CHAPTER V.

in Which We Begin to Understand Our Unwelcome Passenger.

As I yawned and looked out of my cabin soon after dawn, about 4:50 next morning, there was no wind at all, and no hope of wind.

As I stood out of the cabin hatch, swever, there was enough breeze to flutter a piece of paper that had been except to the mulnsalt bulyard; it fluttered there lonely in the morning. Nothing else was astir but it and i, and I took it up in my hand idly. As I did so George reared his head for ard. " Morning, George," I said; "I guess

we've got to run on gasoline today." "There sin't no gasoline, sir. It's

run out in the night." "The tanks were filled when started, weren't they?" I asked,

"We can't have used them up so

"No. sir-but someone has turned

I stand dayed for a moment, wondertug how this could have happened then a thought slowly dawned upon

"Who has charge of them?" I said. George looked a little stupid, then

"I see," I said; and, suddenly, withour remembering Chartle Webster's advice not to lose your temper with a ne--I realized that this was no accidont, but a deliberate trick, something inited in the nature of a miniature mutiny. That fluttering paper I had picked from the bulyard lay near my breakfast table. I had only balf read Now its import came to me with full force. I had no ficenrus with me. Having a quick temper, I have made it a habit all my life never to carry a gur because they go off so easily. But one most essential part of a gentle men's education had been mine, so I applied it instantly on George, with the result that a well-directed blow under the peak of the jaw sent him

In the cockpit. No gasoline?' I said. And then my passenger-I must give him credit for the courage-put up his

spenwling, and for awhite speechless,

head for ard, and called out; "I protest against that; it's a cowardly outrage. You wouldn't dare to do it to a white man."

"Oh, I see," I rejoined. "So you are the author of this precious paper here. are you? Come over here and talk it ver, if you've the courage." "I've got the courage," he answered,

in a shaking voice. "All right," I said; "you're safe for

present-and, George, who is fond of sleep, will take quite a nap for m while, I think," "You English brute!" he said.

"You English brute!" he had said; and the words had impelled me to invite him aft; for I cannot deny a cer-

tain admiration for him that had mysteriously grown up in me. "Come here!" I said, "for your life is safe for the time being. I would like to discuss this paper with you." He came and we read it together,

fluttering as I had seen it flutter in his

lingers as he read it for'ard to the engineer and to the deckhand. It began; Think how many we are! Think what we could do! It isn't either that we haven't intelligence-if only we were to use it. We don't lack leaders -se don't lack courage-we don't lack

martyrs; all are ready-" I stopped reading.

"Why don't you start then?" I saked. "We're waiting for Jamaica," he anawered; "she's almost ready."

"R sounds a pretty good idea to me," I remarked, "from your point of view. 'From your point of view,' remember, I said; but you mustn't think that yours is mine-not for one moment-O dear no! On the contrary, my point of view is that of the governer of Nassau, or his representative, quite nearby, at Harbour Island, isn't

My pock-marked friend grew a trifle green as I said this.

"We have salls still, remember," I resumed. "George and the lost gasoline are not everything. Five hours, with saything of a wind, would bring us to Harbour Island, and-with this paper in my hand it would be-what do you think yourself? The gallows?"

My friend grew grave at that, and smed to be thinking bard inside, making resolutions the full force of which I didn't understand till later, but the famediate result of which was a graciousness of manner which did

not entirely deceive me. "Ob," he said, "I don't think you quite mean that. You're impulsiveas when you bit that poor boy down

"Wett," I observed, "I'm willing to

the wind holds, put you ashore tomorrow at Spanish Wells. I like you in

spite of myself. Is it a bargain?" On this we parted, and, as I thought, with a certain friendliness on both

There was no sailing wind, so there was nothing to do but stay where we were all day. I spent most of the time in my cubin, reading a novel, and, soon after nine. I fell asleep in a frame of mind unaccountably trustful.

I suppose that I had been asleep about three hours when I was disturbed by a tremendous roar. It was Saffor (who always slept near me) out on the cockplt with a man under his paws-his laws at the man's throat. you?" I called him off, and saw that it was my pock-marked friend, with his right hand extended in the cockpit and a revolver a few inches away from It. So fer as I knew It was the only firearm on the ship. "Let's get hold of that first, Sailor," I said, and I slipped it into my hip pocket.

"Wake up. Tom," I called, and. "wake up, captain!" Meanwhile, I took out the revolver from my hip pocket, and held it over the man I seemed to grow more and more sorry for.

aboard," I told the captain, "but we've got treason to the British government. Do you want to stand for that? Or

o say beyond: "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Take this cord, then," I ordered him and Tom, "and bind the bands and feet of this pock-marked gentleman here; also of George, engineer and also of Theodore, the deckhand,



It Was Sailor-His Jaws at Throat.

Bind them well. And throw them into in Which the Sucking Fish Has a the dingy, with a bottle of water apiece, and a loaf of bread. By noon. we'll have some wind, and can make our way to Harbour island, and there

and I rowed the dingy ashore, with our which threw very little light on the three captives bound like three silly situation. There was little definite to fowls, and presently threw them go by but his mark of the compass enashore with precious little ceremony graven on a certain rock in a wilder-Then we got back to the Maggie Dar ness of rocks; and such rocks as they ling, with imprecations in our ears were at that, and particularly the promises of the I looked well to my guns. The compock-marked rebel, who announced the mandant had made me accept the loan

"manifesto," which had been forgotten was right as the things we love. in all the turnoit, I could not escape Then I called Tom to me; "How a certain thrill as I read the signs about that sucking fish, Tom?" I asked. ture-for it was: "Henry P. Toblas, Jr.

That alght we made Harbour island time. It's dried out fine; couldn't be

good enough for me.

I liked the attitude they took toward truth. my adventure. Their comments on "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." and the paper you?" I had with me, were specially enlight. "I've worn one here, sar, for twenty

both agreed, "are all right, except, of which beat the heart that like nothing course, here and there. It's fellows else in the world has made me believe like this precious Tobias, real white in God." trash-the negroes' name for them is We awoke to a dawn that was a apt enough—that are the danger for rose planted in the sky by the mys-

"I couldn't help thinking that too," known in old days as "Deed Men's I interrupted.

got a personal, as well as an abstract, end of the long cay down which we grudge against the British govern were running.

few guns with you, for you're liable to

hand.

clergyman, as well as me, for my cap were not alone in the cave.

the commandant went.

berth, writhing with cramps, "What on earth have you been doing with yourself, Cap?" I asked.

"I did nothing, sir, but eat my dinper, and drink that claret you were kind enough to give me."

"The half-bottle of claret?" "Yes, str. the very same,"

"Well, there was nothing to hurt you in that," I said, "Did you take it half and half with water, as I told

"I did indeed, sir." "It's very funny," I said. And then one that I recognized.

as he began to writhe and stiffen, I called out to Tom: "Get some rum. Tom, and make it boiling bot, quick- whom I had always thought out of his quick! We must get him into a sweat," mind, standing there on his head on "What do you make out of this smell

that's coming from him, Tom?" "Kerosene, sar," said Tom. "I thought the very same," I said.

Tom beckoned me to go with him to "We've not only got a mutiny the galley, and showed me several quart bottles of water standing on a

shall I put you ashore with the rest?" | said "and I suppose Cap made a mis-Unruffled as usual, he had nothing take;" for one looked as clear as the other. Then I took one of them back to the! liking to,

captain. "Was it a bottle like this you mixed

with the claret?" I usked. "Sure It was, sir," he answered, writhing hard with the cramps,

"But man!" I said, "Couldn't you tell the difference between that and

"I thought it tasted funny, boss, but wasn't used to claret." And then we had to laugh again, and

I thought old Tom would die. "A nigger's stomach and his head, sald the commandant, "are about the same. I really don't know which is

the stronger." The captain didn't die, though he came pretty near to it. In fact, he ook so long getting on his feet, that we couldn't wait for him; so we had practically to look out for a new crew. with the exception of Tom, and Sailor. The commandant proved a good friend to us in this, choosing three somewhat characteriess men, with good "char-

As we said goodby, with a spanking outhwest breeze blowing, I could see that he was a little anxious about me. "Take care of yourself," he said, for you must remember none of us can take care of you. There's no settlement where you're going-no telegraph or wireless; you could be murdered, and none of us hear of it for mouth, or forever. And the fellows you're after are a dangerous lot, take my word for it. Keep a good watch on your guns, and we'll be on the lookout for the first news of you, and anything we can do we'll be there, you bet."

## CHAPTER VI.

Chance to Show Its Virtue. The breeze was so strong that we

didn't use our engine that day. Be-Pil have a little talk with the comsides, I wanted to take a little time And as I ordered, all was done, Tom pondering John P. Tobias' narrative, of the time studying the charts and

Of course we laughed at such was, I could see, as the apple of his of a particularly expert revolver that threats, but I confess that, as I went eye. He must have cared for me a down to my cabin and picked up the great deal to have tent R me, and it

"It's fust cured, sar," he said. "I was going to offer it to you this lunch

and met that welcome that can only be better. Pil bring it to you this minmet at the lonely ends of the earth. ute." And he went and was back again The commandant and the clergyman in a moment. "You must wear it right took me under their wings on the spot, over your heart," he said, "and you'll the commandant didn't consider it it's never been known for a bullet to go through a sucking fish. It's God's

"But, Tom," I said, "how about

years, and you can see for yourself"-"The black men themselves," they and he bared the brown chest beneath

treat you better than you deserve. "So, the friendship of both races. And it's terious hand that seems to love to give the vein of a sort of a literary ideal, the fairest thing the loneliest setting. But there was no wind, so that day of the hugh them. It was the control of the hugh them.

tive pointed, a smaller cay, the cay been for that suckin' fish's skin you him the more cangerous. are's not all fifty miles to go to where the narra-Shoes"-but since known by another "Oh, no," they said, "but he's a bit name which, for various reasons, I do mad, too. That's his trouble. He's not deem it polite to divuige-near the

About twilight we dropped anchor in another quiet bay, so much like that "How did you know?" they asked. of the night before, as all the bays grazed your cheek and got one of his "Never mind; I somehow got the and cays are along that coast, that you need to have sailed them from boyhood to know one from another. "Take a word of advice. Have a

The cove we were looking for, known by the cheery name of Dead "I agree," I remarked. "I'll take Men's Shoes, proved farther off than the guns all right, but I'm afraid I'll we expected, so that we didn't come need some more crew. I mean I'll to it till toward the middle of the next want an engineer, and another deck afternoon, an afternoon of the most innocent gold that has ever thrown its And, just as I said this, there came soft radiance over an earth inhabited up some one post-haste from the vil. for the most part by ruffians and tain Tentinson; a brave man and a lage; some one, too, that wanted the scoundrels. We soon found that we

tain was ill, and at the point of death. "She's changed her paint," said Tent, "What on earth can be the trouble?" at my elbow. And, looking round, I I said, but, the three of us, including saw that our rakish schooner with the black hull was now white as a dove; We found the captain lying in his and, in that soft golden water, hardly a foot and a half deep, five shadowy young sharks floated, with sutstretched fins like huge bats. Our engineer, who was already wading fearlessly in the water, beautifully noked, "shooed" them off like chickens. But it was soon to be evident that more dangerons foes walted for us on the shore.

Yet there was seemingly nothing there but a pile of sponges, and a few black men. The Susan B. had changed her color, it was true, but she was a well-known sponger, and I noticed no

There was one foolish fellow that reminded me of my shackly deckhand, Very soon we did. Then I said to the rocks, and waving his legs to attract attention.

"Why! There's Silly Theedore," called out the captain. "I'm going ashore," I said.

"I'm going with you toe," said the captain. "But look after your guns. There's going to be something doingquiet as it looks."

So we rowed ashore, and there was "Two of these were kerosene," he Theodore capering in front of a pile of sponges, but no other face that I knew. But there were seven or eight ward they put out a boat for him, and negroes whose looks I took no great "Like some fancy sponges to send

home?" said one of these, coming up to me. "Cost you five times as much in Nassau.

"Certainly I'd like a few spoages," I

And then Theodore came up to me



"Give Me Dat!" He Said.

over the rather fancy silk the I happened to be wearing. "Give me dat!" he said, touching it,

like a cruzy man. "I can't afford to give you that,

"I'd die for dat," he declared. "Take this handkerchief instead;" but, meanwhile, my eyes were opening. "Take this insfead, Theodore," I suggested.

"I'd die for dat," he repeated, touching the tie. His voice and touch made me sick

and afraid, just as people in a lunafic asylum make one afraid. "Look out!" murmured Tom at my

And just then I noticed hiding in me bushes of seven-year apple trees,

two faces I had good reason to know, I had barely time to pull out the mandant's revolver from my pocket. I knew it was to be either the pockmarked genius or the engineer. But for the moment I was not to be sure which one I had hit. For, as my gun went off, something heavy and, though there was a good hotel, see there's not a builet can get near it. time I was shut off from whatever else came down on my head, and for the the soil which would have to be gone was going on.

> "Which did I hit, Tom?" were my first words as I came back to the glory of the world; but I didn't say them for a long time, and, from what Tom told me, it was a wonder I ever said them at all.

"There he is, sar," said Tom, pointing to a long, dark figure stretched out near by. "I'm afraid he's not the

(pointing to the manuscript), "and it ism in a fellow like Tobias that makes But there was no wind, so that day of the bush there. It was they or me."

"It didn't save me from a prefty good one on the head, Tom, did lt?" "No, sar, but that was just it-if it hade't been for that knock on the head, pulling you down just that minute, that ther packmarked fellow would have got you. As it was, he fellow that hit you. There he isover there.

"And who's that other, Tom?" I asked, pointing to another dark figure few yards away. That's the captain, sar."

The captain? Oh, I'm sorry for that. God knows I'm sorry for that." "Yes, sar, he was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knowed was Caperful famey to you, for when you got that crack on the head he picked up your gun and began blazing away, with

from a religious man. The others, except our special friend-"Let's call him Tobias from now on,

words I should never have expected

Tom," I laterposed. "Well, him, sar, kept his nerve, but the others ran for the boats as if the devil was after them; but the captain's gun was quicker, and only four of them got to the Susan B. The other two fell on their faces, as if some thing had tripped them up, in a couple of feet of water. But just then Tobias hit the captain in the heart; ah! if only he had one of those skins-but he always laughed off such things as su-

"There was only me and Tobias then, and the dog, for the engineer, boy had gone on his knees to the Susan B, fellows at the first crack, and begged them to take him away with them. There was no one left but Tobias and the dog and me, and I was sure my end was not far off, for I was never much of a shot. "As God is my witness, sar, I was

ready to die, and there was a moment when I thought that the time had come: but Tebias suddenly walked away to the top of the bluff and called out to the Susan B., that was just running up her sails. At his while he waited he come down the hill toward me and the dog, that stood growling over you; and for sure I thought it was the end. But he said: Tell that fellow there that I'm not

going to kill a defenseless man. He might have killed me once but he didn't. It's bound to be one of us ome day or other, but, despise me all he likes-I'm not such carrion as he thinks me; and if he only likes to keep out of my way I'm willing to keep out of his. Tell him when he wakes up that as long as he gives up going after what belongs to me-for it was my grandfather's-he is safe, but the minute he sets his foot or hand on what is mine, it's either his life or mine." And then he turned away and was rowed to the Susan B., and they soon sailed away." "With the black fing at the peak, I uppose, Tom," said L "Well, that

vas a fine speech, quite a flight of oratory, and I'm sure I'm obliged to him spite of this ungodly aching in my sea, hend. But how about the poor can-Where does all his eloquence come in there? He can't call it self-defense. They were waiting ready to murder us, as you saw. I'm afraid the captain and the law between them are all that is necessary to cook the goose of our friend Henry P. Tobias, Jr., without any help from me-though, as the captain died for me, I should prefer they allowed me to make it a personal matter," "It's the beginning of the price,"

said Tom. "The beginning of the price?"

"It's the dead hand," continued Tom; "I told you, you'll remember, that wherever treasure is there's a ghost of a dead man keeping guard and waiting till another dead man comes along to take up sentry duty so to say. The ghost is getting busy. And it makes me think that we're coming pretty near to the treasure, or we wouldn't have had all this happen. Mark me, the treasure's near by-or the ghost wouldn't be so malicious."

And then, looking around where the captain and the engineer and Silly Theodore tay, I said:

"The first thing we've got to do is to bury these poor fellows; but where, added, "are the other two that fell in the water?

"Oh," said Tom, "a couple of sharks got them just before you woke up." CHAPTER VII.

When Tom and I came to look over the ground with a view to finding a burial place for the dead I realized with grim emphasis the truth of Charlie Webster's remarks-in those sanggery nights that seemed so remote and far away-on the nature of

Funerals.

over in quest of my trensure. No wonder he had spoken of dynamite. "Why, Tom," I said, "there isn't a wheelbarrow load of real soil in a square mile. We couldn't dig a grave for a dog in stuff like this," and, as I spoke, the pewterlike rock under my feet clanged and echoed with a metal-He sound.

"Come along, Tom, I can't stand any more of this. We'll have to leave our funerals till tomorrow, and get aboard for the night"-for the Maggie Durling was still floating there screnely, as though men and their violence had no

"We'd better cover them up, against the turkey buzzards," sald Tom, two

"That no lie, sar, and if it hadn't of these unsavory hirds rising in the seek more or less at random, till we air as we returned to the shore. We boat stream on the beach.

I don't think two men were ever so our first thought was naturally to the and and disagreeable business before

"I tell you what I've been thinking, san" said Tom, as we rowed ashere, and I managed to pull down a turkey



They Glided Off With Scarce a Splash.

buzzerd that rose at our approachhappily our coverings had proved fairly effective-"I've been thinking that the only one of the three that really matters is the captain, and we can find sufficient soil for him in one of those big holes." "How about the others?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was think ing that sharks are good enough for "They deserve no better, Tonn, and

So it was done as we said, and car- while en route to Corvallia. rying them by the feet and shoulders of Myrtlepoint spent the first of the and they glided off with scarce a herry crop in the valley.

Then we turned to the poor captain ter Lorence are just home from t two

thanks to those poor dead mouths that did not need to be reckoned with any

soon came to a dead stop. The indi- same time. - Enterprise, cations given by Tobias seemed, in the face of such a terrain, naive to a degree. Possibly the land had changed since his day. Some little, of course, it must have done. Tom and I went over Tobias' directions again and there was the compass carved on the rock, and the cross. There was something definite-something which, if it was ever there at all, was there stillfor in that climate the weather leaves things unperished almost as in Egypt. Sitting on the highest bluff we could

find, Tom and I looked around. "That compass is somewhere among these infernal rocks-if it ever was carved there at all-that's one thing certain, Tom; but look at the rocks! Over twenty miles of rocks north

and south, and from two to six from east to west. A more hopeless job the mind of man could not conceive. Tom shook his head, and scratched his graying wool. "I go most by the ghost, sar," he said. "All these men had never been

killed if the ghost hadn't been some where near. Mark me, if we find the treasure it'll be by the ghost." In Which Tom and I Attend Several "That's all very well," I laughed, But how are we going to get the

ghost to show his hand? He's got such bloodthirsty ways with him." "They always have, sar," said Tom, no doubt with some ancestral shudder of voodoo worship in his blood. "Yes, sar, they always cry out for blood. It's all they've got to live on. They drink it like you and me drink coffee or rum. It's terrible to hear them in the

"Well, Tom," I remarked, "you may he right, but of one thing I'm certain; if the ghost's going to get any one, it sha'n't be you." "We've both got one good chance

against them-" Tom was beginning. "Don't tell me again about that old sucking fish." "Mind you keep it safe, for all that," said Tom gravely. "I wouldn't lose

ine for a thousand pounds." "Well, all right, but let's forget the damned old ghosts for the present." We decided to try a pian that was really no plan at all; that is to say, to

did this as well as we were able with enough to take us home. Meanwhile rocks and the wreckage of an old we would, each of us, every day, cut a sort of rediating swathe, working single-handed, from the cove entrance, glad of the morning, driving before it Thus we would prospect as much of guad of the morning. After breakfast the country as possible in a sort of fan, both of us keeping our eyes open for a compass curved on a rock. In this way we might hope to cover no ha onsiderable stretch of the country in the three weeks, and, moreover, the country most likely to give some results, as being that lying in a semicircle from the little harbor where the ships would have lain. It wasn't much of a plan perhaps, but it seemed the most possible among the impossibles

Harder work than we had undertaken no men have ever set their hapda to. It would have broken the back of the most able-bodied navvy; and when we reached the boat at sumset we had scarce strength left to ent our supper and roll into our bunks. A machere is a heavy weapon that needs no little skill in handling with economy of force, and Tom, who had been brought up to it, was, in spite of his years, a better practitioner than I.

I have already hinted at the kind of levil's underbrush we had to cut our way through, but no words can do justice to the simost intelligent stubberaness with which those weird growths opposed us. It really seemed as though they were inspired by a diabolte willforce pitting itself against our will, vegetable incarnation of evil strength and fury and cunning.

Day after day Tom and I returned some dead beat, with hardly a tired word to exchange with each other, We had now been at it for about a

fortnight, and I loved the old chap more every day for the grif and courage with which he supported our terrible labors and kept up his spirits, Once or twice we had made fancied discoveries which we called off the other to see, and once or twice we had tried some blusting on rocks that seemed to suggest mysterious tunnelings into the earth. But it had all proved a valu thing and a weariness of the flesh. And the ghost of John P.

Tobias still kept his secret. (Continued Next Saturday.) HUBBARD NEWS

Jon J. Newman, just home from I think we may as well get rid of them day with his brother, Hago Newman,

to the edge of the bluff-George, and week with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moomaw Silly Theodore, and the nameless giant on route to eastern Oregon and on their who had knocked me down so oppor- return trip will continue their outing tunely-we skillfully flung them in, by camping and help gather the bumper Mr. and Mrs. I., A. Braden and daugh

and carried him as gently as we could weeks' trip over in castern Oregon at over the rough ground to the biggest Bend, where they attended the wedding of the banana holes, as the natives of their niece, Miss Edna exorris, They call them, and there we were able to made the trip by auto and found some dig him a fairly respectable grave. | rough roads after leaving the highway. Tom and Sailor and I were now, to F. D. Braley amountees he expects

the best of our belief, alone on the to leave this week for his ranch down is island, and a lonesomer spot it would New Mexico, located near the Colorado be hard to impgine, or one touched at line, where he expects to spond the comcertain hours with a fairer beauty- ing year and later return to Oregon. a beauty wraithlike and, like a sea Mr. Braly and family will be missed in for the life that's still worth having, in | shell, haunted with the marvel of the the Needy and Ninety one districts having been associated with community affairs there and Rock Creek

> Chauncey H. Yoder came home from the service Wednesday morning in pe more, we had plenty of everything to radio service of the mavy stationed at session of his discharge. He was in the last us for at least a month, not to Mare Island. His cham, Willard 'Mick' speak of fishing, at which Tom was an Cole of Woodharn, who enlisted at the When, however, we turned to our later transferred into the electrical cusame time and service as Chausery and plans for the treasure hunting we gineering department, came bone the



When you make your tea, the tea-flavor develops first-and that's what you want: tea-flavor, not tannin. Tannin then comes along and smothers the tea-

Common tea is older leaves with lots of tannin and very little tea-flavor. Good tea is young ten-

der leaves with abundance of fine tea-flavor and very little tannin. That's why a pound of

fine tea makes more cups of real tea-flavor than common tea does. And the flavor is infinitely better.

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