## BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1903 - NOW FIRS GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC. 6) 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, Le local merchant, completes the trio of friends. Saunders produces written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1859. It gives two of treasure were buried by him and his companions. The conversation of the three friends is overheard by pock-marked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, how ever, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, charters a schooner. The pockmarked man is taken on as a passenger. On the voyage somebody mapties 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 Men's Shoes. There is a fight, which is followed by several funerals. The ero finds a cave containing the skeletons of two pirates and a massive chest-empty save for a few eces of eight scattered on the bottom. The hero returns to Nassan and by good luck learns the location of Short Shrift island. Webster buys the yawl Flamingo, and he and the hero sail for Snort Shrift 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 Shrift island, sees an entrancing girl with Spanish dubloor

#### 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 he said after she was gonesince she was a little girl.

dentally fallen on the coin still in his over the edge of the water in the atmand, with which she had just paid

"Why," I said, "this is a Spanish doubloon!"

"That's what it is," said the English-

man Laconically. "But doesn't it strike you as strange

that she should pay her bills with Spanish doubloons?" 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 doubloons. I suppose they have a few old coins in the fam-By and use them when they run out of others."

It was as lame an explanation as 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 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 at 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 carry, glowing thoughts. These I took with me to a bit of coral beach, made dennity 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 doubloon and

flashed it in the moon. Ener, 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 advenfine to which it called me was no langer single and simple as before, but a gloriously confused goal of cloudy spiceders, the burning core of which -swedenly raying out, and then lost again in brightness-were the eyes of a my sterious girl.

### CHAPTER II.

Winder the Influence of the Moon. My days now began to drift rather aimlessly, as without apparent purpase I continued to linger on an island that might well seem to have little attraction to a stranger-how little I

good Tom, to whom, for since, of course, I could not confide. Yet I had a vague purpose; or, at least, I had a would develop in the direction of my hopes. The doubloon still suggested that it was the key to a door of fas- the way. Never surely did a man's stout shrubs were growing, gave, or might at any moment direct me.

And-why not admit it?-apart from my buried treasure, to the possible discovery of which the doubloon seemed to point, I was possessed with a growing desire for another glimpse of those haunting eyes. They needed not their association with the mysterious gold, they were magnetic enough to draw any man, with even the rudiments of imagination, along the path of the unknown. All the paths out of the little settlement were paths into the unknown, and, day after day, I followed one or another of them out into the wilderness, taking a gun with me, as an ostensible excuse for any spying eye, and bringing back with me occasional bags of the wild pigeons which were plentiful on the island.

One day I had thus wandered unusually far afield, and at nightfall found myself still several miles from home on a rocky path overhanging the sea. There was no sign of habitation anywhere. It was a wild and lonely place, and presently over its savage beauty stole the glamor of the moon rising far over the sea. I sat down on a ledge of the cliffs and watched the moonlight grow in intensity as the darkness of the woods deepened behind me. It was a night full of witchcraft; a night on which the stars, the moon, and the sea together seemed hinting at some wonderful thing about to happen.

Then, as if the fairy night were lenge, what was this bright wonder suddenly present on one of the bouling, full in the moon, like a statue in luminous marble of some goddess of antiquity.

My eyes and my heart together told While he spoke, my eyes had acci- me it was she; and, as she hung poised titude of one about to dive, a turn of her head gave me that longed-for glimpse of those living eyes filled with moonlight. She stood another moment, still as the night, in her loveliness; and the next she had dived directly into the path of the moon. I saw her eyes moonfilled again, as she came to the surface, and began to swim-not; as one might have expected, out from the land, but directly in toward the unseen base of the cliffs. The moon-path did lead to a golden door in the rocks, I said to myself, and she was about to enter it. It was a secret door known only to herself; and then, for the first time that night, I thought of that doubloon.

Perhaps if I had not thought of it I should not have done what then I did. well could be, and no one could doubt There will, doubtless, be those who will censure me. If so, I am afraid they must. At all events, it was the thought of that doubloon that swayed the balance of my hesitation in taking the moon-path in the track of that bright apparition.

I looked for a way down to the edge of the sea. It was not easy to find, but after much perilous scrambling I at length found myself on the boulder which had so lately been the pedestal of that Radiance; and, in another moment. I had dived into the moon-path and was swimming toward the mysterious golden door.

Before me the rocks opened in a deep narrow crevasse, a long rift, evidently slashing back into the cliff, beneath the road on which I had been treading. I could see the moonlit water vanishing into a sort of gleaming lane between the vast overhanging walls.

Presently I felt my feet rest lightly on firm sand, and, still shoulder deep in the water, I walked on another yard or two-to be brought to a sudden stop. There she was coming toward me, breast high in that watery tunnel! The moon, continuing its serene ascension, lit her up with a sudden beam. O! shape of bloom and glory!

For a moment we both stood looking at each other, as if transfixed. Then she gave a frightened cry and put her hands up to her bosom; as she did so a stream of something bright-like gold pieces-fell from her mouth, and two like streams from her opened thing like a broad avenue running hands. Then, as quick as light, she had darted past me and dived into the was indeed densely overgrown, and moon-path beyond. She must have had evidently not been used for many swam under the water a long way, for years. Still, it was comparatively in the glimmering path it was at a distance of many yards.

I had no thought of following her, but stood in a dream among the watery gleams and echoes.

For me had come that hour of won-

ture of miracle. O! shape of moonlit marble! O! boliness 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 nost such sudden attacks, an interruption in the robuster course of on some slightly higher ground to the events, but, instead, curiously in the direct line of my purpose. Recause 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 following it for a hundred yards or so, doubloon as well as those mysterious found myself close to the roofiess ruin eyes, I should have set sail that very night and given up John P. Tobias' second treasure in final disgust. As it lish manor house. Mullioned windows, feeling that, if I waited on something was, I was now warmly on the track finely masoned, opened in the shatof some treasure—whether his or not -with two bright eyes further to point staircase, in the interstices of which cinating mystery to which chance 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 dazed 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 night-

> To be sure, I had but to inquire of the storekeeper to learn all I wanted; but I was averse from betraying my interest to 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, matching my thoughts with a chal- but, coming out of the sun, I was at once bewildered by the deep and complicated gloom of massed branches ders far down beneath me?-a tall overhead, and the denser darkness of shape of witchcraft whiteness, stand- 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 somenorth and south through the wood. It when I saw her dark head rise again passable, and one could at least see the sky and take long breaths once

Still there was no sign of a house anywhere. Presently, however, as I stumbled along I noticed something looming darkly through the matted covaid see by the mystification of the whose flawless deeps my eyes had so Locking closer, I saw that it was the Boston Transcript.

often gone adream, had risen the crea- 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 longabandoned settlement, and presently, 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 of a spacious stone house with something of the appearance of an old Engtered wall, and an elaborate stone once had given, an entrance through an arched doorway-an entrance now stoutly disputed by the glistening trunk of a gum-elemi tree and endless matted ropelike rocts 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 pitchand-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 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, decide! to accept.

The more I pondered upon this fancy and remarked the extent of the ruins — including several subsidiary outhouses-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. 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 pleashad 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 peaching had not gone unobserved.

#### Most surprising people in a most curious habitation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Large Supply. When you start to borrow trouble der; for me out of that tropic sea, into forest on my left that suggested walls. the loan is generally oversubscribed.

"The anxiety of some people to make new friends is so intense that they never have time to have old ones.

HOT SOUPS FOR COOL EVENINGS

The expert soup-maker will obtain delicious flavors by using leftover meats and vegetables. After ccoking the soup should be strained and thickened as usual with a binding of

butter and flour

cooked together. Corn Chowder .--Take about four teaspoonfuls of fat salt pork cubes and try them out; add one sliced onion and cook five minutes, stirring often to keep the onion from burning. Parboil four cupfuls of potato slices in water to cover, drain and add the potatoes to the fat and onion, with two cupfuls of boiling water; cook until the potatoes are soft, add a can of corn, a quart of milk, salt, pepper and buttered crackers. Serve with the buttered crackers on top. This recipe will serve six.

Cream Soup .- Put thin slices of bread as thin as shavings with a small amount of butter in a saucepan and brown; pour over enough boiling water to make the soup needed, add salt to taste and let the mixture boil up; then remove the saucepan and stir in a large cupful of cream, the thicker the better. Be sure to have it well salted or the soup will taste flat.

Cream of Peanut Soup .- Put a cupful of peanut butter into a quart of milk, add salt, cayenne, a tablespoonful of grated onion, a bay leaf, celery salt, and cook ten minutes in a double boiler. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch with cold milk and stir until smooth, add to the soup and cook ten minutes. Strain and serve with cubes of toasted bread.

Quick Egg Soup .-- Stir a teaspoon ful of beef extract into a quart of boiling water, add a grated onion, celery salt, salt and pepper to taste. Pour boiling hot into a tureen with four pride in flaunting the luxury and pomp | tablespoonfuls of boiled rice and two well beaten eggs.

> Split Pea Soup .- Pick over, wash and put to soak in plenty of cold water one cupful of split peas. In the morning cook in two quarts of water, add a two-inch cube of salt pork and one sliced onion. Cook and stir often until the peas are soft, rub through a sieve, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour and butter, add milk to thin the puree to the desired consistency. Season well and serve very hot.

Ordinarily we find in people the qualities we are mostly looking for or the qualities that our prevailing characteristics call forth. The larger the nature the less critical and cynical is, the more it is given to looking for the best in others.-Trine

### CHEESE DISHES.

Cheese naturally suggests itself as a substitute for meat, since it is rich in the same kind of nutrients which meat supplies; it is also a food which



is staple and may be used in a variety of ways. Stuffed Potatoes

With Cheese .-Split hot baked potatoes lengthwise, remove contents without injuring the skin of the potato. Mash the potato, add seasoning and enough hot milk and butter to season well; beat until light, then refill the skin, piling it up lightly; do not smooth the top. Sprinkle with grated cheese and reheat in oven until cheese is melted and a delicate brown.

Rice Baked With Cheese.-Cook a cupful of rice in a large amount of boiling water, at least three quarts, adding a teaspoonful of salt. When tender drain and cover the bottom of a buttered baking dish with a layer of the rice; sprinkle with grated cheese, a dash of cayenne pepper and add milk to half fill the dish; cover with crumbs and bake until the milk is absorbed and crumbs brown.

Pittsburgh Potatoes. - Cook one quart of diced potato cubes with a small minced onion until the potatoes are nearly tender; add a teaspoonful of salt and half a can of minced red peppers and cook until the potatoes ant after the rough and tangled way I | are done. Drain and put into a baking dish. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a pint of milk, then add one-half pound of grated cheese. Pour this over the potatoes and bake until a golden brown.

Baked Fish with Piquant Stuffing .-Bass or any firm-fleshed fish of moderate size may be used for baking. If the fish lacks fat insert strips of pork in gashes along each side of the fish.

Baked Eggs With Cheese .- Break four eggs into a buttered baking dish and cook in a hot oven until they begin to turn white around the edge. Cover the eggs with a white sauce and over this a cupful of cheese and bread crumbs well mixed. Season and brown the crumbs in a hot oven.

Egg shells should be carefully scraped out with a teaspoon; someone who has tried it says that the bulk of one parade." egg is saved in the scraping of a dozen shells, and with eggs worth four or five cents apiece, it is worth while.

Nerie Maxwell

# (Conducted by National Council of the

**EVER ON "BAD INDIAN" HUNT?** 

Boy Scouts of America.)

The boys of Jamestown, N. Y., were in camp this season on Chautauqua lake, at Sylvan park, and it was determined to hold an Indian hunt. The camp director was appointed the "Bad Indian," who, with four others had made a successful raid on the camp.

On an appointed morning he and his four followers started out at ten o'clock to hide somewhere in the vicinity. They were to be given three hours' headway.

At one o'clock five scouting parties, each headed by a first class scout, started out from camp to bring in the "Bad Indian" and his followers.

One of the conditions of the hunt was that these Indians should find a place to camp, and must build a fire and keep it burning until six o'clock in the evening, unless they were sooner found by a scouting party.

The fleeing "Redskins" located a camp site and masked it on three sides, one of the conditions being that it should be open on the fourth in plain view of all who might happen to pass that way. Then they cut the wood for the day's requirement—not long sticks, but about eight inches in length; and a regular Indian fire was built.

Another condition of the hunt was that the Indians should not leave the place which they selected as their camp, but must stay there until six in the afternoon.

During the day one scouting party passed within 25 feet of the "Bad Indian" camp, and on the open side of their fire, but so intent were they on what was in front of them and so cleverly was the camp laid out that they did not see the "Indians."

ALL SCOUTS KNOW THE KNOTS.



When He Can Put the Right Hitch on Anything He is Preparing for His Future as a Grown-Up.

SCOUTS HAVE A MODEL CAMP.

Glen Everman, commenting on the big scout encampment at Cloudcroft, Tex., said some fine things about the scouts who attended this remarkable nowwow.

"We had a uniform going-to-bed and getting-up time as well as regular eating and drilling hours. There wasn't a single fight during the entire encampment, and every lad behaved himself like a man. We had boys from Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California and Maine.

We had Jews, Catholics and Protestants. The son of a millionaire and the son of a very poor man bunked in the same tent. The largest member of the camping party tipped the scales at 235 pounds, while many of the youths weighed between 65 and 90 pounds.

"The entire encampment was, I believe the most successful ever held in the Southwest."

IRVIN COBB A SCOUT OFFICIAL.

So far as can be ascertained, Irvin Cobb, the world-famed humorist, who recently became an official of the boy scout council in Westchester county, New York, has not given a definite answer to the question put to him by the New York Telegraph as to whether he would make any public appearance in the abbreviated knickerbockers which form so distinctive a part of every boy scout's attire.

WHAT THE SCOUTS DO.

On leaving Halifax, N. S., the prince of Wales sent back a radio message in which he said: "I wish again to congratulate the Veterans' Cadet band and the boy scouts on their splendid

When the scouts of Bristol, Pa., learned that the town was to have a "Welcome Home" parade in honor of its returning soldiers, they speedily shifted their camping plans and saw to it that they were on the job "when the bogs came home."