

A tired man stepped through a loose board of a barn loft, and farm and household work was delayed while he recovered.

This latest misfortune was the worst of the season. Johnson had been shingling the barn, using a common prop scaffolding, made by placing wooden brackets against the side of the building and supporting them with two-by-four scantling, set at an angle of 45 degrees and anchored at the foot with stakes and stones.

"Pretty tough on Johnson," observed Brown. "They talk about farming being a safe and healthful pursuit; but I'll bet he didn't think so when that bunch of shingles pursued him and smashed his ribs."

"Farming is healthful," said the old doctor, "providing people would take reasonable care of themselves. It ought to be safe as any ordinary occupation; but the observations of the United



Farm Steam Engines Should Be Officially Inspected at Least Once Every Year.

States Department of Agriculture and the National Safety Council show that every year hundreds of people are maimed and killed in farm accidents, a large part of which are preventable.

"I don't know where some farmers find economy in keeping a horse that will shy at anything and kick anybody who comes near him. Perhaps they like to feel their mastery, but the horse usually gets his innings in the

SPANISH DOUBLOONS By CAMILLA KENYON

CHAPTER XV.

Like a Chapter From the Past. Five men had emerged from the woods behind the clearing, so quietly that they were in the center of the camp before Crusoe's shrill bark, or the outcry of the cook, warned us of their presence.

Advancing a step or two before the others, he ordered us to throw up our hands. Perhaps he meant only the men—but my hands and Aunt Jane's and Miss Higgleby-Browne's also went up with celerity.

"Never guessed I wasn't here jest to do the shovel work, but might have my own little side-show to bring off, hey?" he inquired of no one in particular.

The man addressed thrust his pistol in his belt and came forward, and with his help the hands of the Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane and Mr. Tubbs were securely tied. They were searched for arms, and the sheath-knives which Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert carried at their belts were taken away.

The whole thing had happened in the strangest silence. Except for a feeble moaning from Aunt Jane, like the bleating of a sheep, which broke forth at intervals, nobody spoke or made a sound.

The three riflemen in the background, standing like images with their weapons raised, looked like a well-trained chorus in an opera.

And indeed it was all extraordinarily like something on a stage. Slinker, for instance, he had a prowling, sidelong fashion of moving about, and enormous yellow mustaches like a Viking. And the burly fellow in the background, with the black whiskers—too bad he'd forgotten his earrings.

But I awoke to the horrid reality of it all as Captain Magnus, smiling his wolfish smile, turned and approached me.

"Well, boys," he remarked to his followers, who had lowered their weapons and were standing about at ease, "here's the little pipkin I was tellin' of. 'Fraid we give her a little scare bustin' in so sudden, so she ain't quite so bright and smilin' as I like to see. It's all right, girlie; you'll soon cheer up when you find out you're goin' to be the little queen o' this camp. Things will be all your own way now—so long as you treat me right." And the abominable creature thrust forth a hairy paw and deliberately chucked me under the chin.

I heard a roar from the log—and coincidentally from Captain Magnus. For with the instant response of an automaton—consciously I had nothing at all to do with it—I had reached up and briskly boxed the captain's ears.

Furiously he caught my wrist. "Ah, you red-headed little devil, you'll pay for this! I ain't pretty, oh, no! I



Furiously He Caught My Wrist.

ain't a handsome mooncalf like the Honorable; I ain't got a tittle, nor girly pink cheeks, nor fine gentlemanly ways. No walks with the likes o' me, no tatey-tates in the woods—oh, no! Well, it's goin' to be another story now, girlie. I guess you can learn to like my looks, with a little help from my fist now and then, jest as well as you do the Honorable's. I guess it won't be long before I have you crawlin' on your knees to me for a word o' kindness. I guess—"

"Aw, stow that soft stuff, Magnus," advised Slinker. "You can do your spounin' with the gal later on. We're here to git that gold, and don't you forget it. Plenty of time afterward to spark the wimmen."

"That's the talk," chimed in Blackbeard. "Don't run us on a lee shore for the sake of a skirt. Skirts is thicker'n herring in every port, ain't they?"

"I got a score to settle with this one," growled Magnus sullenly, but his grasp loosened on my arm, and I slipped from him and fled to Aunt Jane—yes, to Aunt Jane—and clung to her convulsively. Miss Higgleby-Browne seemed to have petrified. Her skin had a withered look, and a fine network of lines showed on it, suddenly clear, like a tracery on parchment.

Beyond her I saw the face of Dugald Shaw, gray with a steely wrath. A gun had been trained anew on him and Cuthbert, and the bearer thereof was arguing with them profanely. I suppose the prisoners had threatened outbreak at the spectacle of the chin-chucking.

No one had bothered to secure Cookie, and he knelt among the pots and pans of his open-air kitchen, pouring forth petitions in a steady stream. Blackbeard, who seemed a jovial brute, burst into a loud guffaw.

"Ha, ha! Look at old Soot-and-Cinders gittin' hisself ready for glory!" He approached the negro and aimed at him a kick which Cookie, arising with unexpected nimbleness, contrived to dodge. "Looky here, ducky, git busy dishin' up the grub, will you? I could stand one good feed after the forecastle slops we been livin' on."

Blackbeard, whom his companions addressed indiscriminately as "Captain," or "Tony," seemed to exercise a certain authority. He went over to the prisoners on the log and inspected their bonds.

"You'll do; can't git loose nohow," he announced. Then, with a savage frown, "But no monkey business. First o' that I see, it's a dose o' cold lead for youse, savvy?"

He turned to us women. "Well, chickabiddies, we ain't treated you harsh, I hope? Now I don't care about 'yin' youse up, in case we can help it, so jest be good girls, and I'll let youse run around loose for a while."

But Magnus struck in with an oath. "Loose? You're turnin' soft, I say. The future Mrs. M. there—which I mean to make her if she behaves right—she's a handful, she is. There ain't no low trick she won't play on us if she gets the chance. Better tie her up, I say."

"Magnus," responded Tony with severity, "it'd make a person think to

hear you talk that you wasn't no gentleman. If you can't keep little Red-top in order without you tie her, why, then hand her over to a guy what can. I bet I wouldn't have a speck o' trouble with her—her and me would git along as sweet as two turtle-doves."

"You dry up, Tony," said Magnus, lowering. "I'll look after my own affairs of the heart. Anyway, here's them two old hens what have been makin' me sick with their jabber and nonsense all these weeks. Ain't I goin' to have a chance to get square?"

"Here, youse!" struck in Slinker, "quit your jawin'! Here's a feed we ain't seen the like of in weeks."

Tony thereupon ordered the women to sit down on the ground in the shade and not move under penalty of "gettin' a wing clipped." We obeyed in silence and looked on while the pirates with wolfish voracity devoured the meal which had been meant for us. They had pocket-flasks with them, and as they attacked them with frequency the talk grew louder and wilder. By degrees it was possible to comprehend the extraordinary disaster which had befallen us, at least in a sketchy outline of which the detail was filled in later.

Tony, it appeared, was the master of a small power schooner which had been fitted 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 wharf-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 mans the fishing fleet putting forth from the harbor of San Francisco. When and where he and Magnus had been friends I do not know.

But Mr. Tubbs' character possessed none of that unreasonable obstinacy which would make harsh measures necessary under such conditions. His countenance, as 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 hue returned. He sat up straighter, moistened his dry lips, and looked around upon us, yes, even upon Aunt Jane and Miss Higgleby-Browne, with whom he had been so lately and so tenderly reconciled, with a sidelong, calculating glance.

After the pirates had eaten, the prisoners on the log were covered with a rifle and their hands untied, while Cookie, in a lugubrious 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 somehow 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 a smile, I dare say, but still 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 consciousness—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 Staunton church. He was their true descendant, after all, this slow, calm, gentle-mannered Cuthbert. It was a young lion 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 o' them guys has the line on the stuff, Magnus?"

"Old Beldy, here," returned Magnus, with a nod at Mr. Tubbs. "Old Washtubs I call him generally; ha, ha!"

"Then looky here, Washtubs," said Tony, addressing Mr. Tubbs with sudden sternness, "maybe you could bluff these here soft guys, but we're a different breed o' cats, we are. Whatever you know, you'll come through with it, and come quick, or it'll be the 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 I looked at you, I seen it in your eye that there wasn't no use in tryin' to bluff you. You are a congenial crowd, you boys—gosh, but you do look good to me after the bunch o' stiffies I 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 burrow. I 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 o' live wires like you boys! I've near froze into a plaster figure o' Virtue, what with talkin' like a Sunday school class, and sparkin' one old maid and makin' out like I wouldn't melt butter with the other. So H. H. will ship along of you, mates, and we'll off to the China coast somewheres where the spendin' is good and the police not too noisy, and try how far a trunkful of doubloons will go!"

With a choky little gurgle in her throat Aunt Jane fell limply against me. It was too much. All day long she had been tossed back and forth like a shuttlecock by the battledore of 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 shaken by the tender stress of the reconciliation, had been captured by pirates, and now suffered the supreme blow of this final revelation of the treachery of Tubbs. To hear her romance described as the sparking of an old maid—and by the sparker! From Miss Higgleby-Browne had come a snort of fury, but she said nothing, having apparently no confidence in the effect of oratory on pirates. She did not even exhort Aunt Jane, but left it to me to sustain my drooping aunt as best I could.

As Mr. Tubbs made his whole-hearted and magnanimous proposal Captain 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 Washtubs 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 eclipsed for an instant that intelligent optic.

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

"All right, Washtubs, the boys are willing. So I guess we better be movin' toward that chest of doubloons."

It was arranged that Slinker should remain at the camp on guard. As a measure of precaution Cookie, too, was bound, and Aunt Jane, Miss Browne and I ordered into the cabin. The three remaining pirates, armed with our spades and picks and dispensing a great deal of jocular 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 the 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 now 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 would I have done if 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 remove from this desolate spot the poor remains of her who—of her who—Sobs choked Aunt Jane's utterance.

"Jane—" began Miss Higgleby-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 rakish angle over one eye. But, of course, being Aunt Jane, she must choose this moment to be queenly.

"There, there, auntie," I said soothingly, "of course you are not goin' to leave your bones on this island. If you did you know, you and Bill Halliwell might ha'nt around together—think how cozy! (Here Aunt Jane gave a convulsive shudder.) As to my being married, if you were betting just now on anybody's chances, they 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 put my affairs in order 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—needn't cost much—in the family plot with just 'Virginia' on it? And any thing of mine that you don't want yourself I'd like Bess to have for the baby, please. Ask her when the little duck is old enough to tell her my 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 door of the cabin opened and the face of Slinker peered in.

"Say," he remarked, "there ain't no sense in you girls stayin' cooped up here that I see. I guess me and Horney



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

can stand you off if you try to rush us. Come out and 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 and Cuthbert had been allowed to sit in the shade, and I thought their wrists were not too tightly bound for comfort. Cookie had been released, and under the eye of Horney 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 there in the cave, when I stood yesterday at its black entrance, afraid to go in.

(To be continued.)

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Callapooia grange, P. of H., at Brownsville has taken a new lease of life. The new officers are Golda Ackerman, M., Ray Edwards, O., Mrs. Jennie Schidmeyer, L., J. A. Ackerman, Steward, Cleve Harrison, A. S. Mrs. Charles Halliway, Chap., Charles Halliway, T.; Mabel Davidson, Sec., Elmer Pearl, G. K., Mrs. M. Stone, Ceres, Mrs. E. Pearl, P., Mrs. A. J. Dougherty, P. F., Edith Edwards, A. S. Hazel Ackerman is pianist.

Halsey sent a large delegation over to Brownsville Thursday night to attend the meeting of the I. O. O. F. in the royal purple degree. Six candidates took the degree and there was a royal feast and speechmaking.

W. C. Elmore was over from Brownsville Saturday without acknowledged business, but as he and J. W. Moore were in conversation an intended real estate deal may be surmised. A man from an inland town was present, too, who wants to trade \$40,000 worth of business property for farming land in this valley, where he thinks his health would be better.

Further investigation shows that the there is no Congregational church at Brownsville. Herbert Wilson, arrested in California as head of a gang of burglars, was supply pastor of the Brownsville Baptist church in 1914, but disappeared the next year. It is but fair to add that Wilson denies any criminal acts. It is recalled that Wilson left Brownsville owing numerous bills and that these have not been paid. Mrs. Fred Guzman has been in regular correspondence with Mrs. Wilson in Los Angeles.

Karl Bramwell drove to Albany Friday.

Mrs. C. E. Stafford visited Albany Friday.

Mrs. J. W. Drinkard was a passenger to Albany Friday.

A lath mill, to employ 24 men, is to be an Albany industry.

Clarence C. Diceson and wife of Shedd have a brand new son.

Mrs. B. M. Cushman of Brownsville has bought a new Dodge touring car.

E. B. Penland was among those suggested for county commissioner to succeed Butler.

Miss Esther McKinney returned to her duties at O. A. C. Sunday, after a visit at home.

Mrs. Horace Armstrong and two young daughters got home Sunday from a week's visit at Oakland, Or.

Mrs. Ann Hope Purdy has purchased the Harrisburg hospital from Dr. L. S. Kent and Miss Rickard.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Cecil Harrison the Ash Swale Hunt club postponed its advertised banquet to Jan. 14.

Mary Welch having married and resigned as postmaster at Crawfordville, Estelle Smith has been appointed to the position.

Mrs. Charles Whitlatch of Eugene and Master Renald, who have been visiting here, took Sunday's train for their new home in Portland.

After fumigating their house, Mrs. Ralph Dannen's oldest daughter, Dorothy, took scarlet fever—Albany Democrat.

Dean Tycer's taxi brot George Finley over from Brownsville Friday to take the train for his home in Portland after a holiday visit at Crawfordville.

Mayor White of Brownsville and wife came over Sunday, bringing their daughter to take train for Portland after enjoying the holidays at home.

G. W. Bramwell and family of Brownsville and W. E. Hoyer and family visited at J. C. Bramwell's at the holiday feast and with the hosts constituted a houseful.

Thursday of last week L. E. Walton received a carload of good four-foot fir wood from above Junction City. As much as he did not want he sold for \$7.50 a cord.

The county, state and special taxes in this county this year amount to \$1,000,982. This is all the increase over last year's figures that the 6-per-cent limit will allow.

Friday W. C. Thompson, controlling owner of the bank of Brownsville, brot his mother, Mrs. M. C. Thompson of Salem, over to take the train for home after a visit at her son's.

Mrs. Techants of Silverton, once Miss Effie Cole of Brownsville, daughter of S. E. Cole, made a holiday visit at her old home and her father brot her to Halsey Saturday to take train for Silverton.

Miss Frances Crowley of Sweet Home, after the holidays at home, returned Sunday to the school she is teaching at Bunker Hill, near Monroe. Dean Tycer's taxi brot her over from Brownsville.

Misses Esther and Henrietta Starves had their tonsils removed by a Eugene surgeon Tuesday of last week. The former had been in poor health and it was believed the operation would benefit her.

P. B. Bressler arrived from Lyons Friday for a visit with his brother John. He returned Monday, taking the noon train for Albany, where he expected to take stage via Seio rather than wait for a railroad train.

Mrs. A. V. Holgate of Lebanon, daughter of L. A. McKern and wife, came over at the week end and visited with the McKern family a day or two. Mrs. McKern accompanied her home for a visit and also expected to visit Mrs. R. E. Alexander at Lebanon before returning to Halsey.

Among representatives of Linn county who attended the annual meeting of the Oregon Drainage association during farmers' week at O. A. C. were T. J. Jackson and G. G. Hockensmith and wives from Lake Creek, John Pugh of Shedd, Carl Miller of Harmony, P. A. Pehrsson and J. Sylvester.

The Albany basketball team which got beaten by Halsey high school at the Rialto sent a challenge for a return game to be played at Albany on a Thursday with an Albany referee. Halsey replied "No" and said that both these previous violations of the established rules of the game, which confirmed