

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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CALYPSO

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 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, 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 Shoes. 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 adventures 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 doublet. Follows an even more entrancing sight of the girl.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Ha! ha!" called a pleasant voice, evidently belonging to a man of an unusually tall and lean figure who was approaching me through the palm trunks; "so you have discovered my hidden paradise—my Alcinoan garden, so to say;" and he quoted two well-known lines of Homer in the original Greek, adding: "or if you prefer it in Pope's translation, which I think—don't you?—remains the best:

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies—

"and so on. Alas! for an old man's memory! It grows shorter and shorter—like his life, eh? Never mind, you are welcome, sir stranger, mysteriously tossed up here like Ulysses, on our island coast."

I gazed with natural wonderment at this strange individual, who thus in the heart of the wilderness had saluted me with a meticulously pure English accent, and welcomed me in a quotation from Homer in the original Greek. Who, in the devil's name, was this odd character who, I saw, as I looked closer at him, was, as he had hinted, quite an old man, though his unusual erectness and sprightliness of manner, lent him an illusive air of youth? Who on earth was he—and how did he happen in the middle of this haunted wood?

CHAPTER III.

Calypso.

Of course a glance and the first sound of his voice had told me that I had to do with a gentleman—one of those vagabond English gentlemen in exile who form a type peculiar, I think, to the English race; men that are a curious combination of aristocrat and Gypsy, soldier, scholar, and philosopher; men of good family, who have drifted everywhere, seen and seen through everything, but in all their wanderings have never lost their sense and habit of "form," their boyish zest in living, their humorous stoicism, and, above all, their lordly accent.

"Now that you have found us, Sir Ulysses"—continued my eccentric host, motioning me, with an indescribably princely wave of the hand to accompany him—"you must certainly give us the pleasure of your company to luncheon. Visitors are as rare as black swans on this Ultima Thule of ours—though, by the way, the black swan, cygnus atratus, is nothing like so rare as the ancients believed. I have shot them myself out in Australia. Still they are rare enough for the purpose of imagery, though really not so rare as a human being one can talk intelligently to on this island."

Talk! My friend indeed, very evidently was a talker—one of those fantastic monologists to whom an audience is little more than a symbol. I saw that there was no need for me to do any of the talking. He was more than glad to do it all. Plainly his encounter with me was to him like a spring in a thirsty land.

"Solitude," he continued, "is perhaps the final need of the human soul. After a while, when we have run the gamut of all our ardors and our dreams, solitude comes to seem the one excellent thing, the summum bonum."

I murmured that he certainly seemed to have come to the right place for it. "Very true, indeed," he assented, "with a courtly inclination of his head, as though I had said something pro-

found; "very true, indeed, and yet, wasn't it the great Bacon who said: 'Whoever is delighted with solitude is either a beast or a god?'—and this particular solitude, I confess, sometimes seems to me a little too much like that enforced solitude of the Pontic marshes of which Ovid wailed and whimpered in the deaf ears of Augustus."

I could not help noticing at last as he talked on with fantastic magnificence, the odd contrast between his speech and the almost equally fantastic poverty of his clothing. The suit he wore, though still preserving a certain elegance of cut, was so worn and patched and stained that a negro would hardly have accepted it as a gift; and his almost painful emaciation gave him generally the appearance of an animated framework of



"Ha! Ha!" Called a Pleasant Voice.

ragged bones, startlingly embodying the voice and the manners of a prince. Yet the shabby tie about his neck was bound by a ring, in which was set a turquoise of great size and beauty.

Presently, as we loitered on through the palms, we came upon two negroes chopping away with their machetes, trimming up the debris of broken and decaying palm fans. They were both sturdy, ferocious-looking fellows, but one of them was a veritable giant.

"Behold by bodyguard!" said my magnificent friend, with the usual possessive wave of his hand; "my Switzers, my Janissaries, so to say."

The negroes stopped working, touched their great straw hats, and flashed their splendid teeth in a delighted smile. Evidently they were used to their master's ways of talking, and were devoted to him.

"This chap here is Erebus," said my host, and the appropriateness of the name was apparent, for I had ever seen, as superbly black as some women are superbly white.

"And this is Samson. Let's have a look at your muscles, Samson—there's a good boy!"

And, with grins of pleasure, Samson proudly stripped off his thin calico jacket and exposed a torso of terrific power, but beautiful in its play of muscles as that of a god.

Leaving Samson and Erebus to continue their savage play with their machetes, we walked on through the palms, which here gave a particularly Junglike appearance to the scene from the fact of their being bowed out from their roots and sweeping upward in great curves. One involuntarily looked for a man-eating tiger at any moment, standing striped and splendid in one of the openings.

Then suddenly to the right, there came a flash of level green, suggesting lawns, and the outlines of a house, partly covered with brilliant purple flowers—a marvelous splash of color. "Bougainvillea! Bougainvillea spectabilis—of course, you know it. Was there ever such a purple? Not Solomon in all his glory, et cetera. And here we are at the house of King Alcinoos—a humble version of it indeed."

It was a large rambling stucco house, somewhat decayed looking, and evidently built on the ruins of an older building. We came upon it at a broad Italian-looking loggia, supported by stone pillars bowed in with vines—very cool and pleasant—with mossy slabs for its floor, here and there tropical ferns set out in tubs, some wicker chairs standing about, and a table at one side on which two little barelegged negro girls were busy setting out yellow fruit, and other appurtenances of luncheon, on a dazzling white cloth.

"Has your mistress returned yet, my children?" asked the master.

"No, sar," said the older girl, with

a giggle, twisting and grimacing with embarrassment.

"My daughter," explained my host, "has gone to the town on an errand. She will be back at any moment. Meanwhile, I shall introduce you to a cooling drink of my own manufacture, with a basis of that coconut milk which I need not ask you whether you appreciate, recalling the pleasant circumstance of our first acquaintance."

Motioning me to a seat, and pushing toward me a box of cigarettes, he went indoors, leaving me to take in the stretch of beautiful garden in front of me, the trees of which seemed literally to be hung with gold—for they were mainly of orange and grapefruit ranged round a spacious beautifully kept lawn with the regularity of sumptuous decoration. In the middle of the lawn, a little rocky fountain threw up a jet of silver, falling with a tinkling murmur into a broad circular basin from which emerged the broad leaves and splendid pink blossoms of an Egyptian lotus. Certainly it was no far-fetched allusion of my classical friend to speak of the garden of Alcinoos; particularly connected as it was in my mind with the white beach of a desert isle, and that marble statue in the moonlight.

As I sat dreaming, bathed in the golden-green light of the orange trees, and lulled by the tinkling of the fountain, my host returned with our drinks, his learned disquisition on which I will spare the reader, highly interesting and characteristic though it was.

Suffice it that it was a drink, whatever its ingredients—and there was certainly somewhere a powerful "stick" in it—that seemed to have been drawn from some cool grotto of the virgin earth, so thrillingly cold and invigorating it was.

While we were slowly sipping it, and smoking our cigarettes, in an unwonted pause of my friend's fanciful verbosity, I almost jumped in my chair at the sound of a voice indoors. It was instantly followed by a light and rapid tread, and the sound of a woman's dress. Then a tall, beautiful young woman emerged on the loggia.

"Ah! there you are!" cried my host, as we both rose; and then turning to me, "this is my daughter—Calypso. Her real name I assure you—none of my nonsense—doesn't she look it? Allow me, my dear, to introduce—Mr. Ulysses!"—for we had not yet exchanged each other's names.

I am a wretched actor, and I am bound to say that she proved herself no better. For she gave a decided start as she turned those glowing eyes on me, and the lovely olive of her cheeks glowed as with submerged rose color. Our embarrassment did not escape the father.

"Why, you know each other already!" he exclaimed, with natural surprise.

"Not exactly"—I was grateful for the sudden nerve with which I was able to hasten to the relief of her lovely distress—"but possibly Miss—Calypso recalls as naturally as I do, our momentary meeting in Sweeney's store, one evening. I had no expectation of course, that we should meet again under such pleasant circumstances as this."

She gave me a grateful look as she took my hand, and with it—or was it only my eager imagination?—a shy little pressure, again as of gratitude.

I had tried to get into my voice my assurance that, of course, I remembered no other more recent meeting—though, naturally, as she had given that little start in the doorway, there had flashed on me again the picture of her standing, moonlit, in another resounding doorway, and of the wild start she had given then, as the golden pieces streamed from her lovely surprised mouth, and her lifted hands. And her eyes—I could have sworn—were the living eyes of Jack Harkaway! Had she a brother, I wondered. Yet my mind was too dazzled and confused with her nearness to pursue the speculation.

As we sat down to luncheon, waited upon by the little barelegged black children—waited on, too, surprisingly well, despite the contortions of their primitive embarrassment—my host once more resumed his character of the classic king welcoming the storm-tossed stranger to his board.

"Far wanderer," he said, raising his glass to me, "eat of what our board affords, welcome without question of name and nation. But if, when the food and wine have done their genial office, and the weariness of your journeying has fallen from you, you should feel stirred to tell us somewhat of yourself and your wanderings, what manner of men call you kinsman, in what fair land is your home and the place of your loved ones, be sure that we shall count the tale good hearing, and, for our part, make exchange in like fashion of ourselves and the passage of our days in this lonely isle."

We all laughed as he ended—himself with a whiffy of laughter. For, odd as such discourse may sound in the reading, it was uttered so whimsically, and in so spirited and humorous a

style that I assure you it was very captivating.

"You should have been an actor, my lord Alcinoos," I said, laughing. I seemed already curiously at home, seated there at that table with this fantastic stranger and that being out of fairyland toward whom I dared only turn my eyes now and again by stealth. The strange fellow had such a way with him, and his talk made you feel that he had known you all your life.

"Ah! I have had my dreams. I have had my dreams!" he answered, his eyes gazing with a momentary wistfulness across the orange trees.

Then we talked at random, as friendly strangers talk over luncheon, though we were glad enough that he should do all the talking—wonderful, irrelevant, madcap talk, such as a man here and there in ten thousand, gifted with perhaps the most attractive of all human gifts, has at his command.

And, every now and again, my eyes, falling on the paradoxical splendor of his clothing, would remind me of the enigma of this courtly vagabond; though—need I say it?—my eyes and my heart had other business than with him, throughout that wonderful meal, consoled as I felt myself once more in that golden cloud of magnetic vitality, which had at first swept over me, as with a breath of perfume fine, among the salt pork and the tinware of Sweeney's store.

Luncheon over, Lady Calypso, with a stately inclination of her lovely head, left us to our wine and our cigars.

The time had come for the far-travelled guest to declare himself, and I saw in my host's eye a courteous invitation to begin. I had been pondering what account to give of myself, and I had decided, for various reasons—of which the Lady Calypso was, of course, first, but the open-hearted charm of her father a close second—to tell him the whole of my story. Whatever his and her particular secret was, it was evident to me that it was an innocent and honorable one; and, besides, I may have had a notion that before long I was to have a family interest in it. So I began—starting in with a little prelude in the manner of my host, just to enter into the spirit of the game:

"My Lord Alcinoos, your guest, the far wanderer, having partaken of your golden hospitality, is now fain to open his heart to you, and tell you of himself and his race, his home and his loved ones across the wine-dark sea, and such of his adventures as may give pleasure to your ears."

though, having no talents in that direction, I was glad enough to abandon my lame attempt at his Homeric style for a plain straightforward narrative of the events of the past three months.

I had not, however, proceeded very far, when, with a courteous raising of

SMALL GIRLS LIKE SMOCKS

Fashion Never Seems to Lose Its Popularity, With the Little Ones or Their Elders.

For little girls of six years and less dresses of the smock type are unquestionably favorites. One manufacturer given to figures has estimated that wash frocks, especially smock dresses, sell twenty to one of any other style. This may be exaggerating things a trifle, but the fact remains that the little, comfortable, straight-line smock frocks are liked by the children as well as by their elders, and each season witnesses the introduction of many little novelties that may still come under the "smock" heading.

Wash dresses are generally considered the best selection for little girls of six years and less regardless of season or weather. Houses and apartments are so well heated these days that children do not require to be warmly dressed when indoors, and when out of doors warm sweaters and wraps give the necessary protection, no matter how light the garments that are worn underneath.

Turbans of Gaze.
Some of the new gaze turbans are enormous; so wide that they completely hide the hair, even at the sides. Some lovely ones of this order are being made of silver gauze embroidered in black and veiled in flesh pink tulle. A startling turban seen the other day was made entirely of leaf-green tulle. The fragile material was wound round and round the head in a mysterious fashion. This was worn by a well-known actress.

Coming Fashions.
Short sleeves are unquestionably the vogue among smart women, for these are much in evidence where fashion congregates. But conservative women seem to be still clinging to the wifal length sleeve in both dresses and blouses.

CHIC LACE BLOUSE

Effective Garment Designed for Early Fall Wardrobe.

May Be of White or Colored Material, to Suit Skirt With Which It Is Worn.

The sketch shows a very smart little blouse of lace which will be found a valuable addition to the early fall wardrobe. It may be made of black, white or ivory-colored lace, or, if desired, a lace may be dyed to match the skirt with which the blouse is to be worn. Dyed laces have been very much favored during the last season or two. This blouse is finished at the wrist with a narrow ribbon girdle, and as originally designed the garment was made of ivory-colored chantilly lace. The girdle was of inch and a half wide double-faced satin ribbon, green on one side, black on the other.

The woman who is economically inclined can usually supply herself with several smart and dressy skirts from the remains of sheer net, georgette or silk voile frocks, as the dress waist nearly always wears out first, and with several good-looking blouses at her disposal she can develop an afternoon frock for early fall with very little expenditure of time or money.

Paris designers are sending over some very smart separate skirts as models for the American trade, but before these reach the consumer there is little doubt that they will be greatly modified.

As a rule, the French-designed skirts are very short and tight, with elaborate over-drapings. A drapery that flares on one hip only is a favorite. The really dressy separate skirt will almost certainly be in great demand during the coming fall and winter, due to the fact that the elaborate



Smart Blouse of Chantilly Lace.

over-blouse has finally been accepted by American fashion authorities and the public at large. Two-color combinations are frequently seen in the handsome skirts of satin and soft silks and two-faced fabrics are excellent selections, one side serving as a trimming for the other, or making the arrangement of the novel draperies easy.

POPULAR BLACK AND WHITE

Old but Always Effective Combination Is Here Again, Only Just a Little Different.

Every once in a while—every season at least—the fashion authorities come out with what appears to be the astounding news that black and white is very much the vogue. The fact is, the magpie combination is perennially smart, only there are magpies and magpies.

The present black-and-white combination is just a little different from anything that you have ever worn before. It is most striking when it takes the form of a black taffeta slip with a sheer lace and organdie overdress. The black silk is not very extensive. The skirt is scant and as short as you feel is consistent with the present fashion and the waist rarely extends many inches above the belt, as a flesh-colored georgette is quite apt to take its place for the foundation of the shoulder and sleeve portions.

The white organdie and lace takes the form of a peplum or plastron on the skirt, and comes up sometimes in V's on the bodice. But there is a wide diversity and the skill of the designer is taxed in thinking of new and interesting ways of combining this white over black.

These black-and-white frocks lend themselves particularly well to garden party or other outdoor occasions, and you are wise if you plan to include one on your week-end visit to the country, because they will stand up better after packing than the frock that is all organdie and all sheer. And just at present they have considerably more distinction than any other sort of afternoon frock.

For more practical wear there is nothing so fetching at present as the black satin or taffeta frock that has cuffs and deep shawl collar or gilet of tucked organdie or embroidered mull or some sort of sheer cotton fabric with filet insets. For the woman who wants to do a clever little piece of dressmaking at home and who wants a practical but smart about-town dress, a very good way to begin would be to get a fairly elaborate lingerie gilet and work up to it with thin black taffeta.

DANCE HAT AN INSPIRATION

Angora and Organdie, With Just the Right Touch of Color, Made Genuine Triumph.

She was going to a dance, and she wanted a hat. Time was when a girl had a frock and was duly grateful, but now she must have a hat as well. That was how the trouble began. She had her organdie hat, but that was beginning to show signs of wear. It wasn't dirty, but the crown had lost some of its perkiness. What could she do?

At last a happy thought struck her. Aunt Di, who always has the fashions at her finger tips, had at her last visit talked of nothing but contrasting materials on hats, gowns, everything! Here was the chance. There was the ball of angora she had left from her sweater collar, a lovely soft gray. She would knit it into a big tam crown and put it on the blue organdie brim. No sooner said than done. Before long the hat that had seemed done for, flaunted a soft tam of angora. Nestled in the folds of it, at one side, a huge pink rose added the bit of color needed. Out of apparently nothing had sprung a dance hat, a novelty that was one of the attractions of the evening.

IN PEARL GRAY HORSEHAIR



Horsehair makes the most perfect fabric for small hats, for it may be twisted and draped into the most modish shapes. This fetching turban of pearl gray horsehair needs as its only ornament the delicate lined gowra feathers so jauntily affixed at the back.

Silk Underwear.
Comfort, economy, practicality—these features explain the popularity of silk underwear; and added to this service for the coming season comes the appeal of color, for new models, single-garments and sets, are delightfully pleasing in color.

There are lovely color combinations as well as unusual plain colors to be had.

Poke Bonnets for Girls.
Poke-shaped hats continue in high favor for little girls. They are especially becoming to the childish face, and moreover they present an interesting surface for trimming of flowers and ribbons.



"Behold My Bodyguard!"

his hand, King Alcinoos suggested a pause.

"If you would not mind," he said, "I would like my daughter to hear this too, for it is of the very stuff of romantic adventure in which she delights. She is a brave girl, and, as I often tell her, would have made a very spirited dare-devil boy, if she hadn't happened to be born a girl."

This phrase seemed to flash a light upon the questionings that had stirred at the back of my mind since I had first heard that voice in Sweeney's store.

The hero's search for the Tobias treasure begins again under most fascinating circumstances.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)