

DOUBLOONS

A Thrilling Novel of Mystery, Tragedy and a Stolen Fortune

By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett

Copyright, 1906, by McClure-Phillips & Co.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

He had not broken faith with Pollexfen. He had kept a difficult pact. But Pollexfen had broken faith with him. He had gone, with Pollexfen as his captain, on a heraldic mission to the "Wanderer," and if it did not actually bear a white flag, at least there was a metaphorical one waving its folds over his head. And Pollexfen had violated the sanctity of that emblem. Pollexfen had seized a villain's and a traitor's opportunity, and had disgraced him forever in the eyes of his friends. What would Tony think? What would she think? They would possibly—or rather probably, he hoped—tell each other that he, Philip, could have no hand in the outrage. But that police belief in his honor did not diminish his responsibility. He had trusted Pollexfen. There lay his fault! There lay his crime! Knowing that Pollexfen was utterly without the moral sense, knowing that his mind was as ignorant of scruples as a certain great English Chancellor, he had trusted Pollexfen's rascality. He had trusted him.

And Pollexfen regarded the episode as a trifle, as an amusing ingenious detail of his campaign. He got improbably had no suspicions that he had wounded Philip in his tenderest spot. Anyhow, their mutual agreement, in Philip's estimation, had been definitely cancelled by Pollexfen's monstrous act. He was capable, save for an absurd civilized disinclination to murder—a scruple which the primitive man in him condemned of taking Pollexfen unawares and throwing him in to the sea.

Or he was capable of throwing him in! The Caribbean was calm as a lake, and the track of the "White Rose" was raked on eastward like a river of milk. Then out of a capricious swirl of clouds a tropical shower, swift and violent in accordance with the meteorology of the archipelago, broke and flashed like fire, pouring itself on the flagging, glittering blue waters, painted on the rain, wide in gleaming with transparent color, framing sea and horizon and sky above, then blazed such a space of prismatic splendor as Philip had never before seen, even amid dreams; and beyond it on mightier arch, with vaster circumference, hung the pale ghost of another rainbow greater than the first. Philip gazed spellbound, his spirit enchanted by the magic into a strange and fervid calm.

And when the wreck had cleared away, and the sun shone as though the storm had never been, and could never be, and the water percolated through the ragged opening, and steamed off the sodden deck, Philip still gazing eastward at the island sinking further and further below the verge, saw in the distance the great, rounded, shaggy peak of the "Wanderer," and he wondered if after all the "Wanderer" might have escaped calamity and was in pursuit. He was profoundly thankful that the ghost of another rainbow greater than the first, Philip gazed spellbound, his spirit enchanted by the magic into a strange and fervid calm.

In two hours the approaching steamer had gained eight miles on the "White Rose," and Philip had scarcely taken eyes off her. He fancied that she was the "Wanderer," but as she came end on it was extremely difficult to judge her lines. At last he borrowed a glass from the mate, who through the voyage had shown himself friendly. The glass, like every thing on the "White Rose," was second-rate and inefficient, and did not help him much. Sometimes he thought he could distinguish the white funnel and the two masts of the "Wanderer," and the next moment he decided that he was mistaken.

And then, after another hour, it suddenly occurred to him that the pursuing vessel was no longer pursuing. She had passed to seaward of the "White Rose," and he must have slowed down in order to keep her distance.

It was the "Wanderer!" What other ship would crowd on the tedious crawl of Pollexfen's ancient tub? It was the "Wanderer!" The second of the trick had failed.

But its failure did not wipe out the stigma from his infamous intention. Philip began to wonder what had become of Pollexfen and Coco.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Departure.

When Coco, cleaned, returned to the cabin, Walter Pollexfen was alone there to meet him. The blinking old negro made queer, nervous gestures with his hands, smoothing down his jacket, and smiling in a peaceable, deprecating way.

"Now my man," said Pollexfen, with abrupt severity, "what is it?"

"You knowed he was sah?"

"I know nothing about it, except that you look like a lunatic."

"No, sah! No, sah! I not a lunatic. You member me one day at de Obelisk Hotel, sah, when I come wid berry sharp, and de captain spoke berry sharp, sah?"

"I know nothing about it, except that you look like a lunatic."

"No, sah! No, sah! I not a lunatic. You member me one day at de Obelisk Hotel, sah, when I come wid berry sharp, and de captain spoke berry sharp, sah?"

"I know nothing about it, except that you look like a lunatic."

say you know more about the treasure than I do. What do you know?"

"De treasure not where you tink it is, sah," he said in a complaining voice. "I come to tell you."

"Well, tell me then."

"What are you going to gib me, sah?"

"I'll see about that after you've told me," said Pollexfen easily.

"Then I say nuffin," said Coco, remarked with a newly found calm.

"You've come on board my ship, my man," Pollexfen said, staring fiercely at the negro; "I didn't ask you to come. But now you are here, you've got to speak. I shall make you. There are more ways than one of making a nigger talk."

"Only one way to make Massa Coco talk," said Coco, still calm. "Massa Coco an ole, ole man. If he can't hab money, he want nudding. He just die."

Pollexfen appeared to be somewhat perplexed by the demeanor of his visitor. He had never seen a negro behave in such wise before, and the phenomenon disturbed him. "You not make me speak, sah," Coco remarked cheerfully. "You kill me—den you never find dat treasure."

"Ah!" said Pollexfen. "So that is your line, is it? Well, assuming that you do tell me something, at least really useful to me, what are your modest demands?"

"Hundred pounds," Coco answered quietly.

"A trifle! A nothing!" Pollexfen observed. "It would keep you to the end of your days. Why don't you ask for a million?"

Coco grinned. "Hundred pounds," he repeated.

"We shall see," said Pollexfen. "We shall see."

"I don't want it now, sah!" Coco explained.

"You're too kind."

"You tink treasure in de Grand Etang, sah?"

"No, sah," said Coco. "Massa Coco not understand, sah. But he tell me dyming. Where you tink treasure is, in de Grand Etang, sah?"

With apparent reluctance, Pollexfen drew a paper from his pocket and read there from the description of a locality, talking, though it was differently worded, with that which Pollexfen had heard on the night of their historic compact.

"Yes, sah! Yes, sah!" sighed Coco. "Dat was it. I member. Dat de treasure had been moobed. He tole me 'actly, sah.'"

"Oh! It had been moved? What then?"

"I can't explain dat, sah. But I been to de Grand Etang plenty time long ago. De captain he, too. So he tell me, and he make me understand, sah. You go to de Grand Etang, sah. Ah! If you find de treasure where you say, den you gib me nudding. If de treasure not dere, and I show you where it is, den you gib me hundred pounds, sah?"

"How nicely you've arranged it all, haven't you?"

"Yes, sah. You must have lain awake at nights thinking this out, Coco."

"Yes, sah," said the negro, emphatically. "Plenty night."

"Very well," Pollexfen agreed, after a little pause. "You and I will go up there alone."

"Yes, sah. Alone!" The negro cursed.

"You shall show me the way. We'll have quite a pleasant little excursion."

"When, sah?" Coco inquired apprehensively.

"Tomorrow morning."

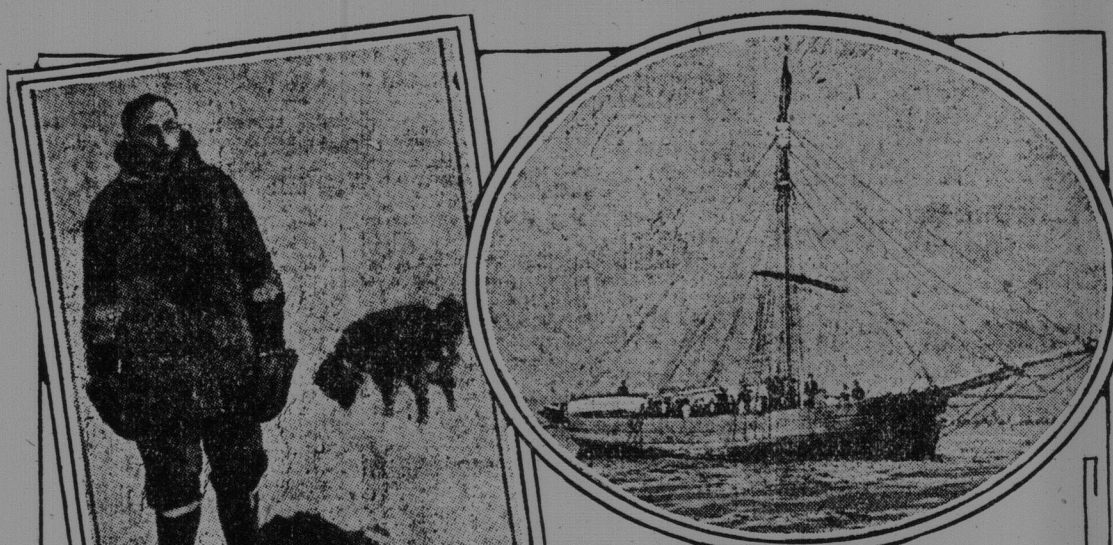
Coco's face lost its anxiety. "Yes, sah. Morning. Dat is de best. Morning."

"And now you can go away as you please," said Pollexfen. "I'm busy, and you're interrupting me."

It was not till the afternoon that Philip, who had made a meal of Barbara's food, saw Walter Pollexfen on deck. And then he took pains to avoid Mr. Pollexfen. He felt as though he could scarcely trust himself to speak to the man. Pollexfen's huge and insulting eyes seemed to follow him as he went.

Philip saw him use a glass, then shrug his shoulders, then go below. He was not a mile behind the "White Rose" and he identified itself forth plainly revealed. She now again accommodated her pace to that of the "White Rose," and he could observe nothing on her upper deck, which appeared to be as lifeless in the heavy sunshine as the "White Rose."

Discoverer of the Northwest Passage, His Ship and Mascot



THE SLOOP GJOA

SILKA, MASCOT OF THE GJOA, BORN ABOARD THE FRAM IN THE ARCTIC REGION

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

WASING BUT WHEN HE AFTERWARDS PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

New York, Nov. 11.—Looming forth in a room in the Waldorf-Astoria last night, Captain Amundsen, discoverer of the Northwest Passage, discussed the details that he had obtained in the far north and insisted that certain kinds of food that do not appear on the menus of New York hotels are really excellent.

"The Eskimos that I met in King William Land have no facilities for cooking, and live entirely on raw meat and fish, not being at all particular about having them fresh," said the explorer. "I think that frozen seal blubber raw is very good; there is no taste of grease such as you get by cooking it, when it is frozen seal-meat, which has a flavor that suggests strawberries. It is perfectly delicious."

Captain Amundsen is not yet in a position to make public his scientific discoveries, as the records of his expedition are still being sorted out. He is on his way back to his home in Christiania, Norway, and he sailed Thursday on the Scandinavian-American steamer Helga.

He reached New York on Tuesday and enjoyed his experience in Broadway in an election night crowd.

"It will require about three years to complete all my records," Captain Amundsen declared. "When the work is complete, I will probably be able to tell all about the magnetic pole, what its extent and whether it is stationary or variable. I assume that I reached the magnetic pole, judging from my compass, which ceased to move, the needle becoming as fixed as a stick. I made constant operations, covering a period of two years, and my notes and figures are very bulky."

All of the records of the scientific results of the expedition are incased in two

keresene tanks, carefully sealed. These tanks were insured for \$50,000, and on account of this valuation were guarded by armed men until they were delivered at the steamship office, 1 Broadway, yesterday.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

Amundsen's expedition was the first to strike the magnetic pole, and to him, the captain, the honor is due. He is a native of Norway, and he is now in the United States on a tour of lecture.

MORE EVIDENCE IN CASE OF SPEARS, SUSPECTED OF MURDER

Quadrone Girl on the Stand Tells of Prisoner Carrying Revolver—Other Testimony.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 9.—The preliminary trial of Clarence Spears was continued this morning in the court house. Great interest in the case was shown by the number present. Lively testimony from the crown prosecutor and the prisoner's counsel enlivened the proceedings this morning. Section hands, testified that Spears had returned with them on Monday morning from Sable.

In answer to their query why he had not come with them on their trolley as usual on Saturday night, he had replied that he had worked late as he wanted to get the time in.

The evidence of the quadrone girl, Vasilly Bell and Policeman Power is considered a strong link in the chain of evidence against Spears. The latter, who is a pretty and petite, says that last spring Spears had been in the habit of visiting her at her home and that he always carried a revolver, and it was a large one, that she had seen him shoot frequently with it.

Policeman Ted Power told of the arrest of Spears and statements of the latter made to him. Among which was the one that he (Spears) never owned a revolver, and never fired one, never carried one, and never had borrowed one. Power told him it was a broad statement but Spears said it was true. Power had walked and measured the distance that Spears would have to cover if he had done the deed, and reached Sable that night. The total distance is nearly twelve and a half miles, and a half of which is a rough lumber road. He had walked it in three hours and eight minutes, against a strong wind. Spears had told him that he got to train went back at 9 o'clock.

W. F. Fairbairn, railway fence contractor, who was on a special from Shelburne to Liverpool on the Saturday night when the crime is supposed to have been committed, and was stopped by wire on the middle of the line, said he saw a man at Ted Way's shack lighting his pipe as the train went back at 9 o'clock.

This completes the case still more, as to the possibility of Spears committing the crime, if he was at Sable at 9 o'clock. The lumbermen testified yesterday that Spears had left camp early as 5 o'clock. While the crown has not yet advanced any evidence as to the time of arrival at Sable, it is believed that Spears will show that he arrived there at 9 o'clock.

The defence has not submitted any evidence but may offer some next week. The hearing was adjourned until Tuesday when it is expected more important evidence will be submitted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Grand Etang.

The negro guides, driven by the fear of the full moon which would soon rise over the hills to flood the lake and call from its depths the fabled Old, dressed in spirit of the rain, had fled in breathless haste back to the lighted security of Georgetown. And the party of four, three men and the woman whom they had been powerless to keep back, were approaching the goal of their strange expedition.

Suddenly the path began to fall slightly, and through the nocturnal solitude came to their ears a noise resembling the music of hauntings on distant anvils. It was regular, unending, and indubitably metallic, and it pierced the night like a shaft of sound. They all stopped instinctively, and listened.

"What's that?" Tony whispered.

"That," said the captain, "is the blacksmith forge of the Grand Etang, if you want to know. They'll keep it up all night. You'll soon get used to it."

Five minutes later Philip stopped.

"There you are!" he said.

At their very feet, the water, black, awful, mysterious, sullenly reflecting the faint constellations of the sky above. The rays of the men's lanterns seemed to glance off it capriciously, as a lance might glance off impenetrable armor, leaving the darkness inviolate and terrifying. In the distance of the lake great fireflies darted and flashed their intermittent signals, and trailing through the surface of the pool they touched the night with phosphorescence. The effect of this play of spangled frogs' light and incessant ringing, was like nothing else in human experience. It caused the adventurers to forget for the moment even their own mystery, and to hum themselves before the secret works of the Mother, which she performs in far places for herself alone. Save the fires and the frogs, there was naught to disturb sleeping life. The huge, waveless fronds of palm trees bordered the lone shore, and round about, felt rather than described, rose the giant peaks and the dim pallo heralded the climbing moon.

The party hesitated, as it were, confronted by the immensity of the mystery, founded by the immensity of the mystery, the statement, Magistrate Denison sought for additional information, but Mr. Ames qualified his position by adding that under exceptional conditions the manager might be justified in so doing. He left it to be inferred that the practice was not so widespread as he had at first thought. Figures were produced by Crown Attorney Corley indicating how McGill's alleged speculations covered. A tabulated statement showed that the second investments and the amounts swallowed up in each.

Mr. Ames again made it clear that on August 10, when the \$130,000 of his firm was supposed to owe McGill, was written off, his firm was under no such obligation, although he related to affirm in precise terms the statement of McGill that he knew his manager in this connection to be false.

McGill, who was the manager, had last evening on bail, showed evident signs of anxiety under which he is laboring. His face was wan and, though he sat quietly throughout the proceedings, one could discern marks of mental stress.

Corley then took up three items, making \$65,000 out of the outcome of a very ordinary process between brokers and bankers. "We did not know the Ontario Bank in these affairs," said Mr. Ames. "We concluded that the money belonged to McGill personally. He stated to us, as any banker might state, that he would deposit the amount to our credit in the Ontario Bank, and that we might draw our check against it. The check would be cashed by McGill, and the transaction cleared up the same day."

There was also in 1901, on Oct. 17, another amount of \$25,000 which McGill had advanced to the credit of the Ames company after the fashion already explained.

On March 9, 1903, there was a check for \$10,000.

"What became of the money you secured in the way described?"

"There were losses in connection with accounts and it otherwise worked out into credit and balances. In June, 1903, there were credits of \$3,000 or \$6,000, and it was transferred to the Nichols estate, of which McGill is executor."

"This \$10,000 was wired to Hurd & Co. to your credit?"

"Yes, for general purposes of account, and after the dates mentioned none of these amounts would be due by the bank."

"On March 9 you wired \$15,000 to New York brokers. That would be \$25,000 in one day?"

"Yes, and on Oct. 16, 1903, there was a concluded transaction amounting to \$47,276.70 in Japanese bonds through New York brokers."

In the month of June, J. G. Langdon, former chief accountant, was called and asked for the protection of the court, which was granted. He described the case statements in the bank, by which amount the loans were increased. When he spoke to McGill about it, the latter said he would accept all responsibility. Witness said he let the bank because he was not satisfied to continue signing statements that he knew to be false. He did not think it his duty to tell the directors of what was going on.

To Light Dorchester.

Dorchester, Nov. 9.—Arrangements were today completed between C. Hamilton, acting on behalf of the local company, with the Canadian General Electric Company for an up-to-date lighting system for the village. It is expected that the plant will be in operation within six weeks.

Durand's Farewell Dinner.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Sir Mortimer Durand, the retiring British ambassador, tonight gave a state dinner in celebration of the anniversary of King Edward's birthday. It was also in the form of a farewell by the diplomatic corps and particular friends here. Among those present were the German, Russian and Japanese ambassadors, the Danish minister and British embassy staff.

In other details, Oswich proved very valuable but Oswich had no mind to quit the ship. As usual, he was an advisory counsel not a seer after perilous sensations.

"You aren't coming, then, Oswich?" Anthony said. They were on deck, and ready to start.

"What? He's given you the seal?" "No. But after he told me what he'd done to your propeller—I considered that