

TREASURE

BY Gorego E. Waleh W.N.U. Roleaso



THE STORY THUS FAR:

The crew of a small sailing vessel in the Caribbean pick up Dick Jordan, adrift on a raft. He realizes that he is among men little better than pirates. They come upon a drifting schooner with only two people aboard, the demented captain and his daughter, Rose. Tucu and his pirates capture the ship and tie up Rose and Dick. After a trulless search for the "treasure" supposed to be on the schooner, Tucu goes away, taking Dick with him. Dick escapes and returns to the schooner just in time to rescue Rose from two of the pirates. Rose tells Dick the treasure really exists. Next day they plan how to really exists. Next day they plan how to sail the schooner to land.

CHAPTER IX

A noise from the cabin interrupted, and Rose turned swiftly. Father. He needs me."

Dick remained on the deck, watching the tantalizing object with new interest.

Rose suddenly came out of the

cabin, and approached him in great agitation. Her eyes were glistening, and her whole face seemed aflame with some powerful emotion that transformed her into a radiant crea-

"Dick," she called eagerly before reaching his side. "Dick, it's hap-pened—the miracle! I can hardly believe it, but—"

She stopped, trembling all over, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. He was by her side instantly, more startled by her happiness than by any fear that he had seen written there before.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked anxiously eathlier of the formal than the seen of t

iously, catching one of her fluttering

hands in both of his,
"It's Father," she breathed softly.
"Is he—is he—dead?"

The question came out before he had time to think-abruptly, and

without premeditation.
"Dead!" she repeated, and then laughed softly. "Dead! No! He's just come to life. He's sane again, Dick. He knows me—remembers rverything! He's—he's—'

The tears bubbled from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks; but they were the tears of joy and relief and not of fear or desperation. Dick held one hand and supported her trembling form with an arm.

"I'm silly!" she laughed hysteri-cally, smiling through the tears. "But I can't help it! And I don't care! I can cry for happiness, can't

He barely resisted the temptation to sweep her into his arms and kiss the pouting lips.
"Come," she added a moment later, clutching his arms. "Come and

see the miracle."

In the cabin Dick found a much changed man lying on the bed where he had helped put him the night before. The feverish red had died out of the face, and the eyes, inspecting him critically, were as sane as any man's. The blow of the Carib's bludgeon had restored to Captain Bedford his reason. Rose had partly prepared him for meet-ing Dick by explaining briefly the series of events that had taken place while his mind was under a cloud. He extended a hand suddenly, and

"Ye've saved my little girl's life, I understand. Then - then ye can count on me as an everlastin'

"I don't know what Rose's been telling you, Captain, but I'll bet she never told you how she saved my life. Let me tell you."

The girl placed a hand before his lips, but he removed it, and went into details of their adventures that she had either omitted or slurred over. At the end, Captain Bedford

"I reckon now," he said, "I'm all cured. That little girl o' mine's just like-just like her mother."

"Then her mother must have been a wonder." smiled Dick. "She was!" was the solemn retort.

Captain Bedford Takes Command

The captain struggled to his feet despite Rose's protestations. "No, I ain't goin' to lie here any more," he added. "I got to get on deck. Ye've had enough on yer hands, daughter. Now it's my turn. Reckon I'm well enough to take a watch." He clutched at the rail and

stared across the sea.
"Where's that lugger?" he demanded truculently.

"Over there," replied Rose, pointing.

Until then none of them had glanced in the direction of the puzzling object that had caused them also debate but when their eyes

focused on it now they gave a little start. Captain Bedford grunted and recovered his voice first.

"Ye call that a ship!" he snorted.

"Great Jehosophat, ain't ye got
eyes! That's land! An island!"

It was an island rising abruptly from the sea-not one of your coral-girted, palm-fringed islands of the tropics, but of rock-buttressed headland that caught the breaking surf and hurled it back shattered into foam. Perhaps a mile or two in width, and fifty feet high, it offered ors in the stormiest weather, could

"We're drifting straight toward the island," Dick remarked. "In a

couple of hours we'll reach it. Any danger of being wrecked on those rocks?"

"If we could work around to the other side o' the island," muttered the skipper, "we'd be safer."

After much awkward and difficult maneuvering, they brought the ship to safety in a sheltered cove. Captain Bedford was anxious to begin making repairs so the Betty could sail out of her prison at the earliest possible time. "We can't reckon on more'n a week of fine weather," he said. "An' we got about all we can do to get off force. about all we can do to get off afore

Dick's curiosity to land on the island and survey the scene from the top of the cliffs was greater than any fear of future disaster. "I'm going ashore," he announced.

"What fur?" growled the skipper. "Ye won't see anythin' but water an' an island, an' ye can see them here.

"The island may be inhabited on the other side.'

Captain Bedford snorted. "Ye ex-pect to find a hotel an' a ship waitin' to take ye home?"

Dick shook his head and laughed. "No, but I'm curious to climb up there and get a look. I won't be gone long."

When he was near the summit, he increased his pace, eager to get a glimpse over the top.



"Great Jehosophat, ain't you got eyes! That's land! An island!'

with the opposite side disappearing in the sea gradually, a fine sandy beach fringing half of it in the shape of a crescent horseshoe. The descent from the rocks to the beach was sharp and abrupt. One could make it in a brisk run or walk.

Dick took this all in swiftly like the flash of a cinematograph. Then his eyes came to a sharp halt on an object in the cove formed by the crescent beach. With a quick in-take of the breath, he exploded: "The lugger! Tucu's crew's on

the island!

The lugger was anchored near the beach where she had probably ridden out the storm in perfect safety. Tucu had known of the island and its protecting cove. The sails were flapping idly in the breeze, stretched for drying in the warm sun. The deck was deserted. There was no sign of any one aboard.

Dick Makes Another Dismaying Discovery

But this was easily accounted for by the presence of two boats drawn up on the sands. The crew was all ashore. Dick could see them in scattered groups. A sudden fear that they had discovered the Betty on the opposite side of the island and were preparing to attack her from the land side, made him wary and watchful. He ducked a little lower to avoid any possible detec-

Then his eyes took in other features of the beach. Some distance back from the water where the rocks broke through the sand, another group of seamen were hud-dled together. They were standing in an attitude of watchfulness and waiting. One of their number was advancing to confer with the Caribs.

Dick gazed in puzzled surprise and stupefied amazement. These others were white men-seamen, shipwrecks! He could make that out without difficulty. It flashed through his mind they had been wrecked on the island, and were bargaining with Tucu to take them off.

There were seven in all, counting their leader who was parleying with the Caribs. Dick frowned for no other reason than that something in their appearance, or in their lead-er's attitude, reminded him of the past and for a long time he was silent and thoughtful, striving to recall a fleeting memory that dis-

Then with a little grunt, he sat up, shaded his eyes with both hands, and crouched as motionless as a tiger stalking his prey. His breath came in short, labored

"Hen Pettigrew!" his lips mur-

The explanation of the group of white men on the beach was all comprehensible. One of the boats of the City of Bahia had landed on the

island or been wrecked there.

The discovery was not pleasant to Dick. His recognition of the man who had pursued him half around Dick. a continent, shadowing him as per-sistently as a bulldog, and finally capturing him in a small, out of the way corner of the earth, gave him a distinct shock. With a quiver, he recalled Hen's parting words: "If we meet again—on shore—I'll pinch you. It's my duty."

He glanced back of him. schooner was resting quietly in its protecting prison, rising and fall-ing lazily. On the deck Captain ing lazily. On the deck Captain Bedford was busy making repairs to the sails and rigging, preparing for escape before another storm came. Rose stood alone at the bow, and as Dick looked she waved to

He groaned and waved back to her. Then violent words sprang to his lips. "Damn Hen! He shan't take me! I'll kill him first! It isn't fair! I've paid-paid enough for another's crime! I'll die fighting for freedom! Damn it, I'll jump into the sea first!"

Rose was still waving to him, cupping her hands occasionally as if shouting words of encouragement. He listened, but the distance was too far to catch her voice.

Suddenly the fit of angry passion deserted him, leaving him limp and weak. He groaned aloud: "She will know! Hen will tell her! I can't escape it!"

Her name sprang to his lips, and with a cry of anguish he dropped his head on the hard rocks. The inevitable fate that had pursued him was closing about him, and he was glad now that he hadn't spoken to her. He shivered at the thought. At least he had saved her that humiliation.

When he glanced up again his mind was calmer and his white face, drawn and strained, had less of the rebellious lines in it. The men on the beach were still parley-Dick wondered what sort of bargain they could make with Tucu. The old pirate would demand all he could get and take it. Tucu wa like Hen—inexorable and greedy. Tucu was

While he looked the parley sud-enly terminated, and Captain Tucu, who had been conversing with Hen, turned on his heels to walk back to his waiting Caribs; but half way there he wheeled so swiftly that Hen was taken off his guard. There was a puff of smoke, and a sharp report. Hen Pettigrew staggered back and nearly fell, reeling as if suddenly bereft of all powers of locomotion.

At the same instant a group of Caribs, led by Black Burley, started forward on the run, firing as they came. Dick saw Pettigrew reel again, and this time pitch head first into the sand. The Caribs rushed past him, filling the air with their shots.

Dick waited to hear the returning volley from the white seamen, as the Caribs advanced, dodging from side to side, but no response came from them. Tucu had armed every one of his crew but they were poor

Stones Poor Weapons Against Guns

"They're waiting until the Caribs "I wish"—a little regretfully—"Hen
was there. Hen's a dead shot."
Nearer and nearer came the

Caribs to the entrenched fortress of the seamen. Dick noticed for the first time they were protected by a rampart of rocks they had gathered for a breastwork.
"Hen's work," he

chuckled. "Hen's shrewd in a fight. Didn't or heredity—"not of blood"; (2) not trust old Tucu.'

The attacking party was within a stone's throw of the breastwork, and still the white men held their fire, Ten feet nearer, and the sailors rose as one man. Dick held his breath. expecting a withering volley from them; but instead a shower of rocks

and stones filled the air. Two of the Caribs went down, and a third stumbled and halted. The others dropped to the beach to escape the flying missiles, and the attack was temporarily checked.

"Why don't they shoot now?" growled Dick. "They could get

He stopped and drew a deep breath as the unpleasant explanation forced itself sharply upon his mind. The seamen from the arms, or if they had taken them away with them, as Hen must have taken his, the salt water had renis set over against "grace"; "giv-en" stands in contrast with "came," and "Moses" with "Jesus Christ." dered them useless. They were un-armed, except for the stones, while the Caribs were plentifully supplied

with guns.

Dick's hand reached for his pistol, and then dropped limply to his side. Captain Tucu had disarmed him when he was made a prisoner, and Dick hadn't found any substitute weapons. Were there more fire-arms aboard the Betty? Probably not; Captain Tucu had robbed the schooner of every weapon he could

lay his hands on.

With a groan at his impotence,
he turned back to the beach. The
Caribs were attacking again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. B. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chleago. Released by Wastern Newscatter Volence

Lesson for January 5

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THE WORD MADE FLESH

seen God a any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the boson of the Father, he hath seclared him.—John 1:18.

A new year always carries with

it a deep sense of responsibility and at the same time a thrill of

expectancy.

That is why we need to begin this

new year-and continue it-in the study of God's Word, so that we may

know his will. You will find it to be a joy and blessing to you, not only

as you study it by yourself, but also in the fellowship of those in the Sun-

Our lessons for the next three

months are of unusual interest, for they take up the Gospel of John

which was "written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the

Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name"

(John 20:31).

Jesus Christ is here presented as

the Word (Logos), and he is indeed the living Word come to reveal

I. The Living Word Is the Light of Men (vv. 1-5).

Men ask questions about Carist. They want to know whether he is

to be regarded as a good man and a great leader, or must we recog-

nize him as being God?
The answer is here. He "was"

in the beginning (Gen. 1:1), which means that he pre-existed from all eternity, and he "was God" even as he was "with God." This eter-

nal, living, divine Word was the "ex-press image" of God (Heb. 1:3), and

so perfectly revealed the Father (v.

He is the Creator (v. 3) and giver

This eternal Word became (as he

was) the light of men. He came to shine into the darkness of a sinful

world with the only light of redemp-tion. We say again, "This is the

II. The Living Word Is a Divider

The darkness of sin was so deep,

and still is so deep that the glorious light of God is not received with

Now the question comes, Does it

The answer is clear. You must

decide what you will do with him.

You cannot avoid that decision or

evade that light which shines. You

must either accept or reject, and a

God has witnesses to the Light. John was such a witness and he,

like all true witnesses for Christ, directed attention to him. John's

great testimony was just a lesse

ight to point men to the true Light.

That true Light is shed abroad for

As they face Christ, men divide

into two groups. His own people, and his own creation rejected him when he came (v. 11). How utterly

tragic! And yet the same thing

goes on today. Men hear the gos-pel, are made acquainted with Christ and his claims, yet fail to

accept his proffered salvation, and are eternally lost (John 3:19; Eph.

But, thank God, there are those

who receive him (v. 12), and to

them he gives the power, the right or authority, to be the sons of God.

by natural instinct or development

(3) not by human volition or by man's will power—not "of the will

III. The Living Word Is a Revealer of God (vv. 14-18).

The eternal Word, the Lord Jesus

Christ, laid aside his place of honor

in heaven, came to earth and took upon himself our flesh that he might

redeem us from sin. What infinite condescension, what unfathomable

He dwelt among men and showed

forth the grace and truth of God, for he was full of these heavenly

attributes. But it was in his giving of himself as Redeemer and Sa-

viour of mankind that he fully re-

vealed God in all his gracious love

Notice the antithesis here, "Law"

The law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ (Gal. 3:24), but

oring us to Christ (Gal. 3:24), but it could not save anyone; but grace —oh, it is by grace that we are saved (Eph. 2:8). Moses was God's honored servant,

but Jesus was the Son in the house-hold (Heb. 3:5, 6). It was this Son

of God who came to reveal the Fa-

ther and to declare his grace in sal-

The law was sent through a mes-

enger, but no messenger, no mat-

how great or worthy, would do to bring the gospel of the grace of God. That message of "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (v. 17).

-not "of the will of the flesh"

This change is expressly declared

all men (v. 9).

failure to accept is a rejection.

make any difference how a man regards Jesus Christ?

gladness, nor accepted at all. see that in the close of verse 5.

of life both natural and spiritual.

day school and church.

God to us.

Lord!"

of Men (vv. 6-13).

LESSON TEXT-John 1:1-18, MEMORY SELECTION-No



War Bonds Will Yield Huge Flow of Cash for Many Years

THE president of a small bank in a rural midwestern town, here to attend a bankers' meeting, told your Home Town Reporter the other day that interest on war bonds and U. S. savings bonds held by the depositors in his little bank alone would average almost \$100,000 a

year for the next 10 years.

To me that is an amazing revelation, for it is the answer to the confusion in the minds of many persons throughout the country as to why the treasury department is continuing its drive to sell U. S. savings bonds although the fighting is over. Also, the treasury's working balance and amieipated tak revenue are enough to meet government expenditures for some time to come, and they have been sufficient since the close of the Victory Loan in December, 1945. The government actu-ally does not need the money it is obtaining from the sale of savings

Then why sell bonds? I asked Verne Clark, director of treasury's savings bond division, for the answer. It boiled down to the fact that the government policy was to have the people collect the interest on the public debt.

Said Clark: "Wise management of the public debt is an important functio in which every citizen be vitally interested until that debt is paid. Purchases of savings be directly by the people are a definite part in that management . . . of keeping ownership in the hands of the people . . . and add another privilege to American citizenship, the privilege of sharing in the payments on the debt."

Enormous Buying Power

Here are some amazing figures: According to treasury statements, war bonds now outstanding, including all series, total \$49,700,000,000. If these bonds are held to maturity the interest to be paid on them in the next 10 years will total approximately 13 billion dollars, or an average of about \$1,300,000,000 a year.
That is purchasing power! It al-That is purchasing power! It al-most equals the total national income from banking in 1943; it is approximately the equal of the na-tional income from insurance in the same year; it is more than the average annual national from bituminous coal; it adds up to a new national spending power. And remember, this is interest only, not the \$49,700,000,000 of principal, much of which also will be paid before the 10-year period is up, because some of these outstanding bonds are already five year sold.

Bringing this new purchasing power down to that little midwest town, that \$100,000 a year in interest alone is more than the annual payroll of half the industries in the town, and if those industries shut down for any reason, folks there would look upon the fact as dire calamity coming to the community. The only factor which can shut off this annual interest is redemption of the bonds before maturity.

Here are some more amazing comparisons: In Texas, the people hold approximately a billion and a half dollars of war and savings bonds on which the 10-year interest would be \$375,000,000 or an average of \$37,500,000 a year. That total interest amounts roughly to one-third of the total value of Texas farm products in 1944, given by the bureau of the census as \$1,115,669,126.

Large Part of Income

In Indiana value of farm products in 1944 amounted to \$538,000,000. The 10-year interest on a billion dollars worth of war bonds held by Hoosier citizens will be approximately \$250,-000,000, or about one-half the total farm income for 1944.

In an eastern state, Massachusetts, folks hold two billions in bonds with an approximate \$500,000,000 interest total and that figure, according to the census bureau, is four times the total value of farm prodnets sold and used in Massachusetts in 1944. The annual interest, \$50,-000,000, probably equals the anni-al payroll of any one of a dozen thriving industries in that industrial state.

It seems to your Home Town Reporter that these figures bring home to every citizen all the familiar ap-peals for the continued purchase of savings bonds.

But the fact remains that the management of that public debt is im-portant and we'll have it with us for some time to come, so it seems to this reporter that as long as the folks in the home towns of the country must pay that debt in their federal taxes, their one hope of reaping any return, aside from the privilege of living in this country of ours, to continue to buy government sav-ings bonds and to hold what they have until maturity. Somebody is going to get the interest on that huge debt. It might as well be you,



Radio Breakfast Programs Of History

(King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.)

Anne-Good morning, Henry. Henry — Good morning, Where's my bicarbonate? Anne-Oh, come now, it isn't time

for that commercial yet. Henry (studying the script)-Ah, what a lovely morning. Isn't it wonderful just to be alive? Anne (with a shudder)-I'll bet

that's what you say to all your wives! Henry-Let's start off with the weather. It's clear and warm here

in the castle, with possible storms by afternoon. Anne-With you, honey, life is on

storm after another. What's the of-ficial temperature from the weather bureau? Henry-Have you forgotten? The

weather man gave me the wrong thermometer reading at yesterday's breakfast and I had him executed. Anne—Aren't you a little hasty with your executions? Henry-Coming from a wife of

mine it is a natural question, sweet, but by my troth I shall decline to answer. By the way, did you notice that stunning girl at the new pageant last night?

Anne-Every time you see Jane Seymour at an opening you ask me

Henry (humming)-If you see Seymour like I see Seymour. . . . Anne - No singing commercial,

Henry-Oh, come on, let's eat! How are my dozen eggs on beef coming? And remember 12 slices

of buttered toast will do for breakfast today. I'm not myself. Anne—Aren't food prices awful, Henry. I paid four shillings for that roast stag you had for lunch yester-day, and that was with the feet off.

Henry-Were the feet off? I didn't notice. Here's where a commercial comes in. Is your appetite weak? Are you finicky at the table? Squeeper's Stomach Bitters - the ones in the green bottle and you will have the appetite of a king. Anne-Come, Henry, don't exag-

Henry-Anne, my dear, you have a very pretty neck. And that's the cue for another commercial.

Anne-The secret of a pretty neck, I hope you all know, is Perth's Tis-sue Builder, the Cream of Royalty. A woman who uses this need never worry about her neck.

Henry—That's what you think!

Anne-Always joking, aren't you, Henry?

Henry—Am I?
Anne—I certainly hope so. Let's get off the subject of necks.

Henry-By the way, why aren't our canaries twittering this morn-

Anne—You know very well why. You ate their bird seed. Dear me, you eat everything.

Henry—Odds bodkins, you are get-

ting flip. Stick to the script.
Anne-Oh, Henry! Henry—Go ahead with the puff, but if I catch the fellow who named

that candy bar after me I'll send him to the Tower. He'll pay for it with his head. Anne-You're always making peo-

ple pay with their heads. Do you think it funny? Henry-You'll find out. And now, folks, it's time for our guest star.

Anne-Who are our guest stars today, Henry? Henry—Two charming girls, Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard.

Anne-Over my dead body! Henry-Okay, if that's the way you . . . HOPE

My husband hates the jukebox so That lately he's been praying That there will come a quarter slot To keep the thing from playing. -Alice B. Matheny.

Patter and Platters

Ted Husing is now a disc jockey and we suppose his life has become a matter of disca and data.

Husing gets \$250,000 a year in his new job with the musical records. Obviously it all depends on the ex-tent of the "turnover."

Incidentally, since Bing Crosby is trying to get Wednesday known as Bingday, how about Ted asking that every day be known as Plattersday?

TABLE TALK To dine out at the Homes of friends Is much against my wishes-Some guy suggests, When dinner ends; 'And now let's do the dishes."

Wilson W. Wyatt has resigned as federal housing chief. Leaving the White House roof in a time of such an acute roof shortage is our idea of conspicuous courage. Gems of Thought

A SSOCIATE yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company. — George

A merry twinkle and a sense of humor save many a situation We must love our work, and not always be locking over the edge of it, wanting our play to begin.—George Eliot.

Almanacs Long-Lived in

U.S.; One in 250th Year Among the oldest publications in the United States are the local almanacs the contents of which appeal chiefly to farmers, says Col-

For example, Gruber's Hagerstown Almanac is now in its 149th year, the Old Farmer's Almanac in its 154th, Daboll's New England Almanac in its 174th and Foultham's Almanach is its 25003. sham's Almanack in its 250th

Sublime to Ridiculous

A slightly tipsy gentleman walked into the telegraph office, took a pencil, spent three or four minutes in deep thought, and wrote this message to a friend in St. Louis:

"Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la." He signed it and presented it to the lady behind the counter.
After checking it, she said: "That will be 64 cents." The gentleman paid her and

she said: "You used only eight words."

words."
- "What would you suggest adding?" he finally asked.
 "Well, how about just adding 'tra la," she said.
 "No," he said firmly, "that would just make it sound silly."



You Go to Bed -NOT TO FRET Ever notice how small troubles look big to you and greater troubles gerth's

seem crushing when nervous tension keeps you awake at night? You can't be at your best mentally or phys-ically unless you get Miles Nervine has helped thousands to more restful nights and

more peaceful days. Ask your druggist for Miles Nervine. CAU-TION—use only as directed. Effervescent tablets, 35c and 75c Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Inc., Elkhart,

1

3 MILES

NERVINE

slip ask for SOLES



For firmer grip when others