

# 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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## "YOU YOUNG FOOL!"

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. Charles Webster, a local merchant, completes the trio of friends. Saunders produces a written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1529. 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, chartered a schooner. The pock-marked man is taken on as a passenger. On the voyage somebody empties the gasoline tank. The hero and the passenger clash, the passenger leaving a manifesto bearing the signature, "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." The hero lands on Dead Men's Shoals. There is a fight, which is followed by several funerals. The hero finds a cave containing the skeletons of two pirates and a massive chest—empty save for a few pieces of eight scattered on the bottom. The hero returns to Nassau and by good luck learns the location of Short Shift Island. Webster buys the yawl Flamingo, and he and the hero sail for Short Shift Island. At the Flamingo leaves the wharf a young fellow, "Jack Harkaway," jumps aboard and is allowed to remain.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Fire away," answered the youth, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke in a delicate spiral up into the morning sky; "but I've really told you all I have to tell."

"No; you haven't told us how you came to know of our trip, what we were supposed to be after, and when we were starting."

"That's true!" flushed the lad, momentarily losing his composure. Then, partly regaining it: "Is it necessary to answer that question?"

"Absolutely," answered Charlie, beginning to look really serious.

"Because, if you don't mind . . . well, I'd just as soon not."

"For that very reason I want to know. We are out on a more serious business than perhaps you realize, and your answer may mean more to us."

"I'm sure it cannot be of such importance to you. Really, it's hardly fair for me to tell. I should have to give away a friend."

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to insist," replied Charlie, looking very grim.

"All right, then," answered the youth, looking him straight in the eyes, "but me ashore."

"No; I won't do that now, either," declared Charlie, sternly setting his jaw. "I'll put you in irons, rather—and keep you on bread and water—till you answer my questions."

"You will, eh?" retorted the youth, flashing fire from his fine eyes. And as he spoke, quick as thought, he



"You Young Fool!" exclaimed Charlie, leaped up on to the gunwale and, without hesitation, dived into the great glassy rollers.

But Charlie was quick, too. Like a flash he grabbed one of the boy's ankles, so that the beautiful dive was spoiled; and there was the boy, hanging by an imprisoned leg over the ship's side, a helpless captive—his arms in the water and his leg struggling to get free. But he might as well have struggled against the grip of Hercules. In another moment Charlie had him hauled aboard again, his eyes full of tears of boyish rage and humiliation.

"You young fool!" exclaimed Charlie. "The water round here is thick with sharks; you wouldn't have gone

fifty yards without one of them getting you."

"Sharks!" gasped the boy, contemptuously. "I know more about sharks than you do."

"You seem to know a good many things I don't," said Charlie, whose grimness had evidently relaxed a little at the lad's display of mettle. Meanwhile, my temper was beginning to rise on behalf of our young passenger. "I tell you what, Charlie," I interposed; "if you are going to keep this up, you'd better count me out on this trip and set us both ashore at West End. You're making a fool of yourself. The lad's all right."

The boy shot me a warm glance of gratitude. "All right," agreed Charlie, beginning to lose his temper, too. "I'm damned if I don't." And, his hand on the tiller, he made as if to turn the boat about and tack for the shore.

"No! no!" cried the boy, springing between us and appealingly laying one hand on Charlie's shoulder, the other on mine. "You mustn't let me spoil your trip. I'll compromise. And, skipper, I'll tell your friend here all there is to tell—everything—I swear—if you will leave it to his judgment."

"Right-o!" agreed Charlie at last; so our passenger and I thereupon withdrew for our conference.

It was soon over and I couldn't help laughing aloud at the simplicity of it all.

"Just as I told you, Charlie," I exclaimed; "it's innocence itself." Turning to the lad, I said: "Dear boy, there is really no need to keep such a small secret as that from the skipper here. You'll really have to let me tell him."

The boy nodded acquiescence. "All the same, I gave my word," he said.

When I told Charlie the innocent secret, he laughed as I had done, and his usual good humor instantly returned.

The stubbornly held secret had merely amounted to this: Our lad was acquainted with my conchologist, and had paid him a visit the very afternoon I did, had in fact seen me leaving the house. Answering to the boy's romantic talk of buried treasure and so forth, the shell enthusiast had thought no harm to tell him of our projected trip; and that was the whole of the mysterious matter.

Yet the day was not to end without a little incident which, slight though indeed it was, was momentarily to arouse Charlie's suspicions of our charming young companion once more.

Presently, in the far southwest, tiny points like a row of pins began very faintly to range themselves along the sky-line. They were palm trees, though you could not make them out to be such, or anything in particular, till long after. One darker point seemed closer than the rest.

"There's High Cay!" rang out the rich young voice of our passenger, whom we'd half forgotten in our tense scanning of the horizon. Charlie and I both turned to him together in surprise—and his face certainly betrayed the confusion of one who has let something slip involuntarily.

"Ho! ho! young man," cried Charlie, his face darkening again, "what do you know about High Cay? I thought this was your first trip."

"So it is," answered the boy, "on the sea."

"What do you mean: 'on the sea?'" "I mean that I've done it many a time—on the chart. I know every bluff and roof and shoal and cay around Andros from Morgan's Bluff to Washington's Cut—"

"You do, eh?" "On the chart. Why, I've studied charts since I was a kid, and gone every kind of voyage you can think of—playing at buccaneering or whaling, or discovering the north pole. Every kid does that."

"They do, eh?" said Charlie, evidently quite unimpressed. "I never did."

"That's because you've about as much imagination as a turnip in that head of yours," I broke in, in defense of my young Apollo.

"Maybe, if you're so smart," continued Charlie, paying no attention to me, "you can navigate us through the North Bight?"

"Maybe!" answered our youngster pertly, with an odd little smile. He had evidently recovered his nerve, and seemed to take pleasure in piquing Charlie's suspicions.

## CHAPTER IV.

In Which We Enter the Wilderness. Andros, as no other of the islands, is surrounded by a ring of reefs stretching all around its coasts. We were inside the breakwater of the reefs and the rolling swell of ocean gave way at once to a millpond calmness. We were at the entrance of North Bight, one of the three bights which, dotted with numerous low-lying cays, breaks up Andros island in the middle and allows a passage through a maze-like archipelago direct to the northwest end of Cuba. Here on the northwest shore is a small and

very lonely settlement—one of the two or three settlements on the else-deserted island—Behring's point.

Here we dropped anchor and Charlie, who had some business ashore, proposed our landing with him; but here again our passenger aroused his suspicions—though Heaven knows why—by preferring to remain aboard.

"Please let me off," he requested in his most top-lofty English accent. "You can see for yourself that there's nothing of interest—nothing but a beastly lot of nigger cabins, and dirty coral rock that will cut your boots to pieces. I'd much rather smoke and wait for you in peace;" and, taking out his case and lighting a cigarette, he waved it gaily to us as we rowed off.

He had certainly been right about Behring's point—Charlie was absurdly certain that he had known it before, and had some reason for not landing—for a more forlorn and poverty-stricken foothold of humanity could hardly be conceived; a poor little cluster of negro cabins, indeed, scrambling up from the beach, and with no streets but craggy pathways in and out among the gray clinker-like coral.

But it was touching to find even here that, though the whole worldly goods of the community would scarcely have fetched ten dollars, the souls of men were still held worth caring for; for presently we came upon a pretty little church, with a schoolhouse near by, while from the roof of an adjacent building we were hailed by a pleasant-faced white man, busy with some shingling.

It was the good priest of the little place, Father Serapion, disguised in overalls and the honest grime of his labor; like a true Benedictine, praying with his strong and skillful hands.

Father Serapion and Charlie were old friends, and Charlie took occasion to confide in him with regard to Tobias, and, to his huge delight, discovered that a man answering very closely to his description had dropped in there with a large sponger two days before. He had only stopped long enough to buy rum at the little store near the landing and had been off again through the bight, sailing west. Father Serapion, who knew Charlie Webster's shooting ground, promised to send a swift messenger should anything further of interest to us come to his knowledge within the next week or so.

Then we sailed away from Behring's point, due west through the North Bight. Morning found us sailing through a maze of low-lying desert islands of a bewildering sameness of shape and size, with practically nothing to distinguish one from another.

We had hoped to reach our camp, out on the other side of the island, that evening; but that dodging the shoals and sticking in the mud had considerably delayed us. Besides, though Charlie and the captain both hated to admit it, we had lost our way. So night began to fall and, as there is no sailing in such waters at night, we once more cast anchor under a gloomy, black shape of land, exceedingly lonesome and forgotten-looking, which we agreed to call "Little Wood Cay"—till morning.

Soon all were asleep except Sailor and me. I lay awake for a long time watching the square yard of stars that shone down through the hatch in our cabin ceiling like a little window looking into eternity, while the waters lapped and lapped outside, and the night talked strangely to itself. Next morning Charlie and the captain were forced to own up that the island, discovered to the day, was not Little Wood Cay. No humiliation goes deeper with a sailing man than having to ask his way. Besides, who was there to ask in that solitude? Doubtless a cormorant flying overhead knew it, but no one thought to ask him.

However, we were in luck, for, after sailing about a bit, we came upon two lonely negroes standing up in their boats and thrusting long poles into the water. They were sponging—most melancholy of occupations—and they looked forlorn enough in the still dawn. But they had a smile for our plight. It was evidently a good joke to have mistaken Sapodilla cay for Little Wood Cay. Of course we should have gone—"so." And "so" we presently went, not without rewarding them for their information with two generous drinks of old Jamaica rum.

One of our reasons for seeking Little Wood Cay, which it proved had been close all the time, was that it is one of the few cays where one can get fresh water. "Good water here," says the chart. We wanted to refill some of our jars, and so we landed there, glad to stretch our legs, while old Tom cooked our breakfast on the beach, under a sapodilla tree.

Now that we knew where we were, it was clear, but by no means careless sailing to our camp. We were making for what is known as the Wide Opening, a sort of estuary into which a listless stream or two crawl through mangrove bushes from the interior swamps.

Here, a short distance from the bank, on some slightly ascending

rocky ground, under the spreading shade of something like a stretch of woodland, Charlie, several years ago, had built a rough log shanty for his camp—one of two or three camps he had thus scattered for himself up and down the "out islands," where nearly all the land is no man's, and so every man's land. The particular camp at which we now arrived he had not visited for a long time.

Here Tom brought us our dinner and the dark began to settle down upon us, thrillingly lonely, and full of strange, desolate cries of night creatures from the mangrove swamps that surrounded our little oasis for miles. Sailor lay at our feet, dreaming of tomorrow's duck. His master's thoughts were evidently in the same direction.

"How are you with a gun?" he asked, turning to the boy.

"Oh, I won't brag. I had better wait till tomorrow. But, of course, you will have to lead me a gun."

"I have a beauty for you—just your weight," replied Charlie, his face beaming as it did only at the thought



They Were Sponging.

of his guns, which he kept polished like jewels and guarded as jealously as a violinist his violin, or an Arab his harem.

Dawn was just breaking as I felt Charlie's great paw on my shoulder next morning. He was very serious. For a moment, as I sat up, still half asleep, I thought he had news of Tobias. But it was only duck.

I was scarcely dressed when Tom arrived with breakfast, and in a few minutes we had shouldered our guns and were crossing the half mile of peaty waste that divided us from the main lakes. Ahead of us, the crew were carrying the shifts on their shoulders, and very soon we were each seated in regulation fashion on a canvas chair in front of our respective shifts, with our guns across our knees and a negro behind us to do the poling.

Charlie went ahead, with Sailor standing in the bow quivering with excitement. The necessity of absolute silence, of course, had been impressed upon us all by the most severe of all sportsmen. Tom (who was poling me) and I understood that our job, and also that of my companion, was to steal behind one mangrove cove after another till we had got on the other side of a quacking flock of teal—which might then be expected to take flight in Charlie's direction and rush by him in a terrified whirlwind. This not very easy feat of stalking we were able to accomplish, thereby winning Charlie's immense approval and putting him in a splendid temper for the rest of the day; for, as the wild cloud swept over him, he was able to bring down no less than seven. Like a true sportsman, in telling the story afterward in John Saunders' smugger, he averred that the number was nine!

The days that now followed for a week might be said to be accurate copies of that first day. But they were none the less delightful for that—for there is a sameness that is far indeed from monotony—though I will confess that, for my own tastes, toward the week-end the carnage of duck began to partake a little of that latter quality. Still, Charlie and Sailor were so happy that I wouldn't have let them suspect that for the world.

Jack Harkaway disappears, without telling his secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Germany has produced the greatest potato crop, with the United States second, and the British empire third.

# ALL SHOW RIBBON

Dresses for Midsummer Are the Prettiest in Years.

Net, Lace and Sheer Organdie Frocks in Particular Call for the New Effects in Way of Trimming.

Nothing prettier or more daintily feminine could be imagined than the ribbon-run midsummer dresses of this year. Net, lace and sheer organdie frocks have satin ribbon of two-inch width run through shirred casings, the ribbon emerging here and there to make a coquettish bow. Several of these dainty frocks have been worn on the stage this winter. There were three at least in "Gloriana" and the determined ingenue in "Miss Nell" of New Orleans wears a delectably youthful frock run with pink ribbons; one across the bodice and three across the skirt, the emerging bows of ribbon coming under each other, all the way down the frock. A lovely summer afternoon dress for a young girl is of white net, with several shirred casings on bodice, tunic and skirt and blue satin ribbon run through each casing. Care should be taken, in planning such a frock, to have the ribbon-run casings at equal distances apart. One across the bodice just below the bust; one at the hip and another at the knee, usually makes a graceful proportion of trimming. Of course, the wide elbow sleeve will be finished at its edge with a shirring ribbon, and a smart bow of the ribbon on the other side of the sleeve.

FOR MIDSUMMER DAYS



Cool, summery gown of soft autumn-leaf brown georgette crepe, suitable for afternoon wear. The Girdle frock, it is called. The beading is very unusual, and the girdle of old blue satin strikes a bright note.

## SEVERE STYLES COME BACK

Return to Correct and Neat Tailleurs of Ten or Fifteen Years Ago Observed.

There is a revival of the correct and neat tailleur such as we wore ten or fifteen years ago. One might even say that there is no difference in the cut, either in skirt or jacket. The little handkerchief in the side pocket and the flowers in the button-hole have resumed their place. Often a waistcoat in color or a white border coming below the vest adds to the smartness of this costume. The only difference between the severe tailleur of today and that of the older mode is the insistence on the wide waist; there is no indication of corseting or of girdle.

This return to the strictly tailored costume for street wear, the resumption of the clear definite lines, and the desire to be free, on street costumes, from incumbering folds and restless fringes and floating panels is very decidedly marked among the women of the smart world. One may see the women who sponsor this new mode jumping out of their cars in front of the hotel looking as if they were ready for horseback, with a flowery button-hole in the left revers, or perhaps a Spanish carnation.

It is with this idea in mind that the great dressmakers are thinking of bringing back the Louis XV jacket, that is to say, the jacket worn by the men of that period, which opened over waistcoats of heavy stuffs imported from London. They are in brilliant colors printed with English hunting scenes of the eighteenth century.—From the Paris Letter in Vogue.

## COOL-WEATHER COSTUME



Black panne velvet makes this attractive model for Fall.

Those Old Crochet Edges. You probably never thought to use again the crocheted edges already used. And you can, by the very simple expedient of cutting the edge away and crocheting a single chain to connect the remaining loops. It is a very simple matter after that to sew on to the new edge as you would a fresh lace edging. Then should the old edging be obviously old, what say you to treating it to a dye bath? Wonderfully effective are dyed laces of all sorts just now. And whether you are going to use the edging on frock or blouse or undies, the dyeing can hold good for all. A further suggestion is to dye the undies and the edging at the same time, so as to be quite sure that 'they match' up.

Among Novelty Patterns. Bouquet designs of simple field flowers in their natural colors, daisies, poppies and cornflowers on vivid grounds, such as yellow and green and on the ever conservative navy blue, are among the other novelty patterns.

## FASHION IN NEW BLOUSES

Probability That the Smartest Will Reach Well Below Normal Waist-line—As to Sleeves.

Designers of blouses appear to have finally decided that the model reaching well below the normal waistline is quite the smartest thing. The question of sleeve length is now being bandied about. French-designed blouses brought over this season generally show very short sleeves—in fact, some are entirely sleeveless. American women have never favored the very short sleeves for daytime wear, most emphatically not for street wear, but the three-quarter-length sleeve has always been a favorite whether in dresses or blouses. Indications are that the smartest blouses for next season will have three-quarter-length sleeves.

Handsome laces are used to make blouses for wear with separate skirts of satin, net or chiffon. In this way an unusual and interesting costume may be developed, and as the waist of a dress made of one of the very sheer materials usually wears out before the skirt shows any signs of wear, the separate dressy blouse of allover lace is an excellent investment. It enables a woman who is economically inclined to utilize every bit of available material and wear each frock until it is wholly worn out.

For blouses of georgette, chiffon or crepe de chine is a favorite trimming. Artificial flowers are also effectively used.

## FASHION'S FANCIES

All lace frocks are being shown in color.

Pinked taffeta ruchings are being introduced.

A frock of buff organdie is stitched effectively in green.

Lace and chiffon parasols are worn with lace and georgette.

Cock feathers are still the best liked decoration for small hats.

A sailor of tan pineapple straw, mushroom shape, is smart.

An olivoch motorcoat in white and red has three buckled belts.

White organdie and black velvet appear together, even in capes.

Gray and black printed volles are often chosen for the matron.

A dress of almond green satin is daintily embroidered in silver.

Many of the extremely low necks are now being veiled with tulle.

Heavy black silk jersey suits are embroidered with tan colored silk.

Evening gowns have a new rule; very low fronts and very high backs.

Quaint frocks of English prints are trimmed simply by bands of plain white braid.

## Not So Simple.

The gingham gown is the fad of the hour, as it was last year for awhile, and it is anything else than a "simple gingham gown." A very stylish gingham gown had a silk waist lining of plain blue with a vest of the silk, an overskirt of the checked blue and white gingham. It is not by any means a gown that can go to the tub, but has to be "dry cleaned," and, to tell the truth, it is not at all a cool gown, such as it looks to be.