

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.

Richard Le Gallienne

CHAPTER III—Continued

"By the way, dear king," I said, assuming a casual manner, "do you happen to have a son?"

"No!" he answered. "Calypso is my only child."

"Very strange!" I said, "we met a whimsical lad in our travels whom I would have sworn was her brother."

"That's odd!" said the "king" imperturbably, "but no! I have no son;" and he seemed to say it with a certain sadness.

Then Calypso came in to join my audience, having, meanwhile, taken the opportunity of twining a scarlet hibiscus among her luxuriant dark curls. I should certainly have told the story better without her, yet I was glad—how glad!—to have her seated there, an attentive presence in a simple gown, white as the sea foam—from which, there was no further doubt in my mind, she had magically sprung.

I gave them the whole story, much as I had told it in John Saunders' snuggery—John P. Tobias, Jr.; dear old Tom and his sucking fish, his ghosts, sharks, skeletons, and all; and when I had finished, I found that the interest of my story was once more chiefly centered in my pock-marked friend of "the wonderful works of God."

"I should like to meet your pock-marked friend," said King Alcinoos, "and I have a notion that, with you as a bait, I shall not long be denied the pleasure."

"I am inclined to think that I have seen him already," said Calypso, using her honey-golden voice for the base purpose of mentioning him.

"Impossible!" I cried; "he is long since safe in Nassau jail."

"Oh, not lately," she answered to our interrogative surprise, and giving a swift embarrassed look at her father, which I at once connected with the secret of the doubloons.

"Seriously, Calypso?" asked her father, with a certain stern affection, as thinking of her safety. "On one of your errands to town?"

And then, turning to me, he said:

"Sir Ulysses, you have spoken well, and your speech has been that free, open-hearted speech that wins its way alike among the Hyperboreans that dwell in frozen twilight near the northern star, and those dwarfed and swarthy intelligences that blacken in the fierce sunlight of that fearful axle over at Calypso with eyes that dared at last to smile."

"The very same, my Lord Ulysses," answered my friend.

And so I came to understand that Mr. Sweeney's reluctance in selling me that doubloon was not so sinister as it

whole sunken Spanish Main, glimmering fifty fathoms deep in mother-of-pearl and the moon. It was the very Secret Rose of Romance; and, also, mark you, it was some money—oh, perhaps, all told, it might be some five thousand guineas, or—what would you say?—twenty-five odd thousand dollars; Calypso knows better than I, and she, as I said, alone knows where it is now hid, and how much of it now remains."

He paused to relight his cigar, while Calypso and I—Well, he began again: "Now my daughter and I," and he paused to look at her fondly, "though of the race of Eternal Children, are not without some of the innocent wisdom which Holy Writ countenances as the self-protection of the innocent—Calypso, I may say, is particularly endowed with this quality, needing it as she does especially for the guardianship for her foolish talkative old father, who, by the way, is almost at the end of his tale. So, when this old chest flashed its bewildering dazzle upon us, we, being poor folk, were not more dazzled than afraid. For—like the poor man in the fable—such good fortune was all too likely to be our undoing, should it come to the ears of the great, or the indigent criminal. The 'great' in our thought was, I am ashamed to say, the sacred British treasury, by an ancient law of which, forty per cent of all 'treasure-trove' belongs to his majesty the king. The 'indigent criminal' was represented by—well, our colored (and not so very much colored) neighbors. Of course we ought to have sent the whole treasure to your friend, John Saunders of his Britannic majesty's government at Nassau, but—Well, de didn't. Some day, perhaps, you will put in a word for us with him, as you drink his old port, in the snuggery. Meanwhile, we had an idea, Calypso and I—"

He paused—for Calypso had involuntarily made a gesture, as though pleading to be spared the whole revelation—and then with a smile, continued:

"We determined to hide away our little hoard where it would be safe from our neighbors, and dispose of it according to our needs with a certain tradesman in the town whom we thought we could trust—a tradesman, who, by the way, quite naturally levies a little tax upon us for his security. No blame to him! I have lived far too long to be hard on human nature."

"John Sweeney?" I asked, looking over at Calypso with eyes that dared at last to smile.

"The very same, my Lord Ulysses," answered my friend.

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As we came to the borders of the wood near the edge of the little town we called a counsel of two. As the outcome of it we concluded that, having in mind the "king's" ambitious plans for our cloth-of-gold future, and for other obvious reasons, it was better that she went into the town alone—I to await her in the shadow of the mahogany tree.

As she turned to leave me she drew up from her bosom a little bag that hung by a silver chain, and opening it drew out, with a laugh—a golden doubloon!

I sprang toward her; but she was too quick for me, and laughingly vanished through an opening in the trees. I was not to kiss her that day.

Calypso was so long coming back that I began to grow anxious—was, indeed, on the point of going down into the town in search of her, when she suddenly appeared, rather out of breath and evidently a little excited—as though, in fact, she had been running away from something. She caught me by the arm with a laugh.

"Do you want to see your friend Tobias?" she said.

"Tobias? Impossible!"

"Come here," and she led me a yard or two back the way she had come, and then looked through the trees.

"Gone!" she said, "but he was there a minute or two ago—or at least someone that is his photograph—and of course he's there yet, hidden in the brush, and probably got his eyes on us all the time. Did you see that seven-year apple tree move?"

"His favorite tree," I laughed.

"Hardly strong enough to hang him on, though," and I realized that she was King Alcinoos' daughter.

We crouched lower for a moment or two but the seven-year apple tree didn't move again, and we agreed that there was no use in waiting for Tobias to show his hand.

"But what made you think it was Tobias?" I asked, "and how did it all happen?"

"I could hardly fail to recognize him from your flattering description," she answered, "and indeed it all happened rather like another experience of mine. I had gone into Sweeney's store—you remember—and was just paying my bill."

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CHAPTER IV.

In Which the "King" Dreams a Dream—and Tells Us About It.

The afternoon, under the spell of its various magic, had been passing all too swiftly, and at length I grew reluctantly aware that it was time for me to go. King Alcinoos raised his hand with a gesture that could not well be denied. That led me—his invitation being accepted without further parley—to mention the idea I had conceived as I came along, of exploring those curious old ruined buildings.

"Tomorrow," he announced, "tomorrow we shall begin—there is not a moment to lose. We will send Samson with a message to your captain—there is no need for you to go yourself; time is too precious—and in a week, who knows but that Monte Cristo shall seem like a pauper and a penny gaff in comparison with the fantasies of our fearful wealth."

So, for that evening, all war laughingly decided. In a week's time, it was agreed, we should have difficulty in recognizing each other. We should be so disguised in cloth of gold, and so blindfold to look upon with rings and ropes of pearls.

When we met at breakfast next morning, glad to see one another again as few people are at breakfast, it was evident that, as far as the "king" was concerned, our dream had lost nothing in the night watches. On the contrary, his wings had grown to an amazing span and iridescence.

Calypso, it transpired, had certain household matters—of which the "king" of course was ever divinely oblivious—that would take her on an errand into the town. Those disposed of, we two eternal children were at liberty to be as foolish as we pleased. The "king" bowed his uncrowned head, as kings, from time immemorial have bowed their diadems before the quiet command of the domesticities; and it was arranged that I should be Calypso's escort on her errand.

So we set forth in the freshness of the morning, and the woods that had been so black and bewildering at my coming opened before us in easy paths, and all that tropical squalor that had been foul with sweat and insects seemed strangely vernal to me, so that I could hardly believe that I had trodden that way before. And for our companion all the way along—or, at least for my other companion—was the Wonder of the World, the beautiful strangeness of living, and that marvel of a man's days upon the earth which lies in not knowing what a day shall bring forth, if only we have a little patience with Time—Time, with those gold keys at his girdle, ready, at any turn of the ways, to unlock the hidden treasure that is to be the meaning of our lives.

How should I try to express what it was to walk by her side, knowing all that we both knew?—knowing, or giddily believing that I knew, how her heart, with every breath she took, vibrated like a living flower, with waves of color, changing from moment to moment like a happy, trembling dawn. To know—yet not to say! Yes! we were both at that divine moment which hangs like a dewdrop in the morning sun—ah! all too ready to fall. Oh! keep it poised, in that miraculous balance, 'twixt time and eternity—for this crystal made of light and dew is the meaning of the life of man and woman upon the earth.

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"Come here," and she led me a yard or two back the way she had come, and then looked through the trees.

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"In the usual coinage?" I ventured. She gave me a long, whimsical smile—once more her father's daughter.

"That, I'm afraid, was the trouble," she answered; "for as I laid my money down on the counter I suddenly noticed that there was a person at the back of the store."

"A person?" I interrupted.

"Yes! Suppose we say 'a pock-marked person' was it you?"

"What a memory you have for details," I parried; "and then?"

"Well! I took my change and managed to whisper a word to Sweeney—a good friend, remember—and came out. I took a short cut back, but the 'person' that had stood in the back of the store seemed to know the way almost better than I—so well that he got ahead of me. He was walking quietly this way and so slowly that I had at last to overtake him. He said nothing, just watched me as if interested in the way I was going—but, I'm ashamed to say, he rather frightened me! And here I am."

"Well, then," I said, "let's hurry home and talk it over with the 'king.'"

The "king," as I had realized, was a practical "romantic" and at once took the matter seriously, leaving—

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Coming Styles in Millinery

Forecast of Materials and Shapes That Will Mark Fall and Winter Hats.

TRIMMED BRIM IS CERTAIN

Will Be Used in Many Ways, Most of Them Charming—High Draped Crowns Sure to Be Another Feature.

While it seems somewhat early in the season to speak with finality of the fall and winter hats, enough new shapes have been displayed to give us some inkling of what is to come, writes Martha Goode Anderson in the New York Sun. For several weeks now we have seen a sweeping range of the felt hats with wide brims and ornamented with bright and gay wool stitchery. As this wool stitchery is to be so much in evidence throughout the winter not only on hats but on coats, dresses and blouses, it is just as well to consider it seriously and recognize the demand, for it is one of the established facts in winter's coming fashions.

The felt hats of which I am speaking have been used primarily for sport hats with pale-colored sweaters and bright-hued skirts and blouses. We cannot complain of the lack of color during this summer, for as a sort of reaction from the dull and somber hues of the war period our clothes have caught and reflected the most radiant tones of the rainbow and every group has been resplendent in its vivid colors.

The First Showing.

Always at the beginning of every season it seems as if the first showing of millinery included only the wide-brimmed and large hats. This is inevitably so for the spring and summer, as we find ourselves preparing for the hot days when the sun is blinding and we need some sort of protection for eyes and skin. Just why it should be for fall and winter, however, I do not

fronds high in the air so much used formerly.

Trimmed Brims.
The trimmed brim is used in many ways, as we shall see as the season advances. Single flowers of velvet are being used in flat masses around the wide brims which turn up and away from the face in a new fashion. These hats are not so elaborate and dressy as the picture hats of velvet and, paradise, but they are suitable for morning wear and make a trim finish for the shopping dress worn with smart veils and furs.

One of the simplest is exploited in a midnight-blue velvet in the saucer shape with upturned brim. Around the crown is placed a circle of loops made of heaviest blue silk floss in a lighter shade. These loops are used to imitate ostrich fronds, which are also much in evidence as a winter trimming. At one side of this model is placed a large rosette of the loops of the silk floss and an edge of the same finishes the brim around the face.

Another treatment of this upturned brim is seen in the wide sailor shape which has a flaring brim across the front of the hat, giving something of a three-cornered effect seen from the front. This is particularly suited to young faces and youthful types.

The flaring brim is often thickly studded with tiny steel beads or dotted with knots of silk in the kind we call French knots, meaning a tiny dot of the silken thread made by wrapping it twice around the needle and pulling through to the under side. The effect is that of silken beads. As this is often done in contrasting colors it makes a most effective trimming.

Because of the great demand for hats of soft materials, such as duvetyne and velours and velvet, and because of the increasing cost of these soft and beautiful fabrics, the price is continually mounting, especially as so much of the trimming used this year is done by hand and is really hand embroidery. One of the favorite effects is seen in the use of simple blossoms, such as nasturtiums, single petaled roses and kindred blooms done



She Drew Up From Her Bosom a Little Bag That Hung by a Silver Chain, and Opening It, Drew Out, With a Laugh—a Golden Doubloon.



NOVEL CREATION OF ANGORA AND SATIN, AND A BERET OF DUVE-TYN EMBROIDERED.

know unless the idea is to display first the dressy hat, as most women go on the principle that having invested in a smart and very good hat almost anything will do for every day. I do not present this idea as conclusive by any means, but it may be one of the reasons why we are shown so few of the small and simple every-day sort of hat and most of the newest shapes are of the splendid velvet picture hats.

Paradise feathers are predominating as trimming. They sweep down, but not up as heretofore, and thick sprays are used more than the single feathers we have seen so much of in recent times. Black paradise is really lovely and so expensive that it need not be disdained by even the most exacting and conservative.

One of the newest shapes which is neither large nor small in size is the round turban with the draped and heavy brim. This is not an easy shape to wear, as it is apt to look very heavy close to the face. However, it is really very splendid, for it is developed in the rarest and richest of brocades, heavily embroidered in gold and silver and resplendent in a mingling of colors entrancing to see.

The crowns of these wide draped turbans are of velvet or duvetyne as the case may be and are entirely untrimmed, as the present indication in the matter of trimming is seen in the draping of the brim. Where feathers are used they sweep down close to the face, even resting almost under the chin in a soft curve. This way of placing the paradise is an old, old one, borrowed, doubtless, from portraits of great ladies of some hundred or more years ago. It is in distinct contrast to the upstanding and jaunty aigrette which showered in a little fountain of

in outline around crown and brim. These are extremely simple to make.

High Draped Crowns.

The high draped crowns are again seen. Sometimes they point up almost a foot above the brim and are draped in a series of folds which keeps them from being awkward and very ugly, as they so easily could be. Of course the brims which accompany these high draped crowns must be wide enough to set them off successfully and prevent a topheavy look. Among the new trimmings are seen much glycerined ostrich feather banding. This sort of treatment of the feathers makes them shiny and glossy. The fronds are placed singly along a narrow band to hold them and are used thus against the brim in a width sufficient to entirely cover the brim and extend slightly beyond. They are used effectively on a rather wide hat of rose-colored velvet of which the crown is of the high draped design thickly brocaded in silver. The feather band lies flat over the brim and a narrow strip of silver ribbon encircles the crown where the feathers and the brocade come together.

A new shade is called nasturtium yellow and is as vivid as it can possibly be and very smart when made up in an untrimmed velvet hat rolling as to brim and crown too. These untrimmed hats are quite new, as they have an air entirely all their own and seem to be most elaborate when absolutely untrimmed. This effect is achieved by a clever draping of the velvet, as in one instance the velvet is so arranged that it seems to make a fold over the crown and is folded in over the brim in a double effect which is different from more ordinary arrangements.