Thursday evening there arrived end trip up Lake Huron and thru in Halsey a man and wife who had the Salt St. Marie lakes. made the trip "from Maine to Oreon" without recourse to railroad they shipped themselves and out-

They were Mr. and Mrs. Homer When they started they had with Dean Tubbs, who had started on them a German police dog, an the 20th of last June from Phil. Airedale, which they prized highly

as Florian Wheeler, which was her lost one of the family. They have 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 packhorses and have the same animals behave like a perfect gentleman. 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 three months in southern Califorof resort, went from Niagara falls they mention the Blue Ridge

or auto, with one slight exception. tains from Missoula to Spokane. fit across the Coeur d' Alene moun-

lips, Me., for a tour of the United animal slipped and fell in front of an automobile and was killed and Mrs. Tubbs is known on the stage they almost felt as tho they had 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

In the Dakota 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.

through Canada to Port Saruia Mountains of Virginia as one point of interest which they count on the state of interest which they count on and across to Port Huron, on this side of the line, and made a week-visiting.

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SPANISH DOUBLOONS

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CHAPTER 1.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is invelgied by a strong-minded spinster. Miss Higglesby-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel engaged for the hunt, and in the confusion is unwillingly carried along.

CHAPTER II.—By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane, and is somewhat impressed.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with Dugald Shaw, the leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage, Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Miss Jane Harding, Their relations, naturally, are somewhat strained.

CHAPTER IV.—Landing on the island is a matter of some difficulty. Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane, to her disquietude. The landing, however, is safely effected.

CHAPTER V.-Led by Miss Higglesby Browne, the party draws up an agree-ment whereby Virginia Harding is barred from participation in the profits of the expedition. Believing the whole thing to be a fraud. Virginia is not greatly wor-ried. Cuthbert Vane alone votes against the exclusion of Virginia.

CHAPTER VI.—Wild pigs abound on the island, and "Cookie," the colored member of the party, insists he has seen a "hant," in the form of a white pig. During a walk Virginia meets the "hant," a white buil 'terrier, and proudly brings him into camp.

CHAPTER VII.—On the island is the hut of a copra gatherer, and the presence of the dog, named "Crusoe" by Virginia, is thus accounted for. Hambling about, and feeling herself not to be a regular member of the expedition, Virginia comes upon a sand-imbedded sloop, the Island Queen. Returning to the camp, she is intercepted by Captain Magnus, who accosts her unpleasantly. She escapes him, with the aid of "Crusoe."

CHAPTER VIII.-Fired with the idea f herself discovering the treasure, Virof herreif discovering the treasure, vir-ginia pays a visit to the cave which has been singled out as the most likely place in which it has been concealed, and there she is caught by the tide and res-cued by Dugald Shaw, from certain leath. Thinking her unconscious hinking her unconscious, Shaw words of endearment, which

CHAPTER IX.—In idle curiosity Virginia, dabbling about the wreck of the Island Queen, finds a diary, identified only as having been kept by "Peter," a former seeker of the treasure. In it he tells of his finding of the hidden wealth and there her reading is interrupted.

CHAPTER X.—Opinions as to the proper methods of prosecuting the search for the treasure are divided, and a wide divergence is apparent in the councils of the little party. Virginia's interest in the leader of the expedition increases.

CHAPTER XI.

The Island Queen's Freight. I woke next morning with a great thrill of exhilaration. Perhaps before the sun went down again I should know the secret of the island.

The two divisions of our party, which were designated by me privately the Land and Sea Forces, went

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY their separate ways directly after breakfast, which we ate in the cool of earliest morning. I could retire to the perusal of the journal which I had recovered from the wrecked sloop without fear of interruption.

I resumed my reading with the entry of February 10.

"This morning, having grown very tired of fish, of I get plenty every time I go out in the boat, by dragging a line behind, I decided to stay ashore and hunt plg. I set out across the base of the point, nearly due south-whereas I had been working along the coast to the north of the cove. I reached the edge of the cliffs and found that on my right hand the mountain dropped in a sheer precipice from hundreds of feet above me straight into the sea. I considered, and made up my mind that by striking back some distance one might by a very rough climb gain the top of the precipice, and so swing around the shoulder of the mountain. I did not feel inclined to attempt it. The cliffs at this point offered no means of descent, and the few yards of sand which the receding tide had

left bare at their foot led nowhere. "I turned to go back, and at that moment I heard an outcry in the bushes and Benjy came tearing out at the heels of a fine young porker. I threw up my gun to fire, but the evolutions of Benjy and the pig were such that I was as likely to hit one as the other. The pig. of course, made desperate efforts to escape from the cul-de-sac in which he found himself. His only hope was to get back into the woods on the point. Benjy kept him headed off successfully, and I began to edge up, watching my chance for a shot. Suddenly the pig came dashing straight toward me-oblivious, I suppose, to everything but the white snapping terror at his heels. Taken by surprise, I fired-and missed. The plg shot between my knees. Benja after him. I withstood the shock o' the pig. but not of Benjy. I fell clawing wildly, into a matted mass or creepers that covered the ground be-

"I got to my feet quickly, dragging the whole mass of vines up with me. Then I saw that they had covered a curiously regular little patch of ground, outlined at intervals with small stones. At one end was a larger stone.

"The patch was narrow, about six feet long-instantly suggestive of a grave. But swift beyond all process of reason was the certainty that flashed into my mind. I fell on my knees beside the stone and puller away the torn vine-tendrils. I saw the letters B. H. and an attempt a: cross-bones rudely cut into the surface of the stone.

"I closed my eyes and tried to steads myself. I thought, 'I am see-

tion of the vision which has been in of night. "I opened my eyes, and lo, 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

"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

my mind so long.'

real, real, real!'



Under the Stone Lay the Guardian of the Treasure.

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 and 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 graggy face of the mountain. There, surely, must be the entrance to the cave For hours I clambered among the ocks, 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 ame 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 delirious 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 eet below, where it met a slight prolection of the rock. I had seen it before, of course, but it had carried no significance for my mind. Now I depped down upon the ledge and folowed it to its end in the angle of the

"Snugly hidden in the angle was a ow doorway leading into blackness. "Now, of course I ought in prudence to have gone back to the hut and got natches 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 and me by the hand! In I went boldy, Benjy at my heels. The passage urned sharply, and for a little way we walked in blackness. Then it

veered again, and a faint and far-off light seemed to filter its way to us through a web woven of the very stuff The floor sloped a little downward. I felt my way with my feet, and came to a step-another. 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 bucaneering days of the Seventeenth century, and probably much later, the place was the haunt of pirates. One ancies 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 flerce, sea-tanned face and tarry pigtail, and echoed to strange oaths and wild sea-songs. Men had carved those steps in the passagethirty-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 shoebuckle. 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 fitful sighing [ast? of the wind, or the eternal mutter of

"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, 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 send from the top of a large chest relaxed. with a convex lid, heavily bound in

"Furiously I flung the sand aside until the chest stood free for half its depth-which is roughly three fret. It has handles at the ends, great handwrought loops of metal. I tugged my hardest, but the chest seemed fast in its place as the native rock. I laughed exuitantly. The weight meant gold-gold! I had hammer and chibelwith 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 fung up the lid.

"No gilttering treasure dazzled me, I saw only a surface of stained canvas, tucked in carefully around the edges. This I tore off and flung aside -eclipsing poor Benjy, who was a most interested spectator of 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, clinking the coins

together in my palm, Benfy came and cave. It was a fatiguing job, I had sniffed at them indifferently, unable to inderstand his master's preoccupation. He thrust his nose into my face and barked, and sald as clearly as with

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words, 'Come, hunt pig!' "'Benjy,' I said, 'we'll leave the pork alone just now. We have work enough to count our money. We're rich, old boy, rich, rich!'

"Of course, I don't yet know exactly what the value of the treasure is. have counted the bags in the chest; there are one hundred and forty-eight. Each, so far as I have determined, contains one thousand doubloons, which makes a total of one hundred and forty-eight thousand. Estimating each coin, for the sake of even figures, at a value of seven dollars a safe num-you get one million, thirtysix thousand dollars. And as many of the coins are ancient I ought to reap a harvest from collectors.

"Besides the coin, I found, rather surprisingly, laid between the upper layers of bags, a silver crucifix about nine inches long. It is of very quaint old workmanship, and badly tarnished. Its money value must be very trifling, compared to the same bulk of golden coins. I think it must have had some special character of sacredness which led to its preservation here. It is strange to find such a relic among a treasure so stained by blood

"And now I have to think about moving the gold. First of all I must get the chest itself aboard the Island Queen. This means that I shall have to empty it and leave the gold in the cave, while I get the chest out by When the chest is safely in the sea. cabin of the sloop-where it won't leave much room for Benjy and his master, I'm afraid-I will take the bags of coin out by the land entrance. I can't think of risking my precious doubloons in the voyage around the

"Of course I should have liked to get to the task today, but after the than he had a right to, really-and first mad thrill of the great event was over, I found myself as weak and unnerved as a woman. So by a great effort I came away and left my glorious golden hoard. Now I dream and gloat, playing with the idea that tomorrow I shall find it all a fantasy. The pleasure of this is, of course, that all the while I know this wildest of all Arabian fairy tales to be as real as the most drab and sober fact of my hitberto colorless life.

"After all, on the way back from the cave Benjy brought down a pig. So he is as well pleased with the day as I am. Now I am sitting in the doorway of my cabin, writing up my journal, and trying to caim down enough to go to bed. If it were not for the swift fading of daylight, I would go back to the cave for another peep into the chest. But all round the island the sea is moaning with that peculiarly melancholy note that comes with the falling of night. The sea-birds have risen from the cove and gone wheeling off in troops to their nests on the cliffs. Somehow a curious dislike, almost fear, of this wild, sea-girt, solitary place has come over me. I long for the sound of human voices, the touch of human hands. I think of the dead man lying there at the door of the cave, its silent guardian for so long. I suppose he brooded once on the thought of the gold as I do-perhaps he has been brooding so these ninety years! I wonder if he is pleased that I, a stranger, have come into possession of his secret hourd at

"Oh, Helen, turn your heavenly face on me-be my refuge from these shuddering unwholesome thoughtgold is for you-for you! Surely that must cleanse it of its stains, must oose the clutch of the dead hands that strive to hold it!

"February 11. This morning I was early at the cave. Yes, there it was, the same wonder-chest that I had dreamed of all night long. It was absurd how the tightness in my breast

"I began at once the work of re moving the bags from the cliest and stacking them in the corner of the



I Began at Once the Work of Removing the Bage.

PAGE 3

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

to stoop so. "I spent so much time unloading the chest that before I was ready to go or my boat the tide was up and ounding on the rocks below the cave. I find that only at certain stages of the tide is the cave approachable by sen. At the turn after high water, for instance, there is such a terrific undertow that it sets up a small maeistrom among the reefs lying off the island. At low tide is the time to

"February 12. Got the chest out of the cave, though it was a difficult job. Luckfly there was no sea, and I had smooth passage around the point. I laughed rather ruefully as I passed the Cave of the Two Arches. think of the toll I wasted there! I wish Benjy had encountered the fateful pig a little sooner.

"Got the chest aboard the Island Queen and stowed in the cabin. Not room left to swing a kitten.

"In the afternoon began moving the gold. It's the deuce of a job. "February 15. Been hard at it for three days. Most of the gold moved. Have to think, too, of provisions and water for the trip.

"February 16. On board the Island Queen. Have moved my traps from the hut and am sleeping on the sloop. Want to be near the gold. Tomorrow I have only to bring the last of the gold aboard-a trifling matter-and then go out with the ebb. I would have got all the bags on board today, but I noticed a worn stretch in the cable holding the sloop and stopped to repair it. I can't have the sloop going on the rocks in case a blow comes up tonight. There are only about a load and a half of bags left in the Cave.

"A queer notion seized me today about the crucifix, when I was bringing it from the cave. It seemed to float into my brain-I can't say from what quarter-that I had better leave the crucifix for Bill. It wasn't more there is no virtue in a cross-bones to make a man sleep well.

"Of course I put the absurd idea from me, and brought the crucifix aboard along with the rest of the gold. I shall be glad when I know that the vines have again covered that lonelylooking gravestone from sight. I can't help feeling my own glorious good fortune to be somehow an affront to poor unlucky Bill.

Tomorrow one last trip to the cave, and then hey, for home and Helen!" The dlary ended here.

I closed the book, and stared with unseeing eyes into the green shadows of the encompassing woods. What happened to the writer of the diary on that last trip to the cave? For he had never left the Island. Crusoe was here to prove it, as well as the wreck of the Island Queen. And, in all human probability, under the sand which choked the cabin of the derellet was long-sought chest of Spanish doubloons.

But what was the mysterious fate of Peter? Had he fallen overboard from the sloop and been drowned? Had he returned to the cave and was he there still? It was all a mystery-but a mystery which I burned to

solve. Of course I might have solved it, very quickly, merely by communicating the extraordinary knowledge which had come to me to my companions. But for the present at least I meant to keep this astounding secret for my own. Somehow or other, by guile or lucky circumstance, I must bring it about that the document I had signed at Miss Browne's behest was canceled. Was I, who all unaided had discovered, or as good as discovered, the valuly sought for treasure, to disclose its whereabouts to those who would dony me the smallest claim upon its contents? Was I to see all those "fair, shining golden coins," parceled out between Miss Browne and Mr. Tubbs and Captain Magnus (the three who loomed large in my indignant thoughts), and not possess a single one myself? Or perhaps accept a little stingy present of a few? I really wasn't very covetous about the money, taken just as money; but considered as buried treasure it made my mouth water.

And then there was Dugald Shaw, who had saved my life, and who seemed to have forgotten it, and that I had ever had my arms about his neck-and who was poor-and brave-Yes, decidedly, I should keep my secret yet a while, till I saw how the cards were going to fall.

CHAPTER XIL

I Bring to Light a Clue. My first and all but overpowering impulse was to possess myself of spade and dash for the wreck of the Island Queen. Sober second thought restrained me. To dig through the damp, close-packed sand of the cabla would be no triffing task, for I should be hampered by the need of throwing out the excavated sand behind me through the narrow companionway I could achieve my end, no doubt, by patient burrowing, but it would require much more time than I had at my command before the noon-day sounding of Cookle's gong I must not be seen departing or returning with a spade, but make off with the implement in a stealthy and burgiarious manner. Above all, I must not risk betraying my secret through im-