



THE TREASURE OF ATLANTIS

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THE TREASURE OF ATLANTIS

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"There are no boats," said Kiron.

"There are trees," Morse answered. "We can build a raft."

Three months later there was talk across the table in Morse's dining room.

"I think I'll go back to Atlantis," said Laidlaw. Kiron made a face. "Haven't you had enough of destruction?" he asked.

Laidlaw smiled. "I don't think you four have been married long enough for me to coax away the grooms, but I want to finish my researches, and with Kiron's permission I'm going to form a company."

"A company for what?" asked Kiron. "And why with my permission?"

"Because you should have the first claim on it. The lake bottom off the temple water stairs ought to be high and dry by now. There's a fortune lying there in gold and jewels to be picked up."

"Getting a mercenary streak, Laidlaw?" laughed Morse.

"Money is always useful, if only to leave to godchildren," answered the scientist. "I'll use most of it for archeological researches, with the exception of the possible legacies just mentioned. Want to come with me, Kiron?"

The late king of Atlantis shook his head.

"We haven't started on what you call our honeymoon yet. Better come with us, Laidlaw. We are going to spend it in Crete."

"A lot of company you'd be to me, or I to you," said the scientist. "I prefer Atlantis. How about you, Morse? Think of the treasure-trove we can uncover."

"I think," said Morse, as his hand closed over that of Leola's, "that as far as I'm concerned, I have the treasure of Atlantis."
