

Table of land parcels with columns for Name, Description, Sec. Acres, and Amt. Includes entries for John Mulhall, Henry Skidmore, and various townships.

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.

"YOU YOUNG FOOL!"

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 1853. 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 post-marked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, chartered a schooner. The post-marked man is taken on as a passenger. On the voyage somebody empties the gasoline tank. The hero and the passenger climb the schooner 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 Shrift Island. Webster buys the yawl Flamingo and he and the hero sail for Short Shrift Island. As the Flamingo leaves the wharf a young fellow, "Jack Harkaway," jumps aboard and is allowed to remain.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Fire away," answered the youth, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke in a delicate spiral up into the morning sky; "but I've really told you all I have to tell."
"No; you haven't told us how you came to know of our trip, what we were supposed to be after, and when we were starting."

Why Called "House Leek."

The leek, it is said, is called house leek because it was formerly common in the north of England to plant the house leek on the roofs of cottages as it was supposed that the leeks were protection against thunder and lightning.

Birth of Republican Party.

In 1854, on the 6th of July, the present Republican party was founded and organized. It adopted an anti-slavery platform. The first national convention was held two years later. John Fremont was nominated for president.

Measures Human Vibrations.

Utilizing a galvanometer, a French scientist has invented apparatus for measuring vibrations of human bones and tissues, with which, among other things, he reads a person's pulse more accurately than by hand.

Qualities of True Beauty.

Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified and beauty loses its charm, according to the quality of the heart and mind?

Pocket Thief Alarm.

A thief alarm invented in Europe is small enough to be carried in a vest pocket and explodes a cartridge when any object under which it is laid is moved.

Money Not Everything.

Trying to figure everything out on a dollar an cents basis is a dangerous business, because there's thousands of things worth more'n money.—Exchange.

Daily Thought.

What a man thinks in his spirit in the world, that he does after his departure from the world when he becomes a spirit.—Swedenborg.

Another Mystery.

One of the strangest things in this world is how many tears a baby can shed and still keep its face dry.—Galveston News.

fifty yards without one of them getting you."
"Sharks!" gasped out the boy, contemptuously. "I know more about sharks than you do."
"You seem to know a good many things I don't," said Charlie, whose grimace had evidently relaxed a little at the lad's display of mettle. Meanwhile, my temper was beginning to rise on behalf of our young passenger.

"All right," agreed Charlie, beginning to lose his temper, too. "I'm damned if I don't." And, his hand on the tiller, he made as if to turn the boat about and tack for the shore.
"No! no!" cried the boy, springing between us and appealingly laying one hand on Charlie's shoulder, the other on mine. "You mustn't let me spoil your trip. I'll compromise. And, skipper, I'll tell your friend here all there is to tell—everything—I swear—if you will leave it to his judgment."

"That's true!" flushed the lad, momentarily losing his composure. Then, partly regaining it: "Is it necessary to answer that question?"
"Absolutely," answered Charlie, beginning to look really serious.
"Because, if you don't mind . . . well, I'd just as soon not."

"For that very reason I want to know. We are out on a more serious business than perhaps you realize, and your answer may mean more to us than you think."
"Sure it cannot be of such importance to you. Really, it's hardly fair for me to tell. I should have to give away a friend."

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to insist," replied Charlie, looking very grim.
"Alright, then," answered the youth, looking him straight in the eyes, "put me ashore."

"No; I won't do that now, either," declared Charlie, sternly setting his jaw. "I'll put you in irons, rather, and keep you on bread and water—till you answer my questions."
"You will, eh?" retorted the youth, flashing fire from his fine eyes. And as he spoke, quick as thought, he leaped up on to the gunwale and, without hesitation, dived into the great glassy rollers.

CHAPTER IV.

In Which We Enter the Wilderness.
Andros, as no other of the islands, is surrounded by a ring of reefs stretching all around its coasts. We were inside the breakwater of the reefs and the rolling swell of ocean gave way at once to a millpond calmness. We were at the entrance of North Bight, one of the three bights which, dotted with numerous low-lying cays, breaks up Andros island in the middle and allows a passage through a maze-like archipelago direct to the northwest end of Cuba. Here or the northeast shore is a small and

very lonely settlement—one of the two or three settlements on the else-deserted island—Behring's point.
Here we dropped anchor and Charlie, who had some business ashore, proposed our landing with him; but here again our passenger aroused his suspicions—though Heaven knows why—by preferring to remain aboard.
"Please let me off," he requested in his most top-lofty English accent. "You can see for yourself that there's nothing of interest—nothing but a beastly lot of nigger cabins, and dirty coral rock that will cut your boots to pieces. I'd much rather smoke and wait for you in peace;" and, taking out his case and lighting a cigarette, he waved it gaily to us as we rowed off.

He had certainly been right about Behring's point—Charlie was absurdly certain that he had known it before, and had some reason for not landing—for a more forlorn and poverty-stricken foothold of humanity could hardly be conceived; a poor little cluster of negro cabins, indeed, scrambling up from the beach, and with no streets but craggy pathways in and out among the gray clinker-like coral.
But it was touching to find even here that, though the whole worldly goods of the community would scarcely have fetched ten dollars, the souls of men were still held worth caring for; for presently we came upon a pretty little church, with a schoolhouse near by, while from the roof of an adjacent building we were hailed by a pleasant-faced white man, busy with some shingling.

It was the good priest of the little place, Father Serapion, disguised in overalls and the honest grime of his labor; like a true Benedictine, praying with his strong and skillful hands.
Father Serapion and Charlie were old friends, and Charlie took occasion to confide in him with regard to Tobias, and, to his huge delight, discovered that a man answering very closely to his description had dropped in there with a large sponger two days before. He had only stopped long enough to buy rum at the little store near the landing and had been off again through the bight, sailing west. Father Serapion, who knew Charlie Webster's shooting ground, promised to send a swift messenger should anything further of interest to us come to his knowledge within the next week or so.

Then we sailed away from Behring's point, due west through the North bight. Morning found us sailing through a maze of low-lying desert islands of a bewildering sameness of shape and size, with practically nothing to distinguish one from another.
We had hoped to reach our camp, out on the other side of the island, that evening, but that dodging the shoals and sticking in the mud had considerably delayed us. Besides, though Charlie and the captain both hated to admit it, we had lost our way. So night began to fall and, as there is no sailing in such waters at night, we once more cast anchor under a gloomy, black shape of land, exceedingly lonesome and forgotten-looking, which we agreed to call "Little Wood cay"—till morning.

Soon all were asleep except Sailor and me. I lay awake for a long time watching the square yard of stars that shone down through the hatch in our cabin ceiling like a little window looking into eternity, while the waters lapped and lapped outside, and the night talked strangely to itself. Next morning Charlie and the captain were forced to own up that the island, discovered to the day, was not Little Wood cay. No humiliation goes deeper with a sailing man than having to ask his way. Besides, who was there to ask in that solitude? Doubtless a cormorant flying overhead knew it, but no one thought to ask him.

However, we were in luck, for, after sailing about a bit, we came upon two lonely negroes standing up in their boats and thrusting long poles into the water. They were sponging—most melancholy of occupations—and they looked forlorn enough in the still dawn. But they had a smile for our plight. It was evidently a good joke to have mistaken Sapodilla cay for Little Wood cay. Of course we should have gone—"so." And "so" we presently went, not without rewarding them for their information with two generous drinks of old Jamaica rum.

One of our reasons for seeking Little Wood cay, which it proved had been close all the time, was that it is one of the few cays where one can get fresh water. "Good water here," says the chart. We wanted to refill some of our jars, and so we landed there, glad to stretch our legs, while old Tom cooked our breakfast on the beach, under a sapodilla tree.
New that we knew where we were, it was clear, but by no means careless sailing to our camp. We were making for what is known as the Wide Opening, a sort of estuary into which a listless stream or two crawl through mangrove bushes from the interior swamps.

Here, a short distance from the bank, on some slightly ascending

rocky ground, under the spreading shade of something like a stretch of woodland, Charlie, several years ago, had built a rough log shanty for his camp—one of two or three camps he had thus scattered for himself up and down the "out islands," where nearly all the land is no man's, and so every man's land. The particular camp at which we now arrived he had not visited for a long time.
Here Tom brought us our dinner and the dark began to settle down upon us, thrillingly lonely, and full of strange, desolate cries of night creatures from the mangrove swamps that surrounded our little oasis for miles. Sailor lay at our feet, dreaming of tomorrow's duck. His master's thoughts were evidently in the same direction.
"Have you a gun?" he asked, turning to the boy.
"O, I won't brag. I had better wait till tomorrow. But, of course, you will have to lend me a gun."



They Were Sponging.

of his guns, which he kept polished like jewels and guarded as jealously as a violinist his violin, or an Arab his harem.
Dawn was just breaking as I felt Charlie's great paw on my shoulder next morning. He was very serious. For a moment, as I sat up, still half asleep, I thought he had news of Tobias. But it was only duck.
I was scarcely dressed when Tom arrived with breakfast, and in a few minutes we had shouldered our guns and were crossing the half mile of peaty waste that divided us from the marl lakes. Ahead of us, the crew were carrying the skiffs on their shoulders, and very soon we were each seated in regulation fashion on a canvas chair in front of our respective skiffs, with our guns across our knees and a negro behind us to do the poling.

Charlie went ahead, with Sailor standing in the bow quivering with excitement. The necessity of absolute silence, of course, had been impressed upon us all by the most severe of all sportsmen. Tom (who was poling me) and I understood that our job, and also that of my companion, was to steal behind one mangrove cove after another till we had got on the other side of a quacking flock of teal—which might then be expected to take flight in Charlie's direction and rush by him in a terrified whirlwind. This not very easy feat of stalking we were able to accomplish, thereby winning Charlie's immense approval and putting him in a splendid temper for the rest of the day; for, as the wild cloud swept over him, he was able to bring down no less than seven. Like a true sportsman, in telling the story afterward in John Saunders' snuggery, he averred that the number was nine!

The days that now followed for a week might be said to be accurate copies of that first day. But they were none the less delightful for that—for there is a sameness that is far indeed from monotony—though I will confess that, for my own tastes, toward the week-end the carriage of duck began to partake a little of that latter quality. Still, Charlie and Sailor were so happy that I wouldn't have let them suspect that for the world.

Jack Harkaway disappears, without telling his secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Germany has produced the greatest potato crop, with the United States second, and the British empire third.