

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 VIII—Continued.

I turned my eyes over the sea—I could move them, at all events; how gloriously it was shining out there! And here was I, helpless, with arms extended, as one crucified. I closed my eyes in anguish, and let my body relax; perhaps I dozed, or perhaps I fainted—but, suddenly, what was that that aroused me, summoned me back to life? It seemed a short, sharp sound of firing; I opened my eyes and looked out to sea, and then I gave a great cry:

"Calypso! Calypso!" I cried. "Calypso!" and it seemed as though a giant's strength were in me—that I could rend the rocks apart. I made a mighty effort, and, whether or not my relaxing had made a readjustment of my position, I found that for some reason I could move forward again, and, with one desperate wriggle, I had my head through the narrow space. To wrench my shoulders and legs after it was comparatively easy, and, in a moment, I was safe on the outer side, where, as I had surmised, the aperture did widen out again. Within a few moments, I was on the edge of the sea, had dived, and was swimming madly toward—

But let me tell what I had seen, as I hung there, so helpless, in that crevice in the rocks.

CHAPTER IX.

I had seen, close in shore, a two-masted schooner under full sail sweeping by, as if pursued, and three negroes kneeling on deck, with leveled rifles. As I looked, a shot rang out, from my right, where I could not see, and one of the negroes rolled over. Another shot, and the negro next him fell sprawling with his arms over the bulwark.

At that moment, two other negroes emerged from the cabin hatchway, half dragging and half carrying a woman. She was struggling bravely, but in vain. The negroes—evidently acting under orders of a white man, who stood over them with a revolver—were dragging her toward the main mast. Her head was bare, her hair in disorder, and one shoulder from which her dress had been torn in the struggle, gleamed white in the sunlight. Yet her eyes were flashing splendid scornful fires at her captors; and her laughter of defiance came ringing to me over the sea. It was then that I had cried "Calypso!" and wrenched myself free.

The next moment there came dashing in sight a sloop also under full canvas, and at its bow, a huge white man, with a leveled rifle that still smoked. At a glance, I knew him for Charlie Webster. He had been about to fire again, but, as the man dragged Calypso forward, he paused, calm as a rock, waiting, with his keen sportsman's eyes on Tobias—for, of course, it was he.

"You—coward!" I heard his voice roar across the rapidly diminishing distance between the two boats, for the sloop was running with power as well as sails.

Meanwhile, the men had lashed Calypso to the mast, and even in my agony my eyes recorded the glory of her beauty as she stood proudly there—the great sails spread above her, and the sea for her background.

"Now, do your worst," cried Tobias, his evil face white as wax in the sunlight.

"Fire, fire—don't be afraid," rang out Calypso's voice, like singing gold. At the same instant, as she called Tobias sprang toward her with raised revolver.

"Another word, and I fire," shouted the voice of the brute.

But the rifle that never missed its mark spoke again, Tobias' arm fell shattered, and he staggered away screaming. Still once more, Charlie Webster's gun spoke, and the staggering figure fell with a crash on the deck.

"Now, boys, ready," I heard Charlie's voice roar out again, as the sloop tore alongside the schooner—where the rest of the negro crew with raised arms had fallen on their knees, crying for mercy.

All this I saw from the water, as I swam wildly toward the two boats, which now had closed on each other, a mass of thundering canvas, and screaming and cursing men—and Calypso there, like a beautiful statue, still lashed to the mast, a proud smile on her lovely lips.

Another moment, and Charlie had sprung aboard, and, seizing a knife from one of the screaming negroes, he cut her free.

His deep calm voice came to me over the water.

"That's what I call courage," he said. "I could never have done it."

The "king" had been right. He knew his daughter.

By this I was nearing the boats, though as yet no one had seen me. They were all too busy with the confusion on deck, where four men lay dead, and three others still kept up their gibberish of fear.

I saw Calypso and Charlie Webster stand a moment looking down at the figure of Tobias, prostrate at their feet.

"I am sorry I had to kill him," I heard Charlie's deep growl. "I meant to keep him for the hangman."

But suddenly I saw him start forward and stamp heavily on something.

"No, you don't," I heard him roar—and I learned afterward that Tobias, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead, and that, as the two had stood looking down on him, they had seen his hand furtively moving toward the fallen revolver that lay a few inches from him on the deck. Just as he had grasped it, Charlie's heavy boot had come down on his wrist. But Tobias was still game.

"Not alive, you English brute!" he was heard to groan out, and, snatching free his wrist too swiftly to be prevented, he had gathered up all his remaining strength, and buried himself over the side into the sea.

I was but a dozen yards away from him, as he fell; and, as he rose again, it was for his dying eyes to fix with a glare upon me. They dilated with terror, as though he had seen a ghost. Then he gave one strange scream, and fell back into the sea, and we saw him no more.

It will be easier for the reader to imagine, than for me to describe, the look on the faces of Calypso and Charlie Webster when they saw me appear at almost the same spot where poor Tobias had just gone bubbling



"Now, Do Your Worst!" Cried Tobias, down. Words I had none, for I was at the end of my strength, and I broke down and sobbed like a child.

"Thank God you are safe—my treasure, my treasure!" was all I could say, after he had lifted me aboard, and I lay face down on the deck, at her feet. Swiftly she knelt by my side, and caressed my shoulder with her dear hand.

All of which—particularly my reference to "my treasure"—must have been much to the bewilderment of the good simple-hearted Charlie, towering, innocent-eyed, above us. I believe I stayed a little longer at her feet than I really had need to, for the comfort of her being so near and kind; but, presently, we were all aroused by a voice from the cliffs above. It was the "king," with his bodyguard, Erebus and the crew of the Flamingo—no Samson, alas! The sound of the firing had reached them in the woods, and they had come hurrying to discover its cause.

So we deferred asking our questions, and telling our several stories, till we were pulled ashore.

As Calypso was folded in her father's arms, he turned to me:

"Didn't I tell you that I knew my daughter?" he said.

"And I told you something too, O king," I replied—my eyes daring at last to rest on Calypso with the love and pride of my heart.

"And where on earth have you been, young man?" he asked, laughing. "Did Tobias kidnap you too?"

It was very hard, as you will have seen, to stoosh the "king."

But, though it was hard to astonish and almost impossible to alarm him, his sense of wonder was quite another matter, and the boyish delight with which he listened to our several stories would have made it worth while to undergo tenfold the perils we had faced. Our stories, said the "king," were quite in the manner of "The Arabian Nights," dovetailing one into the other.

"And now," he added, "we will begin with the 'Story of the Murdered Slave and the Stolen Lady.'"

Calypso told her story simply and in a few words. The first part of it, of which the poor murdered Samson

had been the eloquent witness, needed no further telling. He had done his brave best—poor fellow—but Tobias had had six men with him, and it was soon over. Her they had gagged and bound and carried in a sort of improvised sedan chair; Tobias had done the thing with a certain style and—she had to admit—with absolute courtesy.

When they had gone a mile or two from the house, he had had the gag taken from her mouth, and, on her promise not to attempt to escape (which was, of course, quite impossible) he had also had her unbound, so that her hurried journey through the woods was made as comfortable as possible.

They were making, she had gathered—and as we had surmised—for the northern shore, and, after about a three hours' march, she heard the sound of the sea. On the schooner she had found a cabin all nicely prepared for her—even dainty toilet necessaries—and an excellent dinner was served, on some quite pretty china, to her alone. Poor Tobias had seemed bent on showing—as he had said to Tom—that he was not the "carrion" he had thought him.

After dinner, Tobias had respectfully asked leave for a few words with her. He had apologized for his action, but explained that it was necessary—the only way he had left, he said, of protecting his own interests, and safeguarding a treasure which belonged to him and no one else, if it belonged to any living man. It had seemed to her that it was a monomania with him.

While he had been talking, she had made up her mind what she would do. She would tell him the plain truth about her doubloons, and offer him what remained of them as a ransom. This she did, and was able at last half to persuade him that, so far as anyone knew, that was all the treasure there was, and then the digging among the ruins of the old house was a mere fancy of her father's. There might be something there or not—and she went so far as to give her word of honor that, if anything was found, he should have his share of it.

Tobias had seemed impressed, and promised his answer in the morning, leaving her to sleep—with a sentry at her cabin door. She had slept soundly, and awakened only at dawn. As soon as she was up, Tobias had come to her, saying that he had accepted her offer, and asking her to direct him to her treasure.

This she had done, and, to avoid passing the settlement, they had taken the course round the eastern end of the island. As they had approached the cave (and here Calypso turned a quizzical smile on me, which no one, of course, understood but ourselves), a sloop was seen approaching them from the westward . . . and here she stopped and turned to Charlie Webster.

"Now," said the "king," "we shall hear the story of Apollo—or, let us say, rather Ajax—the Far-Darter—he of the arrow that never missed its mark."

And Charlie Webster, more at home with deeds than words, blushed and blushed through his part of the story, telling how—having called at the settlement—he had got our message from Sweeney, and was making up the coast for the hidden creek. He had spied what he felt sure was Tobias' schooner—had called on him "in the king's name" to surrender—"I had in my pocket the warrant for his arrest," said Charlie, with innocent pride—"the d-d scoundrel!" but had been answered with bullets. He had been terribly frightened, he owned, when Calypso had been brought on deck, but she had given him courage—he paused to beam on her, a broad-faced admiration, for which he could find no words—and, as he had never yet missed a flying duck at—I forget how many yards Charlie mentioned—well . . . perhaps he oughtn't to have risked it.

And so his story came to an end, amid reassuring applause.

"Now," said the "king," "for the Story of the Disappearing Gentleman and the Lighted Lantern."

And then I told my story as it is already known to the reader, and I have to confess that, when I came to the cheerful of doubloons and pieces of eight, I had a very attentive audience. The "king" was for starting off that very night. But, reminded of the difficult seclusion in which the treasure still lay, he was persuaded to wait till the morrow.

"At dawn then," he said, "tomorrow—what time, the rosy-footed dawn . . . so be it. And now I am going to talk to Ajax the Far-Darter of duck shooting."

"But wait!" I cried. "Why did 'Jack Harkaway' go to Nassau?"

Calypso blushed. The "king" chuckled.

"I prefer not to be known in Nassau, yet some of my business has to be done there. Nor is it safe for beauty like Calypso to go unprotected. So from time to time, 'Jack Harkaway' goes for us both! And now enough of explanations!" and he launched into talk of game and sport in various

parts of the world, to the huge delight of the great simple-hearted Charlie.

But, after a time, other matters claimed the attention of his other auditors. During the flow of his discourse night had fallen. Calypso and I perceived that we were forgotten—so, by an impulse that seemed to be one, we rose and left them there, and stole out into the garden where the little fountain was dancing like a spirit under the moon, and the orange trees gave out their perfume on the night breeze. I took her hand, and we walked softly out into the moonlight, and looked down at the closed lotuses in the little pool. And then we took courage to look into each other's eyes.

"Calypso," I said, "when are you going to show me where you keep your doubloons?"—and I added, in a whisper, "Jack—when am I going to see you in boy's clothes again?"

And, with that, she was in my arms, and I felt her heart beating against my side.

"Oh! my treasure," I said—ever so softly—"Calypso, my treasure."

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, such readers as have been "gentle" enough to follow me so far in my story, may possibly desire to be told what lay behind those other locked doors in the underground gallery where I so nearly laid my bones.

Those caverns, we afterward discovered, did actually communicate with Blackbeard's ruined mansion, and the "king," who has now rebuilt that mansion and lives in it in semi-federal state with Calypso and me, is able to pass from one to the other by underground passages which are an unending source of romantic satisfaction to his dear, absurd soul.

As to whether or not the mansion and the treasure were actually Blackbeard's—that is, Edward Teach's—we are yet in doubt, though we prefer to believe that they were. At all events, we never found any evidence to connect them at all with Henry P. Tobias, whose second treasure, we have every reason to think, still remains undiscovered.

As for the sinister and ill-fated Henry P. Tobias, Jr., we have since learned—through Charlie Webster, who every now and again drops in with sailors from his sloop and carries off the "king" for duck hunting—that his real name was quite different; he must have assumed, as a nom de guerre, the name we knew him by, to give color to his claim. I am afraid, therefore, that he was a plain scoundrel, after all, though it seemed to me that I saw gleams in him of something better, and I shall always feel a sort of kindness toward him for the saving grace of gallant courtesy with which he invested his abduction of Calypso.

Calypso . . . She and I—just for fun, sometimes drop into Sweeney's store, and when she has made her purchases, she draws up from her bosom a little bag, and, looking softly at me, lays down on the counter—a golden doubloon; and Sweeney—who, doubtless, thinks us all a little crazy—smiles indulgently on our make-believe.

Sometimes, on our way home, we come upon Tom in the plantations, superintending a gang of the "king's" janissaries—among whom Erebus is still the blackest—for Tom is now the lord high steward of our estate. He beams on us in a fatherly way, and I lay my hand significantly on my left side—to his huge delight. He flashes his white teeth and wags his head from side to side with inarticulate enjoyment of the allusion. For who knows? He may be right. In so mysterious a world the smallest cause may lead up to the most august results and there is nothing too wonderful to happen.

(THE END.)

Key of Happiness.

It is very difficult to realize it sometimes, and it is very hard on our pride to admit it when we do realize it, but it is a fact nevertheless, and a fact that we should get hold of us, and stay with us—that the joy and happiness and satisfaction of our lives depend very much more upon ourselves and the kind of people we are than upon the kind of things that happen to us. It is the kind of will we carry round with us, and the attitude of our mind and the temper of our spirit and decides whether our lives shall be happy and hopeful, and not the things that come to us. Given the right kind of will, the same attitude and the wholesome temper of soul, we shall be able to adjust ourselves to life with some comfort and satisfaction, no matter what its accidents and incidents, until they become quite satisfying. We carry the key of our own happiness ourselves and no one can give it to us or take it away.

Only Worth-While Boss.

"De good boss," said Uncle Eben, "ain't de man dat lets you loaf on de job, but de one dat shows you how you kin take pleasure an' pride in de work."

MAKE BELIEVE
By ELIZABETH LYONS.

The sun was pouring streams of light on the little gray cottage on the highlands, the sunshine of golden August. Through the giant elms sifted the yellow beams, making dappled checkers on the weather-beaten roof.

In answer to a familiar whistle, which echoed through the valley, the sole occupant of the house suddenly appeared in the doorway. The girl had brilliant dark eyes and fluffy black hair that wisped from under a dainty white cap. The short sleeves of a bright gingham revealed the delicate tan of her well-formed arms. Standing behind the pink rambiers on the porch, she reminded one of an ideal peasant girl, capable and charming.

She paused; then without waiting for a repetition of the silvery call, she cupped her hands into a trumpet and called clearly an answering halloo. The whistle sounded nearer now and over the hedges approached the bowed figure of the girl's father. She saw him now as he came into the lane, his gnarled hands clutching two milk pails. Soon he was within talking distance, and she turned to hold the door for him and his heavy burden.

"Well, Mollie, it's a hard time for both of us. We haven't given up yet, have we, little girl?" he added, smiling into her saddened face.

She turned away with a low "no." Then in a few minutes she cheerily announced supper. The table was daintily laid in spite of the heavy crockery, and the old man enjoyed her companionship though few words were spoken.

The simple repast over, Samuel Boden took his pipe, and Mollie took her knitting to the stoop near the well. The sun was now sinking behind Cherry mountain and the two silently watched the gradual changing of the rose and yellow shadings in the heavens, and on Echo lake, in the valley. Mollie's fingers flew swiftly endeavoring to hide her emotions, though with little success.

She stopped knitting. She clasped her father's hand.

"What was that?"

A soft pad-paddling on the crispy leaves came to the man's ears.

"Well, I reckon it may be a bear or it may be a deer. You didn't think it was—"

"It is, it is! I'm sure it is! Oh, dad! I knew he'd come! Oh!"

A few seconds proved her to be right. From the woods near by bounded a handsome Alredale.

"Rex," she called softly. "Rex, Rex," she whispered, throwing her arms around the panting dog.

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes to her father.

"Oh, dad, I knew he'd come. Look! D. B. S. so plain on his collar. He can't be far off. And see; what is this?"

Scratched on the back of the collar were the words, "Mollie, I've come." Samuel Boden's voice shook with emotion.

"Well, little Moll, you won't have to make believe with me any longer."

The old man turned and limped slowly homeward. The girl rose. A long, silvery halloo broke the stillness; a distant whistle answered from the ledges. She sank back again on the stoop and turned her attention to the messenger at her feet. As she patted his soft back her fingers outlined the service and wound stripes which had been sheared on his coat.

"Oh, Rex, you've been with him all during these two long years—all the time—and I've been waiting, waiting. But now he's coming back to me. And I thought he was never to return. They told me so, but I wouldn't believe."

Hark! A twig snapped in the pathway and a tall, stalwart form emerged from the wooded depths. A moment and she was held in a close embrace.

"Mollie, darling; Mollie—"

Two hours later inside the little cottage David told of the two years of separation, Mollie nestling close in adoring silence.

"And," he concluded, "I landed here just a week ago and came up here to the mountain just as fast as I could."

"Oh, David, to think," murmured Mollie, "how long I've made believe." (Copyright, 1918, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Typewriting in the Air.

A new British commercial airplane, in which a business man can dictate letters to his typist and sign the completed letter while on his way to his appointment, underwent a successful trial at Yeovil. It carries three passengers, in addition to the pilot. They are accommodated in comfortable seats in an enclosed cabin, with sliding windows along the sides. When the seats and upholstery are removed the machine will carry 500 pounds of mail at 100 miles an hour. As an indicator of how successfully the noise of the engine has been silenced, the works manager, who had his typist with him, dictated several letters, which she typed while the machine was in the air, on a typewriter fixed to the little folding table in the cabin.

Cutting Off Luxuries.

"I hear young Dubson is taking matrimony seriously."

"There can be little doubt of that."

"Yes?"

"On the eve of his wedding day he parted from his tailor in tears, closed up his account with a taxicab company and had farewells to his favorite waiter."

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and Bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

"Mother! You must say 'California.'"—Adv.

Worse Than the Lover.

"What is worse," demanded the lovely girl, disgustedly, "than a man who will make love to you, in spite of all you can do?"

It seemed to demand a reply, so the other lovely girl said:

"One who won't!"

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

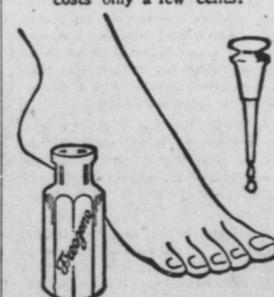
Compressed.

"A good many people bottled their wrath against the prohibition law."

"Well, there's a kick in that bottled stuff, anyway."

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Not a Happy Ending.

Mrs. Haman—This book ends with a marriage.

Haman—You like to read sad stories, don't you?

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$10.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists Rec. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Consolation.

Patient—Good heavens! And you call yourself a painless dentist?

Dentist—My dear chap, I felt absolutely no pain.—Judge.

Infections or inflammations of the Eyes.

whether from external or internal causes, are promptly healed by the use of Russian Eye Balsam at night upon retiring.—Adv.

Sociologists estimate that among every thousand bachelors there are 38 criminals, whereas married men produce 18 per thousand.

Some women are unable to play on any instrument except the car drum.