Doubloons

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Log.

"What is the object of all this?" Philip inquired in a new voice, looking up suddenly and wiping his face.

"The object of all what?"

"All this butchery, theft, lying and general scoundrelism."

Mr. Walter Pollexfen paused.

"Let me read you something, shall I?" he said.

"If it will answer my question."

Pollexfen, for reply, opened his jacket, and drew from an inner pocket a large leather case, and from the case he extracted a document apparently consisting of several sheets fastened together.

"Listen," he said.

And he began to read:

"Praise be to God Almighty and to Gabriel—not to the archangel, but that merry fiend, Josephine Gabriel, our captain and commander. To-day being the 4th of March, 1654, did our gallant caravel of the black flag and white skull, once known as the 'Olive Branch,' but of late more widely feared under the name of 'El Legato,' slip from the lee of Monkey Island, nigh Grenada, and accost a certain Spaniard, who had been blown away from her consort overnight and here waddled, a lame duck with a broken leg, helpless, while her company struggled to make her shipshape. She was the Golconda, and a golconda she proved. Our little bitch capered about her, like a mouse round a cheese, and she fired a big gun once or twice, but whether to do us hurt or summon rescue I know not. Then Gabriel led us on, and 'twas butchery not battle, for the poor fools called upon heaven; and heaven by good fortune chanced happily to be otherwhere and replied not. Therefore, since Providence could not come to them, they went to Providence, and the Caribee sharks fed full. So also did the sharks of El Legato. At sunset two English privateers hove in sight; but when they reached the Golconda she was a golconda no more. They found a great ship blazing as the nethermost beacon of hell, and a sea red with blood and fire. A thousand coveted things went down in her and 'twas hard on Gabriel that Providence suffered him not to mind his affairs a little matter of one day more. We, however, had by no manner of means wasted the hours allotted to us, and ere the Englishmen could come up we were snug in a favorite hiding place of Gabriel's—a cover only to be dared in fair weather, and then by none but small ships and brave navigators.

"On the north side of Grenada stand a grinning row of rocks know as the 'Mermaid's Comb,' and behind them is a deep inlet. L'Ollonais showed it to us, and that Prince of Devils hoped by so doing, should we attempt it, to wreck our midget and leave him a rival the less; but Gabriel is as good as L'Ollonais, or Morgan himself, in deep water, though he cannot cut out a live heart and eat it with such appetite as can they. Through the Mermaid's Comb we crept and, before another day dawned, had carried our immense booty to the sacred, secret, desolate shore of the Grand Etang, that inland lake of Grenada, where dwell all the West Indian devils of Obi, and their Queen, the Mother of the Rain. The place is as safe from assault as Davy Jones' locker, for neither nigger nor Carib would dare to walk beside those silent waters of horror, or to touch a twig or pluck a fruit in the haunted glades of the Grand Etang.

"The Golconda was in verity a treasure ship, and, briefly, we had nigh one hundred thousand pieces of eight by her. We had toiled like demons, and by midnight we had sunk the last box in the Grand Etang.

"This is the guide to the hiding place of the boxes beside the Grand Etang. Start from the gray stone that thrusts a yard above the water on the west shore. Take paces two hundred to the east. Face the sun at evening as it sets in mid November behind the Hill of Palms. Then take fourteen paces forth right into the lake, which there hath a depth of five feet."

Pollexfen ceased, and looked over the paper at Philip, his eyes glistening.

"You perceive?" he said.

"Then it's sunk treasure after all!" Philip exclaimed.

"It is sunk treasure after all," Pollexfen responded. "You ought not to have been deceived by my ingenious references to Russian secret societies at the inquest."

"I was not," Philip returned. "But I find the sunk treasure theme equally surprising."

"Nevertheless," said Pollexfen, and Philip could not but remark the avaricious glitter in his eyes, "the thing is perfectly serious. What I have read to you is a translation from the Spanish of the log of the El Legato. My brother was in possession of the whole history of that log. I need not read the rest to you. It relates how Master Gabriel and his crew were called suddenly away by circumstances over which they had no control, leaving their treasure where they had sunk it. Two days later the El Legato was captured and gutted and then sunk, only the crew being left in her. And there exists a highly curious circumstantial proof that the treasure has never been disturbed to this day and hour."

"In a word," Philip commented, "you are after doubloons."

"Doubloons is precisely the term," said Pollexfen. He then put the papers back in his pocket, and consulted his watch. "Ah!! he ejaculated, as if in relief, "you turn me round your little finger, young man. I give you absolutely all the information you ask for. My trust in you is such as to prove that throughout a career crowded with misfortune I have preserved at any rate some of my illusions.

For the second time the ship trembled to the beat of her engines.

"We are off," Pollexfen stated with a casual air. "I shall have to leave you here for a while, until we get out of the Thames. You might, after all, so I would just as soon keep you unjump overboard and swim ashore, and der my own eye. Your incarceration will only be for a few hours. All my excuses!"

He departed, fastening the door on the outside.

"Well," Philip muttered to himself, "I'm in for it." And he began to calculate by what date he might hope to get back to England; and also to consider what explanation of his conduct he should give to Mary Pollexfen. He decided, however, with a remarkable complacence of masculinity, that she would be overjoyed that he had saved his life on no matter what terms.

"To think," he reflected, "that a man so extraordinary as this Pollexfen person should be hoodwinked by a silly yarn about secret treasure. If this precious translated log isn't a fraud I'll eat my hat, but to get it he has not stopped at murder. However, all actors have something bizarre in their composition, and he's no exception."

He could now feel the motion of the yacht. He was hungry.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A New World.

Sir Anthony Didring was looking at a map that billowed over his knees.

"We've only got to turn just a shade to the left, instead of swinging clean round to the right, and we go straight there," he said, "Upon my soul, it's no distance at all."

Mary Pollexfen leaned from her seat, and glancing at the map, gave a polite assent to Tony's statement. Mrs. Appleby, without stirring, remarked that she never could understand maps, but that no doubt Tony was correct.

They were not approaching Piccadilly Circus in a barouche, and the question was not whether they should follow Shaftesbury avenue or turn down sharp toward Waterloo Place. They were on the promenade deck of the steam yacht Wanderer, thirteen days out from London, and the question was whether they should proceed direct to Grenade or call at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, which is about half-a-day's sail nearer Charing Cross than any other island of the West Indies. Sir Anthony's phraseology in discussing the matter might have been held to prove that the maritime instinct is not born in all Englishmen, had it not been for the fact that in every minute detail of his dress Sir Anthony showed sublime evidence of a true and deep feeling for the sea. As an amateur yachtsman he satisfied the eye if not the ear.

The Wanderer was going twelve out of her advertised thirteen knots through an ocean as flat as the Serpentine. Dusk drew on, and the water had already lost some of its glittering blue. The hush and melancholy of evening invaded gently the white vessel as she drove her funnel and her two masts across that immense, mysterious floor, dragging after her the somber scarf of her smoke. She seemed to be alone in the endless universe. To Mary Pollexfen it was as if the voyage had begun far back in the mists of time, and as if the unceasing beat of those engines would continue forever into eternity.

"Sir Anthony," came a cold, polite voice from the bridge above.

"Well, Captain?"

"We shall make Bridgetown about 6 o'clock to-morrow morning."

"It appears to me such a waste of time to call there," said Tony.

"Indeed!" answered the Captain. "And supposing, Sir Anthony, there's no coal to be got at St. George's? Where are we then?"

The tone was merciless, and yet irreproachably courteous. Sir Anthony had in truth made a surprising discovery in regard to ocean travel. He had found that nothing is easier than to hire a yacht. You go into an office, sign some papers, write out a check, and the yacht is yours for three months. But the surprising discovery was that a yacht can be yours and not yours at the same moment. Now at the commencement of the voyage Sir Anthony had committed the indiscretion of mistaking the captain for a chauffeur. Even Auchengray, the chief engineer, was much more than a chauffeur, and Captain Chetwode was much more than Auchengray. Captain Chetwode's history was simple and tragic. The Wanderer, under another name (which we do not care to divulge), had once been the private yacht of a famous secretary of state for foreign affairs, who happened to be an earl; and in those days Captain Chetwode (who reckoned to have some good blood in his own body) was a personage at Cowes and Oban. Then the earl had sold the yacht in order to devote himself exclusively to motor cars and motor boats. Worse, he had sold her to a firm of brokers who fell into the habit of hiring her out at fancy prices to rich fools ignorant of the sea. Capt. Chetwode, not obtaining instantly another employer equally distinguished with the earl, had accepted, pro tempore, an offer from the brokers, and to his own terrible disgust he had remained in command of the Wanderer ever since. He had slipped into a rut, and he felt that he could never get out of it. He who once had the right to condescend to any owner who was not a member of the R. Y. S., he who once had guided emperors and princes through the difficult tides of the Solent, he who once had been round the world with an earl, a grand duke and a grand duchess on board, was now in command of a floating thing that he regarded as a mere excursion steamer. "Auchengray," he had said one night after five whiskies, "it's no better than the blooming Midnight Sun."

That he now had charge of a leading London dandy with an historic title, and one of the most celebrated and beautiful women in England, was apparently nothing to Captain Chetwode. They were not real yachting people. They were not of the elect. They had not moved in yachting circles. Yachts were not their sole passion. They were trippers for Captain Chetwode, though the Wanderer was costing Tony over fifteen hundred a month. Consequently, Captain Chetwode treated them with the politest disdain. He would not be wooed, and he would not suffer his crew to be wooed. He messed alone, and his principal instrument of small talk was the world "Indeed!" It is conceivable that Mary Pollexfen might have done something with him, had not Sir Anthony been indiscreet on the first day. Chetwode, however, was scarcely the man to recover from even an unintentional slight in less than about ten years. He was captain of the Wanderer, and long before the thirteenth day Tony had learnt that a captain is always a captain, and not less so because you are paying his wages. He had also learnt that a ship is its captain's.

Hence was it that Tony was being compelled to take his passengers to Barbadoes instead of going direct to Grenada, and that during the night the yacht did not "turn just a shade to the left." The coal argument was, of course, unanswerable. Tony did not attempt to answer it, but he strongly objected to it. He wanted to get to Grenada and the Grand Etang. He experienced the sensation of a person who is driving in a cab to an appointment for which he fears to be late—he had an absurd desire to push with his arms. The near approach of the adventure was affecting his nerves, as it was affecting the nerves of Mary Pollexfen. Mrs. Appleby happily had no nerves, though she believed herself rich in them. Her son, while expecting fun in Grenada of the highest possible quality, had created such multifarious interests in the engine room and the second officers' cabin that he could afford to wait for the island of the Grand Etang. The master brain, the brain of Oxwich, had gradually been simplified into one overmastering instinct—the instinct to disembark, whose force is well known to most travelers who have spent more than ten consecutive days on the main. The voyage had been an exceptionally calm one, but not exceptionally calm enough for Oxwich.

After dinner, rain having come on, Tony and Mary were sitting together in the drawing-room, silent and self-conscious. Mrs. Appleby had gone off to superintend the disposal of her darling in his bunk. Neither the baronet nor the diva could have explained why they were self-conscious. The explanation was too subtle for words, too centered in the image of Philip Masters that both had in their hearts. As for Tony, he had meant to make love to Mary Pollexfen, but her attitude had forced him to give up that enterprise in despair. Moreover, Josephine Fire remained obstinately in his mind.

"I wonder if it's still raining?" he said.

"I wonder!" answered Mary.

With a simultaneous movement they rose, Mary throwing a white shawl over her white dress, and went to the starboard door of the saloon. It rained no longer. The sky had cleared, though the promenade deck was wet. Near the door stood the tall, angular, bearded figure of Captain Chatwode, leaning over the rail and gazing in the dark water at his spoiled career. He turned and raised his hat.

"Further," he remarked, resuming abruptly the conversation of three hours' earlier, "your friend's yacht—White Rose, I fancy you said her name was—is pretty sure to have called at Barbadoes to coal. She may even be there."

And he walked away into the darkness, saluting again.

He had throughout steadily pretended to have no curiosity as to the object of the voyage. According to him the voyage, and not the object of the voyage, was his affair. He kept his place, and he managed to convey his resolution that baronets should be forced to keep theirs. His present gratuitous remark was therefore rather astonishing. The sudden thought that Philip might be close to them that night, perhaps in some strange and dangerous captivity, thrilled them both.

"Good-night," said Mary, after a curious pause.

"Going to bed?" Tony questioned. "I am, too. Good-night. To-morrow—"

She shook hands limply and left him. He whistled and lit a cigarette.

An hour later Mary, enveloped in an ulster, returned cautiously to the upper deck. There was no sign of Tony, who had retired to the dreamless slumber which he always enjoyed. She could not sleep. She could not think of sleep. She found a chair abaft the chart room and gave herself up to contemplation.

What did the future hold? What could they expect to accomplish by this rush across nearly four thousand miles of ocean? The journey seemed to her now more than ever like a fantastic escapade. Assuming that they encountered the White Rose—what then? The undertaking was wild, considered calmly thus under the majestic equatorial heaven. And yet she would not wish it uncommenced. She had hopes—hopes that refused to be analyzed. The imminence of great events hung over her brooding spirit, a tantalizing curtain which she could not rend.

Then, after a long while, a bell softly broke the silence of the throbbing yacht, and she became aware of a form at her elbow. It was the Captain once more.

"You should come on to the bridge," said he. "You can see the Southern Cross."

She discerned sympathy in his tone, and it startled her. In a sort of dream she obeyed the suggestion and followed him. He took the wheel silently from the officer of the watch, and in another instant Mary and the Captain were alone together.

A glorious tropic moonlight robed the water in silver gray. A wide pathway of rippling sheen was flowing from west to east, and the horizon of the south was dark. There, sparkling low on the verge, Mary saw the legendary constellation. The false Southern Cross shone brave and undimmed; the true, rose but little above the sea, a modest pyrotechny. She confessed her feminine disappointment.

"Yes," the skipper agreed. "Not much to sit up all night for, is it? You need to go further south to see it at its best. But it's overrated all the time. We've got the best stars in the northern hemisphere, just the same as we've got the best of everything else."

She liked his English bigotry. His hands fingered the wheel as they might have fingered a woman's hair, and the electric lamp cast queer shadows of them across his figure.

Ahead, under the setting moon, lay a long, low, black object stretched between two great lights, one red, one white.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That Barbadoes," said the skipper briefly. "That's the West Indies, that is!"

A strange emotion possessed her as her imagination dwelt on the flying yacht, with its unconscious souls, speeding relentlessly toward the archetypal island and toward fate. This was a different world into which they were slipping. She perceived in the Captain for the first time a fellow creature. So they stood.

Then, with amazing swiftness, the solemn but eager majesty of the dawn swallowed the stars like morsels and irradiated the world with a flood of harmonious splendor. Moonlight and morning first wove the birth robe, and out of their rose and silver came the flushed, radiant face of the young day. The moon withered to a dead aspen leaf in the firmament and vanished; from pure white the dawn mellowed to tender saffron; then a sudden change marked the approach of the sun. Great streaks and splashes of dazzling orange broke up the east, and, quickly as one might tell it, the sun was above the sea and rolling his rapid fire up the flaming stairs of the sky. The bewildering transition from darkness to light had taken place with equatorial abruptness.

At the same moment, as though the risen sun was the signal, the deck became alive. The holy stones began their harsh music and the hoses sent glittering streams along the bright planks. It was the hour of the yacht's toilet.

Presently appeared among the barefooted sailors a swarthier figure delicately balancing a bowl. He ascended to the bridge.

"Dar, miss!" he said. "Coffee."

It was Coco. Coco, after having been interviewed and cross-examined by Sir Anthony and Oxwich, had entreated leave to accompany the expedition, and as it seemed more than probable that he might be useful, his request had been granted. Nominally he was attached to the important culinary department of the Wanderer. Really, he had become Mary's faithful and indefatigable servant. They often talked together of his dead master, and Coco had crucified his opinion that Giralda was a hussy.

He wept as he served the coffee—wept freely. The sight of his native land overpowered him.

"Me Gard, missie!" he whined, "dar's my ole Bim! Ebberyting jus' de same!—jus' de same! I specs dar'll be some fun ashore when my frens see me in my best rig out! Dar Bridgetown—dar dat dam old Pelican Island—dar de cane fields and de wind mills, an'——"

"Leave the bridge," ejaculated the Captain, who had evidently put on his normal self after the emotional abandonment of the night.

"When shall we be in?" Mary inquired, later.

"In an hour or so," the Captain replied.

"Thank you for inviting me up here," she said, and then descended.

CHAPTER XXV.

Approach of the Adventure.

The Wanderer, drenched in sunshine, had dropped the anchor, half a mile from shore, amid the multicolored craft of Carlisle Bay. She was surrounded, at a respectful distance, by a ring of small boats. One boat alone had approached her, and from this boat a man in white, with "functionary" written over all his body, climbed in due solemnity her towering side. The Captain and the first officer received him in state. He shook hands with Tony, and bowed low to the ladies. Master Horace Appleby mistook him for some local Sultan. But he was merely the medical officer of Bridgetown, come to give pratique. Several vessels in the harbor were flying the yellow flag, a fact which impressed Horace enormously.

"All well here?" asked the Captain.

"All well," said the medical officer; "and you?"

"All well."

This assurance, however, did not prevent him from looking at Horace's tongue, nor from taking the temperature of Oxwich. He was new to his post, and had not yet outgrown the aptitude to be over-conscientious.

Mary Pollexfen whispered to Sir Anthony, and the baronet stepped forward.

"Pardon me," he said, "has the yacht White Rose arrived?"

"I have seen no such yacht," answered the official.

"And she could not have put in without your knowledge?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the officer, shocked at such an idea.

After having devised a new cocktail for the Captain, he departed with the ceremonies that had accompanied his arrival. Then the ring of boats closed in on the Wanderer from every side. It was useless for Coco, in magnificent array, to protest to these Barbadian watermen that they were not wanted, and that the Wanderer's lauch was being got ready. They screamed and fought with one another in their red-cushioned craft, determined to obtain fares or perish in the attempt. Horace could have wished them pirates. When the launch puffed away shorewards, with the Captain and Tony's entire party on board, they followed it like the variegated tail of a comet, still stridently answering the insults which Coco poured out upon them.

"I suppose you've got your revolver, uncle?" Horace demanded as they stepped ashore.

"No," said Tony. "I'm relying on you to defend us all."

"Well, then, I shall buy a revolver," said Horace stoutly, "and a belt, and I shall put the revolver in the belt. I can, can't I, mother?"

"If your uncle wishes," said the matron; "but it mustn't be loaded."

"Now, just listen to that, uncle!" Horace protested. "What's the good of a revolver if it isn't loaded? Isn't that exactly like a woman?"

"At what hour do you wish to return to the yacht, Sir Anthony?" the Captain formally inquired.

"As soon as you've coaled her, Captain," was Tony's reply, given with a terrific air of determination.

"That may be to-day, or it may be to-morrow," the Captain said.

"But can't you make it to-day?" Mary asked.

The Captain looked at her.

"I can try," he said, and disappeared.

Oxwich also had vanished. But Coco remained, a glorious and excessively important Coco, resolved to do the honors of the capital.

"You come dis way. You all come dis way!" He flourished an arm. "You come wid me to the Ice House, and I gib you flying fish for breakfast. Dey know me at de Ice House. Dey know Marse Coco. I speak to dem for you."

And they meekly followed the negro into that uproar and movement and flame of splashed color which calls itself Bridgetown.

A street of white houses, under wooden tiles, silver-gray in the tremendous sunshine with open shop fronts and bright green jalousies to the windows, shone under a canopy of deep blue sky; while the glaring road cast up a shimmer of hot air, with puffs of dust at every stray breath of wind or passage of hoof or wheel. Noisy crowds traveled up and down Little trams, with tinkling bells, passed incessantly to Bellfield, Fontabelle and other places without the metropolis; teams of squealing mules brought down barrels of sugar and molasses from the estates; donkeys bore bright bundles of green cane tops; public conveyances crawled by the sidewalks and private buggies hurried about, their feminine occupants generally wearing black veils to shield their eyes from the dazzle of the white coral sheets. Women filled the footways. With naked feet, white dresses and gay turbans, they wandered chattering along, each with a basket on her head. They sold cocoanuts, sugar cane, oranges, limes, mangoes, yams, fish, cakes, sweetmeats, nuts, pineapples, bananas, pickyes, and a hundred other commodities. Mrs. Appleby vastly admired these women, upright as darts from the custom of carrying their wares upon their heads, with their ceaseless movement, their quaint whining cachinnation and their brilliant glitter of black eyes and white teeth. She also probably envied them their scanty toilets as the sun smote pitilessly down. The men toiled, urged on their cattle, jabbered incessantly, ordered each other about, and shone like metal statues where their hot chocolate skins burst out of their rags. At shady corners, or where balconies threw a shadow, sat the loafers—a very numerous throng. They munched cane and fruit, bargained with the women who sold drink, sucked lumps of ice when they could steal them, smoked pipes and their long cigars, laughed chaffed, told stories, gesticulated, and played the fool. Ancient and tattered human ruins wandered about begging; a dozen boys rushed yelling past, baiting an old-insane negro; a gray, bent, blind man loudly demanded alms; children swarmed like flies, little mites with black woolly heads and naked limbs—all colors from India ink to putty—sat in the sun and rolled in the gutters and played with their toes and crowed and howled according to good or evil fortune, and got kicked about among the dogs.

At intervals the burning glare of the street was slaked by an official with a water-hose. Policemen, dressed in white, occasionally appeared; and now and then a ragged, expostulating scamp, was led away to justice by two or three of them. Lean, wolf beasts, that looked like greyhounds, but were really West Indian pigs, passed in a drove; cackling Muscovy ducks and cocks and hens were carried by in baskets. A clergyman went along with his head in the air and a fat smile on his contended countenance; magnificent and prosperous negroes, negresses, mulatresses and quadrons with gaundy hats and parasols, elastic-sided boots and showy trinkets, sauntered up and down to impress the humbler folk; the Barbadian merchants in white ducks and a chimney-pot hat was also prominent. Great dragon-flies flashed hither and thither; and the air itself, dancing hotly upon Mary's cheek, was not only full of turmoil but thick and heavy with warm, soft, crawling odors of dust, fruit, cane and offal.

It was a faint and dazed party that ultimately arrived at the celebrated Ice House, the avant guard of all West Indian restaurants. There, in the cool and shaded seclusion of the first floor, in a room surrounded by broad balconies, they were soon eating the repast of flying fish and sweet potatoes which Coco, with an enormous expenditure of authority, gesticulation and noise, had ordered for them.

A singular phenomenon occurred after the breakfast.

"Mother's gone to sleep," Horace phrased it, and went on eating, steadily eating.

The charmingly-dressed woman, with her agreeable inclination to embonpoint, had indeed yielded to the effects of an unusual matutinal exertion. She dozed tranquilly in her cane chair before an empty plate.

Mary went out on to the balcony overlooking the street, and Tony followed her, opening his cigarette case.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" said Tony, leaning on the hot wooden balustrade, as they gazed at the riotous scene in the square below them. Mary nodded.

"You don't seem quite happy," Tony blunderingly began, after a pause, as he aimed a spent match at the head of a stout negress who was carrying a basket of linen. Mary met his eyes, and then her glance wandered over his faultlessly arrayed figure, impeccable from the solan topee to tan shoes.

"My friend," she answered, "it overpowers me. All these crowds of different sorts of people, all this confusion and bustle and heat! I ask myself what we are going to do here. I ask myself if Grenada, too, will be like this. Do you really expect to find the White Rose and Mr. Masters? They have not been here. They may or may not be at Grenade. They have been there and left again. Has it struck you that we haven't the least idea what has happened?"

"You're sorry you came?" he questioned rather out of countenance.

"No, no," she said with energy. "I am very, very grateful to you for having come and for having brought me. I would not have liked to leave anything undone that could be done. But it is rather a wild-goose chase, isn't it? I suppose there is only one thing to do—go on to Grenada?"

"Why, of course," he smiled. "Something's bound to turn up."

"And if something does turn up—what then?"

"We shall find Phil."

She sighed.

"I'm afraid," she murmured.

"What of?"

"I don't know what I'm afraid of. It is scarcely a month yet since my dear father—died. And I feel his death more now than at the beginning. He used to come here, you know. He must have been well known here. I daresay he was acquainted with half the people in the place. That makes me feel sad. And when I think of Varcoe's body hidden under the floor of that awful person's bedroom, I—"

A man, preceded by a negro waiter bearing liquids, came out on to the balcony and sat down to a small table. Tony could see him, but Mary's back was toward him. He gazed casually at Tony, and the next moment rose abruptly and left the balcony. A minute afterwards Coco, defying the etiquette of the restaurant, which forbade absolutely the presence of negroes other than servants in the places reserved for white customers, burst in upon them in a frenzy of excitement.

"Did you see him? You see him?" he shouted, beside himself.

"Who? What's the matter, my boy?" said Tony.

"Dat man wid de cocktail. He just gone. Dat de Captain's brother, missa! De Captain and me, we went to see him at de Obelisk hotel, and he here now! Same man! Same man!"

He leaned over the balcony, and peered down the thronged street.

"Not Uncle Walter?" Mary breathed.

"Yes! yes! De Captain's brudder. Dar! You look see. Dar! Down dar passing dem pigs. He in a big hurry. You see him? Dar!" He pointed urgently with a fat dark finger.

Mary's eye followed the indication. She singled out a medium-sized, thick-set man, hastening along with a peculiar gait toward the port. The untasted cocktail was close to her side.

"It is he!" she pronounced in a strange and thrilled voice. He evidently didn't expect to meet us here, and he's running off!" She stood up, her nostrils quivering. "We are on the scent after all. There isn't a second to be lost. Now, Sir Anthony!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Prey.

There was in Mary Pollexfen's tone a challenge which Sir Anthony could not but accept, an entreaty to which only one answer could be given—and that not a spoken one. His reply was such as to startle even Mary by its suddenness. The splendid gesture of the girl, reminding him of her finest attitudes on the stage, inspired him to throw first one and then the other superbly-clad leg over the balustrade of the balcony and slide dangerously down a wooden pillar to the dusty level of Broad street.

He was gone with a celerity that gave his disappearance the air of a conjuring trick. By a miracle he received no hurt, and, waving the hand of triumph to Mary, he fled down the thoroughfare in the wake of the man whom Coco had designated as Walter Pollexfen.

Coco also put a leg over the balustrade, shouting and gesticulating, but on reconsideration of the enterprise he drew the limb back again and decided to gain the street through the restaurant by the stircase.

"I catch him. I catch him, missy! I run like de debbil!" he cried as he went.

The episode attracted attention in Broad street, but the Ethiopian population of Barbadoes having long since ceased to be capable of surprise at the antics of the touring English, and being, moreover, very noisely engaged in its own tremendously important affairs, the interest aroused was as brief as it was violent; and it ended entirely in laughter when Coco, in the roadway, had fallen amid a drove of pigs, and picked himself up, his broadcloth dusty and his temper twisted.

Mary also went out into the street. Mrs. Appleby was still peacefully dozing; but there was not a sign of young Horace.

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TORONTO VANCOUVER
MONTREAL ST. JOHN, N.B.

H. COOLEY & SON, Local Agents.

KILLED BY A LOBSTER

A Chicago chef has just died from blood poisoning following upon a nip from a lobster. Zam-Buk applied immediately after that trivial accident would have saved that man's life! Zam-Buk is just as fatal to poison and disease germs, as these are fatal to us, and a little more so; because, while we sometimes get germs into our system and still live, when those germs get Zam-Buk they give up the ghost without a struggle. One of England's leading analysts has proved this. Write to us for his report. Meanwhile, when you sustain a cut, a burn, a bruise, a scratch, or any injury, just apply Zam-Buk. Two processes right away—cleanses the sore, thus preventing blood poison and suppuration, and commences to heal. Incidentally it takes out soreness. Soreness is not necessary to Nature's healing processes. See free sample offer in adjoining colupn. All stores and druggists sell at fifty cents a box. Nothing like it.

THE MAGISTRATE IS RIGHT

Magistrate Perry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a good thing known, and we do not blame him either. Writing of Zam-Buk, he says: "After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home." He is quite right. Every home needs it. Is it in your home? If not, why not? All stores and druggists sell at 50 cents a box.

A GENUINE OFFER

Test Zam-Buk at Our Expense

We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says to us: "If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending money on it." To every person taking this view we say, "We agree!" Send us one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk.

Every Home Needs Zam-Buk

"RUB IT IN"

FOR FAMINE SUFFERERS.

San Francisco, April 30.—Carried into the stream by the navy tug Slocom, with the 22nd infantry band playing martial airs, the crowds on the quay cheering and waving a farewell salute, the United States transport Bufort sailed for Chinkiang with 4,000,000 pounds of American flour on board for the famine sufferers in Northeastern China, contributed and collected through the Christian Herald, of New York.

Among the passengers were the party of thirty-three persons, including twenty-five congressmen and their wives, who are going to Honolulu at the invitation of Delegate Kalanianole.

Meredith B. Bethune, a well known Montreal advocate, died suddenly on Saturday afternoon at the Dixie Golf Club, a few minutes after he had finished a game. Mr. Bethune had spent the afternoon on the links, and had concluded a round with A. Ellis. He had finished playing for the day, and had just gone to put his clubs away in his locker when he suddenly collapsed.