

Bellefonte, Pa., January 2, 1914.

THE TREASURE OF TU' PENNY CAY. BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

"Elsie," said Captain Charlie Bunce as he stumped into the house one bleak

November morning, "I believe I've got a cold on my lung." He uttered a hollow cough.

"Hem!" commented his sharp tongued wife. "Which lung?"

Captain Charlie coughed again, ending with an alarming strangle that required a vigorous pounding on the back from the stout fists of Mrs. Bunce. Incidentally Elsie appeared to derive much satisfaction from this robust treatment of her little husband. "Avast there!" roared the captain at last.

Elsie ceased her efforts. A thin smile curled her lips. "Your lungs ain't suffering none," she remarked dryly as she returned to her pumpkin

"By all signs I got to look out for myself." he said, with dignity, when he got his breath. "Being as there's no one to take no interest in my health, I can go and seek a balmy climate all alone.'

"What wild goose chase are you off on now?" Elsie demanded sternly. Captain Charlie blushed to his

leathery little ears, but his mouth was obstinate. "I'm going to the sunny south." he

announced defiantly. "You can come along, too, if you want to."

"Oh, thank you," retorted Elsie sarcastically. "I guess I'll stay at home Frank. and not go and catch malaria and yellow fever. I might as well be a widder woman as to be deserted off and on whenever you and Lem Peters take it into your head to fit out the schooner cabin and take a voyage."

"Me and Lem Peters has earned Rosy Dawn," replied Captain Charlie. "This time it's more than a load of potatoes or coal or oysters."

"I thought maybe I'd get to the truth of your lung trouble," said Elsie dryly. "Where you off to now?"

Given this opening, Captain Charlie launched forth into an enthusiastic description of a certain island among the Florida keys-Tu'penny cay it was called down there-where bubbled the traditional fountain of youth, the one described by Ponce de Leon, and it developed that it was the firm intenfirm of Messrs. Bunce and Peters to sail the schooner Rosy Dawn down to Tu'penny cay and fill innumerable bottles with the precious liquid, which was to be brought north and sold at a fabulous price to those who desired the boon of eternal youth.

demanded Mrs. Bunce, ignoring the gloomily. fact that her pies were burning to a) crisp.

ing morosely were two men. One was Captain Charlie Bunce, and the other was Lemuel Peters.

"How much did you pay that Portugee for the information?" growled Captain Charlie after awhile.

"My job in the shipyard," admitted Lem Peters sheepishly. There was a long silence, broken aft-

er awhile by the little captain. "Seems like that there Portugee sail- former district attorney of Sullivan

was his remark.

humbly. There wasn't much to say from the

point of view of the two adventurers. They had arrived at the tiny island full of enthusiasm. The hold of the Rosy Dawn was freighted with empty gallon bottles to receive the golden flood of youth from the immortal fountain. But unfortunately the fountain could

not be located. Some inhabitants of an adjoining island laughed rudely when guardedly questioned and said the reason the little island received its disparaging name was because it was a "tu'penny sort of island." The swamp in the middle was malarious, indeed,

and, as for Black Duffy's treasure, that had been found fifty years ago by an Englishman who had the ingratitude to bestow the ignominious title upon the bit of coral rock which had made him rich.

reduced to \$20 in cash. with supplies visitor at the office of her husband she running low and two angry women never suspected what the adjoining waiting there in that Long Island village for their inglorious return, it is no wonder that Captain Charlie Bunce and his companion were depressed. schooner. It was the negro boy,

"Dinner," said Captain Charlie without enthusiasm as he rose and went face had the look like that of a drug toward the landing plank.

They sat down at the table in the "Beans again!" moaned Lem Peters

as Frank passed him the steaming many a dollar carrying freights on the dish. "I wish I knew the man who invented canned beans!"

"It would be justifiable homicide if anything happened to that fellow!" growled the captain, making a wry face at the concoction of hot beans and tomato sauce.

"It's on'y 'cause youse eaten' em free times a day, Cap'n Charlie," soothed Frank. "I reckon yo' all can eat some canned peaches. I made a batch ob griddlecakes to eat wiv 'em."

"All right," said the captain, tasting his weak coffee. "Seems like I'd rather have my coffee strong once a day, Frank, than for you to spin it out so weak like to last three meals," he complained.

"All right, cap'n," was Frank's cheerful reply.

"Elsie was baking punkin pies when "And you believe all that trash?" I left home," observed the captain from his office by a heavy partition.

'Dried apple pies are my fav rite.' said Lem Peters sadly. "I don't ever expect to see no more lie's firm reply. "I got so much faith punkin pies." lamented Captain Char- sible. The attorney, she said, died of lie. Then, with a sudden burst of con- a ruptured blood vessel on Sunday home ag'in without that there treas-

Monticello, N. Y., Startled by Discovery of Melvin Couch's Strange Companion.

SECRET

LIVED

The death of Melvin H. Couch, a or has got the best of the bargain," county, N. Y., revealed that, unknown to his family and friends and to his "I ain't got a word to say." said Lem. chents, a woman had lived for three

> with his law offices in Monticello, N. Y. Couch was found lying dead on his office lounge.

vessel near his heart. In the next room crouched a frightened woman, who admitted that she had seen him die, but insisted that she was not responsible for his death.

She said that she was Adelaide M. Brance, of Goshen, N. Y., and that the secret room had been her only home for three years.

Mr. Couch was sixty-five years old, and was formerly partner of Alton B. Parker, Democratic nominee for the

The door that led from the office to the living quarters of the woman was always locked, and no one save Couch and his companion passed through it. She seldom left her quarters. Al-So with the original \$100 investment though Mrs. Couch was a frequent room contained.

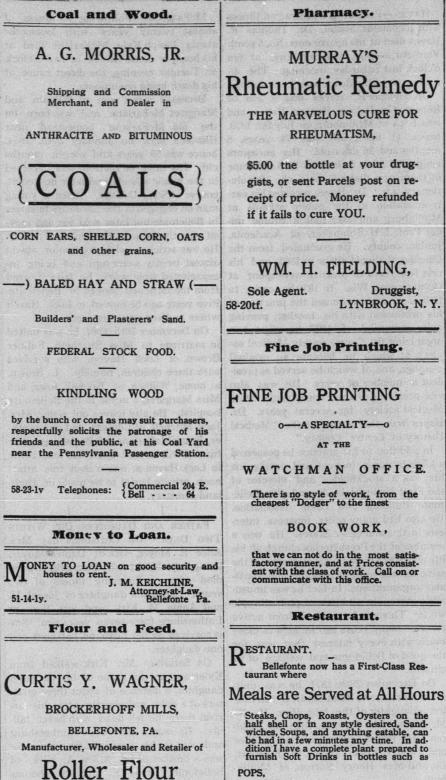
In the excitement attending the finding of Couch's body some one climbed upon a chair and peered through the Suddenly a shout came from the transom into the secret room. There he saw a woman huddled up on the floor beside a plain iron bed. Her clothing was poor and ill-fitting, her user, and her disheveled hair was streaked with gray.

The room she occupied was sparsely furnished, containing beside the bed an old cook stove, a table and two chairs. The woman, who is about forty years old, said she had lived there voluntarily and had never gone out in the daytime. At rare intervals she went for a walk at night.

Mrs. Couch, who was present when the secret door was opened, fainted at the sight of the woman. After Adeaide Brance had been quieted and assured that no harm woud come to her, she said:

"I came out of the room to waken Mr. Couch, who often slept in his office. As soon as I saw him I knew he was dead. I knew that Dr. J. F. Curlette was his brother-in-law, and I telephoned to him to come at once." She said she met Couch three years ago, when she called at his office to WHITE STAR sell books. The lawyer's friends re-

member that about this time he had the room where she was found cut off The woman was held on a technical arge, but the coroner's verdict as to



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years in a secret room connecting

Death was due to rupture of a blood

ROOM

presidency in 1904.

"I certainly do," was Captain Char- ∞ in it I'm willing to risk \$50 on the venture, and Lem Peters he's going to do the same.'

"Good thing that Lem's wife is a popular dressmaker." cut in Elsie.

Two weeks later Captain Charlie negro boy as mate and crew of the Rosy Dawn. The name of the old hopes cherished by her owner and the sea Captain Bunce had ied many a vain search in quest of fortune.

He had not told Elsie the most incredfrom Sadie Peters after the Rosy gloomily. Dawn had sailed toward the southland.

Besides the fountain of youth, Tu'penny cay was said to be the repository of golden treasure buried by that famous pirate. Black Duffy, just before he made his last appearance in the sensational act of walking the plank.

to Captain Charlie-such a letter as arms. that redoubtable sailor had never before received in his adventurous lifeand she sent it to Savannah, which neck was to be the Rosy Dawn's first port of call.

Weeks passed and no word came to word of the shipping news. Christmas came and went, and Elsie Bunce and Sadie Peters spent it together. It was not strange that the two women befrom their neighbors in Little Baythe secret of their quarrels with their home on the Rosy Dawn." respective husbands and the fact that they did not correspond with them.

"So long as they was bound to go, anyway, I s'pose I might as well have let Lem go in peace," worried Sadie Peters one January day.

"If I didn't have great faith in Charlie's seamanship I'd get worried," remarked Elsie, her needles flashing dizzily.

"I'd go down myself if I hadn't said what I did to Lem," admitted Sadie.

Elsie Bunce said nothing, but now she knitted so fast and so incoherently that her wools became hopelessly tangled, which might be a token that Captain Charlie's wife was in "a state of mind."

* * * * * . . January on Tu'penny cay. Overhead

a cloudless blue sky and below a snow white coral island lapped by a blue sea. Feathery palms rustled in the spice laden breeze, and a few bright colored birds flashed among the trees. Half hidden in a tiny lagoon was the

ley stack. Sitting on the beach smok- Been at it long?-Chicago News.

ure!" "Seems like Sadie said something sailed away, with Lem Peters and a similar to that remark." mused Lem. Absorbed in the gloomy meal, neither one had heard the chug, chug, of schooner perhaps typified the many an approaching steam launch. Neither had they heard the sounds of an armaster, for since his retirement from rival on board. So they were quite unprepared for what followed Captain Bunce's next remark.

"So it looks like we'll not be wanted ible part of his story. She heard it back there in Little Bay," he said

> uncertainly, and a large. yellow pump- sleepy after he had worked for forty kin pie was placed on the table before the astonished treasure hunters. From the other side of the table another hand placed a dried apple pie, baked in a square tin, beside the first one. "Elsie!" yelled Captain Charlie,

So the indignant Elsie wrote a letter jumping up to receive his wife in his

"Sadie Peters!" choked Lem as his wife flung her arms around his lean

The two women cried over their unfortunate adventurers.

"We was worried to death," confessthe two women, although Elsie sub- ed the redoubtable Elsie, wiping away scribed to the Herald and read every | some tears. "So I took the money I'd been saving for a plush coat next winter, and Sadie she had a streak of luck with her Cousin Benjamin leaving her a bit of money, so we come down came very intimate, for it was their to see where you was, and we found mutual desire to keep a secret hidden you. We just come over from the moment and mean not only the death mainland. You're going to take us

"We ain't found no fountain of youth and no treasure." confessed the treasure seekers in unhappy unison.

Across their disconsolate heads Elsie Bunce and Sadie Peters smiled understandingly at one another. It was Elsie who spoke:

"Oh. yes; I guess you found the hidden treasure, all right. But 'twasn't just what you thought it would be. Guess you've found there ain't no place like home. That's a treasure some folks never find out."

And the two hardy treasure hunters meekly assented that it was so, and they believed it. But the blood of adset forth on another wild goose chase in the Rosy Dawn.

Up to Date.

Diner-Waiter, there's sand on this bread. Waiter-That's to keep the butler from slipping off, sir.-Judge.

Sarcastic. schooner Rosy Dawn, her sails neatly Stranger-What's your line? Newlyfurled and smoke curling from her gal- riche-I am a gentleman. Stranger-

the cause of Couch's death supported her assertion that she was not responfidence, he added, "Elsie, she wrote me morning. The autopsy brought the vera letter, and she dared me to come dict that death was due to the breaking of the ascending aorta.

Mrs. Couch had not the slightest idea of her husband's double life, nor had his son or his daughter, said to be engaged to a young professional man of Monticello.

Mrs. Couch knew that her husband had forbidden her the locked door in his office, and that he often slept there, alleging insomnia, but she had no suspicions.

Takes Nap on Slanting Roof. Henry Surman, a tinsmith, of Bur-

Then it was that some one laughed lington, N. J., naturally felt pretty hours without so much as a wink. That was why he scared a half hundred spectators and nearly spelled his own destruction by selecting the edge of a slanting roof as a couch.

Surman was working with several other tinsmiths on the roof of a building at Broad and Stacy streets. He was doing some soldering along the edge, and the job required him to stretch out. In such a position he dozed and his soldering iron rolled off and nearly hit a pedestrian below.

For several minutes Surman slept. Soon he began to get restless. It was then that one of the other workmen saw his predicament from ten to fifteen feet away. He was afraid to yell for fear the unconscious man might start enough to roll him off. Also he knew the worst might happen any of the sleeper, but perhaps to somebody below.

Throwing a handful of gravel to the pavement to attract attention without shouting, he waved and pointed in a way that made those who looked understand the danger. They fell back in hushed suspense, while the workman, John Tilghman, worked his way along the edge and effected a rescue. Surman rubbed his eyes as the

crowd cheered, and then looking about him, he nervously breathed a heavy "Phew!"

Girl a Needle Victim.

Miss Esther Keller is lying at her home in Reamstown, Pa., in a serious condition and the entire countryventurers ran strong in their veins, side is aroused over an attack on and no one would be surprised, their her by a masked highwayman, who wives least of all, if some day they jabbed a hypodermic needle into her arm, robbed her and left her senseless by the roadside.

The young woman was returning from her work. At a lonely point near the town the highwayman jubped from behind a tree and ordered her to halt. He grasped her arm, and when Miss Keller courageously tried to fight him

off, jabbed her with the needle. Miss Keller fainted. She had just received her pay of \$12 a week, and the highwayman made off with this

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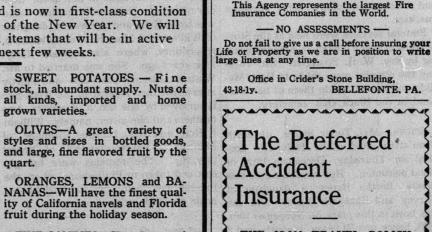
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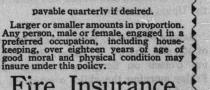
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