

# Treasure Trove

—OR—

## THE GOLDEN GOOSE

A romance of stirring adventure and startling surprises.



### CHAPTER I.

#### MY GRANDSIRE! WHAT OF HIM?"

"Is Master Redbuckle at home, sir?"

The speaker was a tall and lean man of about thirty-five, of spare build and sinewy dimensions, with a face tanned and scarred as of one who was seabred and had made the waters his habitation. Two long and snaky mustaches dangled wickedly on either side of a nose resembling a hawk's beak, while the furtive, black eyes of a cheetah winked and snapped under bushy black brows. The fingers twitched nervously at a brace of hooked pistols at his side as he glared at the small and pert old servant to whom he had directed the question.

"And if he were," answered the latter in a high treble, "if he were, I say, what business would he be transacting with such a knave as thou, thou yellow-skinned piccaroon! Help! Help!" as the other pinned him against the door with one swift cat-like movement of forearm. "Release me, bounder!"

"Here, here, gentlemen! How now? What? Blood! Tut, tut, but this is a foul way to behave on a Sabbath morn', and Yuletide, too!"

They turned and faced a stalwart youth of twenty who had emerged from

the house at the sound of blows. "And now, Jerry," this to the old servant who stood hugging a jaw among which the blood flowed freely, "bestir thyself to Master Fetherbone's for a cask of good red Bordeaux, and mind thou drink not a sample of't lest I crack thy grizzled pate! Well, Captain Kettlefish, what's the word, eh? You got my message? Good; inside, if ye will, sir, but we must settle this business before another hour, I say, for the lawyer fellow has arrived full twenty minutes."

The two presented a striking contrast as they entered the low-ceilinged oak-walled house; the younger man in a light snuff-colored brocade faced with green, with high-heeled shoes to harmonize; the other clad in dirty leather with red spotted stockings, and high-legged sea-boots, prevalent among sea-farers in the seventeenth century.

Once inside they seated themselves opposite at a table, by which was sitting a sharp-featured gentleman poring over a map of the Indies. He rose as they entered and came forward.

"This is Snip, the lawyer, Captain Kandy Kulefish." The two exchanged glances and resumed their seats. Snip cleared his throat and began:—

"Gentlemen, you are here to-day to discuss the probability and means of recovering the huge fortune left by Master Redbuckle's grandparent."

"My grandsire!" cried that same. "What of him! Save that he was a pirate, a freebooter and a rascal, and that he was hanged for murder at Whitechapel I know nothing of him, let alone of his leaving a fortune. Surely you—"

"Ah, sir," said Snip, much amused, "that is the crux of the question. He was hanged at Whitechapel as you say, for the murder of Cardinal Spaggetti, and in his pocket was found a will which bequeathed an immense fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. Yes, sir, you may look askance, but those are the figures— one hundred thousand pounds, and every penny, every penny, I say, belongs to Dick Redbuckle here; but," and here he assumed a look of wondrous cunning, "but the old rascal left it buried in an island in the Indies with only this silly doggerel as a clue to its whereabouts."