

THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

This "grab," as its inventor had christened it, deserves a word of description. It was in structure very like those uncouth contrivances ye call "steam navvies," which are usually associated with the making of railway cuttings. Attached to the mainmast, as to an upright, was a heavy moving arm, which was capable of complete control from below. At the end of this was a long strut, armed with a large iron scoop, which would dig up a load of anything within its reach, swing it round and deposit it upon the deck. All the movements of the machine were arranged so that they could be controlled from the 'tween decks.

In practice the grab had many drawbacks; but, considering the enormous difficulties under which it was worked, it did its duties very well. It certainly reflected great credit upon its inventor, Dr. Tring. The machine's movements in a medium so dense as sea water is at that level were sufficient to set up small eddies, and, although these had not been calculated upon beforehand, their presence was noticed with pleasure. Under their influence much of the ooze, which the scoop brought up along with the more solid matter, was swept gently from the decks, and in consequence the weight of the cargoes which had to be carried to the surface was considerably lightened.

There were, as it turned out, many of these journeys to the surface and back again, for the Eureka's people did not by any means hit off the treasure room of the galleon at the first attempt. Under that formless mound, amid which the ruins of the Santa Catarina were heaped, it was impossible to distinguish stem from stern, and for awhile they did not even know how from broadside. In fact, five journeys forward and back to the surface were necessary before they could gain even this elementary knowledge, and then many, many more before they brought to daylight the first coin of the coveted treasure.

Yet with what keen interest they waded among their shiny hauls may be guessed. Many a page from the history of the past which had long been plucked away from the view of modern man was opened to their eager eyes. In one or another of their trips they brought to the surface heavy culverins, brass sakers and falconets, the shell bound stock of an arquebus, the bronze holder for a linstock—all archaeological treasures over which Dr. Tring gloated as he never gloated over the golden harvest which came later. Captain Colepepper picked up the jeweled hilt of some dandy rapier, whose blade had centuries ago dissolved in rust. The doctor found a woman's pounce box of tortoise shell and gold, perfect as the day it left the jeweler's booth. They picked out a score of pewter plates and dishes and then a lot of earthen bowls, and this find told them that they must be in the neighborhood of the cabin. Once they found some old officer's chest, which, owing probably to pretreatment of the wood, was not injured in the least by the immersion, and had preserved the clothing, boots and knickknacks with which it was crammed in the same condition they had been in when the dead hand shot the key for the last time all those generations ago.

But of the whereabouts of the treasure room they could for a long time form no idea, and, although their hauls gave them many things of interest and some of value, the gold which had lured them all across an ocean to find was nowhere to be seen. Tons and tons of the fabric of that old sea ruin, and of its slimy covering, had they laboriously dug out and overhauled. They had found out how she lay, bitten their way through her 'thwart ships and then attacked her fore and aft.

"The treasure room must be under the after cabin floor," had been Dr. Tring's dictum when the work began. "It always lay there!"

So they bored their way sternward and found many more objects of interest, mementoes of other days, tiny relics, many of them insignificant, but all, to a student of the past, pregnant with history. Dr. Tring reveled among all these treasures, working over them far into the night. In fact, so keen was his enthusiasm that he could hardly be persuaded to take the rest which the hard work of each day made imperative.

But the store of specie was not found in the after part of the galleon, though they cut their way right through to the sternpost before giving up the hope that it might be there. Their midships section had already told them that it did not lie under the waist, so they drew the only possible conclusion and set to work excavating from the fore part of the vessel. For awhile the work went quickly, for the powder room had evidently been situated forward of the waist, and the charred rubbish gave easily. But farther on the wood, as if hardened by the fire, was the toughest and best preserved they had come across, and many a time the scuttle of the grab got obstinately jammed, and they were forced patiently to grind a way through some sturdy obstruction.

But at last the seat of the Golconda

was reached without their knowing it, and they pumped their way up to the surface with nearly £5,000 worth of bullion lying mixed with the litter of slimy mud and rotten splinters upon their decks.

"It seems an unprofitable looking bunch of filth," observed Captain Colepepper as he stooped to tuck his trousers into the tops of his sea boots. The ketch was floating once more in conventional fashion, riding snugly to her sea anchor.

"Eh, but what's this, though?" said Tom Jelly, picking up a dull, gray disk from the ooze and swilling it gently in a pool of water.

"A button," suggested Guthrie. "We've got the pickings of some poor fellow's dunnage sack again."

"With due respect, no!" replied Tom. "It's a coin, sir. Look, when I rub the caking away! See them two pillars? It's a dollar. The Spaniards have their goldpieces stamped just the same to-day."

"Here's another," interposed Henrietta, "and another!"

"Himmell! Here was ein vintvul Unt loog! Zee vat Gain haf pigged op!"

"Gould," said Cain stolidly. "I've seed a boss' shoe made from a smaller bar Zusan Pierce, I'll buy 'ee a Waterbury watch when I get whom."

"Heh! What's this?" squeaked Henrietta, who was stopping about among the mud scratching away the rubbish with rapid, eager fingers. "A pig of lead? It's heavy enough and about the color. Lend me your knife, Tom. Ah! Look! See that gleam? Silver! An ingot of it, Tom, and weighing pretty nearly a hundredweight, I warrant!"

"We're getting into the right latitude at last, doctor, I'm thinking," opined the captain, swilling a bucketful of water over the heap and laying bare a couple more heavy ingots. "You've hit upon the dons' strong box at last."

The doctor had mounted his eyeglasses amid even a deeper ridge and furrow of puckers than usual. He was scrubbing his hands together delightedly.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I had almost given up hope of getting a single thing after we found the stern empty. These old archives I took the trouble to hunt up at Madrid expressly mentioned that the treasure room was under the great cabin floor. How it got shifted I can't imagine."

"Simple enough," said the captain. "As I figure it out, it was something like this: The lubberly stevedores who stowed her holds sent her to sea in such bad trim that her people could do nothing



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ing with her. These old galleons were all, as you've told me yourself, flat bottomed and shallow draft vessels, and they'd get her so much down by the stern that forward she'd be about clear of the water and consequently wouldn't look at it unless they'd got the wind dead in over the taffrail. Then, don't you see, being in a sea way, they would not care to break bulk with the general cargo, because if they started sticking any out, they mightn't be able to get it back again. But this bullion was like the weight at the end of a steel yard. For its bulk it was the heaviest part of the freight, and the lubbers had jammed it slap up against the sternpost, just where its weight would be most telling."

"Put there for safety," suggested Dr. Tring.

"Aye, I expect that was about it," assented the captain. "But the galleon did not intend to make a landfall after leaving her port till she ran into her river in Spain; so, if any of the treasure was stolen in transit, it couldn't be carried away, and they could always find it by searching the hands. So old Don What's-his-name just gives an order, and the whole lot is carted along the decks and stowed in the lazaret forward, and as a result the galleon gets into as good trim again as such a hulking old floating haystack ever could."

"An ingenious explanation, Colepepper, and probably the right one. But we'll talk it out more afterward. For the present, let's get this filth swilled away and the valuables stowed under batches, and then, after a spell of rest, get ourselves under cover again and go down after more. It is always well to get on with your haymaking while the sun shines."

With eager hopes, the others sprang to do the doctor's bidding, but, as it happened, the £5,000 worth of treasure which lay about the deck was all that they got from the ruins of the foundered galleon for many a long day.

For that night, the Eureka was driven from her station above the Santa Ca-

tarina, and the chance of the second dip into the hoard of gold, which, after so much patient toil, the adventurers had found at last, was taken from them for the present. When the next morning broke, it was not for wealth, but for life itself, that they had to struggle, and when at last the struggle was over, and they had leisure to plan once more, there was none of them so bold as to propose to return just then for the rest of the sunken million.

Neptune had been kind to them so far, but, now that they had found the door of his treasure chamber, he grew petulant, and in his anger he came very near to adding eight more corpses to the unmonumented graveyard of the ocean.

CHAPTER X.

GUTHRIE FINDS PROFIT IN THE TEMPEST.

The sun set big and yellow behind a reef of purple cloud, and the wind, which had been blowing a fresh breeze from the east all day, died away to nothing.

The task of sifting out the gold and silver from the litter of mud and rotted splinters which the grab had deposited on the Eureka's deck, went on merrily, and most of the workers were far too busy and eager to notice the threatening aspect of the sky. Captain Colepepper, however, was too good a seaman not to have observed the coming danger, and that he was worried and anxious would have been perfectly obvious to the others, if they had had eyes for anything else but the pleasant work in which they were engaged. Four times in the space of less than an hour, the captain left the task of mud grubbing on deck and went below to the after cabin, and the furrows on his brow when he rejoined the others grew deeper each time.

After the fourth of these visits to the cabin he approached Dr. Tring and quietly drew him aside.

"Doctor," he said in low tones, "come below with me."

The doctor handed the ingot, which he was cleaning of its coating of mud, to Guthrie and followed his partner.

"Well, Colepepper," he said when they were alone, "what is it?"

"Look at the glass."

Dr. Tring did so and whistled. "By Jove," he said, "it has gone down, and no mistake!"

"An inch and a quarter in the last 20 minutes," observed the captain, "and it's still falling. We're in for something out of the common."

The doctor thought for a moment. "Then, if that is so," he said at length, "we'd better hurry up and get below the surface again before it begins. Now that we've hit upon the spot where the gold lies we can afford to be lavish with our supply of oxygen. We'll just stay down below there till it has blown itself out."

"Aye," assented the captain, "we might do that if it was going to be an ordinary storm. I've no more fancy than you have for leaving the Santa Catarina now that we've got our fingers in her money box at last, but this blow isn't going to be a matter of hours or of days either maybe. It's a regular tornado that we're in for, I tell you. Look at the sea—dancing up and down like a plate of calf's foot jelly, though there isn't as much wind as would blow a match out. I've been in a storm of the kind before, and I know the signs. We shall be precious lucky if we escape with the loss of a spar or two."

"Do you mean that we shall have to leave this spot now, when the Spanish gold is almost in our pockets?"

"Yes, doctor, I do. We shall have to set about putting the ketch into sea trim again as fast as we can and then run before the storm wherever it chooses to take us. If we're lucky and don't go to the bottom, we can come back here afterward for the rest of the gold. If we're not lucky, we shall be dismayed or worse. A West Indian tornado is the holiest sort of terror when it fairly breaks loose, and that's what we are going to have before we are a couple of hours older. Your trick of command is over for the present, doctor, I'm afraid, for there will be precious small chance of any more undersurface work for a spell. It's a pity, but there's no help for it, so we'd best be setting about putting the Eureka into shipshape again."

The two friends left the cabin and returned to the deck. The gold and silver had by this time all been sorted out from among the slime, and Tom Jelly and Henrietta were already busy with the buckets washing down the mud fouled decks. Captain Colepepper explained matters to the others and then put the whole crew to the work of setting up the canvas again. It had to be hurriedly done, for there was no time to be lost, and hardly had the necessary rags of storm sail been set when the tornado broke upon them.

The first squall came down upon the Eureka with a rush, driving a wave of white foam before it. The sea had risen rapidly, even before the wind came, running crosswise in several directions at the same time and giving clear evidence by its confused warring of the nature of the tempest which was coming. It was one of the circular storms of the tropics, than which no wind that blows is more destructive.

The time at their disposal had been too short to allow them to get the running tackle of the mainmast set in order. To make sure that its standing rigging was all taut and firmly secured was all that they had been able to do.

They had managed, however, to set the mizzen and a small jib, and under these Captain Colepepper hoped that she might be able to weather the tornado. It might be, perhaps, that even this small sail spread would be too much for her.

As soon as the storm was fairly upon them Guthrie was sent to the forward lookout, not that there was any very strong likelihood of their falling in with any other vessel in these latitudes, but Captain Colepepper would take no unnecessary risks, and the awful experience which they had already had with the P. and O. liner in the bay of Biscay was a sufficient reminder to the most thoughtless that their skipper's caution was by no means unreasonable.

Presently Guthrie was joined at his post by Dolly. In the rapidly growing darkness the young man could just make out that there was an expression of intense disappointment on her face, which even the excitement of the coming battle with the sea did not avail to drive away.

"Alan," she said, "isn't it horrid to be driven away like this, just when we had got to the interesting corner of that galleon thing? It's too provoking!" Guthrie nodded, and there was a moment's silence, broken only by the increasing voice of the tempest. The young man shared to the full the general disappointment and was thoroughly out of temper with himself and his fate. He was in no mood, therefore, for discussing the situation, even with Dolly, for at that moment it seemed to him that the Flat Holme light had been a lying beacon after all.

The sea had got up quickly, and just then a wave struck heavily against the bows of the ketch. Its top curled over the weather bulwark, and a heavy shower of spray dashed against the girl at his side.

"Haden't you better go below?" he suggested. "We shall have these few fellows coming aboard bodily by and by."

Dolly shook the water from her curls with a laugh. She was a sailor's daughter, and the delight of a tussle with the sea was taking hold of her and driving away her disappointment. It was not in any case her nature to be melancholy for long.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR NOTES.

The kopjes round Orange River bridge have, for the purposes of military exercise, been christened. The names given them are Artillery, Surrey and Cheviot hills.

To prevent horse sickness, colonial farmers, Kafirs and Boers, always rub a little tar or eucalyptus oil in the nostrils of the horse when he is out on the veldt.

Out of a total of 105 killed and wounded in the Naval Brigade at Gras Pan, eighty-seven were Royal Marines, so that it was rather a marines' than a "sailors'" battle.

All Boers are not the same, they, themselves, speak of those "dashing dare devils," the Middleburgers, the more discreet Bethel men, and the sturdy Heidelbergers.

The editor of the Krugersdorp "Voortrekker," one of the most villainous rags in the Transvaal, is an English curate, who was for some time head master of Aliwal Public School.

"What made me feel simply mad," says a Carabineer, who joined in the pursuit after Tinta Inyoni, was to see some Boers as they retreated firing and slashing at our poor wounded fellows."

According to the "Petit Blue," the ladies of Pretoria were surprised to see that the Eighteenth Hussars were hardened warriors; they thought all the English soldiers were young recruits.

One of the Boers killed at Elands-laagte was found to be an English soldier, as he wore three British medals. Perhaps he was the English ex-colonel who was forcibly commanded by the Boers.

A farmer near Estcourt writes: "I saw a train full of our wounded, and got into conversation with one of the Leicester. He had an exploding bullet through his arm, and would have to lose it, but he laughed and joked, and his only regret was that he was incapable of having another go at the Boers."

A Gordon Highlander had his smashed shoulder put into a splint without chloroform. When the operation was over he began to laugh, saying: "It is funny not to have any pain," and he began walking all round with a clay pipe, and was as pleased as Punch.

MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

We believe a young man and a young woman should not marry until she knows how to trim her own hats and he is prepared to admit that the baby got its snub nose from its father's folks.—Detroit Journal.

Simple Test.

Mrs. Sharp tongue—I fear my husband's mind is affected. Is there any sure test?

Doctor—Tell him you'll never speak to him again. If he laughs, he's sane. —New York Weekly.

THE PROVINCE UPHELD.

Ontario's Lumber Legislation is Declared Constitutional.

The test case of the Michigan lumbermen against the Government of Ontario has, in its first stage, resulted in a victory for the Provincial Administration.

Last week Mr. Justice Street delivered judgment in the case of Smylie, representing the Michigan lumbermen who want the law prohibiting the export of logs from Ontario crown lands, and requiring the sawing of such logs in Canada, declared unconstitutional, versus the Crown. Smylie's plea was for the issue of the usual licenses to limit holders without the onerous clauses. This petition was dismissed with costs, the rights of the province to require the sawing of the logs in Canada being sustained.

The judge held that the rights of the suppliants are to have their licenses renewed according to the conditions which at the time of renewal, have been generally imposed upon license holders, and so long as renewals are offered them which the Crown has the power to impose, no breach of their rights is committed.

The suppliants also contended that the act was ultra vires of the Legislature, as being an encroachment upon the legislative authority reserved to the Dominion by the British North America Act, that the act and regulations of which the suppliants were complaining were in contravention of that part of the British North America Act which reserved to the Dominion Legislature the exclusive right of making laws for the regulation of trade and commerce. The court held that the Provincial Legislature, in passing this act, were dealing with property belonging to the province over which they have the fullest power of control; they are entitled to sell it or to refuse to sell it, and if they sell they have a right to impose upon the purchase such conditions as they deem proper with regard to the destination of the timber after it is cut.

The matter is one of purely internal regulation and management by the province of its own property, for the benefit of its own inhabitants. It could not be contended that the Dominion Parliament, under their power of passing acts for the regulation of trade and commerce, could enact that every license to cut timber upon the lands owned by the Province of Ontario should contain a condition that the timber be sawn into boards before exported, and the power to legislate must therefore be in the province.

For these reasons the suppliants are not entitled to have their licenses renewed, except upon the conditions offered by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, as set forth in the order-in-council in force, April 30, 1898.

How Horses Go to War.

One of the most difficult matters connected with the transport of troops is the embarkation of horses. Equine soldiers do not love the sea, and to get them on board and to keep them quiet and healthy during a long voyage is by no means an easy task.

Horses are always kept in a cool state before embarking, and are put on board ship rather low in flesh than in too high condition. Horses which are in the latter state are disposed to be fractious and kick, and are also liable to inflammation. Long, slow, steady work is given to horses previous to their embarkation. They are kept fasting and without water for some hours before being put on board.

This minimizes the bad effect of slinging on overfed animals. They also become much sooner reconciled to their change of quarters and take to their feed on board when these measures have been adopted. As a rule, horses' shoes are not removed, as the animals are generally used directly they land.

Horses to be embarked are drawn up by troops as near the points of embarkation as possible. Their saddles and harness are taken off and packed in large sacks, while they are provided with ship's collars.

No fewer than five men are required to "sling" a horse quickly and well. One man holds the "head guy," which is, made fast to the ship's head collar. Two men stand on each side of the animal and hold up the sling until the horse's legs leave the ground, and the two remaining soldiers stand at the head and tail to fasten the breast trap and breeching respectively.

A horse on board ship eats 10 lbs. of hay, 5 lbs. of oats, 5 lbs. of bran, and ½ oz. of nitre. His drinking allowance is half a gill of vinegar and eight gallons of water.

These Treacherous Long Words.

"Are you quite sure that your orthography is absolutely correct?" asked the old friend.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Cumrox apprehensively. "I hope it'll do. I don't see how I can find out what's in now and study natural history."