

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" imperceptibly, "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 honeyed-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 aële we call the equator. Therefore, I will make return to you of speech no less frank and true . . ."

He took a puff at his cigar, and then continued:

"I should not risk this confession, but that it is easy to see that you belong to the race of Eternal Children, to which, you may have realized, my daughter and I also belong. This adventure of yours after buried treasure has not seriously been for the doubloons and pieces of eight, the million dollars, and the million and a half dollars themselves, but for the fun of going after them, sailing the unknown seas, coral islands, and all that sort of blessed moonshine. Well, Calypso and I are just like that, and I am going to tell you something exciting—too too have our buried treasure. It is nothing like so magnificent in amount as yours, or your Henry P. Tobias'—and where it is at this particular moment I know as little as yourself. In fact it is Calypso's secret . . ."

I looked across at Calypso, but her eyes were far beyond capture, in unplummeted seas.

"I will show you presently where I found it, among the rocks near by—now a haunt of wild bees."

"Can you ever forget that passage in the Georgics? It makes the honey taste sweeter to me every time I taste it. We must have some of it for dinner, by the way, Calypso."

I could not help laughing, and so, for a moment, breaking up the story. The dear fellow! Was there any business of human importance from which he could not be diverted by a quotation from Homer or Virgil or Shakespeare? But he was soon in the saddle again.

"Well," he resumed, "one day, some seven years ago, in a little cave below the orange trees, grubbing about as I am fond of doing, I came upon a beautiful old box of beaten copper, sunk deep among the roots of a fig tree. It was strong, but it seemed too dainty for a pirate—some great lady's jewel box more likely—Calypso shall show it to us presently. On opening it—what do you think? It spilled over with golden doubloons—among which were submerged some fine jewels, such as this ring you see me wearing. Actually, it was no great treasure, at a monetary calculation—certainly no fortune—but from our romantic point of view, as belonging to the race of Eternal Children, it was El Dorado, Aladdin's lamp, the mines of Peru, the

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 indignant 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 'indignant 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.

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

seemed.

"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."

"And I took from my pocket the sacred doubloon that I had bought from John Sweeney—may Heaven have mercy upon his soul!—for sixteen dol-

lars and seventy-five cents, on that immortal evening.

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 was 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 blinding 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, its 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.

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!

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lars and seventy-five cents, on that immortal evening.

"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—



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.

as might have surprised some of those who had only heard him talk—his conversational fantasies on the theme to come later.

Calypso, however, had the first word.

"I always told you, dad," she said—and the word "dad" on the lips of that statuesque girl—who always seemed ready to take that inspired framework of rags and bones and talking music into her protecting arms—seemed quite the quaintest of paradoxes—"I always told you, dad, what would happen, with your fairy tales of the doubloons."

"Quite true, my dear," he answered, "but isn't a fairy tale worth paying for?—worth a little trouble? And remember, if you will allow me, two things about fairy tales; there must always be some evil fairy in them, some dragon or such like; and there is always—a happy ending. Now the dragon enters at last—in the form of Tobias; and we should be happy on that very account. It shows that the race of dragons is not, as I feared, extinct. And as for the happy ending, we will arrange it, after lunch—for which, by the way, you are somewhat late."

After lunch the "king" resumed, but in a brief and entirely practical vein: "We are about to be besieged," he said. "The woods, probably, are already thick with spies. For the moment we must suspend operations on our Golconda"—his name for the ruins that we were to excavate—"and, as our present purpose—yours no less than ours, friend Ulysses—is to confuse Tobias, my suggestion is this: that you walk with me a mile or two to the northward. There is an entertaining mangrove swamp I should like to show you, and also you can give me your opinion of an idea of mine that you will understand all the better when I have taken you over the ground."

So we walked beyond the pines, down onto a long, interminable flat land of marl marshes and mangrove trees—so like that in which Charlie Webster had shot the snake and the wild duck—that only Charlie could have seen any difference.

"Now," said the "king," "do you see a sort of river there, overgrown with mangroves and palmettos?"

"Yes," I answered, "almost—though it's so choked up it's almost impossible to say."

"Well," said the "king," "that's the idea; you haven't forgotten those old ruins we are going to explore. You remember how choked up they are. Well, this was the covered waterway, the secret creek, by which the pirates—John Teach, or whoever it was; perhaps John P. Tobias himself—used to land their loot. It's so overgrown nowadays that no one can find the entrance but myself and a friend or two; do you understand?"

We walked a little farther, and then at length came to the bank of the creek the "king" had indicated. This we followed for half a mile or so till we heard the murmur of the sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME TOWN HELPS

PLAN WELL BEFORE BUILDING

Failure to Do That is the Most Frequent Cause for Investment Being a Failure.

Nothing gives a keener zest to thrift than saving to own a home. Our thrifty foreign-born citizens, as well as many of our native-born, are home owners. The home-owning spirit is commendable. A city of home owners is a stable city. A city of renters is apt to be shifting and transient.

If you lose money in owning a home it is usually attributable to one of the following causes:

"You invest in a home too expensive for your income.

"You pay more for it than its location and cost of construction justify, letting the other fellow gobble the profits while you accept the loss.

"You are a poor judge of location values and get into a location where there is little or no demand for property or where values are decreasing.

"You construct a home devoid of conveniences, grotesque in appearance, or out of the ordinary and of a type that few people would desire.

"You neglect little essentials, such as closet room, sunlight, location of stairways and other things. While you may think it matters little, nine other persons out of ten will object to them. Think of building a home in a city where sunshine is pleasant eleven months of the year and then of placing the stairway to the south, cutting out all the sunshine, while the windows are placed at the north. Such is sometimes done. The owner then will wonder why so few desire to buy or rent it. The reason should be clear."—From "Ten Lessons in Thrift," by Thomas E. Sanders.

HAVE EYE TO CITY'S FUTURE

Intelligent Building Plans Mean Much to Its Development and Proper Growth.

Slums are not the product of a city's inevitability. They are the product of its stupidity, of its indifference, lack of perception and thought. A great mass of people cannot live together as four families might live at a country crossroads. Their interdependence demands an assumption of responsibility by the people who can do things for the people who cannot.

A real home will be one in which there is a recognition of responsibility by the people who might do things for the people who cannot.

Life has a right to comfort and material competence; it has a right to color and decoration; it has a right to find itself interesting. It cannot proceed by the suppression of everything that is alluring and by failure to suppress what is squalid.

A home fit for ideal citizens will have healthy allure and beauty, cleanliness, convenience and comfort, clean air, clean streets, decent street cars, no slums, plenty of amusements.

Roads and Trees.

The American Forestry association is doing good service in linking the causes of roads and forestation. It has already given advice and aid in setting out shade trees along the highway in scores of cities and towns throughout the country. The trees are intended to be memorials of our soldiers who died in France and to their comrades who have come home bearing victory.

Something more is involved than a sentiment. The best friend of a road, as of the traveler, is a shade tree. Extremes of temperature, such as come on a blazing summer day with a down-pour of cooling rain, heave and crack the unshaded roadbed, opening it to the ultimate ravages of frost and thaw. The shaded road lasts longer and brings a double comfort to the traveler. The war has taught us what this may mean, financially and otherwise. Before 1914, according to Robert Sterling Yard's "Book of National Parks," Americans spent \$286,000,000 annually in foreign travel, mainly in Europe. For five years travel has been largely confined to the United States. The country is richer by a billion dollars or more, and richer also in self-knowledge.—Exchange.

The Study of Real Estate.

Real estate is a profession covering many branches of honorable endeavor. Profound study and ethical training are as mandatory as the practical experience gained through office work or personal contact with buyer and seller. I eagerly look forward to an early, concentrated, nation-wide movement by those leading realtors who, realizing the potential benefits arising through intelligent instruction by competent educators in our schools and colleges, will see to it that the study of real estate is made a part of their curriculum. The higher we place the plane of our chosen profession the higher will become the personnel of those engaged in it.—Real Estate Bulletin.

Cause and Effect.

"Why is there such a scramble of the men?"

"I think one of the hardbottled officers is coming."

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 603 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

Keep your eye on the man who is always trying to hand you a lemon.

STRENGTHENS KIDNEYS—PURIFIES BLOOD

You can't expect weak kidneys to filter the acids and poisons out of your system unless they are given a little help. Don't allow them to become diseased when a little attention now will prevent it. Don't try to cheat nature.

As soon as you commence to have backaches, feel nervous and tired, GET BUSY. These are usually warnings that your kidneys are not working properly.

Do not delay a minute. Go after the cause of your ailments or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease. GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney troubles. GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules will do the work. They are the pure original Haerlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haerlem, Holland. Ask your druggist for GOLD MEDAL and accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Three sizes, sealed packages. Money refunded if they do not quickly help you.—Adv.

A lot of people admit honesty is the best policy because they've tried both.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers, 5c.

Sometimes you have to go outside to get inside information.

HER LIFE WAS SAVED!

Kansas City, Kans.—"About twenty-three years ago Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery saved my life. I became ill; had a severe cough and bronchitis. At times I would get so badly choked up that I would have to sit up in bed to get my breath and in a short time I began to suffer with dropsy. I doctored but did not improve. In fact, I got so bad I was bedfast and had to have a nurse. The doctor told me the only thing that would help me was a change of climate. He advised me to go to a southern climate. I knew of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and decided to try it. I had my nurse get me two bottles. The first night I had her give me just a few drops every few minutes and by two o'clock I was asleep, a thing I had not done for about three weeks. The next day they gave me this medicine every half hour and after that as directed. I kept up its use until I was a well woman. It not only cured me but I was in better health than I had ever been and since that time I have always taken 'Favorite Prescription' whenever I was badly run-down or in need of a tonic and it has never failed to help me. I am glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines."—MRS. SARAH COLEMAN, 1230 Wood Ave.

Run-down—Weak—Nervous

Omaha, Neb.—"I was at one time greatly benefited by taking Dr. Pierce's medicines. I became all run-down in health, was weak and nervous and was greatly in need of some good tonic to build me up and give me strength. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and they proved to be just what I needed for they built me up and restored me to good health. For this I am very thankful, indeed."—MRS. JENNIE RICHARDSON, 537 S. 25th Ave.

Why Bald So Young

Rub Dandruff and Itching with Cuticura Ointment

Shampoo with Cuticura Soap

FOR SALE—Good, clean 10,000 harness stock. Only shop in city. Fine opportunity. Schooley & Koch, Cosad, Neb.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment—Your Druggist or by mail, 25¢, 257½ Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Baby Coughs

require treatment with a remedy that contains no opiates. Piso's is mild, but effective, pleasant to take. Ask your druggist for

PISO'S