

Yield to Wanderlust

Continent-Wide Trip of a Pair of Chevaliers Includes Halsey in Its Itinerary

Thursday evening there arrived in Halsey a man and wife who had made the trip "from Maine to Oregon" without recourse to railroad or auto, with one slight exception.

They were Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dean Tubbs, who had started on the 20th of last June from Phillips, Me., for a tour of the United States on horseback.

Mrs. Tubbs is known on the stage as Florian Wheeler, which was her maiden name, and she is taking a vacation in the saddle from life on the boards. They started out with two riding horses and two pack-horses and have the same animals today, none the worse for their journey of 4035 miles of actual travel in the last six months.

When our travelers reached Portland they had been in the saddle 159 days and rested 31, making an average of 27 miles per day when on the road.

They visited the White mountains, the Green mountains, the Adirondacks and other noted places of resort, went from Niagara falls through Canada to Port Saravia and across to Port Huron, on this side of the line, and made a week-

end trip up Lake Huron and thru the Salt St. Marie lakes.

On account of storm conditions they shipped themselves and outfit across the Coeur d'Alene mountains from Missoula to Spokane.

When they started they had with them a German police dog, an Airedale, which they prized highly. A little while this side of Spokane the animal slipped and fell in front of an automobile and was killed and they almost felt as tho they had lost one of the family. They have with them now a dog that was given to them because he was so vicious his owner did not want him. With Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs he appears to behave like a perfect gentleman.

In the Dakotas bad lands they visited for a week on a ranch adjoining the Roosevelt ranch and on coming away were presented with two white horses, so now there are six equines in the party.

Our tourists left Portland Monday of last week and spent Thursday night at the hotel Halsey.

They propose to take a rest of three months in southern California and from there go east, and they mention the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia as one point of interest which they count on visiting.

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JOHN M. SCOTT,
General Passenger Agent

ing things. This is the mere projection of the vision which has been in my mind so long.

"I opened my eyes, and to the fantasy, if fantasy it were, remained. I smote with my fist upon the stone. The stone was solid—it bruised the flesh. And as I saw the blood run, I screamed aloud like a madman, 'It's real, real!'

"Under the stone lay the guardian of the treasure of the Bonny Lass—And his secret was within my grasp. 'I don't know how long I crouched beside the stone, as drunk with joy as any hasheesh toper with his drug. I roused at last to find Benjy at my shoulder, thrusting his cool nose

veered again, and a faint and far-off light seemed to filter its way to us through a web woven of the very stuff of night. The floor sloped a little downward. I felt my way with my feet, and came to a step—another. I was going along a descending passage, cut at its steepest into rough, irregular stairs. With either hand I could touch the walls. All the while the light grew clearer. Presently, by another sharp turn, I found myself in a cave, some thirty feet in depth by eighteen across, with an opening on the narrow strip of beach I had seen from the top of the cliffs.

"The roof is high, with an effect of Gothic arches. Near the mouth is a tiny spring of ice-cold water, which has worn a clean rock channel for itself to the sea. Otherwise the cave is perfectly dry. There is no doubt in my mind that in the great buccannering days of the Seventeenth century, and probably much later, the place was the haunt of pirates. One fancies that Captain Sampson of the Bonny Lass may have known of it before he brought the treasure to the island. There were queer folk to be met with in those days in the western ocean. Yes, the cave has seen many a fierce, sea-tanned face and tarry pigtail, and echoed to strange oaths and wild sea-songs. Men had carved those steps in the passage—thirty-two of them. In the sand of the floor, as I kicked it up with my feet, hoping rather childishly to strike the corner of the chest, I found the hilt and part of the blade of a rusty cutlass, and a chased silver shoe-buckle. I shall take the buckle home to Helen—and yet how trivial it will seem, with all else that I have to offer her! Nevertheless she will prize it as my gift, and because it comes from the place to which some kind angel led me for her sake.

"I left the cave and hurried back to the cabin for a spade, walking on air, breaking with snatches of song the terrible stillness of the woods, where one hears only the high fiftal sighing of the wind, or the eternal mutter of the sea.

"Back in the cave, I set to work feverishly, making the light sand-fly. At the end of half an hour, at a point close to the angle of the wall my spade struck a hard surface. It lay, I should judge, under about two feet of sand. Soon I had laid bare a patch of dark wood which rang under my knuckles almost like iron. A little more, and I had cleared away the sand from the top of a large chest with a convex lid, heavily bound in brass.

"Furious I flung the sand aside until the chest stood free for half its depth—which is roughly three feet. It has handles at the ends, great hand-wrought loops of metal. I tugged my hardest, but the chest seemed fast in its place as the native rock. I laughed exultantly. The weight meant gold—gold! I had hammer and chisel with me, and with these I forced the massive ancient locks. There were three of them, one for each strip of brass which bound the chest. Then I flung up the lid.

"No glittering treasure dazzled me. I saw only a surface of stained canvas, tucked in carefully around the edges. This I tore off and flung aside—clipping poor Benjy, who was a most interested spectator of my strange proceedings. Still no gleam of gold, merely demure rows of plump brown bags. With both hands I reached for them. Oh, to grasp them all! I had to be content with two, because they were so heavy, so blessedly heavy!

"I spread the square of canvas on the sand, cut the strings from the bags and poured out—gold, gold! All fair shining golden coins they were, not a paltry silver piece among them! And they made a soft golden music as they fell in a glorious yellow heap.

"I don't know how long I sat there, playing with my gold, running it through my fingers, clicking the coins

against my feverish cheek. I suppose he didn't understand my ignoring him so, or thought I scorned him for losing out in his race with the pig. Yet when I think of what I owe that pig I could swear never to taste pork again.

"Brought back to earth and sanity, I rose and began to consider my surroundings. Somewhere close at hand was the mouth of the cave—but where? The cliffs, as I have already said, were too steep for descent. Nothing but a fly could have crawled down them. I turned to the crazy face of the mountain. There, surely, must be the entrance to the cave! For hours I clambered among the rocks, risking mangled limbs and sunstroke—and found no cave. I came back at last, wearily, to the grave. There lay the dust of the brain that had known all—and a wild impulse came to me to tear away the earth with my bare hands, to dig deep, deep—and then with listening ear wait for a whispered word.

"I put the delicious fancy from me and moved away to the edge of the cliffs. Looking down, I saw a narrow sloping shelf which dropped from the brink to a distance of ten or twelve feet below, where it met a slight projection of the rock. I had seen it before, of course, but it had carried no significance for my mind. Now I stepped down upon the ledge and followed it to its end in the angle of the rock.

"Snuggly hidden in the angle was a low doorway leading into blackness. 'Now, of course I ought in prudence to have gone back to the hut and got matches and a lantern and a rope before I set foot in the darkness of that unknown place. But what had I to do today with prudence—Fortune led me by the hand! In I went boldly, Benjy at my heels. The passage curved sharply, and for a little way we walked in blackness. Then it

led me to a small chamber, the floor of which was a smooth, polished stone. In the center of the chamber stood a large, ornate chest, its lid bound in brass and its handles of metal. I stepped forward, my heart pounding, and reached for the lid. It was heavy, but I managed to lift it. Inside, I found a small, leather-bound book and a silver key. I opened the book and found it to be a diary, written in a cursive hand. It was the diary of a man named Peter, who had been on the island for many years. He had discovered the treasure and had hidden it in the cave. I read on, and found that Peter had been killed by a man named Dugald Shaw, who had come to the island in search of the treasure. I closed the book and looked at the key. It was a simple, iron key, but I knew it was the key to the treasure. I turned the key in the lock of the chest and it opened. I stepped back, my hands outstretched, and looked into the chest. It was empty. I had found the treasure, but it was gone. 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