

# 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.

By Richard Le Gallienne

## A SHAPE OF WITCHCRAFT.

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 1852. 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, chartered 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 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. 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 capture Tobias. "Jack Harkaway" proves to be a girl and disappears. The hero sails to Short Shift Island, sees an entrancing girl with a Spanish doubloon.

## CHAPTER I—Continued.

My presence seemed at once to put her on her guard. The music of her voice was suddenly hushed, as though she had hurriedly, almost in terror, thrown a robe of reticence about an impulsive naturalness not to be displayed before strangers. As for the storekeeper, he was evidently a familiar acquaintance. He had known her—he said after she was gone—since she was a little girl.

While he spoke, my eyes had accidentally fallen on the coin still in his hand, with which she had just paid him.

"Why," I said, "this is a Spanish doubloon!"

"That's what it is," said the Englishman laconically.

"But doesn't it strike you as strange that she should pay her bills with Spanish doubloons?" I asked.

"It did at first," he answered; and then, as if annoyed with himself, he was attempting to retrieve an expression that carried an implication he evidently didn't wish me to retain, he added: "Of course, she doesn't always pay in Spanish doubloons. I suppose they have a few old coins in the family and use them when they run out of others."

It was as lame an explanation as well could be, and no one could doubt that, whatever his reason for so doing, he was lying.

"But haven't you trouble in disposing of them?" I inquired.

"Gold is always gold," he answered, "and we don't see enough of it here to be particular as to whose head is stamped upon it, or what date. Besides, as I said, it isn't as if I got any of them; and you can always dispose of them as curiosities."

"Will you sell me this one?" I asked.

"I see no harm in your having it," he said, "but I'd just as give it to you as to mention where you got it."

"Certainly," I answered, disguising my wonder at his secretiveness. "What is it worth?"

He named the sum of sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Having paid him that amount I bade him good-night, glad to be alone with my eager, glowing thoughts. These I took with me in a bit of coral beach, made doubly white by the moon, rustled over by giant palms, and whispered to by the vast living jewel of the sea. I took out my strange doubloon and flashed it in the moon.

But, brightly as it shone, it hardly seemed as bright as it would have seemed a short while back; or, perhaps, it was truer to say that in another, newer aspect it shone a hundred times more brightly. The adventure to which it called me was no longer single and simple as before, but a gloriously confused goal of cloudy splendors, the burning core of which—suddenly raying out, and then lost again in brightness—were the eyes of a mysterious girl.

## CHAPTER II.

Under the Influence of the Moon. My days now began to drift rather aimlessly, as without apparent purpose I continued to linger on an island that might well seem to have little attraction to a stranger—how little I could see by the mystification of the

good Tom, to whom, for once, of course, I could not confide. Yet I had a vague purpose; or, at least, I had a feeling that, if I waited on something would develop in the direction of my hopes. The doubloon still suggested that it was the key to a door of fascinating mystery to which chance might at any moment direct me.

And—why not admit it?—apart from my buried treasure, to the possible discovery of which the doubloon seemed to point, I was possessed with a growing desire for another glimpse of those haunting eyes. They needed not their association with the mysterious gold, they were magnetic enough to draw any man, with even the rudiments of imagination, along the path of the unknown. All the paths out of the little settlement were paths into the unknown, and, day after day, I followed one or another of them out into the wilderness, taking a gun with me, as an ostensible excuse for my occasional bags of the wild pigeons which were plentiful on the island.

One day I had thus wandered unusually far afield, and at nightfall found myself still several miles from home on a rocky path overhanging the sea. There was no sign of habitation anywhere. It was a wild and lonely place, and presently over its savage beauty stole the glamor of the moon rising far over the sea. I sat down on a ledge of the cliffs and watched the moonlight grow in intensity as the darkness of the woods deepened behind me. It was a night full of witchcraft; a night on which the stars, the moon, and the sea together seemed hinting at some wonderful thing about to happen.

Then, as if the fairy night were matching my thoughts with a challenge, what was this bright wonder suddenly present on one of the boulders far down beneath me—a tall shape of witchcraft whiteness, standing, full in the moon, like a statue in luminous marble of some goddess of antiquity.

My eyes and my heart together told me it was she; and, as she hung poised over the edge of the water in the attitude of one about to dive, a turn of her head gave me that longed-for glimpse of those living eyes filled with moonlight. She stood another moment, still as the night, in her loveliness; and the next she had dived directly into the path of the moon. I saw her eyes moonlighted again, as she came to the surface, and began to swim—not, as one might have expected, out from the land, but directly in toward the unseen base of the cliffs. The moon-path did lead to a golden door in the rocks, I said to myself, and she was about to enter it. It was a secret door known only to herself; and then, for the first time that night, I thought of that doubloon.

Perhaps if I had not thought of it I should not have done what then I did. There will, doubtless, be those who will censure me. If so, I am afraid they must. At all events, it was the thought of that doubloon that swayed the balance of my hesitation in taking the moon-path in the track of that bright apparition.

I looked for a way down to the edge of the sea. It was not easy to find, but after much perilous scrambling I at length found myself on the boulder which had so lately been the pedestal of that Radiance; and, in another moment, I had dived into the moon-path and was swimming toward the mysterious golden door.

Before me the rocks opened in a deep narrow crevasse, a long rift, evidently slashing back into the cliff, beneath the road on which I had been treading. I could see the moonlit water vanishing into a sort of gleaming lane between the vast overhanging walls.

Presently I felt my feet rest lightly on firm sand, and, still shoulder deep in the water, I walked on another yard or two—to be brought to a sudden stop. There she was coming toward me, breast high in that watery tunnel! The moon, continuing its serene ascension, lit her up with a sudden beam. O! shape of bloom and glory!

For a moment we both stood looking at each other, as if transfixed. Then she gave a frightened cry and put her hands up to her bosom; as she did so a stream of something bright—like gold pieces—fell from her mouth, and two like streams from her opened hands. Then, as quick as light, she had darted past me and dived into the moon-path beyond. She must have swam under the water a long way, for when I saw her dark head rise again in the glimmering path it was at a distance of many yards.

I had no thought of following her, but stood in a dream among the watery gleams and echoes.

For me had come that hour of wonder; for me out of that tropic sea, into whose flawless deeps my eyes had so

often gone adream, had risen the creature of miracle.

O! shape of moonlit marble! O! hollowness of this night of moon and stars and sea!

Yes! I was in love. Yet I hope, and think, that the reader will not resent this unexpected incursion into the realms of sentiment when he considers that my sudden attack was not, like most such sudden attacks, an interruption in the robust course of events, but, instead, curiously in the direct line of my purpose. Because the eyes of an unknown girl had thus suddenly enthralled me, I was not, therefore, to lose sight of that purpose.

On the contrary, they had suddenly shone out on the pathway along which I had been blindly groping. But for the accident of being in the dirty little store at so psychological a moment, hearing that strangely familiar voice and catching sight of that mysterious doubtless as well as those mysterious eyes, I should have set sail that very night and given up John P. Tobias's second treasure in final disgust. As it was, I was now warmly on the track of some treasure—whether his or not—with two bright eyes further to point the way. Never surely did a man's love and his purpose make so practical a combination.

When I reached my lodging at last in the early morning following that night of wonders my eyes and heart were not so dazed with that vision in the cave that I did not vividly recall one important detail of the strange picture—those streams of gold that had suddenly poured out of the mouth and hands of the lovely apparition.

Without doubting the evidence of my senses, I was forced to believe that, by the oddest piece of luck, I had stumbled upon the hiding place of that hoard of doubloons, on which my fair unknown drew from time to time as she would out of a bank.

But who was she?—and where was her home? There had seemed no sign of habitation near the wild place where I had come upon her, though, of course, a solitary house might easily have escaped my notice hidden among all that foliage, particularly at nightfall.

To be sure, I had but to inquire of the storekeeper to learn all I wanted; but I was averse from betraying my interest to him or to anyone in the settlement—for, after all, it was my own affair, and hers. So I determined to pursue my policy of watching and waiting, letting a day or two elapse before I again went out wandering with my gun.

I left the crazy bluff facing the sea and plunged into the woods. I had no idea how dark it was going to be, coming out of the sun, I was at once bewildered by the deep and complicated gloom of massed branches overhead, and the denser darkness of shrubs and vines so intricately interwoven as almost to make a solid wall



She Had Dived Directly into the Path of the Moon.

about one. Then the atmosphere was so close and airless that a fear of suffocation combined at once with the other fear of being swallowed up in all this savage green life, without hope of finding one's way out again into the sun. I fought my way in but a very few yards when both these fears clutched hold of me with a sudden horror, and the perspiration poured from me; I could no longer distinguish between the way I had come and any other part of the wood! Indeed, there was no way anywhere!

I must have battled through the veritable inferno of vegetation for at least an hour—though it seemed a lifetime. Clouds of particularly unpleasant midges filled my eyes, not to speak of mosquitoes and a peculiar kind of persistent stinging fly was adding to my miseries, when at last, begrimed and dripping with sweat, I stumbled out, with a cry of thankfulness, on to comparatively fresh air and something like a broad avenue running north and south through the wood. It was indeed densely overgrown, and had evidently not been used for many years. Still, it was comparatively passable, and one could at least see the sky and take long breaths once more.

Still there was no sign of a house anywhere. Presently, however, as I stambled along I noticed something looming darkly through the matted forest on my left that suggested walls. Looking closer, I saw that it was the

ruin of a small stone cottage, roofless, and indescribably swallowed up in the pitiless scrub. And then, near by, I described another such ruin, and still another—all, as it were, sunk in the terrible gloom of the vegetation, as sometimes, at low tide, one can discern the walls of a ruined village at the bottom of the sea.

Evidently I had come upon a long-abandoned settlement, and presently, on some slightly higher ground to the left, I thought I could make out the half-submerged walls of a much more ambitious edifice. Looking closer, I noted, with a thrill of surprise, the beginning of a very narrow path, not more than a foot wide, leading up through the scrub in its direction. Narrow as it was, it had clearly been kept open by the not-infrequent passage of feet. With a certain eerie feeling, I edged my way into it, and, after following it for a hundred yards or so, found myself close to the roofless ruin of a spacious stone house with some of the appearance of an old English manor house. Mullioned windows, finely masoned, opened in the shattered wall, and an elaborate stone staircase, in the interstices of which stout shrubs were growing, gave, or once had given, an entrance through an arched doorway—an entrance now stoutly disputed by the glistening trunk of a gum-elm tree and endless matted ropelike roots of giant vines and creepers that writhed like serpents over the whole edifice. Forcing my way up this staircase, I found myself in a stone hall some sixty feet long, at one end of which yawned a huge fireplace, its flue mounting up through a finely carved chimney, still standing firmly at the top of the southern gable.

How had this almost baronial magnificence come to be in this far-away corner of a desert island? At first I concluded that here was a relic of the brief colonial prosperity of the Bahamas, when its cotton lords lived like princes, with a slave population for retainers—days when even the bootblacks in Nassau played pitch-and-toss with gold pieces; but as I considered further, it seemed to me that the style of the architecture and the age of the building suggested an earlier date. Could it be that this had been the home of one of those early eighteenth century pirates who took pride in flaunting the luxury and pomp of princes, and who had perhaps made this his headquarters and stronghold for the storage of his loot on the return from his forays on the Spanish Main? This, as the more spirited conjecture, I naturally preferred, and, in default of exact information, decided to accept.

The more I pondered upon this fancy and remarked the extent of the ruins—including several subsidiary outhouses—and noted, too, one or two choiced stone staircases that seemed to descend into the bowels of the earth, the more plausible it seemed. In one or two places where I suspected underground cellars—dungeons for unhappy captives belike, or strong vaults for the storage of the treasure—I tested the floors by dropping heavy stones, and they seemed unmistakably to reverberate with a hollow rumbling sound; but I could find no present way of getting down into them. As I said, the staircases that promised an entrance into them were choked with debris. But I promised myself to come some other day, with pick and shovel, and make an attempt at exploring them.

Meanwhile, after poking about in as much of the ruins as I could penetrate, I stepped out through a gap in one of the walls and found myself again on the path by which I had entered. I noticed that it still ran on farther north, as having a destination beyond. So leaving the haunted ruins behind I pushed on and had gone but a short distance when the path began to descend slightly from the ridge on which the ruins stood; and there, in a broad square hollow before me, was the welcome living green of a flourishing plantation of coconut palms! It was evidence of considerable extent—a quarter of a mile or so, I judged—and the palms were very thick and planted close together. To my surprise, too, I observed, as at length the path brought me to them after a sharp descent, that they were fenced in by a high bamboo stockade, for the most part in good condition, but here and there broken down with decay.

Through one of these gaps I presently made my way and found myself among the soaring columns of the palms, hung aloft with clusters of the great green nuts. Fallen palm fronds made a carpet for my feet—very pleasant after the rough and tangled way I had traveled, and now and again one of the coco nuts would fall down with a thud amid the green silence. One of these, which narrowly missed my head, suggested that here I had the opportunity of quenching very agreeably the thirst of which I had become suddenly aware. My claspknife soon made an opening through the tough shell, and, seated on the ground, I set my mouth to it, and, raising the nut above my head, allowed the "milk"—cool as spring water—to gurgled deliciously down my parched throat. When at length I had drained it, and my head once more returned to its natural angle, I was suddenly made aware that my poaching had not gone unobserved.

## Most surprising people in a most curious habitation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Large Supply.

When you start to borrow trouble the loan is generally oversubscribed.—Boston Transcript.

# CHOOSE FURS FOR FALL

Novelties for Coming Season Have Made Their Appearance.

Dolman, It Is Predicted, Will Be a Leader for Fall Wear—Designs in Square Cut Short Coats Shown.

Midsummer fur sales this year have many novelties to offer, not so much in new pelts as in the shape and general style design of the garments. The dolman is to be a leader, it is said, and it will appear in a variety of lengths. For the woman who likes extreme styles a number of fitted models are being brought out. One of the newest is called the "redingote" because it is really cut much on the same general style line as the redingote dress, with fitted bodice section and long skirt of peplum, usually cut away in front so that a front panel of the skirt or dress over which it is worn may be seen.

Another novelty is the square cut short coat with loose panel back, collar and cuffs of fur contrasting with that used for the coat proper. Collars, especially when made of a different fur from that used for the coat, are usually enormous affairs, really large enough to qualify as small separate capes.

The smart little neckpiece of one or two skins sold in the spring will not be discarded immediately by Dame Fashion, and the woman who owns one may wear it with perfect serenity right through the autumn days as an accompaniment for her tailored street frock or untrimmied tailored suit. Mink, marten and sable were the most used pelts for these smart little neckpieces. They were shown made of one, two or three skins, the smaller ones being little more than choker collars.

Full length fur coats are shown, but by far the smartest models are those that are hip or three-quarter length, except, of course, when designed for evening wear. For general wear the full length coat is heavy, and a short model is not only less expensive but gives all the protection required.

## IN RED AND BLUE



Red roses with blue straw—what more charming a combination could be found for so smart a hat?

## SIMPLE GARMENT FOR CHILD

"Gertrude" Petticoat Will Please the Little Maid as Well as Her Proud Mother.

The prettiest of undergarments for children are the little "Gertrude" petticoats, which slip over the head and fasten with one small button on one shoulder. Many of these have the simplest of narrow frills at the bottom and this is edged with a fine crochet lace or bit of Valenciennes. No other trimming is used on the little skirt.

Children, of course, will not remain the same size and length, therefore many mothers run a wide tuck just

## "Undies" Are of Solid Colors

Though at First Thought They May Seem Bizarre, They Are Really Quite Practical.

Undergarments developed in black and a great range of vivid colors seem bizarre and rather absurd at first glance, but when one considers that, regardless of the season or occasion for which they are intended, outer garments are now made of the most transparent fabrics, the need of under things that match or blend with them will be easily realized. Petticoat combinations and separate camisoles are shown for next season made of black chiffon and georgette combined with black lace, of all-over lace in black or of either of the first named fabrics trimmed with fine tucking, drawn work, etc.

Emphasizing the tendency to match undergarments with outer apparel chemises and combinations are now being shown made of brown georgette and other sheer silks. Brown has already been bulletined as a leading color for outer apparel for next season and manufacturers of items of lingerie have not been slow to follow this lead.

Bloomers will continue to be in great demand next season, it seems certain, as narrow skirts and voluminous petticoats are an impossible combination.

Crepe de chine and washable satin are the two fabrics most used in the development of undergarments for fall and winter, and various laces, dainty hand embroidery or insets of

through the middle of the little one-piece petticoat, which can thus be lengthened as required.

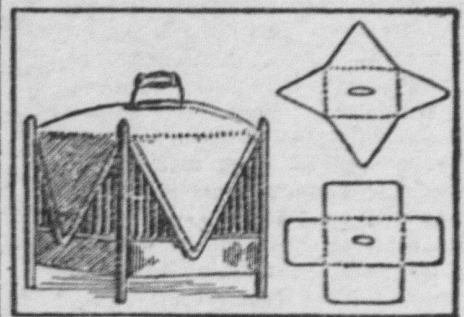
The wash fabrics which do not require ironing, such as cotton crepe and kindred crinkled materials, are much in demand for the small garments. These are often made up in the flesh pink, which always pleases little girls.

## COVERS FOR THE BIRDCAGE

Decorative as Well as Useful Articles That May Be Made in Moments of Idleness.

Our sketch illustrates two useful types of covers to make for a birdcage, that require little more than cutting out. They can be carried out in linen, art serge, or, in fact, almost any remnant of material that may be handy. They are bound at the edges with narrow ribbon.

The space enclosed in the dotted line in the diagrams should correspond in size with the top of the birdcage, and the four flaps hang downwards on each side. In the center of



Covers for Birdcage.

the cover a small oval space is cut away, through which the handle of the cage may pass, so that the cover can be comfortably slipped over the cage in a moment. If desired, some pretty little floral design can be embroidered on three of the flaps, and possibly the name of the bird worked upon the fourth.

Diagram A gives the shape of the cover that is shown upon the cage in the sketch, and diagram B gives the shape of a similar cover, but with square flaps to hang downwards.

## LATEST DESIGNS IN SHOES

Colonial Pumps Are Smartest—Offers for Day Dress Come in Various Shapes and Materials.

The colonial pump is the smart shoe of the season. To be sure oxfords are also worn for day dress. They are rather high and are laced not with ribbons, as they were last year, but with tubular silk lacings. They are made in kid, suede and black satin. And the lacing holes are bound with metal. But the colonial pumps are newer. They, like the oxfords, have French heels of medium height, almost invariably with a little metal layer that is now used to help keep the heels even.

They are made in black and brown kid and in patent leather. Sometimes a buckle of jet or steel is fastened at the bottom of the flaring tongue. One striking and attractive type of colonial pump has the sides of the tongue fastened to the shoe. This holds the shoe on, at the same time giving the attractive silhouette of the regulation colonial pump.

## Raffia Trims Taffeta Gowns.

Raffia embroidery is the latest thing for decorating gowns made of taffeta. For example, on black taffeta appear a few sprays of dull pink roses, with dark green and brown leaves, or trails of blackberry bramble worked on midnight blue taffeta, little flecks of silver brightening up the whole thing. More than ever we are calling for embroideries.

## Knitted Galters.

Knitted galters made their appearance in Paris this past spring. White wool, snugly knitted, answers the purpose of a spat on a low shoe, and appears to good advantage. Mayhap this is a style that will find favor here as the weeks pass. We are told that shoes are going to be higher in price next autumn and leather so scarce that we may find it best to wear low shoes and galters. In that case these well-knitted galters might be a really useful aid.

## Smock-Blouse Stays.

The long over-the-skirt blouse has taken a sufficiently firm hold on the public fancy. Some of the very smart new models are shown in crepe de chine. These are variously trimmed, some in embroidery, others in braiding, and in bandings of heavy lace. These crepe de chine blouses are very serviceable, and are worn with either silk or cotton skirts.

## Two-Color Blouses.

Two-tone blouses to be a feature of the autumn season, but the contrasts will be harmonious rather than striking. Instead of a light and dark color, two colors of about equal strength are preferred.