

PIECES OF EIGHT

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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"JUST A GIRL!"

Synopsis—The man who tells this story—call him the hero, for shortly he 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 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 peck-marked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, charts a schooner. The peck-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 Shores. 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. As the Flamingo leaves the wharf a young fellow, "Jack Harkaway," jumps aboard and is allowed to remain. Jack proves an interesting and mysterious passenger. The adventurers hunt ducks on Andros Island, with an eye out for Tobias.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Besides, I had my wonderful young friend, to whom I grew daily more attached. I found myself feeling drawn to him as I can imagine a young father is drawn to a young son, and sometimes I seemed to see in his eyes the suggestion of a confidence he was on the edge of making me—a whimsical, pondering expression, as though wondering whether he dare to tell me or not.

"What is it, Jack?" I asked him for once when, early in our acquaintance, we had asked him what we were to call him, he had answered with a laugh: "Oh, call me Jack—Jack Harkaway. That is my name when I go on adventures. Tell me your adventure names. I don't want your prosaic everyday names." "Well," I had replied, entering into the lad's humor, "my friend here is Sir Francis Drake, and I, well—I'm Sir Henry Morgan."

"What is it, Jack?" I repeated. But he shook his head.

"No!" he replied. "I like you ever so much—and I wish I could; but I mustn't."

"Somebody else's secret again?" I ventured.

"Yes!" And he added: "This time it's mine, top. But—some day perhaps; who knows?" He broke off in boyish confusion.

"All right, dear Jack," I said, patting his shoulder, "take your own time. We're friends anyway."

"That we are," responded the lad, with a fine glow.

I mustn't be too hard on Charlie, for Charlie had another object in his trip besides duck. As a certain poet brutally puts it, he had anticipated also "the hunting of man." In addition, though it is against the law of those Britanica Islands, he had promised me a flamingo or two for decorative purposes. However, flamingoes and Tobias alike kept out of gunshot and, as the week grew toward its end, Charlie began to grow a little restive.

"It looks," he murmured one evening, as we had completed our fourteenth meal of roast duck, and were raising over our after-dinner cigars, "it looks as if I am not going to have any use for this."

He had taken a paper from his pocket. It was a warrant with which he had provided himself, empowering him to arrest the said Henry P. Tobias, or the person passing under that name, on two counts: First, that of seditious practices, with intent to spread treason among his majesty's subjects, and, second that of willful murder on the high seas.

Charlie put the warrant back into his pocket and gazed disgustedly across the creek, where the loveliest of young moons was rising behind a frieze of the homeless, barbaric brush.

"There was never such a place in the world," he asserted, "to hide in—or get lost in—or to starve in. I have often thought that it would make the most effective prison in the world."

The young moon rose and rose, while Charlie sat in the dusk of our shanty, like a meditative mountain, saying nothing, the glowing end of his cigar occasionally hinting at the circumference of his face.

"I'll get him, all the same," he said presently, coming out of a sort of trance, in which, as I understood later, his mind had been making a geographical survey of our neighborhood, going up and down every creek and corner on a radius of fifty miles.

So we sought our respective cots; but I had scarcely begun to undress when a foolish accident for which I was responsible happened, an accident that might have had serious con-

sequences, and which, as a matter of fact did have—though not at the moment.

Neglecting everything a man should do to his gun when he is finished with it for the day, I had left two cartridges in it, left the trigger on the hair-brink of eternity, and other enormities for which Charlie presently, and quite rightly, abashed me with profanity; in short, my big toe tripped over the beast as it stood carelessly against the wall of my cabin, and, as it fell, I received the contents in the fleshy part of my shoulder.

The explosion brought the whole crew out of their shanty, in a state of gesticulating nature and, as Charlie, growling like a bear, was helping to bring first aid, suddenly our young friend Jack—whose romantic youth preferred sleeping outside in a hammock slung between two palm trees—put him aside.

"I know better how to do this than you, Sir Francis," he said, laughing. "Let's have a look at your medicine chest, and give me the lint quick."

So Jack took charge and acted with such confidence and skill—finally binding up my wound, which was but a slight one—that Charlie stood by dumbfounded and with a curious sort of look in his face which I didn't understand till later.

Then Jack looked up for a moment and caught Charlie's wondering look; and it seemed to me that he changed color and looked frightened.

"Sir Francis is jealous," he said; "but I've finished now. I guess you'll sleep all right after that dose I gave you. Good night. . . ." And he slipped away.

Jack had proved himself a practiced surgeon and, as he predicted, I slept well—so well and so far into next



Jack Looked Up for a Moment and Caught Charlie's Wondering Look.

morning that Charlie at last had to waken me.

"What do you think?" were his first words.

"Why, what?" I asked, sitting up and wincing from my wounded shoulder.

"Our young friend has skipped in the night! Gone off on that little nigger sloop that dropped in here yesterday afternoon, I guess."

"You don't mean it?"

"No doubt of it—I wonder whether you've had the same thought as I had. You know I always said there was a mystery about that boy? Did you notice the way he bound your shoulder last night?"

"What of it?"

"Did you ever see a man bind a wound like that?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean simply that the mystery about our Jack Harkaway was just this: Jack Harkaway was no boy at all—but just a girl; a brick of a dare-devil girl!"

CHAPTER V.

Better Than Duck.

Charlie Webster's discovery—if discovery it was—"Jack Harkaway's" true sex seemed so far plausible in that it accounted not only for much that had seemed mysterious about him and his manner, but also (though this I did not mention to Charlie) it accounted for certain dim feelings of my own, of which, before, I had been scarcely conscious.

But we were not long left to continue our speculations, being presently interrupted by the arrival of exciting news in the form of a note from Father Serapion.

Father Serapion's note simply confirmed my conjecture that it was Tobias who had bought rum at Behring's Point and that he was probably somewhere in the network of creeks and mangrove lagoons in our neighborhood. Charlie thought the news over.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said presently. "I'm going to leave you here—and I'm going to charter the sponger out there. Turner's sound has two outlets; this and Goose river, ten miles down the shore. Now, if Tobias is inside here he can only get out either down here or down Goose river. I am going down in the sponger to the mouth of Goose river, to keep watch there, and you must stay where you are and keep watch here. Between the two of us a week will starve him out."

So it was settled, and presently Charlie went along with two of his best guns and Sallor, in the rowboat, and I saw him no more for a week.

At the end of the week the wind was blowing strong from the west and the tides ran high. About noon we caught sight of triumphant sails making up the river. It was Charlie back again.

"Got him!" was all he said, as he rowed ashore.

Sallor was with him in the rowboat, but I noticed that he was limping, going on three legs.

"Yes!" said Charlie. "It's lucky for Tobias he only got Sallor's foot, or by the living God I'd have stood my trial for manslaughter, or whatever they call it. It'll soon be all right, old man," he said, taking Sallor's wounded paw in his hand, "soon be all right." Sallor wagged his tail vigorously, to show that a gunshot through one of his legs was a mere nothing.

"Yes!" said Charlie, as we sat at lunch in the shack, under the tamarind tree; "we've got him safe there under decks all right; chained up like a buoy. If he can get away, I'll believe in the devil."

"Won't you tell me about it?" I asked.

"Not much to tell; too easy altogether. I waited a couple of days at the mouth of Goose river. Then I got tired and left the sponger with the captain and two or three men, while I went up the river with a couple of guns and Sallor, and a man to pole the skiff—just for some duck-shooting, you know. We lay low for two days on the marshes and then Sallor got sniffing the wind one morning, as if there was something around he didn't care much for. He grew more and more excited and, at last, as we neared a certain mangrove cove to which all the time he had been pointing, he barked two or three times and I let him go. Poor old fellow!"

As he told the story, Sallor, who seemed to understand every word, rubbed his head against his master's hand.

"He went into the mangroves, just as he'd go after duck, but he'd hardly gone in when there were two shots and he came out limping, making for me. But by this I was close up to the mangroves myself, and in another minute I was inside; and there was Tobias—his gun at his shoulder. He had a pot at me, but before he could try another I knocked him down with my fire and—Well, we've got him all right. And now you can go after your treasure as soon as you like. I'll take him over to Nassau and you can fool around for the next month or so. Of course we'll need you at the trial, but that won't come off for a couple of months. Meanwhile, you can let me know where you are, in case I should need to get hold of you."

"All right, old man," I said, "but I wish you were coming along with me."

"I've got all the treasure I want," laughed Charlie. "Send me word where you are, as soon as you get a chance; and good luck to you, old chap, and your doubloons and pieces of eight!"

Then he walked down to his rowboat and soon he was aboard the sponger. Her sails ran up and they were off down stream—poor Tobias, manacled, somewhere between decks.

"See you in Nassau!" I shouted. "Right-o!"

Book III

CHAPTER I.

In Which We Gather Shells—and Other Matters.

With Charlie gone and duck-shooting not being one of my passions, there was nothing to detain me in Andros. So we were soon under way, out of the river, and heading north up the western shore of the big monotonous island. We had some fifty miles to make before we reached its northern extremity—and, all the way, we seldom had more than two fathoms of water, and the coast was the same interminable line of mangroves and thatch palms, with occasional clumps of pine trees, and here and there the mouth of a creek, leading into duck-haunted swamps.

At last we came to a little foam-fringed cove, where it was conceivable that the shyest and rarest shell would choose to make its home—a tiny aristocrat, driven out of the broad tideways by the conser ambitions and the ruder strength of great molluscs that feed and grow fat and house

themselves in crude convolutions of uncouthly striving horn.

It was impossible to imagine a cove better answering to my conchologist's description of Short Shift island. Its situation and general character, too, bore out the surmise. On landing, also, we found that it answered in two important particulars to Tobias' narrative. We found, as he had declared, that there was good water there for passing ships. Also, we found, in addition to the usual scrub, that cabbage-wood trees grew there very plentifully, particularly, as he said, on the highest part of the island. So, having talked it all over with Tom, I decided that here we would stay for a time and try our luck.

But, first, having heard from the sponger captain that he was en route for Nassau, I gave him a letter to Charlie Webster, telling him of our whereabouts, in case he should have sudden need of me with regard to Tobias.

The reader may recall that Tobias' narrative in reference to his second "pod" of one million dollars had run: "On the highest point of this Short Shift island is a large cabbage-wood stump, and twenty feet south of that stump is the treasure, buried five feet deep and can be found without difficulty." But which was the highest point? There were several hillocks that might claim to be that—all about equal in height.

However, as the high points of the island were only seven in all, it was no difficult matter to try them all out, one by one, as we had plenty of time and plenty of hands for the work. For, of course, it would have been idle to attempt any concealment of my object from the crew. Therefore, I took them from their shell-gathering and, having only measured out twenty feet south from each promising cabbage-wood stump, set them to work. They worked with a will, for I promised them a generous share of whatever we found.

Alas! it was an inexpensive promise, for when we had duly turned up the ground, not only twenty feet, but thirty, forty and fifty feet, not only south but north, east and west of the various cabbage-wood stumps on the seven various eminences, we were none of us the richer by a single piece of eight. Then we tried the other cabbage-wood stumps on lower ground, and any other likely-looking spots, till, after working for nearly a fortnight, we must have dug up most of the island.

And then Tom came to me with the news that our provisions were beginning to give out. As it was, he said, before we returned to Nassau, we should have to put in at Flying Fish Cove—a small settlement on the larger island some five miles to the north—for the purchase of various necessities.

"All right, Tom," I said, "I guess the game is up! Let's start out tomorrow morning. You may as well have your sucking fish back, Tom," I said, laughing in self-disgust. "I shall have no more need of it. I am through with treasure hunting."

"I'd keep it little longer, sar," answered Tom; "you never know."

I had made up my mind to start on the homeward trip early the following morning, but something happened that very evening to change my plans. I had dropped into the little settlement's one store, to buy some tobacco, the only kind that Charlie Webster declared fit to smoke.

I stayed chatting with the storekeeper—a lean, astute-looking Englishman, with the un-English name of Sweeney—who made a pretty good thing of selling his motley merchandise to the poor natives, on the good old business principle of supplying goods of the poorest possible quality at the highest possible prices.

While he was attending a little group of customers I had wandered toward the back of the store, curiously examining the thousand and one commodities which supplied the strange needs of humanity here in this lost corner of the world; and, thus occupied, I was diverted by a voice-like sudden music, a voice oddly rich and laughing and confident for such grim and sinister surroundings. It was one, too, which I seemed to have heard before, and not so very long ago. When I turned in its direction I was immediately arrested, as one always is by any splendor of vitality; for a startling contrast indeed—to the spiritless, furtive figures that had been coming and going hitherto—was this superb young creature, tall and lithe, with proudly carried head on glorious shoulders. Her skin was a golden olive, and it had been hard to say which was the more intensely black—her hair, or the proud eyes which, turning presently in my direction, seemed to strike upon me as with an actual impact of soft fire.

An entrancing girl and an ancient gold piece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

National Anthems.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is now regarded as our national anthem; that of England, "God Save the King;" France, "The Marseillaise." The other allies apparently have no distinguishing title for their national airs. The national air of Italy is known to us simply as the "Italian National Hymn" and that of Portugal as the "National Air of Portugal," etc.

Road to Wealth.

We've often thought what a pity it is that a man can't dispose of his experience for as much as it cost him—Esbridge Independent.

NEW HATS FOR AUTUMN WEAR

Information That May Lead to Prospective Buyer Making a Wise Decision.

TAM KEEPS ITS POPULARITY

Feather Trimming Is Employed on Model That Almost Every Woman Can Wear With Good Effect—Some Effective Turbans.

What can stimulate interest in fashion at this season of the year like a little glimpse at new hats? For hats are always interesting and hats are the first new thing a woman buys at the beginning of a new season.

In fact, we buy new hats regardless of seasons and wear them, too, without consideration for their fitness for a particular season; straw hats in January, velvet in July.

And there are velvet hats and others, advanced models to excite your curiosity, stimulate your interest and help you to decide your first new autumn style.

And my! what a good effect a new hat has upon the average woman, both from the material aspect of a pleasing appearance and the less tangible but nevertheless definite aspect of mental stimulus, of renewed interest in life in general, comments Edith M. Burdett in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Sometimes, as is usually the case with children, a woman treats life's path more gayly when she puts on new shoes, but more generally it is a new hat that helps over a period of mental depression, of world weariness, of disinterest, for hats don't hurt and new shoes do, more's the pity.

Let me depart from the subject in hand, new hats, just long enough to

and satisfactory one, especially if one takes advantage of the modern process of shower proofing that insures the beauty of the feather against all moisture whether a fog or rain.

If you are not familiar with this very commendable innovation in apparel insurance ask your milliner about it at the shop where you buy feathers for the hat you trim yourself.

And here let me digress once more for a moment to register the suggestion that a technical knowledge of millinery is well worth the time and the small price it will cost a girl or woman to acquire this knowledge.

Very smart and modish is a trim, close-fitting shape of velvet effectively trimmed with uncurled ostrich, and this hat is still another evidence attesting to the fashion value of ostrich as an autumn trimming of smart hats.

Another new autumn hat, like most of the new models, is of velvet, turned up sharply in the front and trimmed only with a rich cluster of silk flowers and foliage. It is an excellent model for first choice in the development of your autumn wardrobe, for it can be worn now—right now—and that's what most of us want to do with new things—put them on and enjoy them immediately.

A costume that has been much admired is a simple, dignified dinner gown of charmeuse, with underskirt of contrasting color, simply trimmed with ribbon in two widths and colors, modeled after the beautiful lines of the early Greek costume. This is the sort of gown that is not dependent upon any whim of fashion for its acceptance. It is the kind of gown that can be worn until it is worn out, and this is a feature that appeals to many women not entirely from the standpoint of economy, but because many of us must be well acquainted with our clothes



This New Bonnet is as Gay and Charming as the Month of Flowers, With Tender Pink and White Buds. The Hat is a Creation of Pink Georgette and Dancing Blue Ostrich Feathers That Curl and Cling to the Unusual Shape.

ask why do so many girls foolishly buy shoes just a little too tight?

Many Ills From Tight Shoes.

This practice does not improve the appearance of the feet; rather is the effect deteriorating and the discomfort one suffers often distorts the face, always mars the poise and the walk and prevents the absolute attention to the conversation of a companion, the giving of the entire interest to the pleasing at hand that makes folks say: "There is an attractive and likable girl," the opinion of friends and acquaintances that establishes a girl as a favorite.

There is never a season when some form of the graceful and generally becoming tam is not in vogue and this will be the case this season as in all others. There is one style especially attractive, a between-seasons tam on new lines and interestingly developed, of taffeta and soutache braid in two colors, to say nothing of an effective feature trimming that lends the last note of smart fashion to this time-established model.

One excellent quality of the tam shapes is that almost every woman can wear one, all young girls can and most women of more mature years, provided they select the right model.

Strikingly unusual is a hat of velvet with trimming of glycerin ostrich in a sort of shower effect over the up-turned brim. This may seem an extreme model, not so much in shape as in this arrangement of a popular trimming. And while not every woman can wear this hat or want to, nevertheless it portrays a certain new and interesting feature of autumn millinery that you should be glad to note.

Ostrich Tip Trimming. Quite the reverse from the extreme fashion standpoint, yet nevertheless smart, despite its conservative tone, is the becoming turban of rich broadcloth, velvet and tiny ostrich tips, artistically combined. This hat illustrates still another use of ostrich, the regulation small curled tips. Not so new a treatment of ostrich but always a pleasing

before we are quite comfortable with them. Like old acquaintances, we must feel that our clothes wear well, and not from the standpoint of actual wearing service, but from that of presenting us in the best possible light, of helping us appear at our best.

BLOUSES IN WIDE VARIETY

Wash Fabrics Figure Prominently Among Materials Employed—Pendant Decorations Highly Favored.

The shops are really alighting in their display of overblouses in fabrics and styles suitable for summer wear. It is perhaps an interesting thing that wash fabrics have been made to serve so admirably for these blouses—for there was a time when it seemed that only chiffon and georgette and soft crepe would do for them.

But now linen, organdie, batiste, ratine—lots of ratine, too, which is another of those interesting evidences of a return to favor of a fabric or style that has seemingly gone by—all these and other summer fabrics, heavy, homespun, crashlike-looking things, are used for the overblouse.

One thing that marks many of the blouses is little tassels and hanging buttons and fringe. There are all sorts of these pendant decorations, from sleeve ends and hems and just hanging down from any other part of the blouse itself.

Frocks for Morning.

Lovely little frocks for morning wear at a summer hotel, or afternoon wear at home are of tinted dotted Swiss with cuffs, collars and hemmed sash of white lawn or Swiss embroidery. One of these dainty frocks in lavender has a tucked skirt, elbow sleeves and surplice bodice. The white embroidery collar is in shawl shape, crossing with the surplice fronts, and the deep cuffs are tied with coquettish bows of lavender ribbon.