CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements under this heading, 10 cents per line, each insertion. No advertisement less than three lines.

FARMERS Bring your wheat to Federalsburg for highest market prices. W. T. EDDINGTON & SON.

FOUND
Germantown Wools
12½c an ounce
Silken Wools Shetland Floss
Direct from Mill
Think of the saving. Postal brings samples. OLD COLONY MILLS.
16-4 Manayunk, Phila.

HELP WANTED

YOUNG MAN
OR BOY
WANTED
TO LEARN TRADE
Must be steady and mean business. No loafers need apply.
THE AMERICAN UNION
Denton, Md.

WANTED—Cow Pea Seed. W. A. Wayman, Marydel, Md.

FOR SALE—Iron Age Potato Planter Hasn't planted 20 acres. In good condition. Ohio Hand Crank Feed Cutter No. 8½. Priced for quick sale. Good condition. J. H. Smith, Ridgely, Md., residence near Tuckahoe Station.

HONEY FOR SALE—A. W. Spiering, Greensboro, Md.

FOR SALE—Fordhook Bush Lima Bean Seed (1921 crop), California grown, 16c lb. In Dorchester County the early and especially the late Fordhook Bean has been a paying crop. Would not recommend planting for a middle crop. Dorchester Farmers Association, John E. Patton, Pur. Agt., East New Market, Md.

FOR SALE—100 Egg Incubator, Prairie State; good condition; also 2,400 capacity Candee Incubator, 1st class condition, run four seasons; reason for selling, increasing capacity. W. C. Beckwith, Denton, Md.

FOR SALE—12 tons mixed hay and 6 tons Timothy hay; excellent quality; price reasonable. E. R. Cohee, Federalsburg, Md.

FOR SALE—15 tons fine Timothy hay at $25 per ton. Walter Hoffman, Ridgely, Md. Hay on farm between Ridgely and Greensboro.

FOR SALE—150 White Leghorn Pullets at $1.50 each. J. W. Howard, near American Corner, Md.

FOR SALE—Eight pigs, 9 weeks old, will weigh about 50 pounds each; sire and dam, Poland China stock and both are registered. T. J. Ellwanger, Greensboro, Md.

FOR SALE—Buckeye Incubator, size 128, in excellent condition. Mrs. B. M. Whitaker, on state road, opposite Riddleberger's Mill, Greensboro, Md.

POLAND CHINA BOAR for sale. Pure bred; excellent individual, G. T. Lee, Denton, Md.

GUERNSEY CATTLE for sale; pure bred, prices reasonable, especially on bull calves. Magnolia Stock Farm, Annapolis Junction, Md., also Westview Farm, Pawling, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Two grade Guernsey cows, four years old, one fresh—heifer calf—three weeks old; sired by registered Guernsey; price reasonable. B. T. Griffith, Federalsburg, Md.

TRUCK and Poultry Farm—Would like to rent or lease 15-20 acres with improvements, near school, churches, bank and retail marketing town. Write George A. Crane, Goldsboro, Md.

LOST—On Monday, gold friendship circle. Return to American Union office and receive reward.

MONEY TO LOAN on mortgages. Fred R. Owens, Attorney-at-Law, Denton, Md., tf

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED — The American Union desires correspondents in all sections of Caroline County. Write for further information. tf

CLEAN RAGS WANTED—The American Union wants 20 pounds of clean rags of fair size. 2c per pound.

CORRECT ENGLISH
HOW TO USE IT
JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER, Editor
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
$2.50 THE YEAR
Send 10 Cents for Sample Copy
to
Correct English Publishing Co.
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

FLOWERS for WEDDINGS and FUNERALS
BENEDICT, the Florist
Telephone 800 SALISBURY, MD.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

Pictures by A. WEIL

COPYRIGHT — THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

And now the night that I unutterably dreaded was upon us. But the pirates still thought of nothing but the gold. They had exhausted their own portable supplies of liquor, and were loud in their denunciations of our bone-dry camp, as they termed it.

It was Tony who intercepted a tentative movement of Capt. Magnus in my direction, and ordered me into the cabin with my aunt and Miss Browne. Through the walls of the hut we heard loud and eager talk of the morrow and its certain golden harvest as the pirates made their dispositions for the night. Then the voices trailed off sleepily and silence succeeded, broken only by the ceaseless murmur of the waves around the island.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of Which Cookie Is the Hero.

Next morning I came out of the hut in time to see Mr. Shaw and his companion in duress led forth from the sleeping quarters which they had shared with their captors. They were moored as before to a palm tree, by a rope having a play of two or three feet, and their hands unbound while they made a hasty breakfast under the eye of a watchful sentinel. Then their wrists were tied again, not painfully, but with a firmness which made any slipping of their bonds impossible.

While the pirates were breakfasting a spirited dispute took place among them as to who should go to the treasure cave and who stay in camp to guard the prisoners. Slinker and Horny urged with justice that, as they had missed all the excitement of the preceding day, it was their turn to visit the cave. The right to see the Bones they passionately claimed. Tony supported them, and it ended with Chris and Captain Magnus being told off as our guards for the morning.

In leaving the cabin I had slipped into my blouse a small penknife which I had found in Aunt Jane's bag. It was quite new, and I satisfied myself that the blades were keen. My own large sheath-knife and my revolver I had been deprived of at the suggestion of the thoughtful Magnus. I had surrendered them unprotestingly, fearful of all things that my possessions might be ransacked and Peter's diary, though hidden with much art at the bottom of the bag, be brought to light. For I might yet sell the secret of the Island Queen at a price which should redeem us all.

As the heat increased a voice of lamentation broke from Chris. He was dry—dry enough to drink up the condemned ocean. No, he didn't want spring water, which Cookie obsequiously tendered him; he wanted a drink—wouldn't anybody but a fool nigger know that? There was plenty of the real stuff aboard the schooner, on the other side of the—adjective—island. Why had they, with incredible lack of forethought, brought along nothing but their pocket flasks? Why hadn't they sent the adjective nigger back for more? Where was the bottle or two that had been rooted out last night from the medical stores? Empty? Every last drop gone down somebody's greedy gullet? The adjectives came thick and fast as Chris hurled the bottle into the bay, where it swam bobbingly upon the ripples. Captain Magnus agreed with the gist of Chris' remarks, but deprecated, in a truly philosophical spirit, their unprofitable heat. There wasn't any liquor, so what was the good of making an adjective row? Hadn't he endured the equivalent of Chris' present sufferings for weeks? He was biding his time, he was. Plenty of drink by and by, plenty of all that makes life soft and easy. He bet there wouldn't many hit any higher spots than him. He bet there was one little girl that would be looked on as lucky, in case she was a good little girl and encouraged him to show his natural kindness. And I was favored with a blood-curdling leer from across the camp, of which I had put as much as possible between myself and the object of my dread.

But now, like a huge black Ganymede, appeared Cookie, bearing cups and a large stone crock.

"It suhtinly am a fact, Mistah Chris, sah," said Cookie, "dat dey is a mighty unspirituous fluidity 'bout dis yere spring watah. Down war I is come from no pussons of de Four Hund'ed ain't eveh 'customed to partake of such. But the sassiety I has been in lately round dis yere camp ain't of de convivulous ordah; ole Cookie had to keep it dark dat he got his li'le drop o' comfort on de side. Dis yere's only home-made stuff, sah. 'Tain't what I could offah to a gennelmun if so be I is got the makin's of a genuwine old-style julep what is de beverage of de fust fam'lies. But bein' as it is, it am mighty coolin', sah, and it got a li'le kick to it—not much, but jes' enough to make a gennelmun feel lak he is one."

Cookie's tones dripped humility and propitiation. He offered the brimming cup cringingly to the pale-eyed, red-nosed Chris, who reached for it with alacrity, drank deep, smacked his lips meditatively, and after a moment passed the cup back.

"'Tain't so worse," he said approvingly. "Anyhow, it's drink!"

Magnus suddenly began to laugh.

"S'elp me, it's the same dope what laid out the Honorable!" he chortled. "Here, darky, let's have a swig of it!"

Cookie complied, joining respectfully in the captain's mirth.

"I guess you-all is got stronger haids den dat young gennelmun!" he remarked. "Dis yere ole niggah has help hisself mighty freely and dat prohibitionist Miss Harding ain't eveh found it out. Fac' is, it am puffeckly harmless 'cept when de haid is weak."

False, false Cookie! Black brother in perfidy to Mr. Tubbs! One friend the less to be depended on if a chance for freedom ever came to us!

Cookie refilled the pirates' cups, and set the crock beside them on the ground.

"In case you gennelmun feels yo'selfs a li'le thursty later on," he remarked. He was retiring, when Captain Magnus called to him.

"Blackie, this ain't bad. It's coolin', but thin—a real nice ladylike sort of drink, I should say. Suppose you take a swig over to Miss Jinny there with my compliments—I'm one to always treat a lady generous if she gives me half a chance."

Obediently Cookie hastened for another cup, set it on a tray, and approached me with his old-time ornate manner. I faced him with a withering look, but, unmindful, he bowed, presenting me the cup, and interposing his bulky person between me and the deeply quaffing pirates. At the same time his voice reached me, pitched in a low and anxious key.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny, spill it out! It am mighty powerful dope—it done fumented twice as long as befo'—it am boun' to give dat trash de blind-staggahs sho'tly!"

Instantly I understood, and a thrill of relief and of hope inexpressible shot through me. I put the cup to my lips and after a brief parade of drinking passed it back to Cookie, spilling the contents on the ground en route.

Gradually the rough disjointed talk of the sailors began to languish. Covertly watching, I saw that Chris' head had begun to droop. The hand that held the cup was lifted, stretched out in the direction of the enticing jar, then forgetting its errand fell heavily. After a few spasmodic twitchings of the eyelids and uneasy grunts, Chris slumbered.

Captain Magnus was of tougher fiber. But he, too, grew silent and there was a certain meal-sack limpness about his attitude. His dulled eyes stared dreamily. All at once, with a jerk, he roused himself, turned over and administered to the sleeping Chris a prod with his large boot.

"Hey, there, wake up! What right you got to be asleep at the switch?" But Chris only breathed more heavily.

Captain Magnus himself heaved a tremendous yawn, settled back in greater comfort against his sustaining tree and closed his eyes. I waited, counting the seconds by the beating of the blood in my ears. In the background Cookie hovered apprehensively. Plainly he would go on hovering unless loud snores from the pirates gave him assurance. For myself, I sat fingering my penknife, wondering whether I ought to rush over and plunge it into the sleepers' throats. This would be heroic and practical, but unpleasant. If, on the other hand, I merely tried to free the prisoners and Captain Magnus woke, what then? The palm where they were tied was a dozen yards from me, much nearer to the guards, and within range of even their most languid glance. Beyond the prisoners was Miss Browne, glaring uncomprehendingly over the edge of her book. There was no help in Miss Browne.

I left my seat and stole on feet which seemed to stir every leaf and twig to loud complaint toward the captive pair. Tense, motionless, with burning eyes, they waited. There was a movement from Captain Magnus; he yawned, turned and muttered. I stood stricken, my heart beating with loud thumps against my ribs. But the captain's eyes remained closed.

"Virginia—quick, Virginia!" Dugald Shaw was stretching out his bound hands to me, and I had dropped on my knees before him and begun to cut at the knotted cords. They were tough strong cords, and I was hacking at them feverishly when something bounded across the clearing and flung itself upon me. Crusoe, of course!—and wild with the joy of reunion. I strangled a cry of dismay, and with one hand tried to thrust him off while I cut through the rope with the other.

"Down, Crusoe!" I kept desperately

I Stood Stricken, My Heart Beating With Loud Thumps.

whispering. But Crusoe was unused to whispered orders. He kept bounding up on me, intent to fulfill an unachieved ambition of licking my ear. Cuthbert Vane tried, under his breath, to lure him away. But Crusoe'e emotions were all for me, and swiftly becoming uncontrollable they burst forth in a volley of shrill yelps.

A loud cry answered them. It came from Captain Magnus, who had scrambled to his feet and was staggering across the clearing. One hand was groping at his belt—it was flourished in the air with the gleam of a knife in it—and staggering and shouting the captain came on.

"Ah, you would, would you? I'll teach you—but first I'll settle him, the porridge-eatin' Scotch swine—"

The reeling figure with the knife was right above me. I sprang up, in my hand the little two-inch weapon which was all I had for my defense—and Dugald Shaw's. There were loud noises in my ears, the shouting of men, and a shrill continuous note which I have since realized came from the lungs of Miss Higglesby-Browne. Magnus made a lunge forward—the arm with the knife descended. I caught it—wrenched at it frantically—striving blindly to wield my little penknife, whether or not with deadly intent I don't know to this day. He turned on me savagely, and the penknife was whirled from my hand as he caught my wrist in a terrible clutch.

All I remember after that is the terrible steely grip of the captain's arms and a face, flushed, wild-eyed, horrible, that was close to mine and inevitably coming closer, though I fought and tore at it—of hot feverish lips whose touch I knew would scorch me to the soul—and then I was suddenly free, and falling, falling, a long way through darkness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Young Person Scores.

My first memory is of voices, and after that I was shot swiftly out of a tunnel from an immense distance and opened my eyes upon the same faces which I had left at some indefinite period in the past. There was Aunt Jane's, very tearful, and Miss Higglesby-Browne's, very glum, and the Honorable Cuthbert's, very anxious and a little dazed, and Cookie's, very, very black. The face of Dugald Shaw I did not see, for the quite intelligible reason that I was lying with my head upon his shoulder.

As soon as I realized this I sat up suddenly, while every one exclaimed at once, "There, she's quite all right—see how her color is coming back!"

The penknife that I had lost in my struggle with Captain Magnus had fallen at the Scotchman's feet. Wrenching himself free of his all but severed bonds he had seized the knife, slashed through the rope that held him to the tree, and flung himself on Captain Magnus. It was a brief struggle—a fist neatly planted on the ruffian's jaw had ended it, and the captain, half dazed from his potations, went down limply.

Throughout the fray Chris slumbered undisturbed, and he and the unconscious Magnus were now reposing side by side, until they should awake to find themselves neatly trussed up with Cookie's clothes-lines.

But my poor brave Crusoe dragged a broken leg, from a kick bestowed on him by Captain Magnus, at whom he had flown valiantly in my defense.

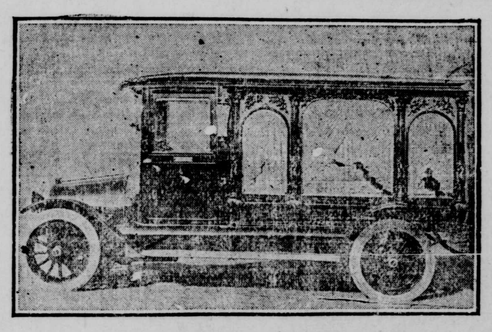
So far so good; we had signally defeated our two guards, and the camp was ours. But what about the pirates who were still in the cave and would shortly be returning from it? They were three armed and sturdy ruffians. It would mean a battle to the death.

Our best hope would be to wait in ambush behind the trees of the clearing—I mean for Dugald Shaw and Cuthbert Vane to do it—and shoot down the unsuspecting pirates as they returned. This desperate plan, which so unpleasantly resembled murder, cast gloom on every brow.

(To Be Continued.)

Read the American Union, $1.00.

The MAULE SEED BOOK FREE
This wonderful 176-page book gives you the benefit of our 40 years of experience as seedsmen, gardeners and farmers. *Send a postal for it today.*
WM. HENRY MAULE, Inc. 2109 Arch St. Phila., Pa.



J. VIRGIL MOORE
EMBALMER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR
First-Class Service Guaranteed Phone 126
Needed Supplies Always on Hand Denton, Md.

FIRST-CLASS SQUARE BERRY CUPS
BERRY CRATES
Trays :: Boxes :: Baskets
Are Manufactured and are on Sale at Reasonable Prices at Our Works
WE SELL Lumber—Rough and Dressed; Shingles, Lath, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Hair, Cement, Coal, Hay, and all kinds of
BOX SHOOKS
THE HUGHES LUMBER AND COAL CO.
Denton Maryland

THE F. & R. GARAGE
Dealers in
CHEVROLET MOTOR CARS
The best car for the money and for more money
Model 490 Touring, delivered $600
Model 490 Sedan, delivered $975
Storage, Regular and Transient. Secure your winter storage now.
SALES AND SERVICE DEPOT
THE F. & R. GARAGE
DENTON, MD.

Do You Read Stories?

The serial story we have been running, "Spanish Doubloons," is nearly completed, and it is time for us to consider ordering another. We have wondered from time to time how many of our subscribers read the serial story, and whether or not it is worthwhile taking up space for it.

Therefore, we are putting it up to you.

Beneath you will find a coupon. If you want another story, mark it and return to us..

It is up to you entirely whether we print the serials or discontinue them.

Cut Out Here and Mail

"Union" Serial Questionnaire

1. I (do) (do not) read the serial stories.
2. I prefer the following kind—
   ( ) Love ( ) Adventure ( ) Detective
3. Write here any suggestions you may have for something to take the place of the story.

Name .....

P. O. .....

THE AMERICAN UNION

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3545-0063.jpg