SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higglesby-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel engaged for the hunt, and in the confusion is unwillingly carried along.

English Royal Stock Show Trip

College Park, Md., Oct. 31.—The coveted trip to the English Royal Stock Show, London, and the highest prize offered to agricultural club boys at the Southeastern Fair, Atlanta, Ga., was won by the Maryland team, trained and accompanied by County Agent W. C. Snarr.

The southern victory of the boys is the climax of a series of winnings which they started by taking championship honors in the state-wide dairy judging contest at the Timonium Fair early in September. They won fifth place at the National Dairy show at St. Paul, Minn., going from there to Atlanta. The money for the trip was advanced by Louis McLane Merryman, president of the Timonium Fair Association.

The team was composed of Warren Rice, Sykmar; Joseph Glackin, Rising Sun, George Worilouw, North East; and Kenneth Price, Centreville. The trip to the English Royal Stock Show is refarded as the cream of prizes offered to agricultural club boys in the United States and was won last year by Texas.

How to Drive an Automobile?

1. If you are not sure whether the garage man has pumped gas or water in your tank, drop a lighted match in. If it goes out, its water.

2. When you lose your starter, pull your gas lever down as far as it will go and advance your spark to the last notch, then get out and crank it. The hospital will furnish the splints.

3. In driving on a wide road, always keep to the other fellow's right.

4. When you wish to pass a car going 12 miles per hour, first blow your horn; if it turns out, pass it at about 43 miles per hour; if the driver does not turn out, see that your speedometer indicates 68 miles per hour, before trying to pass, otherwise he might see you.

5. In turning corners, do not wear out the steering gear, just slam on your brakes and skid around. Much easier on the tires.

6. When you sight a speed cop then is the time to see if your car can make that 90 miles the agent said it could. If it does, the cop will back you up.

7. And above all do not have 4 blowouts at one time, its hard on the nerves, besides causing you to stop.

8. And lastly in case of engine trouble, 16 miles away from the garage, its best to carry a volume of Webster's Self Pronouncing Dictionary. It enables one to pronounce a greater variety of harsh and obsolete adjectives.—Milford Chronicle.

ORPHANS COURT

At the regular session of the Court on Monday, there were present their honors, Judges West, Harper and Shawn, and the following business was transacted:

Carlton Lord and Cora E. Lord, administrators of Walter H. Lord, deceased, filed an account of sales of the personal property, which was approved by the Court.

John Hulliger, administrator of John L. Hulliger, deceased, filed an inventory and appraisement of the personal property and an order to sell was granted.

In the matter of the estate of James T. Moore, minor, on petition and order of Court, Elizabeth P. Bradley, guardian, was authorized and empowered to use a certain sum of money for the maintenance and support of her ward.

Enoch S. Clark, administrator of Charles R. Remsen, deceased, filed an inventory and appraisement of the personal property and an order to sell was passed.

Thomas F. Brown, administrator of Sallie E. Brown, deceased, was granted an order to sell the personal property of said deceased.

(Last Week's Court News)

At the regular session of the Orphans' Court on Tuesday there were present their Honors, Judgest West Harper and Shawn, and the following business was transacted:

In the absence of the Court, after renunciation had been filed, the Register of Wills, on application, granted letters of administration on the personal estate of John L. Hulliger, deceased, to John Hulliger. Bond filed and approved, notice to creditors ordered and Edward E. Nuttle and William Slacum were named as appraisers.

In the absence of the Court, the Register of Wills, on application, granted letters of administration on the personal estate of Walter H. Lord, deceased, to Cora E. Lord and Carlton Lord. Bond filed and approved, notice to creditors ordered and M. Carroll Merideth and J. Coursey Hemmons were named as appraisers.

Herman D. Horsey, administrator of Zeb Horsey, deceased, filed his first and partial administration account, a dividend and his second and final administration account.

Enlarging Sunnyside Fruit Farm

The Sunnyside Fruit Farm, recently incorporated by G. A. McDaniel, W. M. Wine, E. R. Longnecker and others, recently purchased 9000 young fruit trees to be set out this week. When the work is completed, this will be one of the largest apple orchards in the state of Delaware.

Watch the Classified Ad Column grow. wh? It Pays!

Job Printing?—The American Union

He whirled on me, showing a crimson angry face. "Turn around, is it, turn around?" he shouted. "Do you suppose I can loaf about the harbor here a-waitin' on your aunt's fins? You come aboard without me askin'. Now you can go along with the rest. This here ship has got her course set for Frisco, pickin' up Leeward island on the way, and anybody that ain't goin' in that direction is welcome to jump overboard."

That is how I happened to go to Leeward island.

CHAPTER II.

Apollo and Some Others.

The Rufus Smith, tramp freighter, had been chartered to convey the Harding-Browne expedition to Leeward island, which lies about three hundred miles west of Panama, and could be picked up by the freighter in her course. She was a little dingy boat with such small accommodations that I cannot imagine where the majority of her passengers stowed themselves away. My aunt and Miss Brown had a stateroom between them the size of a packing-box, and somebody turned out and resigned another to me. I retired there to dress for dinner. In the haste of my departure from San Francisco I had not brought a trunk, so the best I was able to produce in the way of a crusher for Miss Higglesby-Browne and her fellow-passengers was a cool little white gown, which would shine at least by contrast with Miss Browne's severely utilitarian costume. White is becoming to my hair, which narrow-minded persons term red, but which has been known to cause the more discriminating to draw heavily on the dictionary for adjectives. My face is small and heart-shaped, with features strictly for use and not for ornament, but fortunately inconspicuous. As for my eyes, I think tawny quite the nicest word, though Aunt Jane calls them hazel and I have even heard whispers of green.

Five minutes after the gong sounded I walked into the cabin. Miss Browne, Captain Watkins of the freighter, and half a dozen men were already at the table. I slid unobtrusively into the one vacant place, fortunately remote from the captain, who glared at me savagely, as though still embittered by the recollection of my aunt's fits.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Browne in icy tones, "Miss Virginia Harding."

Two of the men rose, the others stared and ducked. Except for Miss Browne and the captain, I had received on coming aboard only the most blurred impression of my fellow-voyagers. I remembered them merely as a composite of khaki and cork helments and astounded staring faces. But I felt that as the abetters of Miss Browne a hostile and sinister atmosphere enveloped them all.

Being thus in the camp of the enemy, I sat down in silence and devoted myself to my soup. The majority of my companions did likewise—audibly. But presently I heard a voice at my left:

"I say, what a jolly good sailor you seem to be—pity your aunt's not!"

I looked up and saw Apollo sitting beside me. Or rather, shall I say a young man who might have walked out of an advertisement for a ready-made clothing house, so ideal and impossible was his beauty. He was very tall—I had to tilt my chin quite painfully to look up at him—and from the loose collar of his silk shirt his throat rose like a column. His skin was a beautiful clear pink and white just tinged with tan—like a meringue that has been in the oven for two minutes exactly. He had a straight, chiseled profile and his hair was thick and chestnut and wavy and he had clear sea-gray eyes. To give him at once his full name and titles, he was the Honorable Cuthbert Patrick Ruthmore Vane, of High Staunton Manor, Kent, England. But as I was ignorant of this, I can truthfully say that his looks stunned me purely on their own merits.

Outwardly calm, I replied, "Yes, it's too bad, but then who ever dreamed that Aunt Jane would go adventuring at her time of life? I thought nobody over the age of thirteen, and then boys, ever went treasure-hunting."

"Ah, but lads of thirteen couldn't well come such a distance on their own, you know," returned Apollo, with the kindest air of making allowance for the female intellect.

I hurriedly turned the subject.

"I really can't imagine Aunt Jane on a desert island. What will she do if she meets a cannibal and he tries to eat her?"

"Oh, really, now," argued the paragon earnestly, "I'm quite sure there's no danger of that, don't you know? I believe there are no natives at all on the island, or else quite tame ones, I forget which, and there are four of us chaps, with no end of revolvers and things. Mr. Shaw—sitting opposite Miss Browne, you know—is rather running things, so if you feel nervous you should talk to him. Was with the South Polar expedition and all that—knows no end about this sort of thing—wouldn't for a moment think of letting ladies run the risk of being eaten."

I peeped around Apollo for a glimpse of the experienced Mr. Shaw. I saw a strong-featured, weather-beaten profile, the face of a man somewhere in his thirties, and looking, from this side view at least, not only stern but grim.

I made up my mind at once that the backbone of the party, and inevitably the leader in its projected villainies, whatever they might be, was this rugged-looking Mr. Shaw. You couldn't fancy him as the misled follower of anybody, even the terrific Violet.

As it seemed an unpropitious moment for taking counsel with Mr. Shaw about cannibals, I tried another tack with the beautiful youth at my side.

"How did you like Panama? I fancy the old town is very picturesque."

"Oh, rather!" assented Mr. Vane. "At least, that is what those painter chaps call it—met a couple of 'em at the hotel. Beastly little narrow streets and houses in a shocking state and all that. I like to see property kept up, myself."

"I am afraid," I said severely, "that you are a philistine!"

He blinked a little. "Ah—quite so!" he murmured, recovering himself gallantly. "One of those chaps that backed Goliath against David, what?"

From this conversational impasse we were rescued by the interposition of the gentleman opposite, whose small twinkling eyes had been taking me in with intentness.

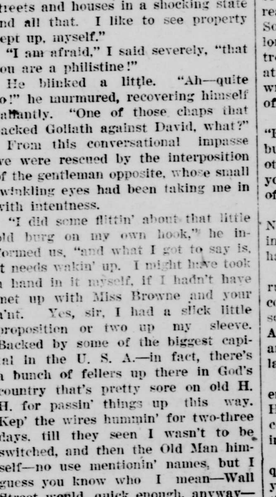
"I did some flittin' about that little old burg on my own hook," he informed us, "and what I got to say is, it needs wakin' up. I might have took a hand in it myself, if I hadn't have met up with Miss Browne and your a'nt. Yes, sir, I had a slick little proposition or two up my sleeve. Backed by some of the biggest capital in the U. S. A.—in fact, there's a bunch of fellers up there in God's country that's pretty sore on old H. H. for passin' things up this way. Kep' the wires hummin' for two-three days, till they seen I wasn't to be switched, and then the Old Man himself—no use mentionin' names, but I guess you know who I mean—Wall Street would, quick enough, anyway—the Old Man himself threatened to put his yacht in commission and come down to find out what sort of little game H. H. was playin' on him. But I done like Br'er Rabbit—jest lay low. Hamilton H. Tubbs knows a good thing when he sees it about as quick as the next one—and he knows enough to keep mum about it, too!"

Three or four rough-looking men, of whom one, a certain Captain Magnus, belonged to our party and the rest to the ship, continued vigorously to hack their way through the meal with clattering knives and forks. Of other sounds there was none. Such gloom weighed heavily on the genial spirit of Mr. Tubbs, and he lightened it by rising to propose a toast.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to her now unfortunately laid low by the pangs of mal de mer—our friend and bony dear, Miss Harding!"

This was bewildering, for neither by friend nor foe could Aunt Jane be called bony. Later in the light of Mr. Tubbs's passion for classical allusion, I decided to translate it bona dea, and consider the family complimented. At the moment I sat stunned, but Miss Browne, with greater self-possession, majestically inclined her head and said:

"In the name of our absent friend, I thank you."



"What Will She Do if She Meets a Cannibal and He Tries to Eat Her?"

In spite of wistful looks from the beautiful youth as we rose from the table, and the allurement of a tropic moon, I remained constant to duty and Aunt Jane, and immured myself in her stateroom, where I passed an enlivening evening listening to her moans. She showed a faint returning spark of life when I mentioned Cuthbert Vane, and raised her head to murmur that he was Honorable and she understood though not the heir, still likely to inherit and perhaps after all Providence—

The unspoken end of Aunt Jane's sentence pursued me into dreams in which an unknown gentleman obligingly broke his neck riding to hounds and left Apollo heir to the title and estates.

CHAPTER III.

I Engage the Enemy.

It was fortunate that I slept well in my narrow berth on board the Rufus Smith, for the next day was one of trial. Aunt Jane had recovered what Mr. Tubbs, with deprecating coughs behind his hand, alluded to as her sea-legs, and staggered forth wanly, leaning on the arm of Miss Higglesby-Browne. Yes, of Miss Browne, while I, Aunt Jane's own niece, trotted meekly in the rear with a cushion. Already I had begun to realize how fatally I had underrated the lady of the hyphen, in imagining I had only to come and see and conquer Aunt Jane. The grim and bony one had made hay while the sun shone—while I was idling in California, and those criminally supine cousins were allowing Aunt Jane to run about New York at her own wild will. Miss Higglesby-Browne had her own collar and tag on Aunt Jane now, while she, so complete was her perversion, fairly hugged her slavery and called it freedom. Yes, she talked about her Emancipation and her Soul-force and her Individuality, prattling away like a child that has learned its lesson well.

"Mercy, aunty, what long words!" I cried gaily, sitting down beside her and patting her hand. Usually I can do anything with her when I pet her up a bit. But the eye of Miss Higglesby-Browne was on her—and Aunt Jane actually drew a little away.

"Really, Virginia," she said, feebly endeavoring to rise to the occasion as she knew Miss Browne would have her rise, "really, while it's very nice to see you and all that, still I hope you realize that I have had a—a deep Soul-experience, and that I am no longer to be—trifled with and—and treated as if I were—amusing. I am at a loss to imagine why you came. I wrote you that I was in the company of trusted friends."

"Friends?" I echoed aggrievedly. "Friends are all very well, of course, but when you and . have just each other, aunty, I think it is unkind of you to expect me to stay thousands of miles away from you all by myself."

"But it was you who sent me to New York, and insisted on my staying there!" she cried. Evidently she had been living over her wrongs.

"Yes—but how different!" I interrupted hastily. "There were the cousins—of course I have to spare you sometimes to the rest of the family!" Aunt Jane is strong on family feeling, and frequently reproaches me with my lack of it.

But in expecting Aunt Jane to soften at this, I reckoned without Miss Higglesby-Browne. A dart from the cold gray eyes galvanized my aunt into a sudden rigid erectness.

"My dear Virginia," she said with quavering severity, "let me remind you that there are ties even dearer than those of blood—soul-affinities, you know, and—and, in short, in my dear friend Miss Higglesby-Browne I have met for the first time in my life with a—a Sympathetic Intelligence that understands Me!"

So that was Violet's line! I surveyed the Sympathetic Intelligence with a smiling interest.

"Really, how nice! And of course you feel quite sure that on your side you thoroughly understand—Miss Higglesby-Browne?"

Miss Browne's hair was rather like a clothesbrush in her mildest moods. In her rising wrath it seemed to quiver like a lion's mane.

"Miss Harding," she said, in the chest-tones she reserved for critical moments, "has a nature impossible to deceive, because itself incapable of deception. Miss Harding and I first met—on this plane—in an atmosphere unusually favorable to soul-revelation. I knew at once that here was the appointed comrade, while in Miss Harding there was the immediate recognition of a complementary spiritual force."

"It's perfectly true, Virginia," exclaimed Aunt Jane, beginning to cry. "You and Susan and everybody have always treated me as if I were a child and didn't know what I wanted, when the fact is I always have known perfectly well!" The last words issued in a wail from the depths of her handkerchief.

"You mean, I suppose," I exploded, "that what you have always wanted was to go off on this perfectly crazy chase after imaginary treasure!" There, now I had gone and done it. Of course it was my red hair.

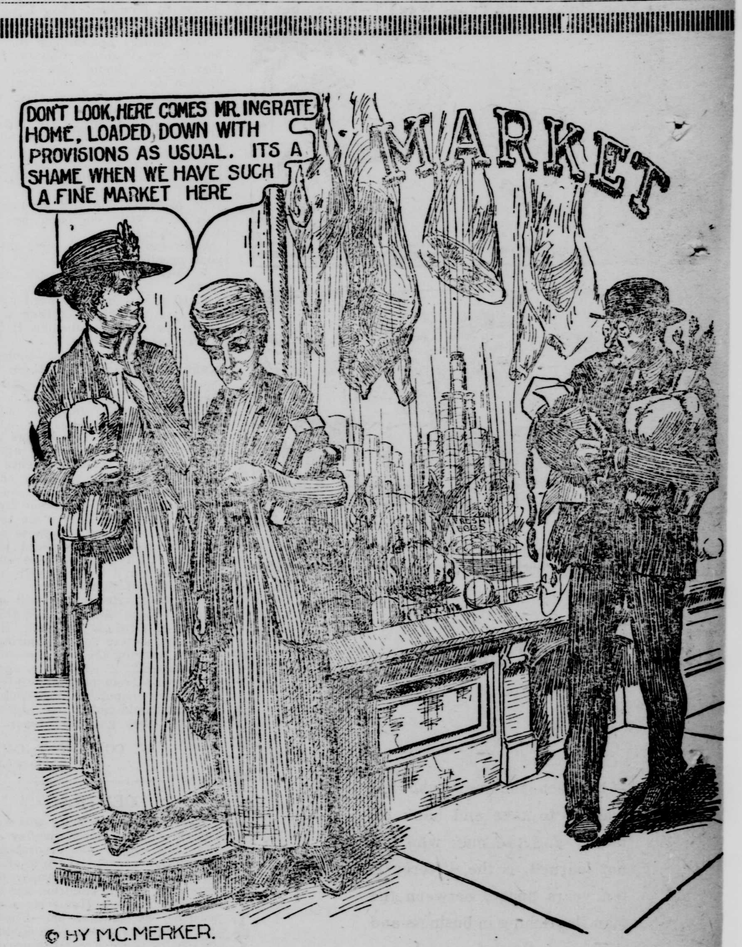
"Jane," uttered Miss Higglesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "do you or do you not realize how strangely prophetic were the warnings I gave you from the first—that if you revealed our plans malignant Influences would be brought to bear? Be strong, Jane—cling to the Dynamic Thought!"

"I'm clinging!" sniffed Aunt Jane, dabbing away her tears. "Really, Virginia," she broke out in a whimper, "it is not kind to say, I suppose, but I would just as soon you hadn't come! Just when I was learning to expand my individuality—and then you come and somehow make it seem so much more difficult!"

I rose. "Very well, Aunt Jane," I said, coldly. "Expand all you like. When you get to the bursting point I'll do my best to save the pieces. For the present I suppose I had better leave you to company so much more favorable to your soul development!" And I walked away with my head in the air.

It was so much in the air, and the deck of the Rufus Smith was so unstable, that I fell over a coil of rope and fetched up in the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Fortunately this occurred around the corner of the deck-house, out of sight of my aunt and Miss Browne, so the latter was unable to shed the lurid light on the episode which she doubtless would if she had seen it. Mr. Vane stood the shock well and promptly set me on my feet.

(To Be Continued.)



DISLOYALTY

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