

PORTO BELLO GOLD

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WEEK SERVICE

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"His back is broken," shouted my great-uncle.

The James had begun to gather headway; but as the wheel was released from the dead helmsman's grip her head fell off, and she dropped sluggishly into the trough of the seas which surged over the shattered waist, and one green hill of water burst squarely on the poop, hurling us to the deck. Peter recovered his footing before either Murray or I, shoved the Easterling's body aside and gripped the wheel in his own hands. Slowly, the buoyancy all out of her, the Royal James swung around in response to the rudder's thrust and lumbered off before the wind.

The headland Moira had sighted faded into the mist; but my great-uncle shook his head sadly.

"We are making water," he shouted to me; "and the island is to leeward. We can scarce weather it, and if we do—"

A faint call reached us from the fo'c'sle.

"Land—"

And a rent in the storm-clouds showed a second and lower headland fair over our larboard bow.

Peter started to put the helm down to enable us to bear off as much as possible and have whatever chance there was of clearing it; but Murray caught his arm.

"No, no, Peter!" cried my great-uncle. "Head up! Head up! 'Tis the North inlet! If we can pass in to starboard of that spit we are safe."

"Ja," squeaked Peter, and his iron muscles forced the rudder over until it neutralized the drive of the wind and sea; and foot by foot the Royal James made her southing, passed the east spit with half a cable's length to spare and opened a narrow, bottle-shaped roadstead, with tree-clad shores that offered protection from any storm that blew.

The rain was still pelting down. The surf was foaming on the outer beaches; the wind whistled shrilly in the rigging. But to us that prospect was the fairest ever seen. Moira sank to her knees in prayer beside the dead plate. My great-uncle stepped to the rail and bade the survivors of the crew get sufficient sail on the ship to give us steerageway. And I—I tried to shake Peter. He blinked at me solemnly.

"I tink Gott spoke out loud to der dead today, Bob," he said. "Ja!"

CHAPTER XIV

Disaster

Her less self-assured than An- Murray must have been dis- by the series of misfortunes had beset him. We were safe, more. The Royal James was water so rapidly 'twas neces- beach her on the mud-flats the south end of the inlet. She eaked like a sieve where the mizzen- mast had thumped her side, and her upper works were in splinters. In the fight with the Walrus and the storm we had lost eight-odd men, but more serious than this were the deaths of the two mates. Martin's body was und near the stump of the mizzen; had been struck down by the mast so distracted. Nothing was even of Saunders, and we could only suppose that he had been swept over- board.

The crew were apathetic and sullen, inclined to be mutinous and resentful of my great-uncle's authority. For the first time they had reason to question his omnipotence, and it required full display of his ruthless temper to reduce them to subjection—an accomplishment to which he was aided considerably by Coupeau, and I am free to admit, by Peter and me, who could not afford to risk the brutal il- cess which would certainly follow a successful revolt of the gundeck's portly horde. The former galley slave was a redoubtable ally with the nine-tailed cat, and a bruiser whose fists were as deadly sure as the long eighteen he handled so deftly.

The rain and wind ceased with the approach of darkness, and my great-uncle had the men mustered under the top, many of them still bleeding from the punishment they had re- ceived. And of all his feats I deem that the most remarkable: To face, practically unarmed, upward of a hun- dred and fifty men, who had just been hurled in the act of mutiny, without even sufficient light to enable him to exploit the compelling gleam of his heavy eyes. He beat them down— and held them down—by sheer power of will and utter fearlessness.

"You stand upon the deck of a wrecked ship," he said bleakly. "Un- der every one of you comfortable beds to buy you dissipation or place of fortune, whichever you prefer. No man can lead you to repair the ship and conduct you where the treas- ure will be of use to you.

Am that man. Without me you are doomed to spend your days chas- ing the goats on those hills; and the is any repetition of the disorder that today I shall maroon all of

you save a number required to handle the ship.

"Get to work. Before you rest I expect the maindeck to be cleared and staging rigged overside for reshathing and calking."

He drove them until midnight, then sent them reeling to their hammocks.

In the morning a systematic plan of occupation was arranged. By Coupeau's advice a handful of the more amenable of the crew—mostly negroes, Portuguese, Italians and Frenchmen of the south—were organized as an afterguard, and the remainder were divided into squads headed by men selected for skill at some special trade. One squad were to overhaul the sails and cut and sew from spare canvas a suit for the new mizzen, which a second squad were to hew on the slopes of Spyglass mountain and transport to the ship. A third squad were to repair all exterior damage to the hull; a fourth were to recalk the started seams; a fifth were to attend to whatever internal repairs were necessary.

Coupeau was placed in charge of the work aboardship, and the rest of us carried Colonel O'Donnell's body to the top of a small hill east of the head of the inlet. There, in the midst of a grove of pines, we laid him to rest. 'Twas a noble situation for a wanderer who had never reached his goal, with the crashing boughs and the distant thunder of the surf to sound a requiem until the end of time and a view over green meadows and dwarf woodlands to the white rim of the beach and the blue sea, shining in the sun.

Yesterday seemed years past. I blinked my eyes, looking from the peaceful garb of nature to Moira's slim body huddled in prayer beside the mound of raw earth amongst the pine needles. On the edge of the grove the men who had dug the grave were playing a gambling game with the pine-cones. Peter leaned on a musket, gravely compassionate. My great-uncle, his eyes puckered in thought, was staring out to sea. As I watched, he twitched my coat sleeve and drew me to one side.

"I shall leave you to amuse your- self as you choose for the remainder of the day," he said. "'Tis for you and Peter to safeguard the maid. I must ascertain, if possible, what hath become of Flint."

"And then?" I asked. "Then?" His eyebrows arched in surprise. "Why, then, Robert, we shall continue as we have done hith- erto."

"You must pursue this insane scheme?"

He was as patient with me as if I were a fractious child. "'Tis no 'insane scheme,' but a coup of high politics of fascinating import, my boy. I own to disap- pointment it doth not appeal to you more readily. What? Shall we cry quits, simply because of shipwreck? And after every move hath turned as we plotted it should!"

I shook my head hopelessly, and de- cided to try again.

"Bethink you," I argued, "the long- boat can speedily be made weather tight. In her we might reach—"

"Put it from your mind," he inter- rupted with a hint of iron in his voice. "You little know me, Robert, if you reckon me one to turn back from what I have begun—in especial, this mat- ter which consummates the ambition of my life."

"But we—"

"This time the iron was uppermost. "Boy, you are essential to my plans. Much as I love you, I— But we'll not talk on that plane. I am none for threats. Let it suffice that you are not to mention the subject again."

He wheeled around and left me, and with his escort of tarry-brecks strung out behind him was soon burled in the undergrowth on the lower flanks of the hill.

The sun was past meridian when Peter and I induced Moira to aban- don the unmarked mound, and to di- vert her mind we led her on a tramp to the shoulders of the Spyglass, where a score of the James' men al- ready had felled a giant fir and were lopping the branches from the trunk preparatory to removing the bark. In the forest near by we killed a mess of birds, and Peter skillfully broiled them over an open fire, and after that, since she professed to enjoy the sil- ence of the mountain side, we pressed on, beyond hearing of the ringing ar- blades, and finally came to the foot of the steep pinnacle of rock which was the lens of the Spyglass.

Here we would have halted, but Moira had heard the story of the watch the pirates maintained from the summit, and she insisted on com- pleting the ascent, despite the late- ness of the hour. And we, because we were for doing anything that would please her that day and relieve her grief, consented.

It was more difficult than it looked, and the sun was low in the west when we reached the platform at the top, stained and blackened by the beacon fire that had burned there. But the view was glorious. The island was spread out beneath us like a map on a table, from the Foremast hill on

our left all the way southward along the rocky spine of the west coast to Mizzenmast hill and a cape to the west of that which old Martin had called Haulbowline head. Eastward the irregular shore ran north and south to the indentation of Captain Kidd's anchorage, the tree growth matted and thick except for several savannas midway of the island and the silvery loops of two or three small rivers.

We identified the masts of the James, rising above the headwaters of the North Inlet, and the opening in the trees north and east of Cap- tain Kidd's anchorage that was the site of the fort Flint had built. And then Moira cried out:

"Oh, blessed saints, will that be a ship? Do but see, Bob! Peter!"

She pointed eastward; and there, sure enough, was a ship, or rather, the tops'is of a ship barely lifting over the horizon's rim. If it had not been for the fact that the sun's rays were striking level across the ocean-floor, and so were reflected from the sheen of the canvas, we should never have seen it, not even with a glass.

"Aye, 'tis a ship," I said. "Ja," nodded Peter. "It is Flint." Moira shivered.

"Troth, and who would it be else?" she demanded. "There'll be no friends of us come a-calling, I'm thinking."

"It might be a king's ship—" I be- gan.

"No, then," she denied, "if this island is gone all these years without the king's ships finding track of it, 'tis not like they will come upon it sudden in this moment."

"'Tis a ship indeed," I agreed an- willingly. "Aye, a full-rigged ship."

"Ja, a ship like Flint's," said Peter. We were silent for an instant, the three of us, dazed by the suddenness with which our whole outlook on the future had been changed by this un- expected loom of tops'is leagues away.

"He must have weathered the storm," I said foolishly.

"And now the red fighting will begin all over again," cried Moira. "My soul, will there not have been death enough for this treasure? Every piece of it must be speckled with men's blood."

"We better tell Murray," said Peter, moving toward the lip of the rock plat- form.

"But how could Flint be back so soon?" I protested. "'Tis impossible, Peter. He could not—"

"He could, ja," returned the Dutch- man imperturbably. "Der storm was by in two glasses—and der ship is yet maybe ten leagues off, neen?" We descended the Spyglass in sil- ence. Twilight overtook us in the forest at its base, and we were obliged to retrace our course with extreme caution, so that eight bells rang from the Royal James—so exact was the restored discipline on that stranded hulk—as we stepped from the trees on to the shore of the North Inlet and hailed for a boat.

My great-uncle met us at the gang- way, immaculate in plum satin coat and blue plush breeches, white silk stockings and black pumps, silver- buckled, his hair neatly tied with a black silk ribbon.

"Well, well," he greeted us, "you have made a long day of it. I trust you are not overtired, sweet?"

"This to Moira.

"I have delayed sitting to dinner in hopes that you would be here. You can see—" he waved an all-inclusive hand—"that we have not been idle aboard the James. We begin to look like a ship again, eh? Did you by chance see the new mizzen?"

Idea of Submarine Warfare Is Ancient

Experimentally, of course, the idea of the submarine goes back into a very remote past. Aristotle speaks of some kind of submarine vessel used in the siege of Tyre more than 2,000 years ago, and there are occasional mentions of the idea through history. In the sixteenth century one comes to the bishop of Upsala's claim to have invented a boat for scuttling ships from below, and in 1628 Charles I gave a Dutch inventor an order for "boats to go under water," though they do not seem to have been used against the French. There were the rudimentary and unsuccessful "turtles" of Bushnell in the eighteenth century. But an ill fate pursued the early inventors. Fulton's submarine was rejected by France, England and America in turn, and he set himself to the more useful work of designing boat engines. Johnson's submersible

Early Postage Stamps

Prior to the use of postage stamps, masters were first issued in 1847, post- masters used what were known as provisional stamps. These were in the nature of a rubber stamp which served the purpose of postage. It showed the prepayment of postage and was similar to the postmark on letters today, and usually bore the word "Paid," name of the office and the amount of the postage remitted.

"You better come to der cabin," said Peter abruptly.

"I beg your pardon?" answered Mur- ray.

"We have something to tell you," I said. "It cannot wait."

His eyes plumbed mine, and I think he knew in that instant what our news was. He clicked open his snuff-box and dusted a pinch delicately into his nostrils.

"So?" he murmured. "Sets the wind in that quarter!"

And he offered Moira his arm with the fine, stately dignity he achieved to perfection, and led the way aft to the main cabin.

"You may place the vials upon the table, Gunn," he said to the stew- ard when we were seated. "We will serve ourselves."

He turned to Moira.

"I recommend this fish. 'Tis fresh- caught, and Scipio—" the remaining blackamoor—"is a master at such dishes; he hath stuffed it, you see, with greens he procured from the woods."

"We have scant time to eat, let alone to admire our food," I inter- posed roughly. "From the peak of the Spyglass at sunset we sighted the tops'is of a ship in the east."

"I presume that you believe her to be the Walrus?" he returned.

"Ja," said Peter. "It is Flint."

"My faith, and who else would it be?" asked Moira.

"Doubtless you are right," he as- sented. "Indeed, I do not question it. Our examination of the northern and eastern beaches today failed to dis- close a trace of evidence to indicate what had become of the Walrus, and had she sunk some wreckage must have washed ashore. Yes, yes, my friends, our ill-luck is still with us. Flint rode out the storm. But that, Robert, is no reason why we should not secure the maximum of satisfac- tion from this tasty meal—all the more particularly so when we con- sider 'tis like to be the last for some days we shall eat in such comfortable surroundings."

"You take it coolly!" I exclaimed. "And why not? 'Tis a disaster, I grant you, yet irritation will not aid me to redress it."

"You don't stay here, neen?" said Peter.

"Quite right, friend Peter. The Royal James in her present plight would be a death-trap. I shall abandon her tonight and shift to the fort Flint was so obliging as to construct for us by the anchorage."

"And the treasure?" I asked. He held up his wineglass to the light and studied it reflectively.

"Obviously, we must be where the treasure is," he returned at length. "Or, if you please, put it the other way round: The treasure must be where we are. I foresee a busy night for our people."

Moira thrust out appealing hands toward him.

"Oh, sir, why won't ye just be after calling out to this ship when she comes and bid them take what they will and go? Sure, that would be better than—"

"Tut, tut," he rebuked her. "A part of this treasure is to supplement the eight hundred thousand pounds intended for your father's friends—and they, my lass, are King James' friends. You are a good Jacobite, I trust, and would not see our Cause deprived of a single doubloon that might buy muskets in Lyons or sword- blades in Breda?"

"Ah, 'tis little enough I feel for King James or any of them that will have sent the padre to his doom!"

Genius Poorly Rewarded

The discovery of the correct position and physiological function of the heart, when announced by Andreas Vesalius, the Belgian master of an- atomy, was received on the one hand with cold skepticism, and on the other with hot opposition. Slowly, grudgingly, the worth of it was re- cognized. Reward, in proper measure, was not given. But it provided the stepping-stone enabling William Har- vey to discover the circulation of the blood.

Vesalius was a native of Antwerp, his period being 1514-1564. At four- teen he was a student of medicine in Louvain; at twenty he was in Venice, and the year following became public demonstrator at Padua. In Bologna he gained a professorship and in Pisa a similar chair. At twenty-eight his incomparable treatise on human an- atomy appeared.—London Graphic.

Decidedly Risky

"Our family doctor is going to mar- ry the woman physician in the next block."

"That's too bad. Doctors so often disagree."

she cried. "And what is a Jacobite or a Hanoverian, or what worth King George or King James, that you must be murdering and slaying and he that was a good man and kind—when he wasn't in liquor—should lie in heath- en ground?"

She leaped up, quivering with pas- sion lashed adame.

"Jacobite! The toe of my boot to the word and them that use it! Lit- tle enough hath it meant to me but poverty and exile and the death of her that bore me and now—and now—the padre—and now—"

She fled from the cabin in tears, and her stateroom door slammed af- ter her.

"Poor lass! Poor lass!" sighed my great-uncle. "It hath been a trying day for her. We must be lenient."

"You should be down on your knees, beseeching her forgiveness, you who wantonly dragged her into this dan- ger!" I snarled at him.

"Wantonly, Robert?" he objected mildly. "Certe, you should know bet- ter by now. My reasons were of the best, my motives of the highest."

He rang the silver bell in front of him, and when Gunn appeared said— "Send Coupeau to me."

Then he turned to me again— "You, of all persons, Robert, have least cause to censure me for Mis- tress O'Donnell's presence."

"I have most!" I retorted hotly. "I am so unfortunate as to be related to you, and therefore must be in some measure a sharer of the obloquy at- tached to your deeds."

He wagged his head sadly. "Words! What rash, unreasoning words will not youth sponsor in its blind prejudices! Peter, I appeal to you: Doth not my grandnephew lie in my debt for my conduct in arrang- ing for him the opportunity to squire our little Irish maid?"

Peter drained a glass of brandy. "You better not say any more, Mur- ray," he grunted. "Neen! Maybe you say too much."

"I had supposed myself the model of diplomacy," protested my great-uncle.

Peter's little eyes twinkled behind their protective rolls of fat.

"Ja, you been pretty smart, Murray. But der smart feller, he has to look out or he gets too smart. Ja! Andt when he gets too smart he is in trouble."

Coupeau's hideous mask of a face showed in the companionway entrance. "Oul, m'sieu?" he growled.

"An, Coupeau," answered Murray. "A strange sail approaches the island, perhaps Flint, perhaps another. To us it matters not. We must entrench ourselves ashore. The treasure and sufficient stores for two weeks' so- journ will be shifted to the stockaded fort on the hill north of Captain Kidd's anchorage. The men must work all night again if necessary. Do you un- derstand?"

"Oul, m'sieu," replied the gunner. And Coupeau clumped off down the companionway. A moment later his hoarse voice split the quiet of the ship as he commenced to bark orders.

"A stout fellow, Coupeau," com- mented my great-uncle. "I have never regretted the salvaging of him. But perhaps it would be as well if we went on deck and lent him moral support."

As a matter of fact, there was less disposition than we anticipated on the part of the crew to object to this new labor. And the reason was not far to seek. The transfer of the treasure to the fort by the Anchorage furnished them an opportunity to es- tablish an intimacy of contact with it they had not known previously, an intimacy alluring, stimulating, dis- composing. True, they already had transferred the entire cargo of the Santissima Trinidad once, had re- moved the half of it from the Royal James to the Dead Man's Chest, and only two days since had broken out the remainder for division with the Walrus.

Peter and I, with Moira and Ben Gunn and Scipio, followed the main column of the evacuation about mid- night. Coupeau had led the first contingent, some of whom we met re- turning to the ship, to fetch a second load of stores. My great-uncle was to come after us with these and the remainder of the crew, leaving be- hind on the Royal James only some twenty-odd men who had not yet re- covered sufficiently from wounds re- ceived in the two actions with the Santissima Trinidad and the Walrus to permit of their removal, and who were made as comfortable as possible on the gundeck.

I noted uneasily that the groups who passed us were talking eagerly amongst themselves, with no appear- ance of the surliness to be expected normally from any sailors put to ex- tra work, although they fell silent as soon as they saw who we were.

"They have never been drinking," I muttered to Peter.

"Neen," he answered. "But they get drunk on der treasure."

"Do but see how it is a fell curse upon all who touch it," said Moira. "Ah, blessed Virgin, that it were all in the depths of the ground where God first planted it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



(By 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)
"Age is an opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in an-
other dress;
And as the evening twilight fades
away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisi-
ble by day."

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

For those who like the old-fashioned buttermilk soup, the following will be enjoyed:

Mulled Buttermilk.—Take five cupsful of buttermilk, stir a tablespoonful of flour into a little of the buttermilk, add and cook until boiling hot. Season with cinna- mon, sugar or nutmeg.

Kidney Beans With Sour Cream.—Cook the beans until tender, then add sour cream to moisten thoroughly. Place over a slow fire and simmer one hour. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Orange and Water Cress Salad.—Arrange a nice bed of water cress on a salad plate, arrange overlapping slices of orange and serve with French dressing. Very nice to serve with game.

Baked Onions and Cheese.—Parboil half a dozen medium-sized onions until nearly tender. Drain and put them into a baking dish, then cover with a layer of white sauce and a sprinkling of good snappy cheese, repeat and finish the top with a layer of buttered crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown.

Brown Nut Bread.—Take two cupsful of graham flour, one cupful of wheat flour, one-half cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of raisins, and one and one-half cupfuls of walnut meats. Mix and bake in a moderate oven.

Mock Crab.—Melt four table-spoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. When well blended pour in gradually while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point and add one can of cornet, one egg lightly beaten, three teaspoonfuls of wor- cestershire sauce. Turn into a but- tered dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Onion Sandwich.—Chop a small onion, add salt, pepper, a little vine- gar and oil and spread on buttered bread.

Split-Pea Soup.—Soak a cupful of split peas in two quarts of water. In the morning put the peas over the fire with a ham bone or piece of salt pork, a slice of onion, and simmer for four hours. Rub through a sieve, return to the fire; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two of flour, mix well and add a little soup to the consistency of pouring. Stir into the soup and cook five to ten minutes. Season with salt, pepper and add one cupful of thin cream just at serving time.

Timely Dishes.
A good salad is always appreciated and a good salad is one which is dressed with a tasty dressing.

Lettuce With Egg Sal- ad.—Put crisp head let- tuce out into quarters on salad plates after being well chilled in cold water and drained. Take hard- cooked eggs and put the yolks through a ricer; chop the whites very fine. Pour highly seasoned French dressing over the let- tuce and sprinkle with the whites and yolks. This makes a pretty salad to carry out the color scheme of yellow.

Pear Salad.—Set half a canned pear on a few heart leaves of lettuce. Sprinkle with a few cubes of Neufchatel cheese and half as many strips of plim- to. Take one cupful of double cream, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls of the pear sirup, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Beat the dressing until light and pour over the salad.

Caramel Cornstarch Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, mix and cook with one pint of milk. Put three-fourths of a cupful of brown sugar in a smooth frying pan, melt and stir until dissolved and a golden brown, then add the boiling hot cor- nstarch mixture. Stir until all the sugar is well blended with the pudding, add a pinch of salt and serve in sherbet cups with whipped cream.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Take two cupfuls of light bread dough, add one-half cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of shortening, cut in the mixture until well blended. Roll out, using flour to handle, then spread with butter, sprin- kle with sugar and cinnamon, roll up and cut into small rings. Place to rise on a baking sheet; dust with brown sugar just before baking.

Spring Salad.—Slice crisp red rad- ishes very thin, add sliced green on- ions and a little chopped green pepper. Serve on lettuce with a mayonnaise dressing.

Tomatoes and tomato juice are in- valuable aids in the diet of young or old. Use the fresh tomatoes, canned, or the juice—all good for children. Dishes made chiefly from milk, fish, meat, poultry and eggs with meat sub- stitutes form the most important group in a well-balanced ration. Then come cereals, breads, fats, of which butter is the most important.

Nellie Maxwell