## Pieces of Eight

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered in the Rahama Islands in the Year 1903-Now First Given to the Public.

RICHARD LEGALLIENNE

terright by Doubleday, Page & Company

SYNOPSIS. BOOK I.

DTER L-The author, who tells the visit to his friend, John ish official in the town of ma islands. Conversation treasure.

II.—Saunders produces & posedly written by Henry P. a pirate, telling of two d had been secreted in and the document disap-

III.-The writer charters a Maggie Darling, and sets for the treasure. As they aboard a passenger, whom inclively distrusts. CHAPTER IV.

Which Tom Catches an Enchanted Fish, and Discourses of the Dangers

brisk northeast wind soon set the ands moving as it went humming in the sun, coming out in s flory over the crystalline waters, mide a fine flashing world of it, full muth and adventure, very uplifting to

Vassau looked very pretty in the mining sunlight, with its pink and the houses nestling among palm mes and the masts of its sponging in a schoolboy's sling. ghoners, and soon we were abreast at the picturesque low-lying fort, Fort Montague, that Major Bruce, nearly no hundred years ago, had such a me building as a protection against le tiece of the past, and set the in his eyes. magination dreaming of those old isys of Spanish galleons and the black far and brought my thoughts eagerly helt to the object of my trip, those detilions and pieces of eight that lay h dittering heaps somewhere out in those island wildernesses.

Then Tom came up with my break-E The old fellow stood by to serve



Tom Came Up With My Break-

as I ate, with a pathetic touch of slavery days in his deferential, fatherly manner, dropping a that remark every now and again; then drawing my attention to the bursting through the clouds, he id, "The poor man's blanket is comof out, sah"-phrases in which there and a whole lot of pathos to me. resently, when breakfast was over, I stood looking over the side into heredibly clear water, in which

seems hardly possible that a boat 20 on floating, suspended as she wens over gleaming gulfs of liquid Wee down through which at every ent it seems she must dizzily fall. is Tom and I gazed down, lost in rainhow deeps, I heard a voice my elbow saying with peculiarly coing unction: The wonderful works of God."

my unwelcome passenger, had silently edged up to where 100d. I looked at him, with the stion very clear in my eyes as to that kind of disagreeable animal he

"Precisely," I said, and moved away. had been trying to feel more kindsummon up the decency to offer all, and no hope of wind. od" finished me.

"Hello! captain," I said presently, Minting to some sails coming up rapbehind us. "What's this? I hought we'd got the fastest boat in

"It's the Susan B., sponger," said

The captain was a man of few The Susan B. was a rakish-looking

that with a black hull, and she cerblady could sail. No doubt it was pure agination, but I did fancy that I nofed our passenger signal to them in peculiar way.

confess that his presence was being to get on my nerves, and I ready to get "edgy" at anything nothing an irritated state of mind

0000000000000 which I presently took out on George the engineer, who did not belie his hulking appearance, and who was forever letting the engine stop and taking forever to get it going again. One could almost have sworn he did it on

My language was more forcible than classical-had quite a piratical flavor, in fact; and my friend of "the wonderful works of God" looked up with a deprecating air. Its effect on George was nil, except perhaps to further deepen his sulks.

And this I did notice, after a while, that my remarks to George seemed to have set up a certain sympathetic acquaintance between him and my passenger, the shackly deckhand being apparently taken in as an humble third. They sat for'ard, talking-together, and my passenger read to them, on one occasion, from a piece of printed paper that fluttered in the wind.

The captain was occupied with his helm, and the thoughts he didn't seem to feel the necessity of sharing; a quiet, poised, probably stupid man, for whom I could not deny the respect we must always give to content, however simple. He was a sailor, and I don't know what better to say of a man. So for companionship I was thrown

back upon Tom. I felt, too, that he was my only friend on board, and a vague feeling had come over me that within the next few hours I might need a friend.

"Tom and You and I."

"Who has charge of them?" I said.

mutiny. That fluttering paper I had

picked from the halyard lay near my

breakfast table. I had only half read

it. Now its import came to me with

full force. I had no firearms with me

Having a quick temper, I have made it

a habit all my life never to carry a gun

-because they go off so easily. But

one most essential part of a gentle-

man's education had been mine, so I

applied it instantly on George, with

the result that a well-directed blow

And then my passenger-I must give

"I protest against that; it's a cow-

"Oh, I see," I rejoined. "So you are

the author of this precious paper here,

are you? Come over here and talk it

"I've got the courage," he answered,

"You English brute!" he said.

tain admiration for him that had mys-

He came and we read it together,

fluttering as I had seen it flutter in his

fingers as he read it for'ard to the en-

gineer and to the deckhand. It began:

what we could do! It isn't either that

we haven't intelligence-if only we

were to use it. We don't lack leaders

-we don't lack courage-we don't lack

"Why don't you start then?" I asked.

"It sounds a pretty good idea to

me," I remarked, "from your point of

"Think how many we are! Think

him credit for the courage—put up his

"No gasoline?" I said.

head for'ard, and called out:

ardly outrage. You would

over, if you've the courage."

teriously grown up in me.

martyrs; all are ready-"

swered; "she's almost ready."

I stopped reading.

green as I said this.

think yourself? The gallows?"

spite of myself. Is it a bargain?"

with a certain friendliness on both

about three hours when I was dis-

turbed by a tremendous roar. It was

on the cockpit with a man under his

paws-his jaws at the man's throat.

volver a few inches away from it. So

far as I knew it was the only firearm

on the ship. "Let's get hold of that

first, Sailor," I said, and I slipped it

"Wake up, Tom," I called, and, "wake

up, captain!" Meanwhile, I took out

the revolver from my hip pocket, and

held it over the man I seemed to

"We've not only got a mutiny

grow more and more sorry for.

into my hip pocket.

not entirely deceive me.

do it to a white man."

in a shaking voice.

a while, I think."

in the cockpit.

"Are we going too fast for fishing, Tom?" I asked.

"Not too fast for a barracouta," said Tom; so we put out lines and watched the stretched strings, and listened to the sea. After a while Tom's line grew taut, and we hauled in a five-foot bar-

"Look!" said Tom, as he pointed to a little writhing eel-like shape, about nine inches long, attached to the belly of the barracouta.

"A sucking fish!" said Tom. "That's good luck;" and he proceeded to turn over the poor creature and cut from deshilaration and the very breath of his back, immediately below his head. a flat inch and a half of skin lined and stamped like a rubber sole-the device by which he held on to the belly of the barracouta much as the circle of wet leather holds the stone

"Now," he said, when he had it clean and neat in his fingers, "we must hang this up and dry it in the northeast wind; the wind is just rightnor'-nor'east-and there is no mascot inites entering from the east end like it, specially when—" Old Tom the harbor. It looked like a veri- hesitated, with a slyly innocent smile

> "What is it, Tom?" I asked. "Well, sir, I meant to say that this particular part of a sucking fish, properly dried in the northeast wind, is a wonderful mascot-when you're going after treasure."

> "Who said I was going after treasure?" I asked. "Aren't you, sah?" replied Tom,

> "asking your pardon." "Let's talk it over later on, when you bring me my dinner, Tom."

Later, as Tom stood, serving my coffee, I took it up with him again. "What was that you were saying

about treasure, Tom?" I asked. "Well, sar, what I meant was this: that going after treasure is a dangerous business . . . it's not only the living you're to think of-" Here Tom like to discuss this paper with you." threw a careful eye for'ard.

"The crew, you mean?" He nodded.

"But it's the dead too." "The dead, Tom?"

"Well, sar, there was never a buried treasure yet that didn't claim its victim. Not one or two either. Six or eight of them, to my knowledge-and the treasure just where it was for all that. I das'say it sounds all foolishness, but it's true for all that. Something or other'll come, mark my word -just when they think they've got their hands on it: a hurricane or a tidal wave or an earthquake. Andwell, the ghost laughs, but the treasure stays there all the same."

"The ghost laughs?" I asked. "Eh! of course; didn't you know every treasure is guarded by a ghost? He's got to keep watch there till the next fellow comes along, to relieve sentry duty, so to speak. He doesn't give it away. My no! He dassn't do that. But the minute someone else is killed, coming looking for it, then he's free-and the new ghost has got to go on sitting there, waiting for ever so long till someone else comes looking for it."

"But what has this sucking fish got to do with it?" And I pointed to the red membrane already drying in Tom's

"Well, the man who carries this in his pocket won't be the next ghost," he

"Take good care of it for me, then, Tom," I said, "and when it's properly dried let me have it. For I've a sort of idea I may have need of it, after

And just then old Sailor, the quietest member of the crew, put up his head into my nands, as though to say that

he had been unfairly lost sight of. "Yes, and you too, old chap-that's right. Tom and you and I."

And then I turned in for the night.

CHAPTER V.

In Which We Begin to Understand Our Unwelcome Passenger.

As I yawned and looked out of my cabin soon after dawn, about 4:30 oward him, wondering whether I next morning, there was no wind at in my cabin, reading a novel, and, soon I suppose that I had been asleep

eigar, but "the wonderful works | As I stood out of the cabin hatch, mind unaccountably trustful. however, there was enough breeze to flutter a piece of paper that had been

caught in the mainsail halyard; it flut tered there lonely in the morning. Nothing else was astir but it and I, and I took it up in my hand idly. As

I did so George reared his head for'ard. "'Morning, George," I said; "I guess we've got to run on gasoline today." "There ain't no gasoline, sir. It's

"The tanks were filled when we started, weren't they?" I asked. "Yes, sir." "We can't have used them up so

run out in the night."

soon . . . "No, sir-but someone has turned the cocks . . ." I stood dazed for a moment, wondering how this could have happened aboard," I told the captain, "but we've water?"

got treasen to the British government. Do you want to stand for that? On shall I put you ashore with the rest?" Unruffled as usual, he had nothing

to say beyond: "Ay, ay, sir!" "Take this cord, then," I ordered him and Tom, "and bind the hands and feet of this pock-marked gentleman here; also of George, engineer;



It Was Sailor-His Jaws at a Man's Throat.

Bind them well. And throw them into I'll have a little talk with the com-

And as I ordered, all was done. Tom and I rowed the dingy ashore, with our three captives bound like three silly under the peak of the jaw sent him fowls, and presently threw them sprawling, and for awhile speechless, ashore with precious little ceremony. ling, with imprecations in our ears, 36x90 ......80c 90c and \$1.50 pock-marked rebel, who announced the 48x90 ..... certainty of our meeting again.

Of course we laughed at such Floor Stains, qt..... threats, but I confess that, as I went down to my cabin and picked up the "manifesto," which had been forgotten in all the turmoil, I could not escape a certain thrill as I read the signature-for it was: "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." That night we made Harbour island.

"All right," I said; "you're safe for and met that welcome that can only be the present-and, George, who is so met at the lonely ends of the earth. fond of sleep, will take quite a nap for The commandant and the clergyman Room 29 took me under their wings on the spot, "You English brute!" he had said; and, though there was a good hotel, the commandant didn't consider it and the words had impelled me to in-

vite him aft; for I cannot deny a cer- good enough for me. I liked the attitude they took toward my adventure. Their comments on "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." and the paper "Come here!" I said, "for your life is safe for the time being. I would I had with me, were specially enlight-

> ening. "The black men themselves," they both agreed, "are all right, except, of course, here and there. It's fellows like this precious Tobias, real white trush-the negroes' name for them is apt enough-that are the danger for the friendship of both races. And it's the vein of a sort of a literary idealism in a fellow like Tobias that makes him the more dangerous. He's not all to the bad-"

"I couldn't help thinking that too," "We're waiting for Jamaica," he an- I interrupted.

"Oh, no," they said, "but he's a bit mad, too. That's his trouble. He's got a personal, as well as an abstract. view. 'From your point of view,' re- grudge against the British governmember, I said; but you mustn't think | ment."

that yours is mine-not for one mo-"Treasure?" I laughed. ment-O dear no! On the contrary, my point of view is that of the gov-

"How did you know?" they asked. "Never mind; I somehow got the ernor of Nassau, or his representative, "Take a word of advice. Have a quite nearby, at Harbour island, isn't

few guns with you, for you're liable to My pock-marked friend grew a trifle "I agree," I remarked. "I'll take "We have sails still, remember," I rethe guns all right, but I'm afraid I'll need some more crew. I mean I'll sumed. "George and the lost gasoline want an engineer, and another deck-

are not everything. Five hours, with hand." anything of a wind, would bring us to Harbour island, and-with this paper And, just as I said this, there came in my hand it would be-what do you up some one post-haste from the village; some one, too, that wanted the clergyman, as well as me, for my cap-My friend grew grave at that, and tain was ill, and at the point of death.

seemed to be thinking hard inside, "What on earth can be the trouble?" making resolutions the full force of I said, but, the three of us, including which I didn't understand till later, but the immediate result of which was the commandant went. a graciousness of manner which did We found the captain lying in his

berth, writhing with cramps. "What on earth have you been doing "Oh," he said, "I don't think you quite mean that. You're impulsivewith yourself, Cap?" I asked. as when you hit that poor boy down "I did nothing, sir, but eat my din-

ner, and drink that claret you were "Well," I observed, "I'm willing to kind enough to give me." treat you better than you deserve. "So, "The half-bottle of claret?" I'll say nothing about this, if you like" "Yes, sir, the very same."

(pointing to the manuscript), "and if "Well, there was nothing to hurt the wind holds, put you ashore tomor- you in that," I said. "Did you take it row at Spanish Wells. I like you in half and half with water, as I told you?" On this we parted, and, as I thought,

"I did indeed, sir." "It's very funny," I said. And then

that's coming from him, Tom?"

as he began to writhe and stiffen, I There was no sailing wind, so there | called out to Tom: "Get some rum, was nothing to do but stay where we Tom, and make it boiling hot, quickwere all day. I spent most of the time | quick! We must get him into a sweat." Very soon we did. Then I said to after nine, I fell asleep in a frame of Tom: "What do you make out of this smell

"Kerosene, sar," said Tom. "I thought the very same," I said. Sailor (who always slept near me) out Tom beckoned me to go with him to the galley, and showed me several quart bottles of water standing on I called him off, and saw that it was shelf. my pock-marked friend, with his right "Two of these were kerosene," he

hand extended in the cockpit and a re- said "and I suppose Cap made a mistake;" for one looked as clear as the other. Then I took one of them back to the

> captain. "Was it a bottle like this you mixed with the claret?" I asked. "Sure it was, sir," he answered,

writhing hard with the cramps. "But man!" I said. "Couldn't you tell the difference between that and

wasn't used to claret." And then we had to laugh again, and

I thought old Tom would die. "A nigger's stomach and his head." said the commandant, "are about the same. I really don't know which is the stronger."

The captain didn't die, though he came pretty near to it. In fact, he took so long getting on his feet, that we couldn't wait for him; so we had practically to look out for a new crew. with the exception of Tom, and Sailor. The commandant proved a good friend to us in this, choosing three somewhat characteriess men, with good "char-

As we said goodby, with a spanking southwest breeze blowing, I could see that he was a little auxious about me. "Take care of yourself," he said, for you must remember none of us can take care of you. There's no settlement where you're going-no telegraph or wireless; you could be murdered, and none of us hear of it for a month, or forever. And the fellows you're after are a dangerous lot, take my word for it. Keep a good watch on your guns, and we'll be on the lookout for the first news of you, and anything we can do we'll be there, you bet." (TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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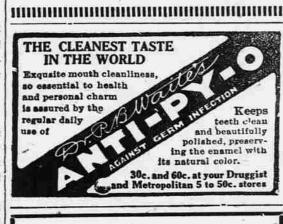
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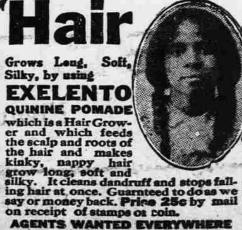
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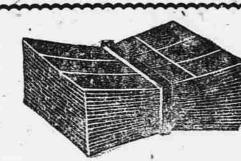
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