

THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

BY
WEATHERBY CHESNEY,
AND ALICK MUNRO.

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CHAPTER V. "HERE SHE FOUNDERED!"

The tall, straight stem of the advancing steam was less than a dozen yards off now, coming grimly and steadily on over a patch of smooth water, and all hope of life fled from the heart of each watcher on board the Eureka. A few seconds more, and the waters of the Atlantic would have closed over the little boat and her daring crew forever.

But at the very moment when the gates of the grave seemed to be standing widely ajar the god of the sea intervened to save. A wave, greater and more erratic than its fellows, struck the liner on her quarter. She turned a little on her midships, and her bow fell off to the starboard, and at that moment the ketch was sighted by the other's lookout, for instead of coming on again, the steamer yawed still farther away, apparently in response to a sudden application of her powerful steam steering gear.

Those on board the Eureka saw that she was a great, white painted P. and O. liner, with her square ports all tightly closed, her boats inboard and everything snug as could be—a triumph of the shipbuilders' art, but a very juggernaut of the ocean to the little vessel in her path.

Under the influence first of the wave and then of her helm her stern swung steadily round to port and actually scraped the ketch's quarter as it shot past; so fearfully narrow had been the margin of safety. But the pressure was mercifully light, and the Eureka had not so much as a stanchion carried away. A couple of officers who were on the bridge shouted down to her when she drew abreast, but the furious storm carried away their words, and as the Eureka had scraped off scot free none of her crew seemed particularly anxious to make out what the others said. They watched the big liner disappear into the tempest ahead with a devout wish not to clap eyes on her like again for the rest of their cruise.

Having braced himself but a moment before for the struggle with King Death, the revulsion of feeling which the knowledge of safety brought with it was almost too much for Guthrie. He hung on to the port mizzen shrouds and, for a space, fairly shivered. Captain Colepepper, Jelly and Henrietta, sailor-like, returned to their work at once. A danger over was, to them, a danger promptly forgotten. There is no time for sentiment at sea. The chances and haps of the life are so many that, once past, they are little thought of more by seafaring folk. The doctor had dropped the glass which he was holding to his eye when the steamer was near, and was coolly fingering the hard, wet canvas. Hans Spiedernich, unscared by a danger which he had not fully understood, was helping him. For very shame the undergraduate had to pull himself together and bear a hand also.

When at last they succeeded in getting her comfortably hove to under storm mizzen and jib, there was little else to be done. Utterly worn out, therefore, by the toil of the last few hours—as much, probably, through the heavy pounding of the wind as through the actual exertion—Guthrie sat down on the scuttle butt, and holding on by a light rope, began to nod sleepily. Indeed he must have dropped off, for almost, it seemed to him, before ten seconds had passed he felt the captain's large hand shaking him by the shoulder.

"Here, my lad," shouted the skipper, "wake up! D'y'e hear? I don't want you falling overboard. Now, just go below and turn in. It's too risky for a green hand like you to take a walk here on deck. Make the most of the minutes now. I may want you up again before long."

The young man needed no second bidding. Pushing back the lid of the companion, he stepped over the doors, closed the slide over his head and scrambled down the steep little ladder. Dolly was in the cabin, reading by the light of the madly swinging lamp and of course quite unconscious of the fearful danger through which she and her friends had so lately passed. Too tired even to tell her of the recent escape from death, Guthrie bade her a short good night and turned into his bunk. In less than a minute he was asleep.

When he had had his sleep out, he went on deck. The morning was well advanced. The Eureka was under main trysail and jib and once more standing along her course. Captain Colepepper was at the tiller. The rest of the watch consisted of the doctor, Henrietta and Tom Jelly. They were all heavy eyed and tired looking, plain evidences that each had passed a wearing and sleepless night, and, in truth, though the danger was safely past now, it had been a terribly anxious time even for such tried veterans as Captain Colepepper and the two Jellies.

"Well, youngster," said the doctor, "had your walk out? I hope you're ready for work again now and can let us others have our watch below. It has been a fearful night, but you were tired enough to sleep right through it, I warrant. How's Dolly this morning?"

"I haven't seen her," replied Guthrie, "so I don't suppose she has turned out yet."

"Was she very much frightened last night?"

"Not that I could see. She was reading."

"What?" cried the doctor, "Reading

with the ketch heaving and tossing as she did last night! Colepepper, that daughter of yours is less afflicted with nerves than even I am, I believe."

"Aye," assented the captain, "she's plucky Guthrie, my lad, just rant out that Dutchman—he says he's been a carpenter, among other things—and the pair of you set about rigging some jury bulwarks. Stanchions and life lines will do till we get to Madeira. There's plenty of wood in the hold."

The ketch was deeply laden with a very "dead" cargo, and she did not rise easily to the seas. Her movements were heavy, sullen and sluggish; but for all that she kept pretty dry. Her lines were full and ample, for she was apple bowed, round bottomed and full sterned. She did not pretend to be a race horse or even a well paced hack. She was rather a dray horse of the sea, sturdy, powerful, slow. But, for the work she had to do, no safer type could have been chosen, as the event of the night's struggle surely showed.

Any craft of her tonnage and lading, with less buoyant power than she had, could not have lived through that awful night, for, as the adventurers learned when they touched at Madeira, every coast which felt that gale was strewn with wrecks, and at least a dozen vessels were known to have foundered at sea. But the Eureka, though she lost a considerable portion of her bulwarks and was otherwise scarred and dented, kept on the surface bravely and carried her freight, human and otherwise, all through the blow, with little damage to any of it.



"Here she foundered!"

ery one on board and made all other interests sink into insignificance by comparison with its weird solemnity. Though he had of course known it to be the only object of their voyaging, Guthrie had hitherto hardly been able to think of this adventure as of a real, solemn danger, which the eight souls on board the Eureka had come out to dare. But such undoubtedly it was, and now had come the time for doing it and for proving the truth or falsehood of the hopes with which they had started. Wealth for all of them, if Dr. Tring was right, and if he was wrong—death! Such was the issue which they were now about to put to the proof. No wonder that, beside such a question, other interests faded away to nothing.

During the previous day and all that morning Captain Colepepper had been unwontedly careful and anxious over his observations and over the calculations which he made from them. A little after midday the ketch was put about and worked with the towing log up to a certain spot on the boundless plain of ocean. Then, at five and twenty minutes after noon, the captain ran to the side, and, with his red face showing redder than ever in his excitement, pointed to the waves beneath and cried: "Here she foundered!"

CHAPTER VI.
THE EUREKA TAKES HER FIRST DIVE.

The galleon Santa Catarina, with her richest store of gold and silver and jewels and the armor of her defenders and perhaps their bones, too, if the sea had not dissolved them, lay under the Eureka's keel, and there she had rested, in undisturbed peace, since that long distant day when the Spaniard had fired his magazine sooner than trust to the tender mercies of Nicholas I.

The company of adventurers on board the Eureka leaned over the bulwarks and gazed down into the green depths of the Atlantic beneath them. A hush of awe fell upon them and kept them speechless. With one accord they peered into the waves as though by the exercise of their will power alone they could pierce those silent depths and compel the sea to disclose its secret to their curious eyes. It was an eerie thought that down there in the ooze, 200 fathoms beneath them, lay the harvest of gold which they had come to reap. But it would be a perilous gleaning, and maybe that other reaper, death, would have his innings first and the bones of these eight brave men and women would go to swell the number of those who lie at rest in the wide graveyards of the ocean. It was surely a thought to freeze the speech and make the heart beat fast with fear.

At length Cain Laversha broke the silence.

"It'll be powerful dark down there, zur, won't it?" said he.

"Aye," answered Captain Colepepper shortly, "dark as the grave itself."

"And how far down did 'ee say we be going, zur?"

"Two hundred fathoms, more or less."

"Two hundred fathoms," repeated the farmer slowly. "Quarter of a mile that be, very near." And then he shook his head heavily and relapsed into silence.

"Doctor," said the captain presently in low, anxious tones, "are you quite sure we can stand the pressure? It will be awful!"

"Of course we can!" returned Dr. Tring, with an amount of impatience which, as it was quite unusual in him, showed more plainly than anything else could have done that even his nerves were in a state of tension. He had not flinched when the great liner was upon them in the bay of Biscay and death missed them only by inches, but this

was different, and for once Dr. Tring showed that he could be moved as other men.

"Look here, Colepepper," he said irritably, "we've figured all 't'is out already at 108 Shaftes street, Bristol, haven't we? So there's no need to begin to have doubts now. We know exactly what pressure the Eureka can stand, and according to our calculations, there will be a considerable margin left over for safety even at 200 fathoms. I see no reason to doubt those calculations now. Do you?"

"No, doctor," said the captain, "I don't, but—"

"But!" interrupted Dr. Tring. "There are no 'buts.' Here, I'll go over the thing with you again."

And the two men began pacing the deck, the doctor arguing and enforcing his reasons with energetic gestures and the captain nodding a continuous approval to his friend's words. He did not in reality require to be convinced afresh, but the process was none the less comforting.

"Alan," said Miss Colepepper presently as she watched the two, "is it a very foolishly quest, this of ours? Father seems to be strangely uneasy, and even Dr. Tring isn't quite himself. I don't think I quite realized till now that we really had to take this awful dive."

Guthrie said nothing, but edged a little nearer to the girl and kept his eyes fixed in a kind of fascination on the water beneath.

"It's all down there, I suppose—the gold which is to make us rich," Dolly went on. "Do you know, I've a feeling as though we could see it, and perhaps, too, the dead Spaniards who guard it, if only we stared hard enough. It's a silly thought, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is," returned Guthrie, "but, strangely enough, I have just such a feeling myself. Shall we try?"

"No," retorted Dolly sharply; "we won't! It is silly. We'll go and talk to father and Dr. Tring instead. I want to ask the doctor what we shall see when we go into the depths below. I'll make him draw a picture to us of the world beneath the waters, and afterward, when we are down there, we can compare the reality with his prophecies tonight and point out his mistakes. I do so love to score off Dr. Tring," she added with a laugh. "But he is so fearfully exact that I don't often have a chance."

Presently Captain Colepepper and the doctor finished their deck pacing and the captain went to the helm. The ketch was worked up some two miles to windward of the spot where the calculations had said that the Santa Catarina lay, and then she was hove to for the night.

That evening the two promoters of the enterprise sat on the after skylight, under the stars, and played darts. By the terms of the agreement Dr. Tring would have the command tomorrow, for he was "commander below the surface." It was the end of the captain's term of office, therefore, and he did not play second violin once during the evening; he fiddled the air. The doctor was content with the secondary position and tooted obligato accompaniments. They did not mean their music to be melancholy, but unintentionally it was so. If they started "Scots Wha Hae," it verged insensibly into a minor key and ended in the "Land o' the Leal," and "Home, Sweet Home," which they tried next, started in a wail and ended as a dirge.

The younger pair, full of the excitement of anticipation, could not understand the others' gloom and were even slightly depressed by it themselves, for there is something peculiarly catching about an apparently causeless melancholy. But presently Guthrie, by following the glances of the two musicians, was able to guess what troubled them. He saw that they were constantly casting furtive looks at Dolly, and after awhile it dawned upon him that she was the cause of their anxiety. A remark of the doctor's which the young man heard in the pause while the captain was tightening his E string made this certain.

"If you like, we can put in at one of the islands and drop her there till we are ready to go back."

"No, no," replied the captain decidedly and then added more in a low tone, of which Guthrie could just distinguish the words, "Plucky to the ends of her fingers; fret herself to death if we did."

And to this the doctor replied with an air of relief: "I think you are right. She deserves to come. And I don't believe there's so very much risk after all, at any rate for her."

And then the captain said his fiddle was in tune now. So they started their playing again and rattled through "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and the "Soldiers' March" from "Faust" with an amount of vigor which bore evidence to their pleasure at the decision.

By daylight next morning all hands were busily engaged in getting the Eureka in trim for the great attempt. The hatches were taken off and boat and scuttle butt passed down below, and then the hatches, which were of sheet iron, were replaced and riveted securely into their places. All the canvas was unbuttoned and stowed below, the main companion and skylight were unshipped and replaced with iron plates securely bolted down, and the ketch was made tight as a bottle all over. Every preparation for this had been made by shipwrights before she left Bristol, and the doing of it had absorbed all the available capital, already much bitten into by the purchase of the vessel herself and the necessary stores, some of which, as they were special inventions of Dr. Tring's, were naturally very costly.

Though outwardly little changed, the Eureka was in her new trim probably the strangest vessel that had ever dropped down Bristol channel. Her hull had been of steel to start with, and of unusually massive construction, and her internal structure had been added to till she was of immense strength and capable of enduring enormous compressive pressure. The engines and boilers with which she had been originally fitted were taken completely away, and a smaller crew was substituted for the one which she formerly carried, and an ingenious arrangement of cranks had been fitted to its shaft, so that it could be worked by manual power from the hold. She possessed, also, two large tank partitions, one forward, one abaft, extending from the bow and stern respectively till they met amidships. Each of these was fitted with a valve for admitting the water by which she was to be sunk and was connected also with a powerful force pump, by which this water could be expelled again when she was required to come to the surface. She had, in addition, other special contrivances of the doctor's invention for dealing with the Santa Catarina when they should find her; but these will be described later on.

Rising from the forward part of her deck was a structure which was intended to serve the purpose of a conning tower, from which her movements below the surface would be controlled. It was a small circular room, lighted by windows of thick plate glass. It could be entered only from below, and contained a steering wheel geared on to the tiller by iron bars passing through water-tight packing boxes. From this place it was that the Eureka was to be governed in her search along the sea floor for the foundered galleon and its gold.

While the work of getting all these appliances into order was going forward the captain had caused to be lowered into the water a square of stout canvas stretched on iron bars and suitably buoyed. The Eureka rode to that as the end of a warp, as a sea anchor. Her drift was slow, but as the doctor did not want her to get to leeward of a certain point no time was to be lost, and the eight members of the crew worked willingly and hard at the business of preparation.

The sun was shimmering on the western horizon by the time the work was complete and the wind had died away to nothing. The ketch was heaving gently over a long, low ocean swell, which was untroubled by a zephyr and smooth as though it had been topped with oil.

"Everything ready, doctor!" cried Captain Colepepper at last. "All we have to do is to get below, clap on the fore hatch, bolt it into place and then you can set about sinking her as soon as you like."

The doctor screwed up his leathery wrinkles and shivered. "We should be taking a plunge doubly in the dark if we started now, Colepepper," said he, "and all hands are a bit tired. Will this calm last till morning, do you think?"

"I can't be sure, doctor, but I should say the breeze will come with the sun."

"Then we'll station a one man watch and all the others can turn in. But we must have the air below as untroubled as possible; so everybody must sleep on deck. I'll make an exception in your case, only if you like."

"Nothing of the sort, doctor," replied the girl. "I shouldn't think of it. I'm just an ordinary member of the ship's company, remember, and I shall turn in in a belle etoile like the rest."

So the whole crew bivouacked on deck and recruited their energies with sleep by daylight, and then, going below, cut off all connection with the outer air by screwing down the fore hatch. Already the valves leading to the two great tanks forward and aft had been opened and the sea was pouring into them. The Eureka was riding more sluggishly over the swell than was her wont. In a few minutes she would be diving down to a place where no living man had ever gone before, and who of the crew of eight could say that his heart was free from fear at that moment?

It was a time of breathless excitement, which even Cain Laversha showed that he felt. Dolly, Guthrie and the captain were in the conning tower with Dr. Tring looking with anxious eyes through the strongly glazed ports at the deck without, watching it with a feeling almost of awe as it neared the oily plain of ocean inch by inch. That their craft had the power of sinking was beyond a doubt. But could she rise to the surface again? Calculation and reason-



It was a time of breathless excitement.

ing said yes, but there might be a fault somewhere; for theory and practice are notorious for disagreeing in matters of naval construction.

More and more sluggish grew her movements over the swell as the weight of water ballast increased, and nearer and nearer did the crests of the sullen, oily swells creep to the level of the deck planks.

Then the limit was passed, and the first gulp of green water shot over the bow and trickled lazily down aft. Rapidly after that the decks were covered, and the Eureka began to settle down quickly on an even keel. Soon there was nothing to be seen but the mainmast, with its shrouds and gear, and the green gloom splashed over the windows of the conning tower itself and began to deepen in intensity every moment.

The Eureka had commenced her dive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Illinois Central.

Going East.

No. 2, Chicago & St. Paul Limited—	9:48 p. m.
No. 4, Chicago Express—	1:20 p. m.
No. 20, Omaha & St. Paul Express—	9:30 a. m.
No. 32, Port Dodge Passenger—	8:52 p. m.
No. 52, Chicago Manifest & Stock—	11:15 p. m.
No. 62, East Stock—	6:30 a. m.
No. 64, Local Freight—	1:05 p. m.

Going West.

No. 1, Omaha Limited—	8:57 a. m.
No. 3, Omaha Express—	1:54 p. m.
No. 23, St. Paul & Omaha Express—	7:27 p. m.
No. 31, Council Bluffs Passenger—	8:00 a. m.
No. 61, Manifest Freight—	11:04 a. m.
No. 61, Omaha Stock—	11:15 p. m.
No. 63, Local Freight—	9:20 a. m.

—means daily, —d—daily except Sunday, c—daily except Saturday.

No. 2, arrives Chicago—	10:30 a. m.
No. 4, arrives Chicago—	7:00 a. m.
No. 2, arrives St. Paul—	8:00 a. m., at Minneapolis 7:30 a. m.
No. 26, arrives St. Paul—	7:30 p. m., at Minneapolis 7:00 p. m.
Freight trains No. 33 and No. 94 carry passengers.	

Tickets sold and baggage checked at all points. H. E. CASNER, Agent.

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GOING WEST.

No. 1, Passenger—	6:31 a. m.
No. 91, Way Freight—	8:05 a. m.
No. 3, Passenger—	1:41 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 2, Passenger—	8:51 a. m.
No. 4, Passenger—	7:38 p. m.
No. 94, Stock Freight—	9:06 p. m.
No. 23, Freight—	11:52 p. m.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Going East.

No. 2, Overland Limited—stops—	10:00 p. m.
No. 4, Colorado Special—stops—	9:10 a. m.
No. 6, Atlantic Express—stops—	7:15 p. m.
No. 8, Chicago Express—stops—	9:20 p. m.
No. 10, Local to Chicago—stops—	8:52 p. m.
No. 24, Way Freight—	11:05 a. m.

Going West.

No. 1, Overland Limited—stops—	5:54 a. m.
No. 3, Pacific Express—don't stop—	6:47 a. m.
No. 5, Pacific Express—all stops—	1:15 p. m.
No. 7, Colorado Special—stops—	8:15 p. m.
No. 15, Fast Mail—don't stop—	12:50 p. m.
No. 11, Local to Council Bluffs—stops—	8:25 a. m.
No. 23, Freight—	12:30 p. m.

Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line.

Leave Denison—	7:15 a. m.	6:55 p. m.
Arrive Wall Lake—	9:00 a. m.	8:15 p. m.
Leave Wall Lake—	10:30 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Arrive Denison—	1:10 p. m.	10:15 p. m.

No trains Sunday.

Wall Lake, Boyer & Mondamin.

Freight.	Going West.	Passenger
10:15 a. m.	Boyer.	8:15 p. m.
	Going East.	
5:08 p. m.	Boyer.	11:15 a. m.

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