



## The Secret of the Oaken Chest

### Chapter I

*Written by Janet Ingram, Black Hawk Society, Highland Park, Illinois  
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The roar of the cannon outside the city and the sight of the wounded defender made Katherine's heart sick with fear. The British troops were attacking the town of Monmouth and the brave Americans were staunchly trying to defend it. All the women and children were gathered in the church for protection and it was to this church that the wounded were brought to be cared for by the women. As Katherine passed from cot to cot helping the older women dress the men's wounds, she came to one almost dead defender who spoke to her from under his bandage in a voice which she recognized to be that of her beloved Grandfather. She knelt quickly beside him. "Oh, Grandfather," she sobbed heart-brokenly "why did they let you go to the front?" The old man replied gently "Don't cry Katherine, we all must die sometime and I at least died serving my country." She ran to get some water and tried to make the old man comfortable. He was fast losing his strength and could hardly speak. He grasped her hand saying weakly "Katherine, listen!" As she knelt beside him, her ear close to his lips, straining to catch his every word, he murmured faintly, "Find ... save...chest... important... will change... life... read... papers... chest... lift .. third... board..." As Katherine listened intently a terrific explosion shook the building and her Grandfather gasped once and was gone.

While Katherine knelt sobbing beside her Grandfather's body, she realized that her last known kin was dead. Her mother and father had both been killed in an Indian massacre and she had

lived with her Grandfather since she was a little girl. Everyone in Monmouth loved the beautiful raven haired Katherine and tried to comfort her in her sorrow. Suddenly a messenger dashed into the church and told them to collect a few of their belongings for the American were defeated and the British were fast advancing into the town. Everyone must flee for his life. Quickly they ran to collect some precious things, stretchers were made for the wounded to be carried on and those people who had carriages piled them full of household good, while those who were less fortunate and did not have carriages ran between the protecting lines of soldiers and everyone except the dead was soon out of the city. Katherine had been led sobbingly away from her Grandfather's cot by two of the kindly old women. The remnant of the American army, with the town's people camped in their rear, took up a new position about two miles from the town which the English now held.

During the excitement of the flight Katherine had thought constantly of her dear Grandfather whom she would never see again, but now, as the camp was settling down for the night she began to think of other things also: all the happy times she had had with her Grandfather; how much she would miss him; and with these thoughts came remembrance of his last words to her. Lying curled up on the floor of the tent with the other women she began to think about the chest which her grandfather had told her to find and save. She realized that it must be important if her Grandfather had not mentioned it until he was dying and had kept it hidden all this while. The explosion had kept her from hearing where it was hidden; but after hours of thought, she decided that he must have meant that it was hidden under the third floorboard of some room in their house. She knew that if she was to get the chest she must do so before the English sacked the town, so quietly she got up, drew her dark mantle about her and slipped from her companions' sides out into the moonlit night. As she sped along under the starry sky she suddenly heard a masculine voice call "halt." She stood rooted to the spot as a tall dark and young American soldier stepped out from behind a tree

"I say young lady, where are you headed for?"

"Let me go" cried Katherine and started running again.

The light of the moon had shown young James that Katherine was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and her tear-filled eyes and desperate attempt to get through the American lines back to town made his adventuresome spirit know that here was a beautiful maiden in distress who needed his assistance. In a flash he was off and soon overtook her. "See here," he said, "if there's anything wrong I'd like awfully to help you." There was something about his strong handsome face that made Katherine trust him instantly.

"Please, I must get back into the town. You see, my Grandfather died today, and just before he died he told me to be sure to find and save a chest which is hidden under the third floorboard of some room in our house. He died before he could tell me what room, but I must find it before the English do." James knew that if his commanding officer discovered that he had left the camp, even though he was not on guard duty, he would run the risk of court martial, and if the English found him in the city he would be hanged for a spy; nevertheless his love of adventure and Katherine's earnestness made him insist upon helping her.

Taking her hand and going slightly ahead of her James led the way toward town and an eventful night, which was to bring excitement, danger, surprise, joy, love, and happiness to them both.

## Chapter II

*Written by Margaret Sanders, General Philip Schuyler Society, Oswego, NY  
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As they neared the town, James led Katherine into the shadows, asking, "Now, where is this house?"

With careful directions from the raven haired miss, they entered the deserted town, which, with the tranquil darkness and loneliness, gave the place an eerie, ghostly atmosphere. Shivers raced up and down Katherine's back as she drew her cape tightly around her.

The two adventurers hastened along Main Street, then turning they traveled down Summit Avenue. The house of Katherine's grandfather which stood slightly apart from its neighbors, sinister looking as it loomed against the complete darkness of the night, appeared forbidding.

With their hand locked together, the youthful citizens crept up the steps onto the veranda. "Are you afraid?" James asked.

Katherine courageously shook her head, "No-o, but-I-I do hope the door is unlocked," she stammered.

"Have you any idea where the chest might be hidden?" questioned James, trying to give her time to control her emotions.

"Well, it might be in grandfather's library. That was his favorite room on the second floor."

"We'd better hurry." To this she nodded her head in agreement.

The door creaked as it swung into a dark, dreary hall. Katherine, familiar with the plan of the house, led the young American to the staircase. Their footsteps echoed through the long corridor. They ascended the staircase with pounding hearts and pale faces.

Katherine, feeling her way along the wall, brought them to a standstill outside the library. "This is the room."

When the door was opened, James stepped in first, to assure safety.

"Do you think that we dare have a light?" she asked.

"No," he said, "there may be prowler about now. The moonlight will have to be our torch. Suppose we start in this corner. You press each board, while I'll follow with my pocket knife."

Dropping to her knees, Katherine began the almost hopeless task. Feverishly, she groped along the floor boards, again and again pointing out cracks in the floor, which James tested with his knife.

After fifteen minutes of mounting disappointment, Katherine, sitting back on her heels, cried, "Oh, James. It isn't here!" Tears of bitter sorrow filled her black eyes. She sobbed, "I don't know where to look next. I must find it! Grandfather trusted me to find the chest."

James tenderly patted her shaking shoulder, full of sympathy for the crying maiden. "Think Katherine. Try to concentrate. Where might he have put the chest?"

Katherine, overwrought with disappointment, tried to reply to his urgent questioning; but the only thing she could hear or think about was the firing and booming of the cannon. "I don't know. Oh! Stop that noise. It's coming closer; getting louder!"

"Stop that!" he thundered. Then gently, "Katherine, don't let your nerves get possession of you. Just try to think! Where would your grandfather put a chest, which he had guarded all his life?"

Somewhat calmed, she closed her eyes; but the only thing she heard was her dead grandparent's voice, saying, "third-board,-third-board." Something in her mind clicked.

"Of course, James!" A new note of anticipation sounded in her voice. "In grandmother's room. He was devoted to her! Let's try."

She grabbed his arm as she hurried down the hall. She shoved the door open and stood in the doorway. "James, it's got to be here!" she announced emphatically, with a 'do or die spirit'.

"I hope it is," was his reply. "Now, let's start."

The moonlight streaming in the windows, showed two youthful figures, crawling and fumbling on the floor. A discouraged look masked the maiden's face; both showed determination.

Katherine, fatigued, sighed heavily, "Well, James – I..."

"Look! This board is pliable! Feel!"

She did as he commanded. "Oh! where's your knife?"

After ten minutes, to them it was eternity, he raised the board. Katherine eagerly thrust her hand into the black cavity. Her fingers grasped a box. Trembling with eagerness, she brought into view, a chest - the oaken chest. It was a small chest; but how precious; important enough for Katherine's grandfather to have had her risk her life to secure it; filled with documents about which Katherine knew nothing.

"Oh James, this is it! We've found the chest." she pressed it to her breast. Tears and happiness shown in her eyes.

Sharp rifle shots broke the stillness of the night, for it had been surprisingly quiet for the past several minutes. The deep booming of the cannon began again.

Katherine, rising, said, "Friend, we must hurry and leave this place. I'm frightened now."

With the oaken chest under her cloak, they left the room of her grandmother. As they passed the library, where the search had been so fruitless, Katherine entered and kneeling, said a prayer, thanking God for His kindness in giving her the oaken chest.

As the first streaks of dawn shone through the window, the merry sunbeams played about her head. James thought how beautiful she looked, with her hands folded in reverence, her coal black locks falling innocently about her flushed face. How earnest she appeared.

She rose, shyly, putting her hand gently on the favorite chair of her grandfather, she said "goodbye" to this familiar room, which she would never see again.

She turned to go, but stopped as James said, "Wait, Katherine. The British are coming nearer!" She gasped, "Oh!"

"Yes, I knew you didn't know that, but it's true. The sounds are louder. We must hasten!"

"Let's hurry, then!"

They descended the staircase, only to stop again at the bottom. "Katherine, promise me this; that you will run to your friends; no matter what happens."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Don't ask questions; just promise."

"Very well. I promise."

James opened the door; but stepped inside again. "A British scout is in this street, which means they have taken Monmouth. Let's try the back door."

### Chapter III

*Written by Graham T. Smallwood, Gov. Thomas Welles Society, Washington, DC  
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After seeing the sentry in front of the house, James and Katherine hurried to the back door as a means of escape. "Do be quiet," whispered Katherine as they hastened through the darkened hallway. "Listen to those voices at the back!" murmured James, and sure enough there were low whispers coming from outside. Suddenly, one voice spoke up loudly, "Let's break the door down and save time!" it said. This was followed by grunts of approval and heavy pounding. Katherine grabbed James' arm and pulled him towards the cellar stairs. Down they groped their way, through spider webs and layers of dust and grime. "There must be a wine cave down here somewhere," whispered James, "And if there is, then it's the best place to hide as there should be a lock." The opening of a low creaking door proved that they had found the wine cave and in they went, closing the heavy door behind them. "Oh, it's spooky in here and I don't like it!" "Now don't be a scaredy!" "I suppose it's safe enough to light a candle as the door is closed tightly." Having lit their candles they looked around the cold damp cave in which they had taken refuge. There were still a few old bottles of wine on the spider-webbed shelves. "See all those terrible spiders, brrr... I don't like them!" "Oh they won't hurt you, they're so small. Say, why not let's look at those papers in the chest. We haven't anything else to do." "All right. Here are the ones on top. My, but they certainly are moldy and here are some floor plans." "I love to draw plans for houses, don't you?" "But Katherine, this is your grandfather's house, the one we are in and look here is the plan of the basement." So the two small figures drew closer to the candles to study the plans. "Yes it is the same room we're in, see, there are the stairs we came down and here's the little door and the wine cave. But look, James, what's this passage leading from the cave? There isn't any passage in here. There are just shelves all around. It doesn't show where the passage leads, as it runs off the edge of the paper." James cast an eye towards the far end of the cave and noted an old set of unused shelves with no bottles on them. "Come on Katherine, let's pull down those shelves and see what we can find." Together they pulled the bottle racks down only to find a wall of split logs, placed side by side like a row of trees growing from the floor through the ceiling. The whole cellar was lined with these logs to keep the earth from crumbling on the floor. So the two set to work loosening the logs. At last, one of them gave way. "Gee, look at that dark hole in there!" "Ye and what a cold damp smell it has." But the space wasn't large enough to walk through so they pulled down the log next to the opening. "Why, it's like a regular doorway now, I don't think I want to go in that dark hole, its too spooky." "There you go again. Every time we get a chance to explore some hidden place, you get scared and don't want to go. My goodness, I declare I don't see what girls ever think of!" Disregarding James' remarks, Katherine continued, "Let' each take a candle in case one should blowout and we'd be left in the dark." "Say I wonder if there is any way we can close up the entrance so that no one will follow us!" Katherine looked roguishly at James and replied, "Perhaps it would be better to leave it open so, if my pet spooks get us, someone will know where to start looking for us!" Then, without any warning, loud voices were heard outside the cave door. The soldiers were now in the basement. "Come quick, James, we've just got to hurry down the passage, no matter how cold and dark it is!" Grasping their candles they entered the unknown passageway. Almost immediately they heard the wine cave door open and gruff

voices speaking to each other. "Here we are men, I can smell fresh candle wax. It must have been only a few minutes since whoever it was was standing right here." "Maybe it's a spy or perhaps someone who was hiding her to tell of our movements." "Well, whoever it was, we've got to find him and, now!" Hurriedly the company of soldiers searched the cave until they discovered the opening in the wall. "Here we are, men, they went through here." So, following one another, the entire company entered the dark corridor which was hewn in the earth. Far ahead, two small figures were running along as best they could, tripping and falling at intervals. "I can hear men far behind us," said Katherine. "Well at least they haven't caught up to us." Suddenly, as they made a turning in the cave, they heard new voices, friendly voices. But to their dismay, the passage ended abruptly with a heavy door. Someone on the other side spoke, "Men, we've got to get those British troopers but how can we tell where they have hidden?" At this point, James gasped. That was his father's voice. He was leading his men to find the British troop that was even now coming closer every minute. Suddenly...

#### **Chapter IV**

*Written by J. Alan Richards, Junior State President, Maine  
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There was a thunderous uproar in the cave as if the colony's supply of powder had been set off behind them shattering the rotten, log-lined cellar with its shelves of empty bottles. The children were too surprised to be terrified by the unexpected turn of events and stood stupefied in the dark. James spoke first, whispering excitedly, "Are you all right, Kathy?" Katherine's tongue felt as if it were glued to the top of her mouth, but she did manage to say chokingly, "Y-es!" An involuntary movement toward each other had extinguished their candles so that they were in complete darkness except for a thin ray of light proceeding from a fine crack in the door ahead of them.

In that spell-bound moment following the crash, there was a strange and complete silence throughout the cave as well as on the opposite side of the door from whence had come the sound of friendly voices. Apparently the terrific noise had surprised not only James and Katherine but their friends and the Britishers as well. The hush was quickly broken, however, by the confused murmuring of the company of soldiers, who, by this time, were near enough to the children to enable them to gather what had taken place. The men in the rear had crowded so closely to the decayed timbers supporting the shelves with their burden of empty bottles that the timbers had collapsed shattering the bottle as they fell.

A stern, military voice now was restoring order among his men. The bewildered children were thrown into a momentary panic when the voice snapped, "They're about here somewhere. Clear aside the rubbish, and we'll soon get to the bottom of this. Quick, to work!"

Hardly a word had been exchanged between the children up to this time, but now an uncontrollable gasp broke from them simultaneously. Hemmed in by the soldiers on one side and a heavy door on the other, very means of escape seemed to be cut off, unless in some way the boy could attract the attention of his father. James put his face to the crack of light and

whispered in a surprised tone, "Katherine, look! No one is there!" What had become of his father? Were he and his companions on their way to the cellar by the usual entrance, or, more likely, had the noise of breaking glass made them suspect the presence of the soldiers in the cave so that they had gone for help? If they could only find a way to open that door!

In a sudden fury at their helplessness, James flung himself against the wall separating them from the source of light, and the crack widened perceptibly. Katherine quickly lent her assistance, but the door refused to yield. Again and again they flung themselves at the stubborn wall, and then, without warning, they were precipitated through the door onto the other side.

James looked frantically about the place in which they found themselves. It was hardly a room, more like the springhouse near Kathy's grandfather's old house. If they could only hide themselves before the troopers arrived! Outside seemed safer than any hiding place here, so half dragging and half carrying the breathless girl to the open door, he found himself on the green grass once more. Katherine was bewildered and started to cry. James spoke softly, "Quick, Kathy, we must move quickly - the soldiers are nearly upon us." This brought her completely to her senses. James took her hand, and together they ran. Where they were moving, they hardly knew! Escape from their pursuers was the only thought in their minds. Had they had time to think, they would never have taken the direction they did, for it was toward the front of the house where the sentry still stood. It was too late when they saw him. He swiftly caught them by the arms and demanded, not at all ill-naturedly, "Where are you two bedraggled little urchins goin' in such haste?"

"Please, sir, we are looking for our pet squire I," was the surprising reply James heard coming from his own lips. "What would yer pet squirrel be doin' here?" was the suspicious reply. "I'll have to detain ye from yer search until ye've spoken with my commandin' officer." Things were beginning to look black once more. In spite of their efforts at self control, tears came into their eyes and sobs burst forth.

"Here now, don't carry on so - it grieves me heart, it does. Order is orders, and when I finds strange people, I must report them. It'll take ye but a minit when me captain comes. He's fair enough, he is, and once ye've explained, ye kin git on with what ye was doin'."

Their sobs and tears were suddenly cut short when they saw their pursuers come into view. The men, from their captain to the lowly private, seemed in very bad humor. Their uniforms were covered with dirt and cobwebs, and, in many instances, with spilled wine. There certainly was little hope of being let off easy by these angry men. James, valiant little hero that he was, took himself in hand and once more showed his "American grit" as the captain approached. Both children were now ready to meet him so that when the captain bellowed out "Who are you?" they bowed to him politely and courteously, and James replied, "I am James and this is Katherine. We are looking for my pet squirrel and were frightened by men who came through the spring house door before you. We thought they were chasing us."

"Then which way did they go?" was the welcome reaction to the story James told. "We thought they were right behind us, sir," said Kathy. "I guess they must have gone in quite the opposite direction, though, after we started running, because when we were stopped by your soldier, they were nowhere to be seen." "That's a likely story," said the leader sarcastically, giving them to understand that their story was not believed. James appeared to be undisturbed, however, and calmly asked in his politest manner, "May we go now, sir?" The captain was glaring down at him when suddenly his gaze shifted to James' hand. "Let's see what you have

there," he demanded. The boy then realized that, through all the unbelievable events of the past few hours, he had been clinging to the paper and plans he had found in the wine cellar. Impatiently, the captain took the papers from the lad and scrutinized them closely. His eyes suddenly widened and beamed. An exclamation of "Impossible!" escaped his lips. -"The children will remain as our special guests for a while, sergeant. They have been of too much service to us to permit them to go without proper celebration. Please take excellent care of them!"

## Chapter V

*Grant and Ian Harrington, Honolulu Society*

*Volume XXX, Number 1*

Somewhat relieved by the pleased tone of the British Captain's voice, the children were led into the house by their guards.

The Sergeant in charge of the house ordered the prisoners locked in an upper room where escape would be impossible. Followed by the curious stares of the soldiers lounging in the dimly lighted hall, the children were taken upstairs. After a search of the rooms on that floor, it was found that the study door contained the only key. After locking the windows, the guards left the room and locked the door leaving James and Katherine clinging to each other in the darkness. Soon they heard a guard marching back and forth outside the door and, on peering from the windows, they could see an armed guard pacing back and forth in the light from the library below them.

For some time the frightened prisoners stood quietly but no one molested them, so they gradually lost their fear.

"How I wish I knew what they are talking about," James whispered. With that, Katherine pulled him across the room to the mouth of the enormous fireplace. "Now lean forward and we can hear what they are talking about in the library below us. I've often heard Grandfather and his guests from here." Sure enough, when James leaned forward he could hear the Captain speaking- in the room below.

"-- Leave a small guard here while we follow this map. I'll send a runner for reinforcements. That Yankee patrol must be somewhere about. The sooner we solve this the better. Leave Sergeant Smithers here with the men to guard the prisoners. You take two men with you and search to the left of the house for the entrance. I'll go to the right. Now hurry for we must be away from here before daylight."

"Right, Sir."

A confused tramping and moving of chairs followed by the closing of a door told the children that the men had left the library.

"If we could only get out of here we might be able to find our soldiers. Now, we'll never know what that map was all about or what was in those papers," whispered Katherine.

Still crouching in the fireplace, James suddenly grasped Katherine by the shoulder. "I know." "Know what?" "How we can get out of here, that is if you are brave enough." "Oh, James, if we only could!" "Katherine, you know how big these chimneys are. I've seen chimney sweeps climbing in them. There are stones left jutting out so that they can be cleaned. If chimney

sweeps can climb up and down, why can't we climb down this chimney to the cellar? We can then go through the tunnel and escape from the spring house. If you are game, I'll try it first. I'll go down to the library and see if the coast is clear."

It took some persuasion on James' part to get Katherine to try such a hazardous escape. However, shortly, after tying his scarf over his face to prevent being choked by the soot, James crawled into the huge old fireplace and felt around for the protruding rocks.

As he disappeared, Katherine leaned forward but all she could hear was a soft scraping sound as his feet felt for the step. Presently, she heard James whisper that he was safe. Following his whispered directions, Katherine crept into the fireplace. After minutes that seemed like hours she felt James reaching up to help her drop from the last step to the fireplace below.

As they stood there trembling- they could hear the loud voices and heavy tramp of the men in the hall outside their door. At first, Katherine would not hear of James leaving her while he made the descent to the cellar but, when he told her that the more noise the soldiers made the safer they were, she consented.

After an age of waiting, she heard James calling her to continue. Katherine was a very old lady before she was ever able to tell of that flight down the sooty old chimney.

At last, they were standing on the cellar floor breathing deeply of the musty but clean air, and trembling from their exertions.

Soon they were stumbling about in the darkness feeling for the entrance to the wine cellar. Only Katherine's familiarity with the cellar enabled them to at last find the door. There they passed through the broken entrance to the tunnel. Katherine stumbled over one of the shelves broken by the soldiers and cut her hand on a piece of broken wine bottle. James helped her bandage it with her sooty scarf but urged her on for fear the guards might even then be looking for them.

As they finally rounded the corner, a dim light ahead in the old springhouse showed the captain and his men hunting about.

They were trapped. Stunned by their predicament they crouched down to wait until the men left. Finally, worn out by their adventures, they huddled together and fell asleep.

## **Chapter VI**

*Mary Florence McKee, Lucy Spell Raiford Society, Columbus, Georgia  
Volume XXX, Number 2*

A shot split the dark thickness of silence a few minutes later, awakening James and Katherine from a cramping doze in the tunnel. The girl, nearly hysterical, clung trembling to the young soldier's arm.

A rustle in the garden shrubs and a curse uttered by the British Captain followed.

"Can't you find anything better to shoot at than a lost mongrel!! Remember there are only ten of us on the edge of town. I only hope that shot won't bring that stray American patrol upon us. They can fight in the dark better than we can."

"Sergeant, pick up your feet, I want to find where this confounded map begins and follow it before daybreak. No telling where it will take us.

"Here! Head toward the house! We shall explore that tunnel again. I am going to sit down for a moment. Go along! I am coming!"

"James, what shall we do?" wailed Katherine. "They are coming down here and will find us."

"Don't cry, Kathy, dear. Whether you realize it or not, this is a splendid opportunity. The Captain is alone, and he has our map! Quiet! Let us slip out in the garden."

They glided through the cracked trap door and soon were standing shrouded in darkness.

"Look," pointed the boy, "the officer is still there, and I believe he is asleep. Now is the time! Here is a stick to use, just in case."

Through the hushed atmosphere they stole toward the, indeed, slumbering man. All official cares were forgotten as his body slumped to the soft turf in blissful relaxation. The map could be detected in his loosened hand.

James, not trusting his feet, crept towards the coveted treasure. The leaves even seemed to pause their dancing motion. His hand drew furtively nearer, and his fingers at last tightened on the paper.

The map having been placed in an outside pocket, he recklessly attempted to rise. In his hurry, his foot slipped on the grass and he fell with a jar.

The slight noise startled the sleeper into consciousness. With remarkable quickness, he threw himself on the boy whom he pinned down after a few seconds of struggle. The Englishman opened his mouth to call to his men.

Katherine burst into action. Tightening her grip on her stick, she swung it. The man loosened his hold with an "umph."

James pulled himself up to the side of the girl.

"Kathy, you saved me. You are a dear heroine!"

"Thank you, James, I didn't want him to hurt you. I brought you on this wild chase."

The boy squeezed her hand in silent gratitude and affection. They smiled at each other.

Their triumph, however, was not lasting. The British soldiers burst through the trap door.

"Look," cried the foremost, "our prisoners, seize them!"

Thus surprised, the boy and girl ran only a few steps before being overtaken. Each was held and piloted back to the house by three men. The remaining three half carried their officer, whom they had revived with water from the spring.

The two prisoners were wretched. Their plans had again been frustrated when they had been so near success. Katherine could not suppress tears as they were being tied. She kept her face averted and her eyes fixed on the graying sky through the grilled window.

The Captain took the pain in his head out in threatening the two helpless people. He was about to seize the map forcefully from James when a laugh startled everyone.

"Next time, be careful about going with such a small company to the outskirts of an American town even if you think the coast is clear. Won't it be funny for your own men to find you ten locked in here? Ha-ha!"

"I know why you are here. You are looking for something as we and, I reckon, my son and that girl, are. Too bad! You should have gotten that Tory servant to find out more about Katherine's grandfather's 'treasure,' the general entrusted to him."

The stunned English tried to attack; but the husky colonists, who outnumbered them, soon finished the fight. Cutting James and the girl free, they left the enemy locked in the room.

The rest was easy. They followed the map's many eccentricities gladly hither and thither in the garden until they came to an abrupt halt in the middle of a wooden shed. The men pulled up the boards while Katherine watched with overwhelming curiosity.

When the "treasure" was revealed, unanimously they exclaimed, "What a lot of firearms!"

THE END