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Explained by Father.  
Mother—"I wonder why a growing girl is so hard to manage?"  
Father—"Well, naturally, as long as she is a girl her deeds are all misadventures."

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# 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.

By Richard Le Gallienne

A SHAPE OF WITCHCRAFT.

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 peck-marked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, charters a schooner. The peck-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 Man'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 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 adventurers 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.

## CHAPTER I—Continued.

My presence seemed at once to put her on her guard. The music of her voice was suddenly hushed, as though she had hurriedly, almost in terror, thrown a robe of reticence about an impulsive naturalness not to be displayed before strangers. As for the storekeeper, he was evidently a familiar acquaintance. He had known her—she said after she was gone—since she was a little girl. While he spoke, my eyes had accidentally fallen on the coin still in his hand, with which she had just paid him. "Why," I said, "this is a Spanish doublet!" "That's what it is," said the Englishman laconically. "But doesn't it strike you as strange that she should pay her bills with Spanish doublets?" I asked. "It did at first," he answered; and then, as if annoyed with himself, he was attempting to retrieve an expression that carried an implication he evidently didn't wish me to retain, he added: "Of course, she doesn't always pay in Spanish doublets. I suppose they have a few old coins in the family and use them when they run out of others." It was as lame an explanation as well could be, and no one could doubt that, whatever his reason for so doing, he was lying. "But haven't you trouble in disposing of them?" I inquired. "Gold is always gold," he answered, "and we don't see enough of it here to be particular as to whose head is stamped upon it, or what date. Besides, as I said, it isn't as if I got many of them; and you can always dispose of them as curiosities." "Will you sell me this one?" I asked. "I see no harm in your having it," he said, "but I'd just as soon you didn't mention where you got it." "Certainly," I answered, disguising my wonder at his secretiveness. "What is it worth?" He named the sum of sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Having paid him that amount I bade him good-night, glad to be alone with my eager, glowing thoughts. These I took with me to a bit of coral bench, made doubly white by the moon, rustled over by giant palms, and whispered to by the vast living jewel of the sea. I took out my strange doublet and flashed it in the moon. But, brightly as it shone, it hardly seemed as bright as it would have seemed a short while back; or, perhaps, it were truer to say that in another, newer aspect it shone a hundred times more brightly. The adventure to which it called me was no longer simple and simple as before, but a gloriously confused goal of cloudy splendors, the burning core of which—suddenly raying out, and then lost again in brightness—were the eyes of a mysterious girl.

CHAPTER II.

Under the influence of the Moon. My days now began to drift rather aimlessly, as without apparent purpose I continued to linger on an island that might well seem to have little attraction to a stranger—how little I could see by the mystification of the

often gone adrift, had risen the creature of miracle.

O! shape of moonlit marble! O! holiness of this night of moon and stars and sea!

Yes! I was in love. Yet I hope, and think, that the reader will not resent this unexpected incursion into the realms of sentiment when he considers that my sudden attack was not, like most such sudden attacks, an interruption in the robust course of events, but, instead, curiously in the direct line of my purpose. Because the eyes of an unknown girl had thus suddenly enthralled me, I was not, therefore, to lose sight of that purpose.

On the contrary, they had suddenly shone out on the pathway along which I had been blindly groping. But for the accident of being in the dirty little store at so psychological a moment, hearing that strangely familiar voice and catching sight of that mysterious doublet as well as those mysterious eyes, I should have set sail that very night and given up John P. Tobias' second treasure in final disgust. As it was, I was now warmly on the track of some treasure—whether his or not—with two bright eyes further to point the way. Never surely did a man's love and his purpose make so practical a combination.

When I reached my lodging at last in the early morning following that night of wonders my eyes and heart were not so dazzled with that vision in the cave that I did not vividly recall one important detail of the strange picture—those streams of gold that had suddenly poured out of the mouth and hands of the lovely apparition.

Without doubting the evidence of my senses, I was forced to believe that, by the oddest piece of luck, I had stumbled upon the hiding place of that hoard of doubloons, on which my fair unknown drew from time to time as she would out of a bank.

But who was she?—and where was her home? There had seemed no sign of habitation near the wild place where I had come upon her, though, of course, a solitary house might easily have escaped my notice hidden among all that foliage, particularly at nightfall.

To be sure, I had but to inquire of the storekeeper to learn all I wanted; but I was averse from betraying my interest in him or to anyone in the settlement—for, after all, it was my own affair, and hers. So I determined to pursue my policy of watching and waiting, letting a day or two elapse before I again went out wandering with my gun.

I left the craggy bluff facing the sea and plunged into the woods. I had no idea how dark it was going to be, but, coming out of the sun, I was at once bewildered by the deep and complicated gloom of massed branches overhead, and the denser darkness of shrubs and vines so intricately interwoven as almost to make a solid wall



She Had Dived Directly Into the Path of the Moon.

about one. Then the atmosphere was so close and airless that a fear of suffocation combined at once with the other fear of being swallowed up in all this savage green life, without hope of finding one's way out again into the sun. I fought my way in but a very few yards when both these fears clutched hold of me with a sudden horror, and the perspiration poured from me; I could no longer distinguish between the way I had come and any other part of the wood! Indeed, there was no way anywhere!

I must have battled through the veritable inferno of vegetation for at least an hour—though it seemed a lifetime. Clouds of particularly unpleasant midges filled my eyes, not to speak of mosquitoes and a peculiar kind of persistent stinging fly was adding to my miseries, when at last, begrimed and dripping with sweat, I stumbled out, with a cry of thankfulness, on to comparatively fresh air and something like a broad avenue running north and south through the wood. It was indeed densely overgrown, and had evidently not been used for many years. Still, it was comparatively passable, and one could at least see the sky and take long breaths once more.

Still there was no sign of a house anywhere. Presently, however, as I stumbled along I noticed something looming darkly through the misted forest on my left that suggested walls. Looking closer, I saw that it was the

ruin of a small stone cottage, roofless, and indescribably swallowed up in the pitiless scrub. And then, near by, I descried another such ruin, and still another—all, as it were, sunk in the terrible gloom of the vegetation, as sometimes, at low tide, one can discern the walls of a ruined village at the bottom of the sea.

Evidently I had come upon a long-abandoned settlement, and presently, on some slightly higher ground to the left, I thought I could make out the half-submerged walls of a much more ambitious edifice. Looking closer, I noted, with a thrill of surprise, the beginning of a very narrow path, not more than a foot wide, leading up through the scrub in its direction. Narrow as it was, it had clearly been kept open by the not-infrequent passage of feet. With a certain eerie feeling, I edged my way into it, and, after following it for a hundred yards or so, found myself close to the roofless ruin of a spacious stone house with something of the appearance of an old English manor house. Mullioned windows, finely masoned, opened in the shattered wall, and an elaborate stone staircase, in the interstices of which stout shrubs were growing, gave, or once had given, an entrance through an arched doorway—an entrance now stoutly disputed by the glistening trunk of a gum-elm tree and endless matted ropelike roots of giant vines and creepers that writhed like serpents over the whole edifice. Forcing my way up this staircase, I found myself in a stone hall some sixty feet long, at one end of which yawned a huge fireplace, its flue mounting up through a finely carved chimney, still standing firmly at the top of the southern gable.

How had this almost baronial magnificence come to be in this far-away corner of a desert island? At first I concluded that here was a relic of the brief colonial prosperity of the Bahamas, when its cotton lords lived like princes, with a slave population for retainers—days when even the bootblacks in Nassau played pitch-and-toss with gold pieces; but as I considered further, it seemed to me that the style of the architecture and the age of the building suggested an earlier date. Could it be that this had been the home of one of those early eighteenth century pirates who took pride in flaunting the luxury and pomp of princes, and who had perhaps made this his headquarters and stronghold for the storage of his loot on the return from his forays on the Spanish Main? This, as the more spirited conjecture, I naturally preferred, and, in default of exact information, decided to accept.

The more I pondered upon this fancy and remarked the extent of the ruins—including several subsidiary outbuildings—and noted, too, one or two choked stone staircases that seemed to descend into the bowels of the earth, the more plausible it seemed. In one or two places where I suspected underground cellars—dungeons for unhappy captives belike, or strong vaults for the storage of the treasure—I tested the floors by dropping heavy stones, and they seemed unmistakably to reverberate with a hollow rumbling sound; but I could find no present way of getting down into them. As I said, the staircases that promised an entrance into them were choked with debris. But I promised myself to come some other day, with pick and shovel, and make an attempt at exploring them.

Meanwhile, after poking about in as much of the ruins as I could penetrate, I stepped out through a gap in one of the walls and found myself again on the path by which I had entered. I noticed that it still ran on farther north, as having a destination beyond. So leaving the haunted ruins behind I pushed on and had gone but a short distance when the path began to descend slightly from the ridge on which the ruins stood; and there, in a broad square hollow before me, was the welcome living green of a flourishing plantation of coconut palms! It was evidently of considerable extent—a quarter of a mile or so, I judged—and the palms were very thick and planted close together. To my surprise, too, I observed, as at length the path brought me to them after a sharp descent, that they were fenced in by a high bamboo stockade, for the most part in good condition, but here and there broken down with decay.

Through one of these gaps I presently made my way and found myself among the soaring columns of the palms, hung aloft with clusters of the great green nuts. Fallen palm fronds made a carpet for my feet—very pleasant after the rough and tangled way I had traveled, and now and again one of the coco nuts would fall down with a thud amid the green silence. One of these, which narrowly missed my head, suggested that here I had the opportunity of quenching very agreeably the thirst of which I had become suddenly aware. My claspknife soon made an opening through the tough shell, and, seated on the ground, I set my mouth to it, and, raising the nut above my head, allowed the "milk"—cool as spring water—to gurgle deliciously down my parched throat. When at length I had drained it, and my head once more returned to its natural angle, I was suddenly made aware that my poaching had not gone unobserved.

Most surprising people in a most curious habitation.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)  
In Large Supply.  
When you start to borrow trouble the loan is generally over-subscribed.—Boston Transcript.



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In these days of unsettled weather look out for colds. Take every precaution against the dreaded influenza and at the first sneeze remember that Boschree's Syrup has been used for fifty-three years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis and colds, throat irritation and especially for lung troubles, giving the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and kept as a household panacea in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Try one bottle and accept no substitutes.—Adv.

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During the 15-year period, 1904 to 1918, inclusive, only four American vessels called at Sourabaya, of an aggregate net tonnage of about 6,500. Seven American ships, aggregating over 15,000 tons net, called at Sourabaya for discharge and loading of cargo during the first six months of 1919.

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Frederick S. Kelle, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who" says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force should take a 3-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal. This particular phosphate is the discovery of a famous French scientist, and reports of remarkable results from its use have recently appeared in many medical journals. If you do not feel well; if you tire easily; do not sleep well; or are too thin; go to any good druggist and get enough Bitro-Phosphate for a two weeks' supply—it costs only fifty cents a week. Eat less; chew your food thoroughly, and if at the end of a few weeks you do not feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your nerves are not steeper; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and vitality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing.

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may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat often will be avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe  
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