

# PIECES OF EIGHT

By Richard Le Gallienne

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered in the Bahama Islands in the Year 1903. Now First Given to the Public.

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## TO THE SHARKS!

Synopsis—The man who tells this story—call him the hero, for short—is visiting his friend, John Saunders, British official in Nassau, Bahama Islands. Charlie Webster, a local merchant, completes the trio of friends. Conversation turning upon buried treasure, Saunders produces a written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1859. It gives two spots where two millions and a half of treasure were buried by him and his companions. The conversation of the three friends is overheard by a pock-marked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, charts the auxiliary schooner Maggie Darling. The pock-marked man is taken on as a passenger for Spanish Wells. Negro Tom catches and cures a "sucking fish" as a mascot for the hero; it has the virtue of keeping off the ghost of the pirate who always guards pirate treasure. On the voyage somebody empties the gasoline tank and the hero starts things. He and the passenger clash. He lands the passenger, who leaves a manifesto bearing the signature, "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." With a new crew, the Maggie Darling sails and is passed by another schooner, the Susan B. The hero lands on Dead Men's Shoals.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"I can't afford to give you that, Theodore."  
"I'd die for dat," he declared.  
"Take this handkerchief instead," but, meanwhile, my eyes were opening. "Take this instead, Theodore," I suggested.  
"I'd die for dat," he repeated, touching the tie.  
His voice and touch made me sick and afraid, just as people in a lunatic asylum make one afraid.  
"Look out!" murmured Tom at my elbow.  
And just then I noticed hiding in some bushes of seven-year apple trees, two faces I had good reason to know.  
I had barely time to pull out the commandant's revolver from my pocket. I knew it was to be either the pockmarked genius or the engineer. But for the moment I was not to be sure which one I had hit. For, as my gun went off, something heavy came down on my head, and for the time I was shut off from whatever else was going on.

"Which did I hit, Tom?" were my first words as I came back to the glory of the world; but I didn't say them for a long time, and, from what Tom told me, it was a wonder I ever said them at all.

"There he is, sar," said Tom, pointing to a long, dark figure stretched out near by. "I'm afraid he's not the man you were looking for."  
"Poor fellow!" I said; it was George, the engineer; "I'm sorry—but I saw the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the bush there. It was they or me."

"That no lie, sar, and if it hadn't been for that suckin' fish's skin you wouldn't be here now."

"It didn't save me from a pretty good one on the head, Tom, did it?"

"No, sar, but that was just it—if it hadn't been for that knock on the head, pulling you down just that minute, that that pockmarked fellow would have got you. As it was, he grazed your cheek and got one of his own men killed by mistake—the very fellow that hit you. There he is—over there."

"And who's that other, Tom?" I asked, pointing to another dark figure a few yards away.

"That's the captain, sar."

"The captain? Oh, I'm sorry for that. God knows I'm sorry for that."

"Yes, sar, he was one of the finest gentlemen I ever known was Captain Tomlinson; a brave man and a good navigator. And he'd taken a powerful fancy to you, for when you got that crack on the head he picked up your gun and began blazing away, with words I should never have expected from a religious man. The others, except our special friend—"

"Let's call him Tobias from now on, Tom," I interposed.

"Well, him, sar, kept his nerve, but the others ran for the boats as if the devil was after them; but the captain's gun was quicker, and only four of them got to the Susan B. The other two fell on their faces, as if something had tripped them up, in a couple of feet of water. But just then Tobias hit the captain in the heart; ah! if only he had one of those skins—but he always laughed off such things as superstitious."

"There was only me and Tobias then, and the dog, for the engineer boy had gone on his knees to the Susan B. fellows at the first crack, and begged them to take him away with them. There was no one left but Tobias and the dog and me, and I was sure my end was not far off, for I was never much of a shot."

"As God is my witness, sar, I was ready to die, and there was a moment when I thought that the time had come; but Tobias suddenly walked away to the top of the bluff and

called out to the Susan B., that was just running up her sails. At his word they put out a boat for him, and while he waited he came down the hill toward me and the dog, that stood growling over you; and for sure I thought it was the end. But he said: "Tell that fellow there that I'm not going to kill a defenseless man. He might have killed me once but he didn't. It's bound to be one of us some day or other, but, despite me all he likes—I'm not such a carrion as he thinks me; and if he only likes to keep out of my way I'm willing to keep out of his. Tell him when he wakes up that as long as he gives up going after what belongs to me—for it was my grandfather's—he is safe, but the minute he sets his foot on hand on what is mine, it's either his life or mine." And then he turned away and was rowed to the Susan B., and they soon sailed away."

"With the black flag at the peak, I suppose, Tom," said I. "Well, that was a fine speech, quite a flight of oratory, and I'm sure I'm obliged to him for the life that's still worth having, in spite of this ungodly aching in my head. But how about the poor captain there! Where does all his eloquence come in there? He can't call it self-defense. They were waiting ready to murder us, as you saw. I'm afraid the captain and the law between them are all that is necessary to cook the goose of our friend Henry P. Tobias, Jr., without any help from me—though, as the captain died for me, I should prefer they allowed me to make it a personal matter."

"It's the beginning of the price," said Tom.

"The beginning of the price?"

"It's the dead hand," continued Tom; "I told you, you'll remember, that wherever treasure is there's a ghost of a dead man keeping guard and waiting till another dead man comes along to take up sentry duty so to say. The ghost is getting busy. And it makes me think that we're coming pretty near to the treasure, or we wouldn't have had all this happen. Mark me, the treasure's near by—or the ghost wouldn't be so malicious."

And then, looking around where the captain and the engineer and Silly Theodore lay, I said:

"The first thing we've got to do is to bury these poor fellows; but where," I added, "are the other two that fell in the water?"

"Oh," said Tom, "a couple of sharks got them just before you woke up."

## CHAPTER VII.

### In Which Tom and I Attend Several Funerals.

When Tom and I came to look over the ground with a view to finding a burial place for the dead I realized with grim emphasis the truth of Charlie Webster's remarks—in those snuggery nights that seemed so remote and far away—on the nature of the soil which would have to be gone over in quest of my treasure. No wonder he had spoken of dynamite.

"Why, Tom," I said, "there isn't a wheelbarrow load of real soil in a square mile. We couldn't dig a grave for a dog in stuff like this," and, as I spoke, the pebblelike rock under my feet clanged and echoed with a metallic sound.

"Come along, Tom, I can't stand any more of this. We'll have to leave our funerals till tomorrow, and get aboard for the night"—for the Maggie Darling was still floating there serenely, as though men and their violence had no existence on the planet.

"We'd better cover them up, against the turkey buzzards," said Tom, two of those unsavory birds rising in the air as we returned to the shore. We did this as well as we were able with rocks and the wreckage of an old boat strewn on the beach.

I don't think two men were ever so glad of the morning, driving before it the haunted night. After breakfast our first thought was naturally to the sad and disagreeable business before us.

"I tell you what I've been thinking, sar," said Tom, as we rowed ashore, and I managed to pull down a turkey buzzard that rose at our approach—happily our coverings had proved fairly effective—"I've been thinking that the only one of the three that really matters is the captain, and we can find sufficient soil for him in one of those big holes."

"How about the others?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was thinking that sharks are good enough for them."

"They deserve no better, Tom, and I think we may as well get rid of them first."

So it was done as we said, and carrying them by the feet and shoulders to the edge of the bluff—George, and Silly Theodore, and the nameless giant who had knocked me down so opportunely—we skillfully flung them in, and they glided off with scarce a splash.

Then we turned to the poor captain and carried him as gently as we could over the rough ground to the biggest of the banana holes, as the natives

call them, and there we were able to dig him a fairly respectable grave. Tom and Sailor and I were now, to the best of our belief, alone on the island, and a lonesome spot it would be hard to imagine, or one touched at certain hours with a fairer beauty—a beauty wraithlike and, like a sea shell, haunted with the marvel of the sea.

First we went over our stores, and, thanks to those poor dead mouths that did not need to be reckoned with any more, we had plenty of everything to last us for at least a month, not to speak of fishing, at which Tom was an expert.

When, however, we turned to our plans for the treasure hunting we soon came to a dead stop. The indications given by Tobias seemed, in the face of such a terrain, naive to a degree. Possibly the land had changed since his day. Some little, of course, it must have done. Tom and I went over Tobias' directions again and there was the compass carved on the rock, and the cross. There was something definite—something which, if it was ever there at all, was there still—for in that climate the weather leaves things unperished almost as in Egypt.

Sitting on the highest bluff we could find, Tom and I looked around.

"That compass is somewhere among these infernal rocks—if it ever was carved there at all—that's one thing certain, Tom; but look at the rocks!"

Over twenty miles of rocks north and south, and from two to six from east to west. A more hopeless job the



They Glided Off With Scarce a Splash.

mind of man could not conceive. Tom shook his head, and scratched his graying wool.

"I go most by the ghost, sar," he said. "All these men had never been killed if the ghost hadn't been somewhere near. Mark me, if we find the treasure it'll be by the ghost."

"That's all very well," I laughed. "But how are we going to get the ghost to show his hand? He's got such bloodthirsty ways with him."

"They always have, sar," said Tom, no doubt with some ancestral shudder of voodoo worship in his blood. "Yes, sar, they always cry out for blood. It's all they've got to live on. They drink it like you and me drink coffee or rum. It's terrible to hear them in the night."

"Well, Tom," I remarked, "you may be right, but of one thing I'm certain; if the ghost's going to get any one, it sha'n't be you."

"We've both got one good chance against them"—Tom was beginning. "Don't tell me again about that old sucking fish."

"Mind you keep it safe, for all that," said Tom gravely. "I wouldn't lose mine for a thousand pounds."

"Well, all right, but let's forget the damned old ghosts for the present."

We decided to try a plan that was really no plan at all; that is to say, to seek more or less at random, till we consumed all our stores except just enough to take us home. Meanwhile we would, each of us, every day, cut a sort of radiating swathe, working single-handed, from the cove entrance. Thus we would prospect as much of the country as possible in a sort of fan, both of us keeping our eyes open for a compass carved on a rock. In this way we might hope to cover no inconsiderable stretch of the country in the three weeks, and, moreover, the country most likely to give some results, as being that lying in a semicircle from the little harbor where the ships would have lain. It wasn't much of a plan perhaps, but it seemed the most possible among the impossibles.

Harder work than we had undertaken no men have ever set their hands to. It would have broken the back of the most able-bodied navy; and when

we reached the boat at sunset we had scarce strength left to eat our supper and roll into our bunks. A machete is a heavy weapon that needs no little skill in handling with economy of force, and Tom, who had been brought up to it, was, in spite of his years, a better practitioner than I.

I have already hinted at the kind of devil's underbrush we had to cut our way through, but no words can do justice to the almost intelligent stubbornness with which those weird growths opposed us. It really seemed as though they were inspired by a diabolic will-force pitting itself against our will, vegetable incarnation of evil strength and fury and cunning.

Day after day Tom and I returned home dead beat, with hardly a tired word to exchange with each other.

We had now been at it for about a fortnight, and I loved the old chap more every day for the grit and courage with which he supported our terrible labors and kept up his spirits. Once or twice we had made fancied discoveries which we called off the other to see, and once or twice we had tried some blasting on rocks that seemed to suggest mysterious tunnelings into the earth. But it had all proved a vain thing and a weariness of the flesh. And the ghost of John P. Tobias still kept his secret.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### An Unfinished Game of Cards.

One evening as I returned to the ship unusually worn out and disheartened I asked Tom how the stores were holding out. He answered cheerfully that they would last another week and leave us enough to get home.

"Well, shall we stick out the other week or not, Tom? I don't want to kill you, and I confess I'm nearly all in myself."

"I say as well stick it out, sar, now we've gone so far. Then we'll have done all we can, and there's a certain satisfaction in doing that, sar."

So next morning we went at it again, and the next, and the next again, and then on the fourth day, when our week was drawing to its close, something at last happened to change the grim monotony of our days.

It was shortly after the lunch hour. Tom and I, who were now working too far apart to hear each other's halloos, had fired our revolvers once or twice to show that all was right with us. But, for no reason I can give, I suddenly got a feeling that all was not right with the old man, so I fired my revolver and gave him time for a reply. But there was no answer. Again I fired. Still no answer. I was on the point of firing again when I heard something coming through the brush behind me. It was Sailor racing toward me over the jagged rocks. Evidently there was something wrong.

"Something wrong with old Tom, Sailor?" I asked, as though he could answer me. And indeed he did answer as plainly as dog could do, wagging his tail and whining and turning to go back with me in the direction whence he had come.

"Off we go, then, old chap," and as he ran ahead, I followed him as fast as I could.

It took me the best part of an hour to get to where Tom had been working. Sailor brushed his way ahead, pushing through the scrub with canine importance. Presently, at the top of a slight elevation, I came among the bushes to a softer spot where the soil had given way, and saw that it was the mouth of a shaft like a wide chimney flue, the earth of which had evidently fallen in. Here Sailor stopped and whined, pawing the earth, and at the same time I heard a moaning underneath.

"Is that you, Tom?" I called. Thank God, the old chap was not dead at all events.

"Thank the Lord, it's you, sar," he cried. "I'm all right, but I've had a bad fall—and I can't seem able to move."

"Hold on and keep up your heart—I'll be with you in a minute," I called down to him.

"A cave, a pirate's bones, a chest and—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cure for Rheumatism.

A certain variety of seaweed, known in Ireland as "tope," has been recommended by a famous physician as a cure for rheumatism and throat affections if eaten hot, whilst, in some parts of England and Wales a variety of seaweed, known as "laver," has been in demand for years as a vegetable. Served with roast meats it is said to be extremely palatable.

Critic Coins New Word.

Tired of the hackneyed phrase, a "gripping" story, originated by some weary critic and eagerly snatched up by book advertisers, it has remained for a Boston dramatic critic to discover a new term. He has found a play that is "riveting" in its intensity of interest.

# SUITS AND COATS

Return to Strictly Straight Line SIMPLE AND CHARMING DRESS Is Predicted.

Variety of Styles and Contradictions Between Paris and New York Expected to Continue.

Differing from the general opinion abroad is an American authority who is emphatic on the subject of width in suits and coats and makes the statement that a return to the strictly straight line tailored coat is certain. As this comes from one of the houses which are not at all extreme and very well known it carries weight. It is possible, notes a leading fashion correspondent, that the next season will see the same variety of styles and absolute contradictions between Paris and New York that have prevailed for the last twelve months.

Paris, quite as much as China, is a place where they do things by opposites. Having discarded as much clothing from the knee downward as possible, in the warmest of weather they are wearing velvet berets and velvet hats. It is fortunate that there is a vogue for hats of black tulle and Chantilly or the smart Parisian would be doomed to wear nothing but velvet on the warmest of days unless she resorts to the glycerined paper hat—a late innovation.

The white velvet is, of course, very much smarter than black, if one must wear velvet on a summer day. Lewis put forth some charming models in leghorn and milan, but they proved too commonplace for the Parisian, who refused to wear them.

One of Lewis' best liked models is of white velvet in a rolling brimmed sailor shape with a huge "pouf" of marabou in white also. It had the merit of looking summery, at least in color, and does not look as out of place as did some of the velvet tam-o'-shanters, which sound in description a great deal like our own Greenwich village headgear.

## PRaise FOR THE BLUE SERGE

Material May Be Made Up Into Coat and Skirt, or Into One-Piece Street Dress.

There is no material which so perfectly displays restraint as a very dark blue serge. The color and the texture in themselves suggest a world of tempting opportunities ignored. Thus there is implied an experience with, and knowledge of, infinite varieties of other hues, other clothes.

According to the need of the wearer, the blue serge may be made up into coat and skirt, or into a one-piece street dress. With an exacting eye for the narrow shoulder, the close-fitting tapering sleeve, and the utmost precision of finish and cut, coupled with a resolute determination not to concede an inch to the skirt hem, one may give free scope to other lines. Once these details are observed, the most fantastic sweeps of the tailor's shears may be allowed.

Blue serge is the most efficacious background for accessories of the toilette and for little finesses. Let it be a starting point for pearl gray or sand-colored spots, for matching mousquetaire suede gloves rolling loosely over the tight wrist, for a dark hat of concentrated lines and for a fur neckpiece of reduced proportions. Then, as a signature to the work of art, as well as an insinuation of what one might have done, let the veil etch a mad design in one bold, detached pattern upon the cheek. This is a dashing touch in a costume otherwise reserved.

Blue serge is unassailable, impeccable. It is clever, and it is wise.

## THE HAT AND BAG TO MATCH



A novelty floppy summer hat, lined in rose with a band of that shade. The bag (to match) is soft, with a lining of rose, strings and Chinese beads.

Javelle Water.

This water is fine for removing stains. Take one pound of sal soda and 5 cents' worth of chloride of lime. Put them in an earthen bowl, pour two quarts of soft boiling water over them (rain water is best). Let it settle, then pour off the water and bottle it. It will remove fruit stains and even indelible ink. Soak till stain disappears; then quickly wash in warm water.



This is a dress of yellow voile beaded in blue and white, with a sash of blue; an exquisite creation so summery and beautiful.

## FAD FOR STRIPED CRETONNES

Pleasing Effects Are Considered Smarter for Hall, Living Room and the Porch.

There is a fad for striped upholsterings this year and just now these striped effects are considered smarter, for hall, living room and porch, than the flowered patterns that are reserved for sleeping rooms. Some of the broadly striped designs have great dignity and character and they do give a room a certain distinction—probably because of their newness—that is fancied at the moment more than the gaiety of flowered chintz.

A specially smart pattern has a tan-colored ground with very wide stripes of deep blue, and down the center of each blue stripe runs a narrow, definite stripe of black. A country house living room is going to have curtains and chair covers of this blue, black and tan-striped cretonne, used with a deep blue rug, some pieces of old, beautifully polished mahogany, and lamp shades of deep blue printed silk.

These shades are merely squares of silk, bordered with narrow black braid, and a black silk tassel swings from each corner of the square, when it is thrown over the foundation shade which is of orange-colored chiffon. The orange does not show by day, but gives a soft glow through the thin blue silk cover when the lamp is lighted.

## OVERBLOUSE HERE TO STAY

Fashion Forecasts Show the Garment Is to Be One of the Popular Fall Adjuncts.

One type of garment that it seems perfectly safe to advise the average woman to purchase now with the comfortable assurance that it may be worn when fall comes around is the long or over-the-skirt blouse. These blouses unfortunately are rather expensive just now, and Mrs. Average Woman will hesitate a little before purchasing a garment about which there has been so much discussion and which has so long struggled for general recognition.

Blouse makers have announced that they have confidence in the continued vogue of this type of blouse, now that American women have finally agreed to give it a real tryout, and because of this confidence they are bringing out, or planning to bring out in the fall lines, long blouses that will be sold at reasonable figures.

Therefore the woman who does not care to wait until fall for her over-the-skirt blouse may watch for special and bargain sales and lay in as many as she likes without fear that the fall will find the garment laid on the shelf by Dame Fashion. This inclination of blouse-makers to stabilize what has up to the present season been a decided novelty seems to indicate clearly that the long blouse has arrived and that it is here to stay.

Bananas were the chief article of export from Nicaragua to the United States in 1918.