

AGE OF THE TEAMER MARIECHEN

Account of the Attempts
Final Success of the
Wrecking Crew.

WAS VERY BADLY DAMAGED

Gear Suffered Consider-
ably as a Result of Coal
Oil Leakage.

tain Gibbs, the underwriters
as reported yesterday that
the Mariechen had been
salvaged in tow of the steamer
Esquimaux, but it is stated by
quinnally Marine Railway com-
missioner that the report is
for the last report received at
all was that the repairs were
being satisfactory and the two
were not expected to start dur-
end of this week. The report
yesterday was that the Mariechen
left with the Mariechen on
day. An interesting account of
the Mariechen is given
from one of the wrecking
board the Salvor.

Several trials made, each
successful, it being very difficult
down to the seat of the damage
of the cargo, inspection from
side being impossible as the ves-
sels on her bilge on a flat sur-
face.

Bay has been renamed Doughty,
memory of the vast amount of
worked out of the hold in the
of four.

letter, dated April 28th, says:
for the good news. It is now
m. and we have been working
eyes since 3 a. m. when we com-
what we hope will be our tri-
We have the Mariechen off the
the hold of the Mariechen to-
ward. No. 1 hold is pumped
at the bulkhead is not tight, so
up in that hold and we are put-
the hour. No. 2 we have pumped
to the orlop deck, and until 7
we were running it right down
on she is gaining on us slowly.
not understand why because the
say they have done their work
is now dark and we are put-
pumps (old sails) on the pack-
this does not tighten her up we
ach her. There is enough water
into the engine room to keep the
and eight-inch pumps busy; the
works forty minutes out of the
cannot say now whether we
trol her.

Success at Last

My morning—We have got her!
up in No. 2 now controls all
m. she runs. The crew, di-
McHardie and Cooky divers,
ding-bots and we hope she
siten up more. We are now
in, and hope to draw out to a
age before going to Juneau.
men have been at it since 3
yesterday morning. It is long-
the rest. Our great trouble
ash water; it was awful, as we
stop the different pumps as we
of water. She is now gain-
we knew where we were. We
get water (fresh) at high tide,
by our boats and we are now
work and those pumps get rid
of it.

Bottom Badly Crushed

bottom under No. 2 is crushed
eggshell, two of the good-
ples. The damage is of a pecu-
her port bilge is driven up
plates are cracked and hundreds
is sprung, so it is hard to
to fight. She will require a pile
sitting to make her fit to come
All hands are now working
We started trial at 3 a. m.,
6th and had her under control
m. April 27th.

and Sunday—Getting

in shape, working at bulkheads,
day—Left Doughty at 7:30
hank God. Salvor towed under
well and reached Juneau about
m. Tuesday.

au, May 2.—We arrived here
30 p.m. yesterday, having left
day at 7:30 the night before.
longside and the Salvor surpris-
is. One does not realize what
all big ship the "Merry Can" is.
a whopper.
The hull from False Bay, when
up anchor the port cable cut
lost the anchor and sixty feet
cable. We are now anchored
can, and the divers are down
her where possible to tighten
an eight-inch pump going all
e. We hope to get her tight
to cement by tomorrow night.
then have to go to the rig-
about three hundred tons, out of
2, to do the cementing, and
so as to take out the list, which
ty-two degrees yet. The ship
lower and orlop deck in No.
pretty well gone, so will have
in the decks. The cementing
is some days, and we are all
as fast as possible. I am crazy
come. On Thursday and Friday
no sleep, and most of us have
ds, but are all happy now, as
we have taken the first step
ard.

Diving Dresses Ruined

diving dresses suffered badly,
oil having practically destroyed
The oil leaked in amongst
in No. 2 hold, and the floor is
to handle; what is not tight
in is so slimy that you cannot
back a second before it slips out
hands.
weather is not so good here as
snow, but the fresh water
occupied so many of our men
between that and packing coal on
the week we could not get
as the "Merry Can" has a
thirty degrees, making double the
it was decided to come here
doughty in a very bad way.
our tanks, and no facilities for
lumber, cement, etc.
Customs people are very oblig-
have given us permission to do
we like.

Salvor has proved a most use-
ful machine shop and has a
board coming in very handy.
crew, coal and water com-
pensations are such as to enable
to proceed very rapidly. Of
the water was the worst problem
to contend with.

THE CHRONICLES OF DON Q.

BY K. and HASKELL PRITCHARD.

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X—HOW DON Q. HAD DEAL- INGS WITH A USURER.

After Robledo's pardon, amongst
the few who actually reached
the Boco de Lobo was Juan So-
rio, and he was led by Robledo him-
self to the mouth of the famous cave.
"You desire, Juan Soño," Don Q.
said, "to become one of my chil-
dren?" By this term the famous brig-
and once designated his followers.
"Yes, lord, I desire it."
The new recruit, little more than a
boy, met the chief's eyes without
flinching.
"And why do you desire this?"
The lad was full-grown, though he
looked hunger-bitten. His brows met
in a scowl.
"Because I have an enemy."
"It is inconceivable that you im-
agine your private enemies will be
forwards by entering my service,"
inquired Don Q. harshly. "Those
who join us in the mountains forget
their own desires, for they realize
from the moment of enlistment that
their sole excuse or existing lies in
furthering mine."

The lad's face whitened.
"Down there in the plains, many
told me differently," he answered.
"They said that my lord of the eler-
na held a wonderful scale of justice—
the only one in Spain in which the
rich man and the poor were fairly
weighed one against the other."

Don Q. dropped the end of his ci-
garette into the fire.
"I perceive you have a story to
tell me. Tell it shortly."
The beginning of it took back 20
years, to the time of the great snow.
My lord remembers it; how we poor
ones made holes through the snow
into our dwellings. At that time my
father and my mother had not long
been married. My father was a shop-
herd, and, like many of our people,
he spent much money on his mar-
riage feast. Who could have expected
such a winter?

Don Q. nodded.
"In spite of the cold and the hun-
ger, lord, those two were happy. But
the days grew darker and the cold
more bitter, and it seemed they must
starve. As it happened, so I tell it—not
otherwise. At the last my father
went into Malaga, where he heard
of some one who lent money to
the poor."

"And by what name was this usur-
er known?"
"They call him Señor Iapoulo,
lord. And to him during the winter
my father was forced to go more
than once or twice—you would
not have had him see his wife die!"
Sometimes Iapoulo would not give
money, but he would lend a sack
of flour. Those Iapoulo gave to
my father, always making him
sign papers. In six months, so it
was written in the papers, each bar-
rel had another barrel. Thus, lord,
the debt grew, and became very
heavy."

The lad paused a moment
and sighed. "Yet when the sun
shone again we were happy, and my
father paid the money to me. I
thought we were often hungry. I do
not know, lord how many times
over my father paid his debt to Iapoulo—
more than 60 times that
which he had borrowed, I have heard
him say. But the debt remained on
the papers—sometimes more—some-
times less."

"Ah, unhappy ones! it is always
so," commented the brigand.
"Then, señor of the mountains,
my father died two years ago, and I,
who lived alone with my mother,
went to gather the full price of the
debt, that we might be free. I jour-
neyed into Malaga to the house of
Iapoulo, and they told me the sum
of the debt that remained, and the
day on which I should pay it and be
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late, and early, and we gathered the
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I entered Malaga and went to the
place where Iapoulo does business.
They said he was not there, so I
asked if any one could give me
quittance of my debt, and they told
me no, but that I should return on
the morrow and see the señor."

The following day I was early at his
bureau, and they brought me in be-
fore him. "Ah, Juan, have you
brought some of the money due?" he
said. "All of it, señor," I answered
very joyously, but he frowned when
I counted it out before him. "It is
not enough," he said; "yesterday it had
been enough, but not to-day. Why
did you not come yesterday? I jour-
neyed to see you, but you were hidden?"
Then I told him of my coming
the day before, and how they had
denied him to me, but he would
not believe, and he called me many
names and clutched his knees with
his fingers, and his eyes were
black beads when the firelight shined
into them."

"How did it end?" demanded Don Q.
"I cried to him that indeed I had
come, whereas he sent for those who
refused me entrance. They came,
lord of the mountains, and with
oath and sword they threatened
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of our wrong, I ran to the moun-
tains, and—no flung out his hand
with one of those fine gestures that
is imbed in his race—"I have come
to demand justice of my lord."
The story you have told me does
indeed show this Iapoulo to be a very
villainous light," remarked Don Q.
sadly. "I fear the fellow is an in-
curable ruffian, for I have heard simi-
lar tales of his doings before. To
rob a rich man, or rather, I should
say, to ease him of a part of the
burden which he carries, is an act of
merit; to rob a poor man is a crime.
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Having lodged himself as Don Q.
had foretold, he very soon managed
to open up negotiations with the
money lender Iapoulo.
It is sufficient to say that a bar-
gain was soon struck, especially as
the payment, though large, was not
to change hands until the treasure
had actually been found and brought
into Malaga. So it happened that
Iapoulo, did buy Robledo's secret;
and, with infinite precautions, stole up
into the bush-grown ravine not far
above the foothills, and bear away
the treasure named Nino.

Instead, however, of proving his
gratitude to Robledo, he soon after
Iapoulo reentered Malaga, after his
successful robbery, then, recalling the
fact that he owed the ex-brigand 20-
000 pesetas, he went at once upon
the police upon his track. It may
be that Iapoulo's contentment had
not inspired Robledo with confidence,
or perhaps he received the warning
of all travelers, and, at any rate,
when the police reached his poor quar-
ters the man had vanished.

He passed up into the mountains,
glad again to feel the free winds
thrust against his cheek, and coming to
the Boco de Lobo, told the history of his
dealings with Iapoulo to Don Q.
Meantime, and while these things
were going forward to such fortun-
ate issues, no more delighted man
than the usurer existed in Malaga.
He held the plan to the second treas-
ure, which the rascally brigand, who
who had sold (here he laughed) the
secret, declared to be at least 10
times as large. Without delay he
must carry off the rest of the Don Q.

Don Q.'s gaze flickered angrily
over him. "I begin to believe I can
trust myself," he said, "to do away
with you."

The lad stepped back in dismay,
one hand catching at the neck of his
ragged coat.
"You have offended my lord?"
"You have used a word that I
have not heard spoken in connection
with myself for many more years
than you can remember. Go, I will
pass it over for this time, but re-
member that in the mountains all
things are possible and most things
come to pass."

Long after the young man had left
him, and far into the night, Don Q.
sat brooding over the points of the
story he had heard, and the problem
of Iapoulo's dislike to venturing
into the reach of the mountains, and
thenceforth for Robledo, the most trust-
worthy of all his followers.

"Robledo, I am about to assign to
you an errand. Listen therefore very
carefully. He paused for some mo-
ments before resuming. "You, al-
though a day when I was not in the
sierra. And I still am here to-night.
During that period, so men say in
the plains, I have amassed much
treasure, and some have said that I
live in seeking for it. Is not this so?"

Robledo inclined his head.
"It is, in fact, true that I have
held many great and notable per-
sons to ransom, as well as those
of the lesser rank. Men of wealth
have gladly paid me half their for-
tunes for the privilege of bidding me
good-bye. I have a regular mass of gen-
tlemen, and the world has pulled wide its purse
strings. Some few captives have in-
deed remained forever in the sierra."

Now, although I have never al-
luded to the business of the sierra in
acid considerations," went on Don Q.
in his brilliant voice, "I have in truth
without effort collected riches that
might perhaps vie with those of the
count of Monte Cristo, with whom
fame, I fear, you, Robledo, are un-
acquainted. Much of this wealth lies
buried in the mountains."

I have at various times secreted
it in three hiding places, to which I
have given the names of Madre, Ma-
dre and Nino. You follow me?
Good. The treasure Padre is infinites-
imally greater than the one named Madre,
and Madre in turn exceeds by a hun-
dred times the baby, the treasure Ni-
no. Here is a paper upon this table.
It contains a plan, by which any
seeker can find the spot where Nino
is hidden. Furthermore, whoever finds
Nino will find also second plan lead-
ing to Madre, and he who has the
courage to seek Madre will dis-
cover a third plan leading to Padre.
I had these plans made for my heirs,
but I have now changed my mind."

He rose, and, walking to the table,
took up an envelope.
"Here is the plan to Nino. This
document, my child, I am about to
give into your charge. You will carry
it down into the city, and, lodg-
ing with it, may be, the uncle of Isa-
bell—"Robledo looked sharply up—
"You will, with much discretion,
and care, sell this plan to one Iapoulo,
a usurer, whose dwelling is
within a stone's throw of the bull
ring. To this man you will represent
yourself as a traveler, and to the
hater of me. You will not let him
plan go under a good sum, Robledo,
—20,000 pesetas is the lowest price
to be accepted—and Iapoulo can pay
you when he returns to the city af-
ter finding the treasure."

The young man waited, for it was
evident that Don Q. had more to
say.
"Yes, Nino is worth far more than
20,000 pesetas, but that is to be
your price. My child, would you be-
tray me for 20,000 pesetas?"
Robledo lifted his face, reddening
under the tan.

"My lord knows," he answered
with passion.
Don Q. looked at him curiously.
"I almost believe I can trust you,"
Robledo, he said; and, indeed, he
never had all his career permitted
himself to speak thus to one of his
band. "But you must refrain from
becoming sentimental, Robledo," he
added. "I fear if you become
sentimental I should be obliged to
rid myself of you."

With a yell he wrenched his head
round to see he was not watched.
The color had drained from his dark
face, his eyes shown white like those
of a vicious horse, his upper lip was
drawn back in a grin of fear. He
stood immovable, his clutching hands
trembling while the drugs gazed at
him. In the long pause Iapoulo collected
his wits a little.

"This man," he indicated Simio,
"imploring me to come and dig out
some treasure which long ago he
said he had buried there."
"Pah!" Don Q. spat out with dis-
gust.
"Do I not know you, Señor Iapoulo?
You bought my secret and would
now steal my treasure. Did I not
see you in the little wine shop
of Malaga, where the girls danced,
while you whispered in a corner with
a man whose brows were bound about
with a handkerchief of yellow?
Corpus of a scullion! My ears are
keen. I can hear beneath the eggs break
when the quebranta-huesos hatches
his young in the sunshine." Don Q.
turned to the men behind him.
"Pull this man out of the hole and
set him before me!"

Iapoulo's bullying temper mounted.
"I have been trapped!" he snarled.
"This villain has betrayed me."
"No, master, not!" wept Simio
urgently.
"Peace!" Don Q. raised his hand.
"You have in truth been betrayed,
Iapoulo, but by your own greed.
Only the passion to possess could
open half a sausage and half a loaf
of black bread. Simio—here he turned
to a savage look upon his sleeping re-
tainer—would eat a whole sausage
and one loaf of black bread. Between
them they would drink three small
bottles of water. Their daily lodg-
ing cost 4000 pesetas. Thus he com-
puted that each day in the mountains
would cost him 19,500 pesetas. He
moaned, rocking himself to and fro
at the thought of a sum so vast. But
when he multiplied it by 11, the tears
trickled down his discolored cheeks,
for, alas! to this total he must add
the debt owing to Robledo."

It was long before he found courage
to name the whole amount, even to
himself. When he realized that a
monstrous gulf of his fortune was
slipping away from him he hid his
face in his hands, and, for some mo-
ments told himself he would prefer
death. But as the dreadful words
whispered by Don Q. flashed back
upon his memory he flung the paper
and wrote out the form of his letter;
leaving one space blank.
"I'm in the grip of Don Q.," the
letter ran. "Send me at once—
without delay, without question,
or delay, do not let me hear of
authorities, for if an attempt be made
to rescue me I shall be nailed to the
pine tree that grows nearest heaven
upon the mountain above the place of
my imprisonment."

"You will not, choose now, you
cannot eat for 24 hours."
"Oh, master, master, and I am
hungry," wailed Simio.
"I have no choice, but as his glance
fell upon the letter he gave a cry."
"Explain, Juan," continued Don Q.

"This is my 'padra,'" said the
young man sullenly. "Those are my
prices. If the señor would eat, he
must pay my price."
"One night's lodging, 2000 pesetas
each guest, 20,000 pesetas for the
bread, 2000; sausages, each 5000 pe-
setas." Iapoulo read aloud. "I shall
not pay. I am here against my will."
Legally.

"The law feed you and warm
you and give you to drink," asked
Don Q. "Moreover, there is no law
here—merely equity."
"But you dare not starve me!"
"Why?" "You can buy and eat
if you will."

"But I have no money," retorted
Iapoulo desperately.
"Then you must seek for some."
The Iapoulo groaned. "Do not be
silly, señor," said Juan.
"One small loaf, half a sausage
and some water."

"And for this gentleman?"
"For Simio? Nothing!"
"O, master, would you starve me?"
"If you cannot, pay you must
starve," said Iapoulo.

Simio howled aloud. This fate far
exceeded his worst fears. He
must, he cried, to Iapoulo, "You
have yourself appealed to the law.
By the law therefore you must hold
a master is bound to provide food
for his servant, unless the quantity
of food is such that he cannot
follow you for your own purposes
into—I fear—an inhospitable region."

It is, moreover, a man of twice your
size, and will therefore require more
food. Come, we must see justice
done. Hear me, Juan, when the se-
nior orders food for his own repeat,
you will bring double the quantity
to the poor servant, who weeps for
hunger."

"Will my lord pardon me?" A
tall young mountaineer stepped out
from the rank of Don Q.'s followers.
His brows were bound with a yellow
handkerchief, and his dark eyes
gleamed as he sat the butt of his
musket on the floor and rummaged
in his shirt for Robledo?

"I should like my account settled,
lord. This señor bought from me a
certain precious thing in the plains,
for which he promised me payment
of 20,000 pesetas, which he failed to
pay." Robledo brought out a ragged
paper from his vest. "It is written
here, lord."

Don Q. took the paper and glanced
at it with a fair demand, "he re-
marked.
"What have you to say, señor?" he
addressed Iapoulo.

But Iapoulo had no answer ready.
He looked at the handsome face, the
bold air of the mountaineer he had
betrayed.
"Speak!" The sharp command
startled the usurer.

"I have no money," he replied
bitterly. "When will you let me
go?"
"As soon as you have paid your
debt, señor. This man"—he
just desisted, as the yellow finger on
Robledo's shoulder—"I will permit to
be your messenger. To-morrow,
at the first light, you will deliver to
him a letter for your agent in Mala-
ga. In the long pause Iapoulo collected
his wits a little."

"This man," he indicated Simio,
"imploring me to come and dig out
some treasure which long ago he
said he had buried there."
"Pah!" Don Q. spat out with dis-
gust.
"Do I not know you, Señor Iapoulo?
You bought my secret and would
now steal my treasure. Did I not
see you in the little wine shop
of Malaga, where the girls danced,
while you whispered in a corner with
a man whose brows were bound about
with a handkerchief of yellow?
Corpus of a scullion! My ears are
keen. I can hear beneath the eggs break
when the quebranta-huesos hatches
his young in the sunshine." Don Q.
turned to the men behind him.
"Pull this man out of the hole and
set him before me!"

Iapoulo's bullying temper mounted.
"I have been trapped!" he snarled.
"This villain has betrayed me."
"No, master, not!" wept Simio
urgently.
"Peace!" Don Q. raised his hand.
"You have in truth been betrayed,
Iapoulo, but by your own greed.
Only the passion to possess could
open half a sausage and half a loaf
of black bread. Simio—here he turned
to a savage look upon his sleeping re-
tainer—would eat a whole sausage
and one loaf of black bread. Between
them they would drink three small
bottles of water. Their daily lodg-
ing cost 4000 pesetas. Thus he com-
puted that each day in the mountains
would cost him 19,500 pesetas. He
moaned, rocking himself to and fro
at the thought of a sum so vast. But
when he multiplied it by 11, the tears
trickled down his discolored cheeks,
for, alas! to this total he must add
the debt owing to Robledo."

It was long before he found courage
to name the whole amount, even to
himself. When he realized that a
monstrous gulf of his fortune was
slipping away from him he hid his
face in his hands, and, for some mo-
ments told himself he would prefer
death. But as the dreadful words
whispered by Don Q. flashed back
upon his memory he flung the paper
and wrote out the form of his letter;
leaving one space blank.
"I'm in the grip of Don Q.," the
letter ran. "Send me at once—
without delay, without question,
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