

# THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

BY  
WEATHERBY CHESNEY,  
AND ALICK MUNRO.

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## CHAPTER XVII A BLOOD MARKED OAR.

When Guthrie announced to Miss Colepepper his intention of managing to lose Henrietta, he was no doubt perfectly serious, but he reckoned without the sailor woman's natural instinct of faithfulness to the spoken order of her captain. Henrietta had been told to nursery maid the two young people, and, inasmuch as she was a sailor, she stuck grimly to her ordered duty; but, inasmuch as she was at the same time a woman, she had a kindly feeling for the lovers, and therefore trudged stolidly along as far behind them as was consistent with the duty demands of her conscience. And by this compromise she succeeded in the difficult task of carrying out her orders to the satisfaction both of herself and of her charges.

They found the cave in which Nicholas the First had established his inhospitable snugery in exactly the same condition in which they had left it. So it was obvious that the burly farmer had not been there.

"But I don't think," pronounced Dolly, "that there's the least likelihood of his having followed the shore route at all. There's far too much climbing hereabout to suit his taste. He'd be sure to take the easiest path he could find. So we ought to stand the best chance of finding him by following his example and picking out the smooth bits."

"What do you think, Henrietta?" asked Guthrie.

"Well, you see," said the woman, "he told that muddling fool, Tom Jelly, that he was going poaching, and he naturally wouldn't expect to find his game along the coast. So most likely he's gone inland."

"So you think we'd better strike inland too?"

"Yes, sir and miss, I do," said Mrs. Jelly.

They took her advice and struck up into the country, but they found the going very disagreeable, for the ground was for the most part covered with a dense scrub of clinging bastard palm. Single plants of this growing in flowerpots make graceful enough ornaments for an English drawing room, no doubt, but when they are packed into a thick jungle and fostered by tropical heat they form a most unpleasant medium through which to be compelled to press a way. The stalk of each fan leaf is furnished on either side with sharp hooks, which point down the hill, and these have a way of taking toll from the flesh and wearing apparel of the climber which is, to say the least, irritating.

The part of the island which they were now exploring was made up of low hillocks and shallow gullies, and on all the upper ground this rank scrub flourished luxuriantly. In the hollows there was less of it, and its place was taken by a tall, coarse grass which often grew shoulder high. To force a passage through this and through the palm scrub, whose graceful fronds not infrequently arched completely over the searchers' heads, was sultry work enough, and the burly farmer who had made it necessary was at the moment in danger of becoming distinctly unpopular.

The West Indian sun was blazing in a cloudless sky up above them like a great furnace of brass, and the gentle breeze was not strong enough to penetrate the dense, leafy covers and give them relief. However, occasionally they came across a projecting knoll of barren rock, so smooth that the rains allowed no soil to collect upon its surface, and at such places as these they found that they could get a refreshing breath of purer, cooler air.

"There doesn't seem to be much in the way of sport for friend Cain," observed Guthrie during one of the breathing halts. "Barring sea gulls and small green parrots, we haven't seen a living thing."

Dolly gave her cheek a hasty smack. "You forget the mosquitoes," she said. "I'm sure they're very much alive. What with them and the sand flies and the other abominations, I'm just being walked away with piece-meal. Can't we get out of this place of torment?"

"It seems all much of a muchness," said Guthrie, "but over there, to the left a bit, there's a knoll which, from what one may judge from here, should be about the highest point of the island. I vote we go up there and prospect. We may find, at least, a paradise moderately free from mosquitoes."

The undergrowth thinned a little as they neared this slight upland, as though the soil were poorer and would not support such rank herbage as grew on the lower slopes and in the bosky hollows between them, and when the climbers gained the crest their way was impeded by nothing worse than sparse tufts of grass which rarely reached to the knee.

"Hello!" exclaimed Guthrie, as he stumbled and nearly fell over something lying in the cover just below the top-most curve of the summit. "What have we here?"

A fine brown dust which had spurted out under the influence of the young man's involuntary kick said "wood," and a further examination showed that the wood had once been dressed by cutting tools.

"It's a spar of some kind," pronounced Henrietta, who had come up

land, and now that you have come across this irrefutable evidence that we may have callers popping in upon us presently, I confess I should like to have some testimonial to my honesty before I make ready to receive them with open arms. You see, I can't think of any reason for their presence here at all, or rather there's no reason which is at the same time obvious and lawful. There are plenty of unlawful ones, of course, without going so far as actual piracy."

"Do you think they've got hold of friend Cain?" asked Guthrie.

"Looks very like it, doesn't it?" was the answer.

"But what on earth could they want with him?" exclaimed Dolly.

"Don't know, miss," returned the doctor, "and that's another thing which rouses my suspicions. They wouldn't have detained him without a purpose of some sort, and without being able to guess what that purpose could be, I admit that I none the less doubt its honesty."

"Oh, but"—cried Dolly—"isn't it possible that poor Cain may have met with an accident—fallen, for instance, and broken his arm? The people with the boat may have rescued him and may be looking after him?"

Dr. Tring smiled. "You want to make out a good character for the man with the blistered hand, eh, Dolly?" he said dryly. "Quite right! He may be all that you suppose him, but I'm rather afraid that the chances are the other way. In the meantime, till we know better what sort of people we shall have to deal with, I don't propose to leave the Eureka without an anchor watch any longer. The £5,000 worth of Spanish treasure which she has on board is too much temptation to put in the way of the saints of the West Indies, so I'm going straight back to her now. Dolly, you'd better come with me."

"Yes," said the girl, "I will. I confess to being tired."

"Then Guthrie," continued the doctor, "you and Henrietta may as well explore those rocks ahead there. Dolly's notion that the farmer may have met with an accident is quite a possible one; the man's fool enough for anything. It's quite on the cards that he's lying somewhere lamed, and that the boat people have nothing to do with his disappearance at all. Be back at the ketch by dark and look out for possible traps."

"No sign of the farmer anywhere," pronounced Guthrie at length, after a long and careful scrutiny.

"No," said Dolly, "but there's a thing down there which puzzles me—down on the beach near that big black boulder. What do you make of it?"

She pointed to the place, about half a mile away, where the gleaming white fore shore was nearest to them. Guthrie made a telescope of his hands to avoid the blinding glare from above, and stared for some time at the thing which had attracted Dolly's attention.

"It looks like an oar," he declared presently.

"That's exactly what I thought," replied the girl. "Suppose we go nearer and make certain."

So on they trudged again and found that half mile to the shore the worst bit of going they had come across so far.

"It is an oar!" exclaimed Dolly triumphantly, when at last they came out on to the open beach.

"And look-ee there!" cried Henrietta. "See that blood on the handle of it, scarcely hard yet! This oar's been used by a chap with a blister on his hand. Look-ee, the blood chips away when I scratch it with my nail. There's been no rain fallen on this 'ere, and we had rain only two days ago."

"Oars don't grow out of coral sand," pronounced Dolly excitedly, "nor do they drop from the clouds, that I've ever heard, nor do ghosts carry them about, or, if they do, they don't leave fresh blood stains on them! Alan, I think it's allowable to suppose that a boat has been in here, and under the circumstances we might even take it for granted that Cain went off in that boat."

"It looks like it, certainly, but where on earth could a boat come from?"

"Best call the doctor, hadn't you, sir?" suggested Mrs. Jelly. "The captain said as how we was to give tongue if we found anything."

"Right, Henrietta! You go to the top of that rock and wave to him. He's not more than a couple of hundred yards off, for I saw him just now."

The woman went, and the others ran down to the water's edge to look for footsteps or the impress of a keel or some other trace which might confirm their guess about a boat, but, though they searched high and low for some distance along the shore in both directions from the oar, they found nothing. If there had been any such marks, the wavelets had completely washed them away.

"H'm!" said Dr. Tring when he was shown the oar, with its fresh blood marks. "I tell you what, young people, I don't half like this."

"What is it, doctor—pirates?" asked Dolly, with a thrill of awe. For amid these surf-guarded solitudes such a thing did not seem to her to be impossible even at the end of the nineteenth century. There was an atmosphere about Piper's cay which suggested mystery and crime.

"No; hardly so bad as that," replied Dr. Tring, with a laugh, "but I didn't look for company of any sort in the is-

land, and now that you have come across this irrefutable evidence that we may have callers popping in upon us presently, I confess I should like to have some testimonial to my honesty before I make ready to receive them with open arms. You see, I can't think of any reason for their presence here at all, or rather there's no reason which is at the same time obvious and lawful. There are plenty of unlawful ones, of course, without going so far as actual piracy."

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"No fear of them," returned the young man with a laugh. "Henrietta and I will take care not to step on any more swinging booby snares."

"Mind you do," said the doctor, "but that was not exactly what I meant. I was thinking more of the possibility that the man with the blister might prove dangerous."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'll be on my guard against him, too," said the young man confidently. "He shan't catch me napping!"

But he did.

CHAPTER XVIII  
THE CAVE OF GREEN LIGHT.

The undergraduate and the manlike sailor woman started off briskly enough for the rock gully which Dr. Tring had bidden them explore. But very soon the nature of the ground compelled them to lessen their pace.

The fine beach of coral debris first gave place to rough shingle; then small rocks began to crop out here and there, and then the fore shore grew to be nothing but one huge jumbled tangle of honeycombed stone. They worked their way painfully along about half a mile of this, scrambling and clambering, and then Guthrie had to stop and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Not much use going farther, is there, Henrietta?" said he. "Cain Laversha would never have given himself the trouble of climbing over ground like this. Even the heat of the poaching fever in his blood couldn't work such a miracle."

"No, I don't think he'd do it—not willing, that is," returned the woman promptly. "But he might have been forced to do it. Then as left the blood mark on that oar we found might—see here, sir," she broke off. "What's that?"

She was pointing to a huge gray boulder in front of her. There were three or four unmistakably new scarrings on it, where a hobnailed boot had slipped, struggled to recover and then brought its owner down by the run. Guthrie examined the marks. They were plain reading. The wearer of the boot had stepped on an inch wide ledge. Under his weight the film of stone which formed the substance of the ledge had scaled off clean and sharp like a knife cut.

"And see," cried Henrietta, "there's the mark where his other toe slipped! There aren't any hobnailed scarrings there, but there's a shiny red line, made by a copper toe cap!"

"It's our friend Cain's spoor, right enough!" exclaimed Guthrie. "We must push on and find him. Ten to one those lumbering brogues of his have brought him to bad grief over a slippery boulder somewhere."

Now the fact that the farmer should have been wearing such uncouth foot-

gear needs a word or explanation. To Dr. Tring's amusement and Captain Colepepper's wrath, he had come aboard the ketch at Bristol in precisely the same brocade attire in which he had first made his appearance at the little house in Shaftoe street—hobnailed boots, yellow gaiters, tight overcoat and hard, square bowler hat, all complete. When this unseamanlike rig out caught the skipper's eye, he had nearly exploded. "You haymaking ox!" he had roared. "D'you think I'm going to have my decks knocked into sieves by those infernal stubble mashers? Take them off your feet, sharp, or take yourself off the Eureka! And I'm hanged if I care much which you do!"

And so Cain had to ship a pair of smooth soled shoes instead, and the headgear difficulty was satisfactorily settled by a callous squall, which took charge of his stiff hat in the Bristol channel.

But to the rest of his attire he stuck like a man on the surface and beneath it. Indeed report said that he was so much attached to the yellow leather gaiters that he invariably slept in them at night. With these trifles, however, the captain did not interfere. "Might as well try to make a sewing machine into a sailor as that fellow Cain," he declared resignedly. "So let him stick to his rig, and then Jones'll know to stow him in the regular handmen's locker, if he gets down there."

Now, Cain was not an emotional man, but the separation from those inch soled boots touched him, for it was like losing a part of himself. And so, as he was not allowed to wear them on board, he hung them up in the caboose and there anointed them daily with copious libations of grease with all the devotion of a nigger to a fetich, and when the Eureka ran into the anchorage at Piper's cay and word was given for all hands to go ashore the farmer replaced his feet in their favorite coverings again, mounted the tightly buttoned fawn colored overcoat and, with a borrowed felt hat of Tom Jelly's to replace the one he had lost, was in all outward respects the same individual who had fled from the unkindness of that "tarrible hard man Abel" at the instigation of Zusan Pierce. Such attire in such a climate was provocative of laughter, but the wearer was not sensitive, and the shower of chaff which was rained on him seemed only to have the effect of confirming him in his love for the uncouth habiliments. Like a child's headless and armless doll, they were all the dearer for being despised.

Thus it was therefore that the red copper streak and the parallel scarrings told a plain tale to the two people from the Eureka, and with the certain knowledge that the farmer had gone before them they hurried on over the boulders at their best pace.

The going was still very bad, and it got worse as they proceeded. Indeed as Guthrie, nimble footed though he was, stumbled and floundered among the rocks, he wondered how the clumsy Somersetshire man had managed to get over the ground at all. The reason of his absence seemed in the light of the rock scarrings clear as daylight now. He had slipped somewhere and disabled himself. His shipmates were sorry for him, of course, but at the same time they confessed to one another that it served him right. A man of his build, they agreed, ought never to have gone tramping over such an abominable obstacle track.

"We shall not be able to carry him back the way he came," declared Henrietta. "We couldn't tote Miss Dolly herself over them rocks, let alone Cain Laversha, and she isn't half his weight or near it. We shall just have to drag him down to the water's edge somehow and then bring the boat round from the Eureka for him. Eh? But what's this, thought?" she cried. "We seem to have come to the end of the road!"

They had reached a turn in the path. The steep cliff walls of the gully drew together from either side and met one another, and the tumbled, honeycombed fragments at their foot ran no farther. The arm of the sea which had followed the windings of the gully so far lapped the foot of a 40 foot precipice.

"As the worthy Cain is not a fly," observed Guthrie, "I don't see that he can have got along there. He must have turned back again. Perhaps he's got jammed in some cranny and we've passed him on the road. We must keep a better lookout on the way back and give tongue as we go."

But Henrietta had pulled herself up on to a little spire and was peering eagerly forward.

"We haven't got to the end yet, sir, after all," she reported. "There's a path down below there that seems to lead round a bend."

About a yard or so from the water's edge there was a break in the cliff which offered a three foot path, at any rate, round the next angle. What lay beyond, they could not of course tell, but they resolved to find out. A convenient fissure helped them down, and in another couple of minutes they were stepping briskly along a hard, level foot-path.

"Better traveling, this, Henrietta," exclaimed Guthrie thankfully, "and more to our heavy friend's taste, I should fancy! Perhaps he's so charmed with it that he has made up his mind to stay here permanently sooner than toil over those abominable rocks again, or perhaps he's come across an attractive mermaid and fallen in love with her and so taken to a fish diet and a damp bed for the rest of his days."

"No," retorted Henrietta with a smile, "he wouldn't do that, I'm thinking; he'd be afraid of Zusan Pierce getting to hear of it, you see, sir!"

By this time they had reached the angle of the cliff and a new prospect opened out before them. Some 20 yards in front lay the entrance of a cave, into which the low swell of the lagoon ran backward and forward unceasingly, with a gentle sighing whisper. The narrow path they were following seemed to run far away up into the cool depths of the cave. Had the farmer gone along it? Yes, for there on the

stone were the groovings from the hobnailed and a faint red streak from the copper toe cap.

"Run to earth at last! Cain ahoy!" shouted the undergraduate, as he hurried forward beneath the archway. The long echoes of the cave howled the words back to him.

"Cain Laversha aho-o-o-y!" he repeated.

"Aho-o-o-y!" boomed the stone walls again, but no human voice answered.

"Poor chap! He's nebber knocked himself senseless and doesn't hear us," suggested Henrietta, as she hurried along the narrow causeway of the cavern.

Once the archway at the entrance was passed direct daylight ceased and the cave was filled instead with a curious soft, green glow. The effect was ghastly; there were fantastic green shapes in stone on all sides; there were green, phantomlike fish swimming in the clear

water, and there were green sea shrubs trailing up to its surface. Guthrie held out his own brown fist in front of him. It was pale as a dead man's. There was an atmosphere of eeriness about the cave which made both of its explorers shiver involuntarily, and at the same time their first eager trot became insensibly reduced to a sober walk. But that indeed the failing green light made necessary.

The water channel curved somewhat, and the lazy impulses from the low swell of the lagoon did not penetrate far beyond the entrance of the cavern. In 20 yards their influence had ceased entirely and the quiet dark water looked like ice. There was a chill, too, in the air which added to this effect, and, coming straight from the hot glare without, both Guthrie and the woman felt it keenly.

The oppression of the cavern's eeriness increased as the light grew dimmer, and an inclination, almost overpowering, to turn tail seized upon the undergraduate. With a great effort he thrust it back and led the way on through the green, ghastly twilight, rubbing his hands together for warmth. A little way ahead the cave seemed to turn abruptly at right angles or perhaps to come to an end altogether, for at any rate it went no farther in its present direction. And yet, there was no sign to be seen of the missing farmer.

A deep toned "Hist!" close at hand made the young man turn sharply.

The dark muzzle of a gun barrel hung steadily, like a round spot of ink in the green gloom, not ten inches away from his eyes.

He gave an involuntary start and stepped a pace backward. Henrietta was close behind him, and he bumped against her. The woman lost her footing and made a grab at him to save herself from falling into the water. As her fingers clutched him Guthrie felt himself being carried helplessly backward by her weight, and the next moment there was a splash as the pair of them met the cold water below.

As the green wave closed in gurgling bubbles over his head the young man heard a harsh laugh burst out and clang discordantly among the echoes of the cavern. With a flash of angry recollection he thought of his boast and realized that he had allowed himself to be trapped by the man with the bloody blister, after all.

Then the frantic clutch of an arm about his neck reminded him of a more pressing danger of the moment, for the woman's fingers had closed with the frenzy of a drowning grip upon his throat, and Guthrie knew that she could not swim a stroke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Gin Rickey.

The Irishman who had never tasted a gin rickey ordered one so as to impress his friends. The bartender never had heard of a rickey, but he was ashamed to admit his ignorance, so he put a mixing glass under the bar and made a guess at it.

Then he leaned back to await results. The Irishman sipped at the beverage and shook his head approvingly.

"By gorry, 'tis a fine rickey," he said. "It ought to be," said the bartender. "I put in everything except the license."—Chicago Record.

Brakes.

Hand brakes, to assist in the stopping of trains, were introduced as early as 1849. Twenty years later the air-brake was patented, which enabled power from the locomotive to be transmitted through hose simultaneously to the brakes of all the cars in a train—a wonderful invention. In 1863 the coaches were connected by patent couplers, another measure of strength and safety.

Senoras and Senoritas.

The married and unmarried women of the United States of Colombia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the senoras wearing them on the right side and the senioritas on the left.



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