

CAROL'S ISLAND

Or the Mystery Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Carol Atwood watched Captain Hussey as he stowed her suitcase and the covered basket in the bow of the little motorboat; then she took her place, while the captain pushed away from the landing steps and grasped the wheel all in one agile motion, born of long experience on the waters of Gull lake.

"Where is the island?" asked Carol after they had fairly started on the blue water.

"Ye can't glimpse it till we turn Pine Tree point; kinder queer that your cousin, old Steve Atwood your cousin, did ye say?" asked the captain inquisitively.

"He was my father's cousin," replied Carol, with an air of reserve.

"Well, I was saying it's mighty queer that out of all his money he should leave you nothing but Pine Island here. You can't do nothing but sell it, miss. I hear you're from New York city. Work there?"

"Yes."

"So I heard. It was all printed in the newspaper when Steve Atwood died—how he left Pine Island to a little cousin who was a bookkeeper or something like that in the city. The paper said it was too bad that Mr. Atwood hadn't left a sum of money so his orphan cousin could do something with it, but I dunno—you can sell the island if you want to. There's summer folks would like it for a camp."

Carol made no reply. Her blue eyes were dreamily fixed on Pine Tree point, but her thoughts were far from Gull lake and the odd inheritance left by her eccentric relative, Stephen Atwood, the many times millionaire. How easy it would have been had Cousin Stephen only left her a sum of money instead of the valueless island in this Maine lake! She sighed bitterly as she remembered the clause in Stephen Atwood's will which said that the island was not to be sold within five years after his death.

If he had left her a sum of money she might have given up that office position and gone away to seek the health that was so necessary to her successful future. She was pale and delicate looking, city born and bred, and the struggle to earn her bread and butter was growing more difficult every day. She had craved her allotted vacation. She was taking her annual two weeks' vacation in the month of May instead of August, so that she might look over the property.

The breeze ruffled the placid surface of the lake, picked up now and then, and occasionally from the bushy thicket along the shore mild eyed deer peered at the speeding boat and its passengers.

"There's Pine Island," pointed the captain as they rounded Pine Tree point into the upper end of the beautiful lake.

"It is beautiful!" cried Carol, breathless with delight, as she gazed at the small green island that was her very own.

It was set like an emerald in the blue of the lake, and from amid the thick growth of pines Carol could glimpse a red roof.

"You be'ant going to stop there alone?" argued Captain Hussey as he brought the boat up to a small stone landing.

"For a few days," said Carol practically. "I'm not afraid up here in this beautiful country. Why, there is more to fear in the big city where I have always lived."

"That's all very well," decided the old man, "but I guess I'll leave old Watch with you. He can have a little vacation here along with you and hunt rabbits to his heart's content. You can bring him back with you."

Watch, the big collie, who had been asleep at his master's feet, pricked his beautiful ears at the sound of his name and leaped ashore to jump around Carol, who had reached the landing without assistance.

"Now, that is kind of you, Captain Hussey!" cried the girl, taking his reluctant hands into her little white ones. "I believe that you brought Watch along on purpose."

"The missus made me do it," protested the captain as he pecked up the basket of provisions packed by his wife for the young stranger. "She thinks you're crazy to stay here all alone for two weeks, and I ain't telling what I think about it. You know I done all I could to keep you away, but I ain't never found the woman yet that would listen to reason—no, ma'am! But I'll try and run over every day and see how you get along. And now I'll look into the boat house and see if that tidy little skiff is still there. If it is you can use it to run away from the island if things get too lonesome for you. Can you row?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed Carol. "I've learned to do that on my summer vacations."

"Good! Well, if anything bothers you or you get lonesome you just pack into the skiff and come over to the mainland. You'll find the latchstring always out on the Hussey house."

"Thank you a thousand times!" cried Carol gratefully.

First Captain Hussey took the bunch of keys from Carol and unlocked the boat house. Here everything was in perfect order, the cedar trimmed row-

boat, the oars, the fishing nets and poles all arranged with a careful hand. Captain Hussey dropped the skiff into the water beneath the boat house, laid the oars in it and showed Carol how in a moment of emergency she might run down the short flight of steps, get into the boat and emerge through the swinging doors into the lake.

"It's all lovely," murmured Carol as they walked through the pines toward the little log house among the trees.

"It's kind of a tidy little place," assented the captain as he unlocked the front door. "I've heard say that out of all his houses your cousin Stephen liked this best. Ain't that just the way? Millions of money, palaces to live in, and him coming way up here to live in his log cabin and cook his own meals! It does beat all!"

"I wonder why."

"I've heard that he had poor health for awhile, and he got well up here. And he always said that his riches wa'n't nothing without health. Seems like he valued health more than money. You look kinder delicate yourself," added the captain, looking with concern at the girl's face, pale in the gloom of the darkened house.

"I'll feel better after I've been here a few days," laughed Carol. "If Cousin Stephen could regain his health here, perhaps I can find mine also."

"Did you ever see your cousin, Stephen Atwood?"

"Yes, once. A year ago he sent for me to come to his office. He questioned me closely, but he made no remark upon my answers. I never heard from him afterward. Two months ago I heard of his death in California, and I was notified that he had left Pine Island to me. I thought it rather a ghastly joke at first, but there is this lovely little house, and, Captain Hussey, I've a great mind to stay here all summer!" A pink color flew into her cheeks at the notion.

"Never!" gasped the captain. "How'd you live, miss?"

"Maybe I could take a woman boarder," said Carol hopefully. "I'll advertise at once."

"That ain't a bad idee," muttered the captain. "I think I know of some one right now. Miss Halpin and her nephew. They're artists, and they'd admire a green little spot like this. Want me to speak to 'em? They're stopping at the Benner House, and you know what that is!"

"If you only would, dear Captain Hussey!" cried the delighted Carol. "I'll row over to the mainland tomorrow and find out. If they want to come I'll send in my resignation to the office at once."

"I'll see about it soon's I get ashore," promised the captain as he departed.

Carol felt very much alone as she went all over the little house, with Watch trotting patiently at her heels. She found the log cabin furnished plainly, but with every comfort for snug housekeeping and lazy enjoyment. Soon every window was wide open to the pine scented breeze and a small fire was crackling on the living room hearth just for the very homeliness of its blaze.

It was fun to light the blue flame oil stove in the kitchen and to prepare her evening meal with the dainty aluminum cooking utensils. From Mrs. Hussey's generous basket there came forth homemade bread and butter, preserves, cakes and pies, besides groceries from the store.

The next morning Carol awoke feeling strangely strong and energetic. She found everything so attractive that she was quite bewildered as to what to do first. Should she satisfy her longing to go out at once or remain indoors long enough to prepare at least a semblance of a breakfast? She decided on the latter course and flew around doing her light housekeeping, singing all the while. Then she donned a white linen sailor suit and a duck hat and went over to the mainland, leaving Watch on guard.

On the village dock Carol met Captain Hussey with a middle aged woman and a sunburned young man, whom he introduced as her new boarders, Miss Halpin and her nephew, Gerald Lane.

Together they went back to Pine Island, and then began the most wonderful summer in Carol Atwood's existence. The island, which she had at first deemed a white elephant on her hands, turned out to be a treasure island indeed, for during those long days of free life under the pines Carol recovered her health—nay, she found new health, for she became round and rosy and sunburned and strong as a young Indian maiden.

She found happiness as well as health. How else could it have ended with a beautiful girl like Carol and a handsome, heart free youth like Gerald Lane living there under the kindly chaperonage of Miss Eugenia Halpin?

And the queerest thing of all was that one day while Carol was rummaging among some books in the living room she found a small tin dispatch box bearing her own name on the outside, and in the box was a letter addressed to her in a crabbed handwriting which proved to be that of her eccentric cousin, Stephen Atwood.

And the letter told her that Stephen Atwood believed her to be a sensible girl, and if she fulfilled that belief she would seek Pine Island to regain her health, and in the course of time she would find this letter, which declared that while health was greater than wealth, a blending of each was desirable in this world, so Carol would find placed to her credit in a certain city bank the sum of \$50,000, and the bank book was there to prove it!

Pine Island is the summer home of Gerald and Carol Lane, and to them each year comes their aunt, Miss Halpin, who loves to tell visitors of the romance woven into the story of the island, while she reproduces its beauties on canvas.

NOTICE.
Department of the Interior
U. S. LAND OFFICE
Las Cruces, N. M., June 15, 1914.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mrs. Elizabeth N. Miner, of Animas, N. M., who, on January 29, 1908, made homestead entry, No. 5703 (29484), for 8 1/4 SE 1/4; 8 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 11, Township 30 S, Range 20 W, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Alfred B. Ward, U. S. Commissioner, at Animas, N. M., on the 25th day of July 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Steven R. Dunsagan, of Animas, N. M.
Preston L. Ward, of Animas, N. M.
Charles Spear, of Animas, N. M.
William F. Hirschfeld, Jr., of Animas, N. M.

John L. Burnside, Register.
First pub. June 19.

NOTICE
Department of the Interior
U. S. LAND OFFICE
Las Cruces, N. M., June 11, 1914.

NOTICE is hereby given that Nancy J. Bryan, of Lordsburg, N. M., who, on Nov. 14, 1913, made homestead entry, No. 9736, for W 1/2 NE 1/4; W 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 15, Township 24 S, Range 19 W, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Don H. Kedzie, U. S. Commissioner, at Lordsburg, N. M., on the 25th day of July 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:
M. M. Crocker, of Lordsburg, N. M.
Leila Wood, of Lordsburg, N. M.
L. A. Wood, of Lordsburg, N. M.
Frank Weldon, of Lordsburg, N. M.

John L. Burnside, Register.
First pub. June 19.

NOTICE
Department of the Interior
U. S. LAND OFFICE
Las Cruces, N. M., June 9, 1914.

NOTICE is hereby given that William M. Uphaw, of Hachita, N. M., who, on Feb. 8, 1910, made homestead entry No. 6046, for SW 1/4, Section 22, Township 30 S, Range 16 W, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before T. J. Brown, U. S. Commissioner, at Hachita, N. M., on the 25th day of July 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Eck Uphaw, of Hachita, N. M.
William L. Henry, of Hachita, N. M.
Henry Mangould, of Hachita, N. M.
Jas. H. Worthington, of Hachita, N. M.

John L. Burnside, Register.
First pub. June 19.

NOTICE
Department of the Interior
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Las Cruces, N. M. June 9, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas Uphaw, of Hachita, N. M., who, on February 9, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 6048, for NW 1/4, Section 22, Township 30 S, Range 16 W, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before T. J. Brown, U. S. Commissioner, at Hachita, N. M., on the 25th day of July 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:
W. M. Uphaw, of Hachita, N. M.
Eck Uphaw, of Hachita, N. M.
Henry Mangould, of Hachita, N. M.
A. E. Predmore, of Hachita, N. M.

John L. Burnside, Register.
First pub. June 19.

NOTICE
Department of the Interior
U. S. LAND OFFICE
Las Cruces, N. M. June 9, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Albert Jones, of Animas, N. M., who, on Sept. 9, 1907, made homestead entry, No. 6233, for SW 1/4, Sec. 4, Township 28 S, Range 19 W, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. M. Tripp, U. S. Commissioner, at Animas, N. M., on the 24th day of July 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Frank King, of Animas, N. M.
John Freeman, of Animas, N. M.
M. A. Wood, of Animas, N. M.
Joseph Seals, of Animas, N. M.

John L. Burnside, Register.
First pub. June 19.

Might as Well Have Seen Him.
Awakening with a bad headache the morning after a banquet, a suburban dentist mused, not unpleasantly, on his last evening's spree. But suddenly his wife appeared, and, advancing to his bedside, shouted hysterically: "You wretch! What will the neighbors say at your coming home drunk last night?"

"But, my dear, nobody saw me," the dentist protested.

"Nobody saw you? What if nobody did see you? You know well enough they all heard the way I carried on when you got back."—New York Tribune.

A Lesson in Curling.
Inexperienced Member (to venerable skip)—What's a patlid, Mr. Macpherson? Skip—Dae ye no see, ye gowk? Ye ding yer stane cannily, but nae so fine as the hog it. Nae halpin' leg, nor jinkin' turn, ye ken, but tentily, that it aye gangs snooovin' an' shoothin' among the guards, till stratched as an elder's walk, hogsye fan on the verra tee. When ye'd done that, laddie, ye'se made patlid, an' ye may bear th' gree.—Toronto Globe.

Even Wars.
"Why do they hate each other so?"
"They are rivals."
"Oh, both trying to marry the same girl, eh? That sort of thing certainly does arouse a man's primal passions."
"In this case it is worse than that. They are both trying to marry the same fortune."—Houston Post.

A DARING PATRIOT

Feats of a Little Known Hero of Revolutionary Times.

JACK JOWETT'S BRAVE RACE.

It Saved Jefferson and the Virginia Assembly From Capture by Tarleton's Dragoons and Gave General Washington Valuable Information.

Most of the Revolutionary heroes have been immortalized in song or story, but there is one whose fame has never spread, as it should, beyond the region of his birth. His name was Jack Jowett. In the little city of Charlottesville, Va., there is a tablet on the building that stands on the site of his old tavern. But that simple bronze is the only memorial of his name and deeds.

In Revolutionary days young Jack Jowett kept the Swan tavern in Charlottesville. He was a patriot at a time when patriotism was dangerous, for Cornwallis was in possession of tide-water Virginia, and Tarleton and his cavalry were sweeping back and forth over the inland counties.

In June, 1781, the Virginia assembly abandoned Richmond, which Cornwallis threatened, and came to sit in Charlottesville. Among its members were such men as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Benjamin Harrison, and the governor was no other than Thomas Jefferson. One bright morning when the state assembly was in session Jack mounted his thoroughbred mare and rode out to look over his farm outside the town. As he rode along he caught through the trees a glimpse of a British uniform flashing down a crossroad. He put his horse over the low stone wall and confronted the rider. It was one of Tarleton's troopers.

With a big pistol pointed at his head, the Englishman thought it wise to obey Jack's command to turn in at the gate of a nearby house and change clothing with him. Under threat of death the soldier divulged the fact that Tarleton was in the vicinity. Jowett at once galloped away in search of the enemy. The day passed without result, and Jack stopped at an inn to take a few hours' rest.

In the night he heard the tramp of horses and, looking out of his window, saw that the yard was full of British soldiers, led by Tarleton himself. The troopers entered the tavern and sat down to drink and talk, quite unconscious that an enemy was on the stair above listening to every word. From their conversation Jowett learned that Tarleton commanded an advance guard that was halting to wait for the rest of the troop. Then they planned to dash on to Charlottesville and capture the Virginia assembly.

Jack Jowett set out at once in the cool of the dawn. Once he was chased by some troopers who trotted in from the pike that crossed his path, but his bay mare soon outpaced theirs. Like the wind he raced through lanes, over low stone fences, up the side of the hill to beautiful Monticello, the home of Governor Jefferson. He warned Jefferson of the approach of the British, and then, with a fresh horse, he dashed down the steep mountain road into Charlottesville. Rushing into the hall where the assembly was in session, he called to the members to flee, for Tarleton's dragoons would soon be at their heels. In a few moments the hall was empty, and the members were on their way across the mountains to Staunton, where they would be safe from pursuit.

Jack rode on to his tavern, but found there a wounded officer of the Continental army—General Stevens. He dressed the sick man in a suit of his own clothes, carried him downstairs and put him on the fresh horse, with bags of corn in front and behind—the very picture of an old farmer going to the mill. Side by side Jowett and Stevens rode out of town, which by 10 o'clock was in the possession of Tarleton's men. Pausing as he reached the top of a hill, Jack saw his own tavern in flames.

The British, who had reason to suspect the young man in a uniform, set out in chase of him, but Jack's horse was again too speedy for them, and he got safely away to Washington with the news that Tarleton was no longer acting in support of Cornwallis—a bit of information that was of the greatest value to the commander of the Continental army.

To Jack Jowett's quick wit and daring the author of the Declaration of Independence and many another hardly less famous patriot owed their liberty and perhaps their escape from a traitor's death upon the scaffold.—Youth's Companion.

A Marshal's Retort.
It is on record that the Prince of Orange, filled with rage because he had been beaten at Fleurus, Louze, Steinkerkue and Nerwinds, aluding to the Marshal of Luxembourg, said: "Can it be that I shall never beat that hunchback?"

"How does he know that I am a hunchback?" said the French marshal. "He never saw my back; I always saw his."

Misgivings.
"I want to go to my glazier's, only he gives me a pane."
"And I would like to go to my grocer's, but he'll give me a weigh."—Baltimore American.

For himself doth a man work evil in working evil for another.—Hesiod.

An Ignoble Secret

But It Proved a Valuable One

By CHARLES LEWIS PHELPS

"My son," said my father when I went to sea, "you're going into the world, and a rough one you'll find it. I've been a sailor myself, as you know, for fifty years and am glad to find a snug harbor here at home. You'll have to go through some pretty narrow holes, and your getting through at all will depend on your courage, your coolness and your wit. I can give you a way by which I once saved myself from being put under the table at a drinking bout. We'd gone ashore, a liberty party. I was a beardless boy at the time, and my mates, who were all older than I, thought it would be a fine thing to get me drunk. We went into an inn and called for drinks. The landlord, seeing their game and disposed to favor me on account of my youth, I suppose, beckoned to me to come into a side room and, pointing to a tumbler on the table, told me to drink it. The stuff was olive oil. That olive oil kept me sober when all the rest of the gang one by one slid down under the table. That's all the experience I can give you, my boy. The day may come when it will help you out if some one is trying to lay you out."

It would seem that this was but a poor quantum of experience for a father to give his boy, but the time did come when it served me well, and that time wasn't long coming, either. Anyway, it was while I was still before the mast. We sailed for the West Indies, taking out a cargo of cotton goods to make clothes for the negroes, and were to bring back dried fruits and what-ever could be bought cheap and sold dear when we got back to England. We first struck the Bahamas, then Haiti and lastly Jamaica. Those were the days of the buccaneers, and Kingston, Jamaica, was a rendezvous for them.

One day when we were at anchor off Kingston a piratical looking chap came aboard and had a long talk with our captain. The next day he came back with a box in the bottom of his boat. It wasn't more than three feet square, but it was hoisted on deck by block and tackle, and it took four men to carry it below. Considering the looks of the man who brought it and its weight, I suspected that it was full of gold that had been looted from some Spanish ship, to be transferred to England.

The next day we sailed back through the Windward passage, striking the Atlantic to the southward of Turks Islands and after that pointing due north. When we were about 26 degrees north of the equator one morning we noticed a ship that carried a good deal of sail for her tonnage coming out from among the Bahamas in the neighborhood of San Salvador. I saw that our captain had his eye on her, suspicious like, and every few minutes he would bring his glass to bear on her. After rounding San Salvador she pointed due north on the course we were sailing, but after a few hours she seemed to be a little nearer us.

About noon the captain called the crew aft and told us that the ship to the westward looked mighty suspicious. True, she showed British colors, but there were plenty of British ships in those days that had been privateers when the war between England and Spain was on that didn't have to change much to become pirates. The vessel was apparently sailing the same course as we, but really a point or two toward us. She was between us and the islands, and all she had to do was to keep getting nearer all the while till she joined us. If we sheered off she would, if she was after us, sheer off too.

True enough, the ship kept edging nearer to us all that afternoon. Toward evening the captain ordered out every bit of canvas we had and turned the ship's nose due eastward. The other vessel turned at once to follow us, showing distinctly that she would overhaul us if she could. She ran up more canvas, and it was soon evident that her sailing qualities were far better than ours.

I'm not going to describe a chase that soon brought the ship up with us or the fight that was sure to be a losing one for us, because these chases and fights are all the same. And I'm not going to tell how the captain and most of the crew walked the plank, I watching them struggling in the water. When it came my turn an idea popped into my head. The pirate captain, a man with a long black curly beard, was superintending the job, and as I was ordered on to the plank I said: "Captain, there's a treasure aboard the ship, but I don't believe you can find it."

A covetous look came into his face, and he ordered me to step aside.

"I'll help you to hunt for it if you'll let the rest of us off," I continued.

He agreed to the proposition at once. If there was a treasure aboard he didn't care to drown any man who might be able to give him any information about it. He could continue the plank walking after finding it. So he ordered me and four men who had not yet been put into the sea to be left where we were and the plank hauled in.

"Now, young man," he said to me, "tell me about the treasure."

I told him about the box that had

been brought aboard, but since I had not seen it stored I couldn't tell him where it was. But I would know it if I saw it again. All I could do was to hunt for it among the cargo, and that was like looking for a needle in a haystack. It was rather late in the day to begin then, for it was growing dark. I told him there was some choice wine in the ship which I could point out to him that had been taken aboard when we had touched at a Spanish port on our way southward, and the ship was well stocked with provisions for the homeward voyage.

He decided to remain aboard himself with a prize crew of eight men till the treasure had been found. He ordered one of his captives to prepare a supper, and I filled a demijohn of wine and brought it to him.

He seemed to wish to appear friendly to me. His reason was plain. I might help him in the matter of the treasure and I might stand in his way. From what I had told him he believed that a box of gold coins—probably pieces of eight—had been brought aboard to be taken to England, for pirate ships were fitted out there, and investors must get their share of the plunder. When supper was ready my captor invited me to join him, and I accepted his invitation.

A scheme was forming in my mind. There was but little chance it would win, but it was not hopeless. We were five unarmed prisoners, guarded by eight pirates. With death staring us in the face we were all ready for any desperate enterprise. I hoped a possibility for such might arise during the night and would have liked to speak to my mates about it, but dared not be seen talking with any of them. I therefore went in to supper with the captain without having been able to tell them to be on the lookout.

There was hard drinking in those days, and many a villain who would have been invincible while sober got his deserts from his thirst for liquor. It was soon plain to me that the captain was bound to drink hard, but he was smart enough not to get drunk, leaving me sober. He would not begin a fresh bottle himself without forcing me to finish the one before me.

Suddenly I remembered the experience with olive oil that my father had given me. There was none on the table, but a plenty in the ship, that had been taken aboard when we took on the wine. I told the captain that with his permission I would make him a salad such as he had never before tasted, but to do so I must go for some oil. He consented, and, taking a small pitcher, I filled it and drank half of it. Then, replacing what I had taken, I carried it, with a head of lettuce taken on with supplies at Kingston, and went back to my host. I then prepared a salad of the lettuce and fruits, which the captain pronounced excellent.

After this I kept up with the captain in finishing my bottle, then began to get ahead of him. It piqued him to be beaten by a beardless boy, and he poured down bottle after bottle, I doing the same, but feeling comparatively little effect from the fumes of the wine.

Suddenly I heard a loud laugh forward. It was followed by a shout, then a yelp. My heart bounded with delight. The crew had doubtless seen me drawing the wine from the cask and had appropriated more of it to their own use. The captain heard the noise, and it tended to sober him since he knew what it meant. He started to rise from the table, but was unable to do so. I passed him his bottle and filled his glass. He forgot what he had intended to do and drained it.

I now waited for the captain to fall into a stupor and the men outside to follow his example. Their shouts grew louder for awhile, then fainter as one after another they dropped off into unconsciousness. Meanwhile the captain was snoring under the table.

Seizing a pair of pistols, I went out, battered in the door of the cabin and released them. As soon as they were armed we held a consultation as to what to do next. We decided to bind the captain and his men with a view—if we could get away—to take them to England for trial. Rope is easily found on a ship, and without awakening the pirates we bound them and put each one in a separate compartment.

Our next problem was to get away from the pirate vessel, which was standing near us. We must not hoist a sail for fear of being heard. Besides, there was a scant breeze. The night was cloudy, with no moon. We lowered a boat, muffled the oars, attached a hawser to the captain, took the other end to the boat and pulled away. We could see the pirate, but not plainly, and hoped that our movement would not be noticed.

It was not long before we lost sight of her. Then we redoubled our efforts and after an hour's pull returned to our ship, hoisted a jib and with this slender motive power sailed till we dared hoist more canvas. When day came the pirate was hull down on the southern horizon.

Our crew was small, but we managed to get the vessel safely to England. I made a search for the treasure box and found it under the flooring in the captain's cabin. We concluded that since we could not return it to its owners we were justified in keeping it ourselves. So we divided it among us, and every man jacked off us was made rich.

The only person I told how I had made my money was my father, who had furnished me with the information that enabled me not only to make it, but to save my life. I gave the old man every comfort for the rest of his life.

Was ever man saved from death and made rich by being told how to put another under the table?