

AN ANNEX TO WESTMINSTER

PLAN TO PROVIDE ANOTHER RESTING PLACE FOR ENGLAND'S DEAD

LONDON, Aug. 5.—It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Westminster Abbey is the very centre of the English race. No first visit to England is complete without a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, the germ out of which the proud Abbey has sprung.

Of course, Westminster Abbey, or, to call it by its correct title, the Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster, possesses a great variety of aspects, all of them precious and ennobling to a degree. Architecturally it has been truly described as being "the most lovely and lovable thing in Christendom." Then again we all know how closely it is linked with the throne and with the whole fabric of the State.

But in all probability the thing which arrests the greatest amount of attention and which is the Abbey's chief title to affection, lies in the thought of those mighty dead whom it continues to guard day by day and year by year. For long centuries has it been the resting place of the most famous of England's sons within those hallowed walls. Some there are, it is true, who for one reason or another it has been decreed should lie elsewhere, but we always feel that this is in reality a mistake and that the world is sensibly poorer for the fact that these men and women do not lie side by side with the many who have helped to make the English race what it is to-day, and whose names remain upon the old Abbey.

At the same time there is only too great a fear that unless some speedy measures be taken these old traditions which unite us to past centuries will be severed. Why? Simply because those crowded walls and thickly strewn pavements are crammed almost to overflowing.

As the Dean of Westminster very pertinently remarked but a few weeks ago on the occasion of the travelling into meditation to perpetuate the memory of a great and good man, one of the foremost scientific men of his age, the late Sir George Gabriel Stokes, so soon as the piece of wall space adjoining the new monument is covered, and it will barely afford room for one or at the most two similar memorials, it will be the most serious problem whether there room for those men whom England delights to honor may be had.

Various schemes have been propounded at intervals during the past ten or fifteen years, such as a cloister or an annex or some new structure in the immediate neighborhood which should serve as a receptacle for distinguished persons whose lives entitle them to such commemoration. But these schemes have appeared only to be promptly condemned as for one reason or another wholly impracticable.

Is there, then, no possible way out of this really serious difficulty? The Dean of Westminster has just come forward with an entirely new proposal.

He does not hesitate to suggest that an overflow for the interments and the monuments which may properly belong to Westminster Abbey in the future may be found in the celebrated Chapel of the Pyx. In order to explain and emphasize this scheme of Dr. Armitage Robinson, we must go back many centuries.

The Chapel of the Pyx is a low building of early Norman architecture, situated at the eastern walk of the great cloisters of the abbey. It was built by Edward the Confessor somewhere about the year 1060, possibly even a trifle earlier, so that it is one of the comparatively few things remaining in England to-day bearing a pre-

conquest character.

When that famous monarch proceeded to build the abbey church so closely associated with his name he did not neglect the necessary buildings for the Abbot and other members of a great religious house of the Benedictine order. With the object possibly of securing for the monks a dormitory which might be free from the fogs and damp which were bound to proceed from land situated so close to the bank of the Thames and other lesser streams, he placed it upon this low, vaulted substructure, of which the Chapel of the Pyx forms the northern portion.

All told, this low vaulted building amounts in length to no less than 100 feet. As we see it to-day it is divided into several partitions, which are themselves composed of either brick or stone.

This is most unfortunate, for it completely hides the beautiful proportions of the building and the long line of six massive piers which support the centre, and of which we gaze upon it thus that it is to some extent fallen from a previous high estate; for of the four sections which it now contains two are simply dark storehouses; a third is used as an approach to the gymnasium of Westminster School, while the fourth and most northerly is the Chapel of the Pyx.

Thus the whirling of time has played a rude havoc with the arches and columns erected by the sainted Edward. However, we must be thankful that the building, though now divided in this unightly manner, is nevertheless in good repair and could with trifling expense be restored to more than its original beauty.

The Chapel of the Pyx as it stands to-day is a small chamber some thirty feet square, with one of the great columns already mentioned standing in its centre. For two centuries past it has been used, but does not appear to have been possessed of any very special importance.

An altar was erected at its eastern end, as in so many other places up and down the Abbey, and it has also been stated, although it can scarcely be described as more than a tradition, that the ashes of Hugolin, the famous steward of Edward the Confessor, lie somewhere within its walls. There are two great massive doors, studded with iron nails and bands and secured by no less than seven different locks. Why, we ask, shall all this extraordinary care be taken with a building which would not appear to be anything like so valuable or important as other sections of Westminster Abbey?

The reason is that we have here no less a place than the National Treasury of England—the precursor of the Royal Mint itself. Only a few feet distant there stands the gloriously beautiful building, the Chapter House of the Abbey. Few visitors to Westminster fail to find their way there; but only a few receive the privilege of visiting the dark and almost gruesome crypt which lies beneath it.

We can well understand why it was that this building, the crypt of the Chapter House, was selected to be a storehouse of great and wonderful treasures. Here were gathered in the days of some of the Plantagenet kings the national Regalia, including the very crown which was said to have once adorned the brow of the famous Alfred himself. And in addition to these most precious possessions, there were also housed in this crypt a number of celebrated relics, such as the jewelled cross of St. Neor and other things too

numerous to mention. Then again there was treasured here what was perhaps almost more to the point, namely a vast quantity of money. Now this latter fact was no doubt duly known and commented upon by the various monastic brethren. An opportunity altogether too tempting for some of them to disregard was vouchsafed to them in the very early years of the fourteenth century.

Edward the First was on the throne, but during the summer of that year the "Hammer of the Scots" was some hundreds of miles away. He had gone north on one of his numerous expeditions, in order, as he hoped, to reduce his hated northern rival to complete subjection.

While he and his army were gone, Westminster Abbey and the neighboring palace of St. Stephen were left apparently with a scant number of guardians. Anyway, two

so the minds of those in authority turned to the low Norman building which we have just been endeavoring to describe.

They saw that it could be made absolutely secure by erecting a strong partition and by furnishing it with doors of a description so massive that nothing short of the most tremendous force could break them down. As if these precautions were not sufficient, however, one of a downright horrible character was adopted, for they actually proceeded to nail the skin of some unfortunate criminal upon one of the doors, believing that it would be a sufficient deterrent to all who might feel burglariously inclined in regards to come.

The Regalia were now duly stored in the Chapel of the Pyx, thus reduced in size; and apparently these precautions proved more than sufficient, for they seem never to have been disturbed again for



CHAPEL OF THE PYX, PROPOSED AS AN ANNEX TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

of the monks seized this opportunity. They conducted their robbery on principles so scientific that they would not have disgraced a modern expert in the art of burglary.

They succeeded in accomplishing the theft, and for a time no one thought of the matter. But ere long the time did become known. Intelligence was brought to the King, although he was then quartered so far away as the town of Lullithgow.

His wrath, of which he possessed a copious share, blazed forth, and he determined to bring the offenders to book. The upshot was that the Abbot and some forty members of his community were arrested and marched off to the Tower of London. Two of them were duly convicted of the robbery, and we suppose received condign punishment, although details have not descended to us.

But in the meantime what was to be done? The safety of the Regalia and other treasures had clearly been placed in jeopardy. They could no longer continue to abide in the crypt beneath the chapter house. And

long years save on those memorable occasions when the entire nation was turned well nigh topsy-turvy by the coronation of a new monarch.

No things continued for several centuries, and we can well understand how the Chapel of the Pyx came to acquire in the minds of English people a character almost sacred. The storms of the Reformation descended with full force upon the Abbey, but the Chapel of the Pyx remained untouched.

The whole of that troubled sixteenth century came and went, but the national Regalia of England received no hurt. A terrible time was, however, approaching, and it arrived during the great convulsion of the civil war and the rule of the Commonwealth.

At so early a date as the year 1643 the more extreme Puritan faction in the Long Parliament determined to make an end of the Regalia, which they loathed as being so closely associated with kingship and the House of Stuart. It would appear that the Dean and prebendaries of the Abbey

Church refused to deliver up the keys of the treasury and accordingly an order was given in the Commons, though only by a very insignificant majority, to force open the doors.

Nothing was done at the time, for the House of Lords was sufficiently strong to stem the tide. A few years later circumstances had changed. The Puritan party found no obstacle standing in their path, and so the great doors were at length broken down which communicated with the Chapel of the Pyx.

We learn of one Martin, who subsequently became one of the Regicides, conducted the ceremony of despoiling the national Treasury, declaring "that there would be no further use of those toys and trifles." He was aided and abetted in the robbery by George Withers, a Puritan poet, who was possessed of so little reverence that he proceeded to array himself in the various regal ornaments which he there found, and so "being thus found and royally arrayed first marched about the room with a stately and ridiculous air, exposing those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter."

Such, then, was the end of the original English Regalia, for on yone or two relics of those which visitors to England now see date from a period anterior to the coronation of Charles II. Such, too, was the end of the Chapel of the Pyx as a royal treasury, for the Regalia were never replaced within the precincts of Westminster Abbey. From henceforth they have remained and no doubt will continue to remain in the Tower of London.

But the Chapel of the Pyx still continued to occupy a very important position in English national life. It was now employed—and this continued to be the case for some two centuries longer—as a treasury of treaties and records and, more important still, the pyx or box which contained the trial pieces or standards of the English coinage were kept here.

Hence the Chapel continued to be just as closely locked and barred as when the Regalia found a home within its walls. The chapel could not be opened in the actual presence of certain high state officials connected with the treasury department.

It was only opened, moreover, on the rarest possible occasions, such as that known as the "Trial of the Pyx," when the various coins of the realm were duly tested beside the trial pieces. Permission even for important visitors to view its interior was only given most grudgingly, if at all; and this state of things has continued down to the present day.

But the old order of things has passed away. One by one those elements which served to make the Chapel of the Pyx so remarkable and so important a building have disappeared.

The treaties and other documents have found their way probably to the Record Office. The pyx and its contents are now to be found in the Royal Mint. Nothing remains in the little chapel, itself save an old stone altar, marked by an interesting inscription in the shape of a pillar, and a number of old shelves which are gradually falling into decay.

Thus the building has ceased to possess the particular national aspect it did in former years. We can well understand how it was that at one time it was withdrawn from the custody of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey for the simple reason that such articles as the coinage and the pyx could not possibly be lodged in any other hands than those of the representatives of the Crown.

Why, then, argues the Dean, if the State no longer requires the Chapel of the Pyx for the purposes of the treasury, should it not revert to its ancient use? Nay, the Dean would go still further—he would break the partition which at present divides the whole of this Norman substructure into sections, and then there would be a building of striking beauty, the actual product of the love and piety of King Edward the Confessor himself, ready and suitable for the worship of God once more.

Not only so; but here, so he goes on to say, we have the whole a satisfactory solution of the ever present problem of how to find room for our mighty dead.

THE WAR DRAMA IN JAPAN

Japan's Hero Spies. A Trust of Three Centuries. The Festival of the Dead.

TOKIO, July 18.—Tokio swelters in mid-summer heat while a never ending row of living pictures passes in review. There is a steady outpouring of men, men, men, great guns, horses, munitions of war, Red Cross supply trains and nurses, moving silently, mostly under cover of night.

Sometimes we see these things, but often hear of them from one whose father, husband or son has gone, only a chance remark uttered with a smile:

"Oh, yes, he has gone. I am glad. He must give his life. You know Port Arthur must fall!"

Thus the great war drama crowds the stage and upon its victory, its tragedy, its deeds of daring, the curtain never falls.

Mingled with these living pictures of seething twentieth century life are visions of the past, legends on which the spirit of Japan is founded to-day.

The story books for children rehabilitate the fighting men of the empire with the same Samurai spirit that produced the heroes of feudal times. And there is not a schoolboy in Japan to-day too young to recognize a Kato Kiyomasa or a Hideyoshi, though disguised as an Oyama or a Togo.

When Iyeyasu captured the Osaka castle from Hideyori and Lady Yodo, he found there 500 ingots of gold having a value of a million yen in the currency of the present day. This gold he bequeathed to his second son, Yoshinas, the first of the Owari feudal chiefs, with the injunction that it should be kept for use in a national emergency.

The present head of the Owari family, Marquis Girei, considering that the time had come to employ the money, recently repaired to the tomb of Yoshinas and solemnly informed the spirit of the dead that the gold was about to be employed for national purposes in accordance with the will of the family's illustrious ancestor, Iyeyasu. Thereafter the Marquis handed over to the treasury the gold that had been held in trust more than 300 years.

Already public thought invests the memory of the Japanese youths executed by the Russians in Manchuria with a halo like that set upon the brows of the forty-seven Ronins, who, fearless of death, destroyed their lord's slayer after years of preparation and anxious waiting. This crown of glory has never dimmed; income burns constantly at their shrine, willing hands keep fresh flowers on their graves, while their unquenchable spirit burns in the hearts of their countrymen, prompting wellnigh impossible deeds.

Down from the bleak Manchurian hills the story of the execution of Oki and Yokokawa is borne. Somewhere in Japan flowers are set and income burned before an empty tomb, and somewhere the parents or brothers or sisters of these two strong hearted and most unfortunate men cherish their memory with tears.

A French journalist saw them tried for their lives and saw them die. The trial took place in a rude chamber, a place with only four walls and a roof, and the three judges sat at desks scarcely worthy of the name.

Oki and Yokokawa walked in with absolute composure. They showed no bravado, and no one from their demeanor could have inferred that death confronted them.

It was well understood that the trial could be only a mere formality—the sentence was prewritten. The accused men made no concealment. They frankly described themselves as two of four comrades who had set out from Peking for the purpose of wrecking the Manchurian Railway with dynamite.

After a long journey on foot they had reached their destination, only to be seized by Cossacks. They asked for no mercy, offered no excuse.

One called himself a Colonel; the other took the title of Captain. Of course they were merely poor students; but who will say they sinned in contriving, by assuming military titles, that a career given to the service of their country should not have a felon's end by the rope, and that they should at least have a military execution.

After a long journey on foot they had reached their destination, only to be seized by Cossacks. They asked for no mercy, offered no excuse.

One called himself a Colonel; the other took the title of Captain. Of course they were merely poor students; but who will say they sinned in contriving, by assuming military titles, that a career given to the service of their country should not have a felon's end by the rope, and that they should at least have a military execution.

After a long journey on foot they had reached their destination, only to be seized by Cossacks. They asked for no mercy, offered no excuse.

One called himself a Colonel; the other took the title of Captain. Of course they were merely poor students; but who will say they sinned in contriving, by assuming military titles, that a career given to the service of their country should not have a felon's end by the rope, and that they should at least have a military execution.

After a long journey on foot they had reached their destination, only to be seized by Cossacks. They asked for no mercy, offered no excuse.

One called himself a Colonel; the other took the title of Captain. Of course they were merely poor students; but who will say they sinned in contriving, by assuming military titles, that a career given to the service of their country should not have a felon's end by the rope, and that they should at least have a military execution.

The court after five minutes' deliberation sentenced them to death, and in an hour's time Kourapatkin, believing them to be Japanese officers, confirmed the judgment, ordering that it be carried out in military fashion. That was what the two men desired.

They marched with steady, unflinching steps to the place of execution, a vast, distant, and advancing to the spot indicated drew themselves up to the full limit of their comparatively small stature, and with quiet eyes and smiling lips faced the firing squad.

When the Russians would have blindfolded them they put aside the bandages, gently but firmly, and fell, looking death squarely in the face.

It is not Oriental fatalism that prompts these acts in the Japanese—nor is it seeking death because it is predetermined by resistless fate, but rather is it the spontaneous outgrowth of burning patriotism forcing them to offer their lives to their country. Children are imbued with this patriotism from earliest babyhood by the very nature of their toys.

There is no great event in ancient national history but what is reproduced to meet the wants of even the poorest child. No great military hero but is perpetuated in ivory, wood or clay images as familiar in name and face to the wee tot in kimono and obi as the people with whom they daily associate, while their swords, drums, guns, trumpets and munitions of war, though made of wood, tin or paper, are identical in shape with the real things.

The streets are full of babies strapped on their mothers' backs, who shout "Banzai!" at the sight of a soldier, wave tiny flags and are as absorbed in the highly colored war prints as their gazing, astonished parents. Indeed, no scene is complete in Japanese life without an image of a hero, and it must be that those born in the strife and stress of war time will be saturated with a deeper patriotism imbibed with their mothers' milk.

This is the time in the new calendar when the spirits of the dead are believed to revisit their earthly homes and haunts, and that they shall make no mistake a lantern is hung in each doorway that they may see to enter in. A tiny shrine bearing offerings of food awaits their coming, before which incense burns to drive away evil spirits.

One must go into the country to see "O Bon Matsuri" in accordance with ancient customs, for despite its melancholy purpose, it is the great occasion of the year for the peasant class, which they celebrate by much visiting, giving presents, providing the festal dish "mochi," and bands of children bearing gay lanterns visit the graveyard, sweep its paths and make it generally clean by the light of great bonfires.

Later the festivities take on our Fourth of July jollification air; grotesque figures dance in the moonlight, perform remarkable tricks in the temple courts, and parade the street by the light of many lanterns. This sometimes gives the name the "Festival of Lanterns" to the occasion.

Much of this display is lost in Tokio—but not the significance of the festival. Before many houses gay lanterns are hung and incense burned on tiny white wooden shrines. In Aoyama district there is a special shrine for spirits of the dead without homes, which is always attended by the faithful.

In another part of the city there is a shrine for those lost at sea or killed in battle by land or water. This was loaded this year with gifts of food and flowers. Thousands of tapers sent up incense, while lanterns swung in the soft night air, shedding light on the visiting throngs.

To this shrine, who can say how many spirits of heroes returned this night? Thus "O Bon Matsuri" is of unusual significance this year, and if lantern burn before more little homes and shrines are ready, too, to be lit, the living ministering to the spirits of husband and son, who went forth but a brief time ago to fight for Dai Nippon.

STATESMEN OF LONG YEARS.

American political history abounds in conspicuous men who lived to a great age, and whom continued to the last days of the last in public service, while others died after long years of hale retirement.

Of the first six Presidents Washington and Monroe alone died under 80. Franklin died at 84, only two years after retiring from the Presidency of Pennsylvania, and three years after he had rendered great service as a member of the convention that framed the Federal Constitution.

John Quincy Adams died at 81, suddenly stricken down in his seat in the House of Representatives. His career for nearly twenty years after he retired from the Presidency was almost as conspicuous as it had been in the twenty years before he entered upon that office.

Jefferson died at 83, Madison at 85, and John Adams at 91.

Albert Gallatin, whom persistent enemies kept from a possibly greater career than he had, died at 88, when he had been more than twenty years retired from active political life.

Joshua Quincy, who died at 92, served as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, as Mayor of Boston and as president of Harvard College after his retirement from a conspicuous career in national politics. After having declared in 1812 that the admission of Louisiana to Statehood would justify a forcible dissolution of the Union, he lived to congratulate Abraham Lincoln in 1863 upon the Emancipation Proclamation and the prospective defeat of the Southern attempt at secession.

Timothy Pickens died at 94, and was an active member of Congress at 82. Of the men conspicuous in the middle of the last century, Lewis Cass died at 84, after voluntarily retiring from the Secretaryship of State at 78, not because of old age, but because of his disapproval of Buchanan's policy on the verge of the civil war.

Thomas H. Benton, after thirty years in the Senate, was at 71 elected to the House of Representatives. He died at 79.

Roger B. Taney, who as Secretary of the Treasury gratified Jackson by removing the Government deposits from the Bank of the United States, and as the successor of Marshall in the Chief Justiceship delivered the Dred Scott decision, lived to see slavery abolished, and died at 87, still intellectually sound.

Of the men belonging to the civil war period, Simon Cameron died at 90, twelve years after he had retired from the Pennsylvania Senatorship.

Thaddeus Stevens died as an active and conspicuous Member of Congress at the age of 78. Hannibal Hamlin died at 82, eight years after he retired from his last political post, that of Minister to Spain.

Hugh McCulloch, after having twice been Secretary of the Treasury with an interval of nearly thirty years between the two appointments, died at 87, ten years after his second retirement from the office.

Justin S. Morrill died six years ago at the age of 88, being then a member of the United States Senate, and having served in Congress continuously for a longer period than any other man in the history of this country.

Of the half dozen most conspicuous Confederate politicians, Jefferson Davis, who died at 81, was the only one to reach so great an age. His rival, Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, who fought so hard against secession, died at the age of 80.

Superstitions of English Country People. From the London Daily Chronicle.

There is a well known weed with dark red blotches on it, not unlike bloodstains. I have been twice assured, with the utmost seriousness, by an old woman, that "where you find her there is a growing there's been a battle long ago."

HUNTS FOR BURIED PIRATE GOLD ON FLORIDA KEYS.

St. PETERSBURG, Fla., Aug. 10.—Florida is famous not only for treasures of golden oranges and other semi-tropical fruits, but also for its stores of hidden gold, which the native Floridian asserts were buried along its sandy shores long ago.

A chain of coral and oquina keys extends south from St. Augustine, along the eastern coast of Florida, around the southern extremity, to Key West and the Dry Tortugas and then up the west coast. Many of these islets were visited by the desperate daredevils who frequented the Gulf of Mexico in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The native Floridian has an abiding faith in the belief that, could these low lying sandy keys be made to disclose their stores of piratical treasure, gold enough would be found to transform half of the population into multimillionaires.

The existence of such treasure has, in a measure, been proved during the lifetime of many people in southern Florida. In some instances a part of these long concealed hoards has been brought to light, enough to inspire belief in the existence of larger and more valuable deposits.

There is a pretty little place in the southern part of the State, in De Soto county, known as Grove City. It is on the mainland, near the Gulf of Mexico, to the north of Charlotte Harbor and opposite Gasparilla Island. It is here, in this region and either on the mainland or on the island which bears his name, that the desperado Gasparilla, is said to have buried the greater part of his ill-gotten gains.

A legend of the locality relates that Gasparilla used to come ashore after night-fall and bury chests of treasure somewhere above high water mark. The story runs that the Gasparilla treasure of gold bars is still buried in the neighborhood. Its intrinsic value is estimated at not far from \$1,000,000. Hundreds of treasure seekers have sought in vain for this great store of hidden gold.

Considerable interest is felt at present in the locality over the presence of a party of treasure seekers from the neighboring village of Arcadia.

There is a story extant here that an old pirate by the name of Gomez, who is said to have been a member of Gasparilla's band of outlaws, was present when the pirate chief landed and buried his treasure. He never made any attempt to disturb or locate the treasure during his lifetime, on account, he said, of the souls of the dead pirates, who spent most of their time, when they were not howling over the misery of their fate, or playing havoc with ships during a storm, in watching the place where the treasure was buried in the sand.

Gomez said that he had too much good sense to disturb or attempt to remove a mass of treasure, no matter how great, guarded by such watchers as these. He knew the old crew of Capt. Gasparilla too well to risk an encounter with any of them, alive or dead.

Gomez was aboard of Gasparilla's ship in the capacity of cabin boy when the pirate landed and buried this treasure. But he said that he knew the exact location and could find it in the dark, only the saints preserve him from ever going near the place again.

A Punta Gorda man says that one day he went to Frank Richards, a former resident of Manatee county. Gomez told him that the chest of gold was buried hurriedly and that a chart of the place was made, but through some mistake had been placed in the chest with the treasure.

When the pirate ship of Gasparilla was captured the crew of Gomez was spared on account of his youth.

A Punta Gorda man says that some years ago two unknown young men came on shore from a small sloop and camped for some weeks on an island north of Gasparilla Island. They spent several weeks there and then departed as secretly as they came.

Parties who were watching the island from a distance reported that they landed their sloop after sunset and left during the night. When it was found that they had gone for good, a party of sponge gatherers, who had in some way heard of these young men, went on shore, visited the deserted camp and, much to their surprise, found the island pitted with holes.

Upon high ground they found one hole deeper and broader than the others and near it the scattered remains of a wooden partition proved to be a large wooden chest. Clearing out the sand which had fallen back into the hole, they soon came upon the bones of a dead pirate and several pieces of eight others.

Some weeks after that there was a sale of old Spanish gold coin in the city of New Orleans. And the story adds that these same two young strangers eventually became wealthy.

There is a point of land on the southern extremity of Pinellas Peninsula which is heavily wooded and overgrown with shrubbery, vines and creepers. It is known hereabouts as Maximo Point.

It is on this point of land, running far down into the waters of Great Tampa Bay and separating it from Boca Ciega and the Gulf of Mexico, that the pirate Maximo is said to have made his home.

Maximo was an old man when he retired from business. It was on the very extremity of the point that he pitched his house, overlooking the place of meeting of the waters of Great Tampa Bay and the blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico.

He surrounded his cottage with a wealth of tropical foliage and it is said he kept a small sloop provisioned and watered, in a nearby cove, so that in case of an emergency he could make his escape seaward. Maximo was said to have a great store of treasure. He never went anywhere, or spent a cent that he could help; and of course, viewing the situation from the native's standpoint, what he did not spend he must have saved.

He is said to have died peacefully in his bed, as all honest men should, after a life of crime, and possessed of all his wickedly gained wealth. In explanation of his reluctance to spend money or make an attempt to dispose of any of his store of jewels in his story runs that one of his victims when dying cursed him with a most elaborate series of curses and prophesied that he would never reap any satisfaction from wealth gained through murder and robbery.

And, sure enough, Maximo never did, but spent all of his life guarding and hoarding the gold he could take no satisfaction in spending or in other ways disposing of. Now, what did he do with it is the question.

Some say he buried it on the point. Others that he took it over to Tampa and secreted it on the mainland. There have been several attempts made to hunt it up, but it has not been unearthed as yet.

One night not long ago a party of colored men from Tampa landed on Maximo Point, for the purpose of beginning a search for the treasure. One of the men pretended to be a Jew in his story, and that one of his victims when dying cursed him with a most elaborate series of curses and prophesied that he would never reap any satisfaction from wealth gained through murder and robbery.

They found the location and began to dig. It was as dark as pitch. The moon had not yet risen. Just at the most interesting moment, when they heard the shovel strike what must have been the lid of a great oak chest, there arose an infernal uproar at sea.

They heard sounds as if a number of men were being shot and then thrown overboard from a boat. They heard the pistol shots, shrieks of horror, curses, and great splashes when the bodies of the dead pirates struck the water.

One of the stories which accompany this buried treasure, has it that one night when Maximo came on shore with a chest of gold, he brought from the ship some of his crew who, it happened, had recently been mutinous. He also had with him his second in command, as bloodthirsty a wretch, they say, as himself.

When they were through with secreting the treasure, these two men shot the sailors, while they were in the boat, and then threw their bodies overboard to become the prey of the innumerable sharks which infest these waters, or to be carried by the tide to some one of the sandy islets skirting the shore.

The treasure seekers had heard, it appeared, this story of Maximo, and dropping their shovels, they fled away up the peninsula as if the devil was after them. They never stopped until they reached St. Petersburg, in the small hours of the morning, half dead with fright, but thankful that they had been able to get safely away and out of the clutches of the murderous Maximo and his bloodthirsty lieutenant.

There is not enough money in the Tampa banks to coax those colored individuals back to Maximo. They would not visit the place in daylight, and as for going there again in the night—rot much! They had got safely away that time, barely by the skin of their teeth and they do not propose changing it a second time.

Down on the southern coast of Florida, in Monroe county, are what are known as the Ten Thousand Islands, and a little further to the south another group in the great Ponce de Leon Bay. Nearly all of this part of the State is made up of everglades, or swamps, brackish or salt water lakes, and islands. To attempt an exploration of this region, one would need a ship's outfit for getting at the latitude and longitude, and a compass and provisions for several months, in case of being lost.

There is a story of this region that one afternoon a hunter and fisherman found himself in a part of the Ten Thousand Islands where he had never been before. While looking about to find dry land enough on which to camp for the night he found the wreck of an old Spanish galleon.

All his life long he had heard stories of mysterious wrecks and long lost Spanish ships deeply laden with gold and jewels. He did not go aboard the wreck, which it appears from his story, is yet in very good condition, but succeeded finally in finding the deserted hut of a Seminole, where he spent the night.

In the morning, as soon as there was light enough to see, he got away as expeditiously as possible. He said that he feared all sorts of ills and the vengeance of the dead pirates if he touched the ship or its contents.