

Will Search For Pirates' Treasure

JOHN J. BAXTER is just back from the Philippines and Spice Islands with a stirring story of hairbreadth adventures in an effort to recover a lot of treasure buried by a band of South Sea pirates. The rendezvous of these pirates in the Sulu archipelago was surprised and razed by the Sultan's orders several months ago. Nearly all the cutthroats were exterminated. One American adventurer, Clifford Peters, was instrumental in aiding one of the pursued sub-chiefs. In return, the pirate told him where the treasure was buried. Later on Clifford Peters was badly wounded in a Penang resort, and before he died he told the secret to his friend Baxter. Baxter declares he could walk straight to the treasure if a half score of vigilant Malay pirates did not stand in the way. These pirates do not know exactly where the cache is, but they know it is close to a certain spot, and they are dead set determined that no one but themselves shall capture it. Baxter would have interested Luzon parties in trying to lift the loot, but he was afraid that any crew signed there would prove as treacherous as the pirates, so he determined to return home, get friends to stand in with him and outfit a suitable vessel, properly manned. As he puts it:

"I am dead certain that I can get the treasure if I have the right kind of men to help me, and I don't want to take any risks of losing it, once I have got it on shipboard. That's the reason I have come to this country to get equipments."

Baxter is a comparatively young man. He entered the University of California as a special, and left just before the Spanish war, went into business in the local agency of an Eastern firm, and soon after the war was dispatched to the Philippines to ascertain the chances of developing trade there. He is a careful, shrewd fellow, and never allows himself to be carried outside the regular channels of business into speculative realms. Cent per cent is his motto. That is why his friends declare that there must be a goodly amount of treasure buried in the alleged place, else Baxter would not be wasting his time and money in getting up a company to go after it. Cliff Peters was really the first white man who located the pirate treasure. Peters was a rough-and-ready adventurer, a relic of the spirits of swashbuckler days, a man who would have been conspicuous had he lived in the venturesome days of Raleigh and Drake. Baxter first met Peters in a preparatory school here. At that time he was planning to go to the university, but a school chum whose father had a cattle range in Arizona bore him south on a vacation. Thereafter schoolboy days were ended for Peters. The free life of the range was too much for his spirits. He drifted over the Mexican border, then drifted out of sight for several years, till one day several of his friends bumped into him packing his stuff over the Chikoot pass in the first wild stampede for the Klondike. He was still the same Peters, full of adventure and devil may care, out for anything. He roamed over Alaska, and experienced all the ups and downs of a man who is just missing a fortune.

When the Spanish war came he was off to the Philippines, but not as a soldier. Peters always declared he would never sign a contract to work for Uncle Sam or any other man for a year or more. He always wanted to be his own boss, besides he thought there was more money to be picked up in the wake of the army by a man who had his wits about him. General Otis and his subordinates made it warm in and about Manila for Peters and his ilk, but Peters didn't mind that. He was after a big clean-up, and he knew it was somewhere in the Philippines, and all that was required was a little time and patience to locate and lift it. But presently Manila got too hot for Peters and he started again on his drifting, this time along those seductive currents that wind in and out among the thousands and one captivating South Sea Islands. From Luzon he went to Palawan, then to Iloilo and thence to Mindanao. From there it

was only a step across the Basilian Straits to the string of islands that stretch across the sea to the big island of Borneo and form the territory of his magnificent Excellency the Sultan of Sulu.

That rival of the sun, the Sultan of Sulu, got up one morning about six months ago feeling very much out of sorts. He may have been bilious, he may not have slept well; anyhow, things seemed to go wrong from the moment he got out of bed. The first news he received was that a batch of slaves had escaped in a Singapore trader. Then came the tidings that the Tapavi pirates had seized a giant proa on the way to Sulu with gifts, tribute and taxes from the island of Sabate. This was too much for his Imperial Highness. He couldn't catch the Singapore trader, and if he did he might get into trouble with a British or American man-of-war, but with a little persistency he could catch those pirates. In that event every civilized power would pat him on the back for taking a whack out of a pirate and say he was getting up to date and earning his pay from Uncle Sam. Besides, the Sultan very much wanted to recover the original gifts, tribute and taxes from the pirates, together with whatever loot his enterprising officers might capture in their village.

The Sultan had had his eye on this same nest of pirates for some time and had figured out that it would be a very profitable business stroke to exterminate and sack the village of such a successful lot of unconscionable looters.

So the Sultan ordered out several of his best fighting vessels and told the commanding officers to bring back the heads of the pirates, together with their treasures, or prepare themselves for punishment.

The pirates' nest was in a land-locked cove, magnificently situated for defense. A narrow, winding channel led through the treacherous coral reefs to the small river bay. The island itself was distant from the regular routes of vessels, and no navigator would have suspected the harbor entrance unless he had been feeling along the coast very close inshore. The cove not only was defended by proas but two forts near the shore mounted several four and six pounders. The guns were somewhat out of date, but very useful in case of an attack by natives.

On the land side the pirates had run a line of ramparts around their entire village. It was stiffened by three forts, likewise outfitted with several small cannon.

The Sultan's officers through old-time deserters from the camp had a fairly good idea of the layout of the pirate village. They knew better than to attempt to reach it by the channel. Bright and early one day they sent four fighting proas as a decoy to engage the attention of the pirates. There were seven pirate proas in the bay; they were speedily got under way and moved out cheerfully to meet the attack. Meanwhile the crews and soldiers in five other proas had been disembarked and marched around to the attack on the land side. Within an hour the land and water forces on each side were hammering hard at each other. The guns blazed out and the obsolete old cannon roared and made lots of smoke. Some of them burst and killed as many among the defenders as among the enemy, but neither side minded such accidents in the fury of the engagement. "Stinkpots"

A Monkey Whose Sagacity Was Not Rewarded.

SOME remarkable stories of the sagacity and intelligence of monkeys are frequently told in the brokers' offices and other places of resort of the old sailors who have voyaged to southern waters.

"It was in the year 1832 when I was cabin boy on the English brig Glenmore," said one the other day. "The captain had a pet monkey, which he had obtained from some island off the coast of Japan. The little beast was a remarkably intelligent animal and the evidences of its fertile brain were many."

"One day while cruising off the north coast of Australia our first mate was taking our reckoning of latitude and longitude. He had the sextant upon the top of the aft cabin. The monkey, after carefully observing every move for a while, seized the instrument and ran up aloft with it. Perched in the rigging he amused himself by imitating the actions of the mate."

"As no reckoning had been taken for several days we did not know just where we were, and as the shoals in the surrounding waters were very dangerous the loss of the sextant would be a heavy one. Both the captain and mate knew that to go up after the beast would be to cause him to throw the sextant either upon the deck or into the water, so it was decided to wait his leisure. After several minutes of 'monkeying' with the instrument he seemed to tire of the sport and came leisurely down and placed the sextant upon the cabin top in the same position from which he had taken it. Every one on board breathed freely again, but as the monkey looked up to receive the expected approbation of his master he met a great disappointment."—Baltimore Sun.

Many a man who boasts of being self-made is in reality the product of a good wife.

Clothing Seems to Have Been Their Ruin.

REDUCED by disease and famine to the mere remnant of a tribe, two-score Cocopah Indians, with their squaws and fifty puny, suffering children, crossed the Mexican side of the international line, below Yuma, a few days ago. With no land to call their own the little band had been practically driven from the civilization that had ruined them.

Less is known of the Cocopahs than of any other tribe in North America. In 1689 Father Rodriguez visited them and described the men as being of extraordinary size. They have always persisted in keeping to themselves. For a long time their tribe has been growing smaller and their physical proportions have been diminished.

The Cocopahs attribute their retrogression to the assumption of clothing. Before they learned the ways of the white man, and donned trousers and shirts, they knew no illness. Since then disease has ravaged the tribe. Last winter many of them died of pneumonia, and two months ago smallpox broke out among them. Scores of the Indians have died of the disease.

For weeks an armed guard has kept the Cocopahs away from Yuma, their sole source of supplies. As a result the Indians have suffered from lack of food and other supplies, while they have no medicine except their own concoctions.

Recently the last vestige of their villages was wiped out, the guards burning all that the red men left behind. The Cocopahs have joined another branch of the tribe twenty-five miles below the international line.

"Can't you lend me \$5?" asked the new subscriber, entering the sanctum. "No," replied the editor, gruffly. "Paper not doing much, eh?" retorted the baffled borrower. "Well," said the editor, pointedly, "we're holding our own."



THE SIGHT OF A SCHOONER NOSING ABOUT THE OFFING.



JOHN J. BAXTER.



BAXTER.



HE BUMPED INTO A CRAZY LOG RAFT.

THREATS, TORTURE AND PROMISES FAILED.

HE REPEATED ALL DAGOL TOLD HIM OF THE BURIED TREASURE.



HE TOLD HIM ALMOST WITH HIS LAST BREATH THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE TREASURE LAY HIDDEN.

Job Work Done at Uncle Sam's Mint.

Government stamps many a queer piece of money that nobody in this country ever sees, and the job work at the Quaker City mint includes some of these contracts. For example, last year that in-

stitution manufactured 329,000 gold pieces for Costa Rica, the denominations being 5 colons, 10 colons and 20 colons. A colon is 46 2/3 cents.

Uncle Sam advertises to do job work of this kind for any nation that chooses to employ him, but his customers are the minor republics in the Western Hemisphere. He gets all the contracts they have to give out, because he charges only net cost, attending to the business merely for the sake of friendliness. Just what his customers pay him nobody can possibly find out.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Spider That Was Devoted to Music.

AN astonished but apparently satisfied spider was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigations is told in Public Opinion as follows:

"While watching some spiders one day it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider that had long been feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web."

"The owner was at one edge of his web and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling."

"He ran to the center of the web in haste and felt all round until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding. Then, taking another thread along with him as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it."

"At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance, and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but was strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that along with the sound of the fork was music to him."

Where ignorance is bliss a harvest awaits the coming of the green goods man.

The Process of Manufacturing Rubber Bands.

THE little elastic rubber band that is nowadays used in various businesses in place of twine seems a simple sort of thing, but there are few if any of the multitudinous articles made out of rubber for which there is such an enormous demand, especially in the United States," remarked a wholesale dealer in rubber bands in New York to the writer the other day. "In this country the number of rubber bands sold in one year amounts to about 400,000 gross, or 57,000,000 single bands. At least 60 per cent of the goods are made in New York and the rest are produced in factories located in New Jersey and New England. In New York there are a half dozen factories devoted partly or exclusively to the manufacture of rubber bands."

"The process by which the bands are made is simple. The rubber in a liquid state is molded into tubing of sizes suitable for forming the small and medium varieties of bands. When the tubing is ready for use it is put into a rapid running machine having knives, which cut or slice the rubber into bands. The larger bands are cut by machinery from flat sheets of rubber and joined together with the aid of heat and a pressing machine."

"Rubber bands are made in only two colors, black and brown. They range in size from one-quarter of an inch to six inches in length. The smallest bands are one-sixteenth of an inch wide and the largest are one and a half inches wide. The smallest bands are worth 24 cents per gross, while the medium sized bands sell at from 48 to 96 cents per gross wholesale. Larger sizes cost from \$1 up to \$8 per gross."

"The greatest consumers of rubber bands are druggists and grocers. They use the smallest and medium sized bands in place of twine for putting up small packages."