

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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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

“We needn't go any farther,” said the “king.” “It's the same all the way along to the mouth—all overgrown as you see, all the way, right out to the ‘white water’ as they call it—which is four miles of shoal sand that is seldom deeper than two fathoms, and which a nor'easter is liable to blow dry for a week or end. Naturally it's a hard place to find, and a hard piece to get off—and only two or three persons besides Sweeney—all of them our friends—know the way in. Tobias may know it; but to know it is one thing, to find it is another matter. I could hardly be sure of it myself—if I were standing in from the sea, with nothing but the long palmetto-fringed coast line to go by.”

“Now you see it? I brought you here, because words—”

“Even yours, dear ‘king,’ I laughed.

“—could not explain what I suggest for us to do. You are interested in Tobias. Tobias is interested in you. I am interested in you both. And Calypso and I have a treasure to guard.”

“I have still a treasure to seek,” I said, half to myself.

“Now, to be practical. We can assume that Tobias is on the watch. I don't mean that he's around here just now, for before we left I spoke to Samson and Erebus and they will pass the word to four men blacker than themselves; therefore we can assume that this square mile or so is for the moment ‘to ourselves.’ But beyond our fence you may rely that Tobias and his myrmidons—is that the word?” he asked with a concession to his natural foolishness—“are there.”

“So,” he went on, “I want you to go down to your boat tomorrow morning to say goodby to the commandant, the parson and the postmaster; to haul up your sail and head for Nassau. Call it on Sweeney on the way, buy an extra box of cartridges, and say ‘Dieu et mon Drot’—it is our password; he will understand, but, if he shouldn't, explain in your own way that you come from me, and that we rely upon him to look out for our interest. Then head straight for Nassau; but, about eight o'clock, or anywhere around twilight, turn about and head—well, we'll map it out on the chart at home—anywhere up to eight miles along the coast till you come to a light low down right on the edge of the water. As soon as you see it drop anchor; then wait till morning—the very beginning of dawn. As soon as you can see land look out for Samson—the land will look alike to you. Only make the captain head straight for Samson, and just as you think you are going to run ashore— Well, you will see!”

CHAPTER V.

Old Friends.

Next morning I did as the “king” had told me to do. The whole program was carried out just as he had planned it. I made my goodbyes in the settlement, as we had arranged, not forgetting to say “Dieu et mon Drot” to Sweeney, and watching with some humorous intent how he would take it. He took it quietly, as a man in a signal box takes a signal, with about as much emotion and with just the same necessary seriousness.

“Tell the boss,” he said—of course he meant the “king”—“that we are looking after him. Nothing'll slip through here, if we can help it. Good luck!”

So I went down to the boat—to old Tom once more, and the rest of our little crew, who had long since exhausted the attractions of their life ashore and were glad, as I was, to “Hist Up the John B. Sail.”

Down in my cabin I looked over some mail that had been waiting for me at the post office. Amongst it was a crisp, characteristic word from Charlie Webster—for whom the gun will ever be mightier than the pen:

“Tobias escaped—just heard he is on your island—watch out. Will follow in a day or two.”

I came out on deck about sunset. We were running along with all our sails drawing like a dream. I looked back at the captain, proud and quiet and happy there at the helm, and nodded a smile to him, which he returned with a flash of his teeth. He loved his boat; he asked nothing better than to watch her behaving just as she was doing. And the other boys seemed quiet and happy too, lying along the sides of the house, ready for the captain's order, but meanwhile content to look up at the great sails and down again at the sea.

We were a ship and a ship's crew all at peace with one another, and contented with ourselves—pushing and singing and spraying through the water. We were all friends—sea and sails and crew together. I couldn't help thinking that a mutiny would be hard to arrange under such a combination of influences.

Tom was sitting forward plaiting a rope. For all our experiences to gether he never implied that he was

anything more than the ship's cook, with the privilege of waiting upon me in the cabin at my meals. But of course he knew that I had quite another valuation of him, and as our eyes met I beckoned to him to draw closer to me.

“Tom,” I said, “I have found my treasure.”

“You don't say so, sar.”

“Quite true, Tom,” I continued; “you shall see my treasure tomorrow; meanwhile read this note.” Tom was so much to me that I wanted him to know all about the details of the enterprise we shared together, and in which he risked his life no less than I risked mine.

Tom took out his spectacles from some recess of his trousers and applied himself to Charlie Webster's note, as though it had been the Bible. He read it as slowly, indeed, as if it had been Sanscrit, and then folded it and handed it back to me without a word. But there was quite a young smile in his old eyes.

“The wonderful works of God,” he said presently. “I guess, sar, we shall soon be able to ask him what he meant by that expression.”

Soon the long, dark shore loomed ahead of us. I had reckoned it out about right. But the captain announced that we were in shoal water.

“How many feet?” I asked, and a boy threw out the lead.

“Sixteen and a half,” he said.

“Go ahead,” I called out.

“Do you want to go aground?” asked the captain.

For answer I pushed him aside and took the wheel. I had caught the smallest glimmer, like a night light, flashing on the water.

“Drop the anchor,” I called.

The light inshore was clear and near at hand, about one hundred yards away, and there was the big murmur and commotion of the long breakers over the dancing shoals. The tide was running out very fast, and the white sand coming ever nearer to our eyes in the moonlight; and Samson's light, there, was keeping white and steady.

With the thought of my treasure and the “king” so near by it was hard to resist the temptation to plunge in and follow my heart ashore. But I managed to control the boisterous impulse, and presently we were all snug, and some of us snoring below decks, rocked in the long swells of the shoal water that gleamed milkily like an animated moonstone under the stars—old Sailor curled up at my feet, just like old times.

I woke just as dawn was waking too, very still and windless; for the threatening nor'easter had changed his mind, and the world was as quiet as though there weren't a human being in it. As the light grew I scanned the shore to see whether I could detect the entrance of the hidden creek; but, though I swept it up, and down again and again, it continued to justify the “king's” boast. There was no sign of an opening anywhere. Nothing but a straight line of brush, with men-



“Drop the Anchor!” I cried.

groves here and there stepping down in their fantastic way into the water. And yet we were but a hundred yards from the shore. Certainly “Blackbeard”—if the haunt had really been his—had known his business; for an enemy could have sought him all day along this coast and found no clue to his hiding place.

But presently, as my eyes kept on seeking, a figure rose, tall and black, near the water's edge, a little to our left, and shot up a long arm by way of signal. It was Samson; and evidently the mouth of the creek was right there in front of us—under our very noses, so to say—and yet it was impossible to make it out. However, at this signal, I stirred up the still sleeping crew, and presently we had

the anchors up, and the engine started at the slowest possible speed.

The tide was beginning to run in, so we needed very little way on us. I pointed out Samson to the captain, and, following the “king's” instructions, told him to steer straight for the negro. Samson stood there and called:

“All right, sar. Keep right on. You'll see your way in a minute.”

And, sure enough, when we were barely fifty feet away from the shore, and there seemed nothing for it but to run dead aground, low down through the floating mangrove branches we caught sight of a narrow gleam starting inland, and in another moment or two our decks were swept with foliage as the Flamingo rustled in, like a bird to cover, through an opening in the bushes barely twice her beam; and there before us, snaking through the brush, was a lane of water which immediately began to broaden between palmetto-fringed banks, and was evidently deep enough for a much larger vessel.

“Plenty of water, sar,” halloosed Samson from the bank, grinning a huge welcome. “Keep a-going after me, and he started trotting along the creek side.

Samson went trotting along the twisting banks, we cautiously feeling our way after him, for something like a quarter of a mile; and then, coming round a sudden bend, the creek opened out into a sort of basin. On the left bank stood two large palmetto shanties. Samson indicated that there was our anchorage; and then, as we were almost alongside of them, the cheery halloos of a well-known voice hailed us. It was the “king;” and as I answered his welcome the morning suddenly sang for me—for there, too, was Calypso at his side.

The water ran so deep at the creek's side that we were able to moor the Flamingo right up against the bank, and when I had jumped ashore and greeted my friends, and the “king” had executed a brief characteristic fantasia on the manifold advantages of having a hidden pirate's creek in the family, he unfolded his plans, or rather that portion of them that was necessary at the moment.

CHAPTER VI.

An Old Enemy.

Charlie Webster's laconic note was naturally our chief topic over breakfast. “Tobias escaped—just heard he is on your island. Watch out. Will follow in a day or two.” The “king” read it out, when I handed him the note across the table.

“Your friend writes like a true man of action,” he added, “like Caesar—and also the electric telegraph. We must send word to Sweeney to be on the lookout for him. I will send Samson the Redoubtable with a message to him this morning. Meanwhile we will smoke and think.”

Then for the next hour the “king” thought aloud; while Calypso and I sat and listened, occasionally throwing in a parenthesis of comment or suggestion. It was evident, we all agreed, that Calypso had been right. It had been Tobias and none other whose evil eye had sent her so breathless back to me, waiting in the shadow of the woods; and it was the same evil eye that had fallen victim-like on her golden doubloon exposed on Sweeney's counter.

It was clear that there were such coins on the island in somebody's possession. Then, when he had watched Calypso on her way home—and without any doubt being the spectator of our meeting at the edge of the wood though we had been unable to catch sight of him—there would of course be a suspicion in his mind that my quest might at least be approaching success, and that his ancestral millions might be almost in my hands. That there might be some other treasure on the island with which neither he nor his grandfather had any concern would not occur to him, nor would it be likely to trouble him if it did. My presence was enough to prove that the treasure was his—for was it not his treasure that I was after? Logic irrefutable! How was he to know that all the treasure so far discovered was that modest hoard—unearthed, as I heard, in the garden—the present whereabouts of which was known only to Calypso. The “king” had interrupted himself at this point of argument.

“By the way, Calypso, where is it?” he asked unexpectedly, to the sudden confusion of both of us. “Isn't it time you revealed your mysterious Aladdin's cave?”

At the word “cave” the submerged rose in Calypso's cheeks almost came to the surface of their beautiful olive. “Cave!” she countered manfully, “who said it was a cave?”

“It was merely a figure of speech, which—if I may say so, my dear—might apply with equal fitness, say—to a silk stocking.”

And Calypso laughed through another tide of rose-color.

“No, dad, not that, either. Never

mind where it is. It is perfectly safe, I assure you.”

“But are you sure, my dear? Wouldn't it be safer, after all, here in the house? How can you be certain that no one but yourself will accidentally discover it?”

“I am absolutely certain that no one will,” she answered, with an emphasis on the last three words which sent a thrill through me, for I knew that it was meant for me. “Of course, dad,” she added, “if you insist—you shall have it. But seriously I think it is safer where it is, and if I were



“Isn't it Time You Revealed Your Mysterious Aladdin's Cave?”

to fetch it, how can I be sure that no one”—she paused, with a meaning which I, of course, understood—“Tobias, for instance, would see me going—and follow me.”

“To be sure—to be sure,” said the “king.” “What do you think, friend Ulysses?”

“I think it more than likely that she might be followed,” I answered. “and I quite agree with Miss Calypso. I certainly wouldn't advise her to visit her treasure just now—with the woods probably full of eyes. In fact,” I added, smiling frankly at her, “I could scarcely answer for myself even—for I confess that she has filled me with an overpowering curiosity.”

“So be it then,” said the “king;” and now to consider what our friend here graphically speaks of as those eyes in the woods.”

The “king” then made a determined descent into the practical. The woods, most probably, were full of eyes. In plain prose, we were almost certainly being watched. Unless—unless, indeed, my bogus departure for Nassau had fooled Tobias as we had hoped. But, even so, with that lure of Calypso's doubloon ever before him, it was too probable that he would not leave the neighborhood without some further investigation—an investigation,” the “king” explained, “which might well take the form of a midnight raid; murdered in our beds, and so forth.”

That being so, being in fact almost a certainty—the “king” spoke as though he would be a much disappointed man otherwise—we must look to our garrison. After all, besides ourselves, we had but Samson and Erebus and their dark brethren of doubtful courage, while Tobias probably had command of a round dozen of doughty desperadoes. On the whole, perhaps, it might be best to avail ourselves of the crew of the Flamingo—“under cover of the dark,” he repeated with a smile.

While he had been talking Samson had long since been on his way with the word to Sweeney to look out for Webster, and as he had been admonished to hurry back it was scarcely noon when he returned, bringing in exchange a verbal message from Sweeney.

“The pockmarked party,” ran the message as delivered by Samson, “had left the harbor in his sloop that morning. Yes, sar!”

“Ha! ha!” laughed the “king” turning to me. “So two can play at that game, says Henry P. Tobias, Jr. But if we haven't fooled him let's make sure that he hasn't fooled us. We'll bring up your crew all the same—what do you think?”

“Under cover of the dark,” I assented.

The “king's” instructions to me were that I was not to show my nose outside the house. I must regard myself as a prisoner with the entire freedom of his study—a large, airy room on the second floor, well furnished with all manner of books, old prints, strange fishes in glass cases, rods, guns, pipe racks, curiosities of every kind from various parts of the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Smart Versions of the Suit



One does not have to assert the popularity of the tailored suit when writing of fashions. In America it goes without saying, for the suit is always the backbone of the American woman's outfit, for every season of the year. It fits in with her manner of life. If our devotion to the tailored suit needed any sustaining it would not lack it; for Paris has pronounced its approval of our favorite and set about to show what France can do in the production of smart models. We are glad to study these examples of the genius of the French and confident that, in this particular field, American models will never suffer by comparison. They are more likely to excel over their competitors. But we cannot have all the good ideas and we will profit by the exhaustless ingenuity of the French.

Two handsome and practical “made in America” suits for the coming winter season invite the consideration of those who give the study of styles in suits the attention it deserves. The tailored suit more than anything else needs to be carefully selected. There are a few new phases of the mode to consider. They include the prominence given very high choker collars, wider skirts and longer coats, semi-fitted, and a few rather snugly fitted

coats with ripple skirts, shorter than those of the semi-fitted models. A fine model for practical use is shown with a coat that is an extreme of the mode in length. It has a straight front and paneled back and between them, at each side, tucked under arm pieces are set in. The tucks are graduated in width, with the widest one eight inches above the hem. Two bone buttons at the front of the coat and one on each sleeve, indicate that buttons must play a minor role as a decorative feature for this season. The skirt is plain. Tricotine is the favorite material for suits of this character.

A more dressy suit of velours reveals a coat that is very new in design. It is semi-fitted, with skirt portion set on to make an effect of drapery on the hips, and this piece is embroidered in points with graduated disks between them. The same design appears on the skirt which in this suit is considerably wider than those of the past season. At the front and back, between the embroidered points, a handsome motif emphasizes the prominence given to embroidery in this model and indicates that skirts may be less plain than they have been. The very narrow skirt has disappeared, for which dispensation of fashion let us be thankful.



In toilet preparations our grandmothers made many things for themselves of the harmless and homely ingredients they had at hand. Some of these old recipes have been preserved and have proven their worth in performing the work they are intended for. Besides being less expensive than the lotions and creams bought in the shops one has the satisfaction of knowing just what is in them. For the complexion and for the hair these home-made preparations probably have tonic and healing qualities as effective as the manufactured articles. At least they will answer the purpose for women who feel that money spent for toilet preparations is an extravagance for them. Here is the old fashioned and reliable formula for treatment of a dry skin.

When the skin is dry and harsh it should be washed only once a day in warm water, using a pure, bland soap, and rinsed in cold water. This is done in the morning. During the day use a disappearing cream, rubbing it in and then wiping it off with a piece of old linen. At night rub in the cream but do not rub it off but allow it to remain all night.

The disappearing cream is made as follows: White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; almond oil, 4 ounces; rose water, 4 ounces. Use as described above. Can be put up by any druggist or at home, remembering that the more a cream is beaten the smoother it will be.

An Astringent Cream. A well-recommended astringent cream is made from four ounces of nutmeg tallow, one and a quarter ounces of glycerin, one-half a dram of tincture of benzoin, a quarter of a dram of spirits of camphor, one-eighth of a dram of powdered alum, one-quarter of a dram of Russian isinglass and one-half an ounce of rose water. The rose water is warmed to a

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china cup set in hot water and the ingredients is dissolved in it. The nutmeg tallow, which has previously been tried out at gentle heat and added to the glycerin, is then blended with the rose water, and the other ingredients are added while the mixture is being beaten. This makes a cream which is astringent, tightening the skin, without allowing it to become flabby.

To Soften the Hands. Before retiring take a large pair of gloves and spread nutmeg tallow inside, also all over the hands. Wear the gloves all night and wash the hands with olive oil and white Castile soap in the morning; after cleansing the hands with soap rub them well with oatmeal while still wet.

Wool Embroidery. Wool embroidery continues to appear with insistent frequency on summer gowns, for both morning and afternoon wear.

Lines, silk and organdie are embroidered in “riotous” colors, as a hat trimming; wool flowers, fruits and geometrical figures continue in high favor.

Two shades of yellow pumpkin and lemon are lovely against background of blue, while a thread of black and another of white give perfect tone values to the various shades which are used in embroideries.

Seen in Fifth Avenue. An unusual dress recently seen on Fifth Avenue was of white satin with overdrapery of navy georgette falling from shoulders to hem. The georgette was bordered by wide band of white headwork, and a collar reaching almost to the waistline was similarly headed.

Julia Bottomley