

# THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

BY  
WEATHERBY CHESNEY,  
AND ALICK MUNRO.

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## CHAPTER XV. BREAKING JAIL.

Dolly took the bad news quietly enough. She heard what Guthrie had to tell her about the hopelessness of trying to escape via the roof. Then she remarked philosophically that it could not be helped. They must just discover some other way out.

"There's no earthly use in our staying here any longer, you know," she added. "We've discussed Nicholas the First and his doings with the most comprehensive fullness, and as he hasn't left me any legacy worth carrying away I admit that my interest in the sinful old filibuster has quite evaporated. Besides, how long is it since you had your last meal, Alan?"

"Breakfast," returned the undergraduate promptly. "About eight hours, isn't it?"

"Quite. Well, that's longer than I'm accustomed to. Therefore I'm developing a most un ladylike appetite. Therefore I mean to return to the Eureka to satisfy that same appetite. Therefore, to put the situation tersely, I mean to leave Nick's snugery immediately. Q. E. D."

"Perhaps the others will contrive to find us," suggested the undergraduate, but with little enthusiasm. "I'm sure Captain Colepepper and Dr. Tring will both do their best as soon as they know we're missing, and they'll root up half the island sooner than not find us."

Dolly sat on the edge of the table and swung a shoe.

"Now, Alan," she said quietly, "you know as well as I do that it's nonsense to expect either dad or Dr. Tring to find us down here. They might perhaps have just a bare chance of doing so if they gave up about a month to the job and were lucky. But I don't think we can wait quite all that time without considerable inconvenience. No; if we don't find some way out of the booby trap by ourselves we shall be starved to death. That was the fate, you remember, which we agreed would probably overtake the members of the Fry family who poked their noses in here."

"Oh, Dolly," broke out the undergraduate with a sudden burst of self-reproach, "what an idiot I was to let you get into this scrape at all!"

The girl laughed with a gaiety which was quite genuine. "As if," she exclaimed with a fine scorn, "as if you had anything to do with it! I like that. Do you really mean to imply, Mr. Guthrie, that you imagine you could have stopped me if I wanted to come? Don't you know that red haired people are always obstinate?"

"Your hair's auburn, Dolly!" said the young man.

"That's a mere quibble. Besides, auburn's worse, if anything, for obstinacy. But never mind my hair now. We're wasting time. I'm just horribly hungry already, and as I don't want to get much hungrier, I'm going to leave this ancestral cabin with the smallest possible delay."

Guthrie looked at the girl admiringly. Her courage was magnificent, and it was, moreover, of that quality which, in straits of this kind, has a way of working impossibilities. The young man, seeing it, felt the infection and was ashamed of his own perfectly natural misgivings.

"I'm with you in that, Dolly," he cried heartily. "Tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

"Then go and inspect that automatic letter box thing which dropped us in here, and see if the return journey by the same route isn't possible. I'll climb up through the skylight, meanwhile, and admire the prospect up there."

Guthrie helped her up through the little manhole, and then dropping back on to the floor of the dusty den, set about the piece of exploration which she had commanded. He opened the low door which bore the insulting inscription, "Ye Bobo, Hys Trappe," and carefully inspected, for the second time, the wooden slide and its surroundings.

His survey was no cursory one. He examined every nook and cranny, he pulled up the heap of mouldering rushes which lay at the foot of the sloping boards, in the hope of finding a vague something hidden beneath it. He tried to pull away one of the planks of the shoot, thinking that, perhaps, he might be able to swarm up the edge of its neighbor. But without tools he found that he could not even start the boards, and, if he had been able to do so, it would still have been useless, for above the upper edge of the planking was a sheer drop of at least ten feet beneath that fatal swinging door, and the rock which guarded it sloped outward.

Nicholas the First's ingenuity had been little short of fiendish when he schemed that safeguard to his snugery. Having finished his survey unsuccessfully, Guthrie returned to the little room, threw himself down upon the lid of the sea chest, and, moodily drumming his foot against its side, waited for Dolly to reappear.

His thoughts were not pleasant. Tom Jelly had once told him what starvation was like, for the one armed man had tried it, some ten years ago, in an open boat. It was the solitary subject upon which he could be anything like eloquent. In the memory of the horrors of that terrible cruise his generally torpid intelligence would waken, and the

weight has spoiled everything. Perhaps though," he added with a thin, unenthusiastic smile, "after a couple of days without grub, I may be just about light enough."

"H'm!" commented Dolly. "I don't admire the prospect of two days' more starvation. I've had quite enough of it already. Don't you remember, Alan, that you were heavier than I was by ever a stone when we got weighed at Bristol? I don't think I've got much plumper since then, although the doctor was chaffing me about it only yesterday. However, we will soon see."

She grasped the rope and cautiously raised herself up by it. The ladder bore her weight without a movement.

"But, Dolly," exclaimed the undergraduate, "you can't go up that beastly thing!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, it may break, or you may fall, or—anything! And even if you did get to the top all right, it would be awfully dangerous for you to haul yourself up into the cave without help from above."

"Now, Alan," retorted the girl sharply, "don't be foolish, please! If you want to stay here till you've starved off two stone of your weight, I'll openly confess that I don't."

She raised her knees and hauled herself a foot farther up the rope. Then she stopped and, having convinced herself that her weight could not move the ladder, lowered herself on to the wood-work again.

"Alan," she said, "go below."

"Whatever for? No, Dolly, let me be at hand here in case anything happens. You may fall. Perhaps I could catch you, or—"

"Alan!"

"Yes?"

"Go."

Alan went, and Dolly slid on the hatch above him.

Down below the young man listened with straining, anxious attention. He heard a little squeak from her shoes as she took off from the boarding, and then a gentle panting as she worked her way upward. The sounds grew fainter, till he could hear them no longer. There was a minute's awful suspense, in which his feet tingled to be up on the stool and through the skylight again. He imagined all sorts of possibilities—if the girl should fall, or if one of the knots should come undone—

There was a slight jar on the boarding overhead and then a gleeful hail from the climber.

"Aho, below there! The ladder waits, your excellency!"

## CHAPTER XVI. CAIN LAVERSHA GOES POACHING.

By the time that Dolly and the undergraduate had picked their way out of the long rock gallery which led to Nick's snugery it was almost dark, and there was still the better part of an hour's hard scrambling to be done before they could hope to reach the Eureka again. Indeed, the journey took them considerably longer than an hour, for the rocky gullies and thorny knolls which they had to traverse needed careful walking even, in the daytime, and now, in the rapidly growing darkness, they were doubly dangerous. Fortunately there was a moon, but moonbeams are not the most reliable light in which to go rock climbing, even if one is quite sure of the track.

The ketch's riding lamp served as a beacon to lead them in the right direction, and without its help it is most certain that they would more than once have gone very far astray indeed in their efforts to retrace the path which they had taken in the morning, for in the moonlight the shadows gave deceptive appearances of easy gullies where there were in reality nothing but ugly holes and of gentle slopes which a closer approach showed to be sheer precipices. Every step had to be picked, and carefully picked too.

When they reached to within a quarter of a mile of the Eureka, the rest was easy, for they were now upon the sandy, level beach once more. And here they came upon Dr. Tring.

The doctor was striding along quickly, a gaunt, black shadow in the moonbeams. At a hail from Guthrie he stopped.

"Guthrie aho!" he cried. "Are you all right?"

"All right it is!" answered the undergraduate.

"Both of you?"

"Both of us!" shouted Dolly. "Rather tired and fearfully hungry. That's all. Where's father?"

The doctor shifted his helm and bore down upon them. About a fathom away from them he stopped, fiddled for his glass and put it in his eye, and then he crammed both his fists deep into his pockets and stared hard at the truant. He said nothing. His leathery features were screwed up as if he were going to whistle, but no sound came out from between the puckered lips.

"Well!" he remarked presently.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

Under that stare Guthrie had begun to feel uncomfortable. Dolly, as usual, took matters coolly. She knew how to manage most people and among them, of course, Dr. Tring.

"We're very sorry for outstaying our leave," she said demurely. "But we couldn't help it. We were boxed up and couldn't get out. We've had a very tiring day, and we've missed two meals."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the doctor, letting his eyeglass topple down and his features smooth themselves out again. "So you have! What a fool I was not to do the St. Bernard dog trick—brandy bottle and Bath bun. However, come along at once."

"Where's the dad?" asked Dolly.

"As the Yankees would say, 'Teasing around.' He began to get anxious about you a couple of hours ago, and I dare say he's fully convinced by this time that one of you is not both of you will have to be carried back to the Eureka on a stretcher."

"I say, doctor."

"Well?"

"Go and tell him, do, and save us the wiggling. We couldn't help it really. You see, it was this way—"

"Never mind the yarn now," interrupted Dr. Tring. "Here we are at the boat. Henrietta will put you on board, and I'll go and find your father and tell him you're all right. Afterward you can give us the whole yarn."

"Mind you explain to the dad that we couldn't help it," insisted the girl.

"H'm! I'll tell him that you say you couldn't, but you've still got to prove that, you know, miss," answered the doctor, with a very feeble pretense at severity.

He turned away inland again, and the others went down to the boat. Henrietta squeaked a curt greeting, and as she was shoving off remarked that the "cap'n had took on bad about Miss Dolly."

"Poor old dad," remarked Miss Colepepper ten minutes afterward, when she and Guthrie had taken the keenest edge off their appetites—"he's always fussy and nervous about me. Alan, do you consider we've wasted this day?"

Now it so happened that cold beef and pickles prevented the undergraduate from giving an articulate reply to Dolly's question at that particular moment. But he shook his head most vigorously.

"We haven't found the spring of fresh water we were sent to seek, you know," suggested Dolly slyly.

"I don't care if we haven't," replied the young man unblushingly. "I'm glad, in fact, because we can spend another day like this in looking for it."

"Oh!" murmured Miss Colepepper quietly and dropped the subject.

There was, however, as it turned out, no necessity for another day to be spent in the search for the needed fresh water, because Captain Colepepper had found it himself. The spring was only about 100 yards from the part of the beach where the Eureka was lying, and the captain had lit upon the spot accidentally, while he was engaged in turning the island of Piper's cay upside down to find the two authorized water searchers.

"No more shore leave for anybody at present," he declared that evening, therefore, when he had heard his daughter's tale. "It doesn't seem to be safe, and, besides, we've got plenty of work for all hands, without wasting our time in playing hide and seek all over the island. Tomorrow we'll set about the fill-

ing of the water casks and the other jobs that brought us to Piper's cay. I don't want to stay here a day longer than is necessary to put the ketch into proper trim for another attempt on the Santa Catarina's money box. We've got through a fairish bit of the repairing work today, while you two youngsters have been amusing yourselves by tumbling into my piratical ancestor's mantraps. But there's still three days' work good to be done before I shall declare the Eureka in fit trim to weather an Atlantic blow, so we'll make it four bells, doctor, and all hands to take their watch below. We shall make an early start tomorrow."

But, as it proved, the general overhaul of the ketch was not destined to begin on that next day, after all, for in the morning at breakfast Tom Jelly made a statement that gave the whole crew other work to do. The one armed sailor arrived at the foot of the companion with a very embarrassed grin peeping from among the jungle of black hair on his face. He kneaded his cap nervously in his hand and did not seem to be able to speak at all till the captain had twice exclaimed, "Come, out with it, Tom!"

At last, with a loud introductory "H'm!" the man began his explanation.

"Why, cap'n, it's that lubber Cain! And there he fetched up short."

"Well!" said the skipper, with a trifle of impatience. "What's the matter with him? He hasn't been running away, has he?"

"Why, cap'n," replied Jelly, "I believe you've about hit it. You see, it was this a-ways: Cain and me was ashore with the jolly las' thing las' night, and Cain, he says, 'Tom,' says he, 'I bin a poacher, I bin.'"

"Oh!" says I. "Have you reely now?"

"A dasprit poacher," says he, 'afors Zusan Pierce took me in hand, and the longing's coming on me again now. If I don't go poach this night, I'st bust.'"

"Surely not," says I, shifting to wind'ard of him a trifle.

"Surely, yes," says he. "Zusan Pierce not being 'ere, 'tis poach or bust."

"What's the use of telling us all this rigmarole?" broke in the doctor impatiently.

"With due respect," said the voice of Tom from behind the black jungle, "you'd better hear the whole yarn. Well, I says to him, I says, 'Cain, when'll you have done?'"

"Sun up," says he, 'sees me standing where us is now.'"

"Then says I, always being wishful to

go the kind to a shipmate, though he be but a cook with the clay still yaller on his heels: 'Here goes, then, for shoving off wi'out you. But sun up Cain La-what's-un's-name or I'll be getting into trouble.'"

"Sun up, Tom Jelly," says 'ee, an starts off into the scrub, leaving me to scull the jolly aboard by myself. Now, cap'n, that was how it began, but, though sun up see me ashore again and though I waited a matter of two hours, no Cain hove in view. So off I sculls again to the ketch and tells the whole business to 'Enrietta, 'er bein fust person to hear it."

"Tom Jelly," says she, 'you be a blamed fool! Them's the very words, cap'n—'blamed fool!' And,' says she, 'get below, you black avised swab, and tell the skipper at once! Terrible clever woman 'Enrietta be, gentlemen all and miss.'"

The man was going on, but Captain Colepepper put his rambling short with a "That'll do!" whereupon he saluted with his solitary fist and tumbled up the ladder.

"What does this mean, Colepepper?" the doctor asked, picking his wig up from a locker and clapping it on his bare coronet. "The fellow can't have been trying to desert, can he?"

"I don't see that there's anywhere to desert to," replied the captain perplexedly.

"Caves and booby traps," suggested Dolly.

"Ah," said the doctor, "of course! I fancy that's more to the point, Colepepper. It seems likely enough that this infernal island fairly bristles with pleasant surprises of that kind. That great lumbering fool evidently went off under the impression that he was going to lay hands on black game or red deer, as he was probably accustomed to do on Dartmoor, when he carried less flesh on his bones. I've heard of men getting a touch of that sort of madness when they find themselves ashore after a long spell at sea. The only thing which surprises me is that this plethoric clod should have had enough imagination or energy for such an adventure."

"He'll have found some cozy niche, I expect," said the captain, "and have tumbled off to sleep. We shall hear him bawling, like one of his brother Abel's bulls, from the shore there in the course of the morning, asking to be taken off again. If he'd only screw his voice up into some sort of a decent sea hail, I believe I'd let him off without a wigging. Now, on deck, all hands, and set to getting the work done! Thanks to my scurry round yesterday after you two youngsters, I've found the place where Piper and my scoundrelly ancestor or some of the other blackguards of the old days used to heave their craft down. It'll fit the Eureka as though it had been built for her."

They got the anchor up, and, putting the ketch under jib and mizzen, worked her into the miniature bay which the captain had noted. It was rather delicate work getting in, as the whole place was not bigger than a dock basin, but the captain had the boat out to get warps ashore, and before he piped down to dinner the Eureka was snugly moored by shore fasts at stern and bow. One of the sides of this tiny harbor was steep to, and by getting out a couple of springs and slacking up a trifle on the other warps they were able to heave her close in, and then, after slipping out the gangway, a bridge of planks put them in direct communication with land.

And when all this was done, still no Cain Lavarsna had returned.

"I'm afraid, Colepepper," said the doctor anxiously, "that your sleep theory is a wrong one, after all. I fear the fellow has got pitted like the young people were."

"It looks as if you might be right, doctor," admitted the captain, with some irritation. "Confound the lout! I don't suppose he'd have the sense to find us in our new moorings, either, if he did come down to the shore and found that the ketch wasn't exactly where he'd seen her last. I wish I'd left her where she was and gone to lock for the man this morning."

"We must have volunteers for a search party," said Dr. Tring.

"No, I'll take all hands," replied the captain. "We shall be more likely to find him quickly if we spread well, and no harm can come to the ketch where she is lying now."

Five minutes after this the whole crew was ashore, with instructions to advance straight across the island and not to be afraid of giving tongue as soon as they saw any sign which might lead them to the missing farmer.

"Half a minute, Guthrie, my lad," added the captain, as the undergraduate was setting off with Miss Colepepper. "Send Henrietta to look after them," suggested Dr. Tring, with a grin.

"Right, I will. Thanks for the idea, doctor. Here, Henrietta, go as nursery maid with my daughter and Guthrie and see that they don't break their own necks or yours. Try the pirate's snugery first, Guthrie. That fool of a farmer may have tumbled into the very same trap as you did."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Guthrie, and then added in a tone which only Dolly could hear: "Confound Henrietta! But we'll try to lose her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Maryland.

Baltimore, Nov. 7.—President McKinley carried Baltimore city by a majority of 6,995. The returns from the counties are meagre, but official advices from 81 scattered precincts out of 354 give him 18,285, as against 16,197 for Bryan, thus assuring him a majority of at least 10,000 in the state. The defeat of the Democrats has been thorough and surprising, it being certain that they have lost five out of the six congressional districts, with the probabilities in favor of a clean sweep by the loss of the other.

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She raised her knees and hauled herself a foot farther up the rope.