

I laid the ivory portrait on the desk. Was this also a part of his dream?

"It is remarkable," I ejaculated, aloud.

"It is, indeed!" chuckled a voice behind me, which caused me to start. I turned and caught the ghoulish little church clerk peering over my shoulder, with evident amazement, at the ivory portrait.

"What is remarkable?" I demanded, annoyed at the start he had given me and at his espionage of my actions.

"Don't be angry," he answered; "you were so absorbed in that old desk that my curiosity overcame me; but I will answer your question if you will tell me what you expected to find."

"Some old documents," I answered, in more conciliatory terms.

"You are mistaken," he said; "I was the first person to overhaul these things, and there were no papers in that desk. Gillis was a peculiar man, and he burnt all his papers before he died. He had one eccentricity: he was always looking for something. I guess it was buried gold. Many have come here on the same hunt. Lately, an old Frenchman came and stayed a week. He was very close until he got drunk, then it came out what he was after. He was the first to ask for Gillis. The others just went over and dug by the old fort."

"Where is that?" I asked.

"On White Sand Island, out there about two miles."

"Did they ever find anything?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "it's all nonsense. I think Gillis was a little crazy, or, at least, I did until I saw that picture."

"What do you mean?"

"If you can row, I will show you," he returned.

"Certainly I can. But was there nothing in that desk?"

"No papers, I am certain; for all I did find was there," pointing to the lower left-hand drawer.

"What was it?" I questioned, eagerly.

"Nothing, only a life of Captain Kidd," he returned.

"Was there nothing in it?"

"No," he answered; "I have read it a number of times; but I will send it to you this evening."

Soon we were rowing towards a small island, where a tall, stone lighthouse loomed against the horizon. Before us a long, low island lay like a line of smoke across the western horizon.

"That's the place," said the clerk; "you can see the fort from here. A lot of Frenchmen were murdered there once by the Indians. It has a bad name."

A sudden conviction came to me that here was the place where I should find the Jesuit's Well with its remarkable secret.

Before long I was following my guide through some shrubbery to the light-keeper's house. He knocked loudly. The door opened, and a young girl about seventeen years old, but the very image of the woman in the ivory portrait, stood before my astonished gaze.

II.

All that day the problem of the mysterious girl, the haunted island, the old fort and the dead Frenchman whirled through my brain, and I eagerly waited for evening.

About dusk the book arrived. It was a small volume, bound in cheap board covers, containing a history of the life and death of Captain Kidd, but, though I searched carefully from cover to cover, found that it contained nothing more than the plain narrative.

I made another diligent search, but without avail. I was about to throw the book down in disgust, when I noticed something that made my heart beat quicker. The last flyleaf had been carefully glued to the cover. Turning to the front I discovered that the same had been done there. Procuring some hot water, and having soaked the book, I soon separated the leaves, and drying the flyleaf by the lamp, read as follows: "C art to ind Jes ell." The rest was obliterated, but this was enough; it was part of a map. The second flyleaf would not come off as the other had done, so I could only make out a small portion, evidently the rest of the map, but I deciphered some writing in one corner. It ran: "Can not find Jes. Well; pot there. Can't get right angle for fort. Find child." This was all; but something to work on.

Next morning, with a spade, pickaxe,