

a boat and sufficient provisions, I started early, steering straight for the fort.

As I rowed out past the island lighthouse in the hazy morning light, I saw, on a spit of white sand, a quarter of a mile away, the figure of a young girl, watching something intently out on the lake. It was Laeta Merton, for such, the little clerk had told me, was her name, the heroine of my dreams.

I noticed that she was looking at a point away at the north end of the island, toward which I was going.

After half an hour's hard rowing I reached the island. I have been in lonely places, but this was the loneliest I ever was in. Even in the middle morning it gave me that eerie sensation some places impress upon one at night, and an idea possessed me that I was in a place where some awful crime had been committed, and that the presence of the guilty dead still lingered.

It was a long, low, sandy spit, about half a mile in length, out of which jutted at the north end a huge rock shelf, that rose up and projected into the lake. Midway in the island stood the old fort. It was nothing now but ruined walls, with a great chimney at one end, and a huge, rugged doorway that looked lonesomely landward, and could be seen for miles.

For fully an hour, I examined every crevice, chink and wall in the old ruin, sounded its grass-grown floors for underground hiding-places, and satisfied myself that nothing was to be discovered here. I saw that others had been before me, for the whole place had been ransacked. Stones were pried up and holes dug, but whether the mysterious dog had kept faithful guard, or they had been successful, I could not tell.

It was patent that this kind of searching would not discover the Jesuit's Well. I must find the landing mentioned in the description, and take a line dead west. Taking out a small pocket compass, I began to make calculations. I took several points on the shore for the supposed landing, but none of them would lie dead east of the fort. I had to construct an angle, and working backwards, find the landing if possible. With compass, paper and pencil, I set to work. Taking

the backbone of the island as a base, I found to my astonishment, that the line of its centre ran direct to the spit where the young girl had stood as I passed. A light flashed upon me; I had, or fancied I had, two points of the triangle, and the third was somewhere on land, and there would be the old landing. Without being a professional surveyor, I had some slight knowledge in that line, so with two poles at right angles, and the aid of my chart, I drew a rough diagram by which I got the point on shore, the lost corner of the triangle. But a line drawn due west from this point, I found, did not touch the fort at all, but ran across the centre of the great rock shelf at the north end of the island. This was a great surprise. My calculations were right, and Gillis was wrong in looking about the old fort where people would naturally search for treasure.

With pickaxe and spade I started towards the grim rock shelf that rose grey and gruesome out of the white drifted sand.

After climbing from plateau to plateau of rock, keeping the backbone of the island well in mind, I came out on top near the north end, and there in a slight indentation of the surface, lay an innocent looking slab of slate, covered partially by some drifted sand that never had come there by natural causes. Throwing my spade on the ground, and wedging my pickaxe under the slab, I turned it over to one side and revealed a ragged funnel, like a chimney that went on down and ended in an open cave. There was light below, and I could hear the ripple and fall of water, and knew that I had found the Jesuit's Well.

With a strange feeling of uncanny dread, I made up my mind to descend. As the walls were jagged, this was not hard to do, so, after tossing down my pickaxe, I climbed down about twenty feet, and found myself in a small, open cave, whose rock floor was thickly filled on the inside with fine, white sand, and which opened on the outside onto the open lake, but a few feet below the place where I stood. I went to the edge and leaned over, but started back, for I realized with amazement, that the waters from their inky blackness were of im-