expected to find I
dld not very well know. I asked myself
If this was to be the end of our hopes.
At the same moment I leaned heavily At the same moment I leaned heavily against the wall and nearly fell headlong. A large rock at that particular spot had given way to my weight and fallen in, disclosing a large cavity. Into this cavity we thrust our torch. Our first glance fell upon a human skeleton, lying face down, and with shreds of clothing still clining to it.

ing still clinging to it.

Recovering in a measure from the horror of this spectacle we entered, and the



But there, standing motionless within six feet of us, was an old man, who surveyed us calmly, but, as I fancied, with some appearance of mistrust, as though he spected us of some felonious intention This fancy, if fancy it was, was caused, I suspect, by a strange glitter in the old fellow's eyes, which reminded me at first glance of the Ancient Mariner. A long, unkempt white beard descended nearly to tinctly nautical type, his coat being a long oilskin, considerably the worse for

reached to his knees. "It is quite curious, isn't it?" he repeat-

We were just noticing the cave there. It appears to be quite deep."

least remarkable characteristic was the speech, the latter indicating a man of education and culture. "Although," he continued. "It is probably not so deep as it appears to be."

"No," he answered, with some hesitaexplore it, even at low tide. It would be almost certain death to atetmpt it. And I could not imagine the cause of this, and was somewhat annoyed by it.

As we walked on down the beach we continued our conversation with the old and persistent concerning our movements and intentions, though Dr. H. insisted afterwards that it was merely my own imagination. Concerning himself the old man was very reticent, saying only that he had lived in the neighborhood for some time, and was well acquainted with the

history it would make an excellent story

"I shall remain for a day or two longer. I wish to make a few investigations and would be glad if I could have your assistance."
"What is the nature of your investigations are the statement of the statement of

tion to himself.

"Well," said I, a little at a loss, "I merely wish to look at the scenery and examine the natural peculiarities of the surrounding country."

The old man smiled slightly and said: "Suppose we start in at once. I

fancy I shall be able to show you something rather curious."

time to time and appeared about to speak and then to think better of it. At length he remarked: "If you will come to my cabin I will show you something interesting."

pine trees. Near the edge of this plateau and sheltered by a couple of small trees stood the cabin or shanty of my guide.

Upon entering I perceived that it contained but one room, and that a very small one, and supplied with the most meager furnishings—so meager, in fact, that I wondered at the necessity for a lock and key. Of this however the all

with steel bands and appeared to be ex-ceptionally strong.

The old man drew a key from beneath

ued: "I am about to reveal to you one of the most wonderful secrets of the century, a secret that is worth a fortune-

"I reveal this secret to you," ...e went on without pausing, "because I need your help and because you, when you have heard what I shall tell, will not re-

searching for the treasure myself, how-ever, scarcely occurred to me. "Four years ago I went to Mount Carney to see the inscriptions on the rock.
After examining them for some time I

After passing over the ridge connecting with Tillamook Head and descending for some distance on the other side, we began to hear the sound of the surf and concluded that we were nearing our destination. A moment later we caught the first glimpse directly ahead of what was to play so vast a part in my fortunes. This was a high, cone-shaped This was a high cone-shaped This came upon the piece of wood which you hold in your hand. It was lying half buried in sand where it had been thrown from the bottom of a hole by some treasure-seeker. Finding that it answered my purpose admirably. I reproduced on it the characters carred upon the rock and took it home with me.

"It was some time, however, before I discovered the presence on the board of inscriptions infinitely more valuable than

onfident it will prove to be.
"I washed the block very carefully and

language with which I am, fortunately, somewhat familiar.
"After several hours of intense application I succeeded in making out most of it supplying a letter or a line here and there, so that finally I was able to make the copy which I have here. It is nearly exact as I could make it." With these words he produced a sheet f paper, upon which was the following

cross are illegible, but they are probably unimportant."

Do you propose to divide the treasure?"
"I need your help. Do you suppose I would divide it otherwise? I have made two attempts to reach the cave and nearly lost my life both times. It is 'enossible for one man alone to succeed. For MAR PACIFICO BV - A X

Agosto 15 1765 TIERRA THE MESSAGE THAT LED TO THE FIND

I examined this closely and with great | weeks I have lived here guarding the