

# 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 LEGALLIENNE

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company

SYNOPSIS.  
BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.—The author, who tells the story of an visit to his friend, John Saunders, British official in the town of Nassau, Bahama islands. Conversation turns on buried treasure.

CHAPTER II.—Saunders produces a document supposedly written by Henry P. Tobias, an ex-convict, telling of two gold pieces which had been secreted in Nassau. Their conversation apparently is overheard, and the document disappears.

CHAPTER III.—The writer charts a course for the Maggie Darling, and sets out on a search for the treasure. As they sail, the vessel is boarded by a passenger, whom the writer instinctively distrusts.

CHAPTER IV.

When Tom Catches an Enchanted Fish, and Discourses of the Dangers of Treasure Hunting.  
The morning was a little overcast, but a brisk northeast wind soon set the clouds moving as it went humming in from the sea, and the sun, coming out in its glory over the crystalline waters, made a fine flashing world of it, full of exhilaration and the very breath of youth and adventure, very uplifting to the heart.  
The young looked very pretty in the morning sunlight, with its pink and white houses nestling among palm trees and the masts of its sponging yachts, and soon we were abreast of the picturesque low-lying fort, Fort Murrell, that Major Bruce, nearly two hundred years ago, had such a time building as a protection against pirates entering from the east end of the harbor. It looked like a veritable piece of the past, and set the imagination dreaming of those old days of Spanish galleons and the black flags.

Tom Tom came up with my breakfast. The old fellow stood by to serve



When Tom Came Up With My Breakfast.

me as I ate, with a pathetic touch of the old slavery days in his deferential, half-courteous manner, dropping a quiet remark every now and again; as when drawing my attention to the sun bursting through the clouds, he said, "The poor man's blanket is coming out, sah"—phrases in which there seemed a whole lot of pathos to me.  
Presently, when breakfast was over, and I stood looking over the side into the incredibly clear water, in which it seems hardly possible that a boat can go on floating, suspended as she seems over gleaming gulfs of liquid space down through which at every moment it seems she must dizzily fall.  
As Tom and I gazed down, lost in the rainbow depths, I heard a voice at my elbow saying with peculiarly striking intonation:  
"The wonderful works of God."  
It was my unwelcome passenger, who had silently edged up to where we stood. I looked at him, with the question very clear in my eyes as to what kind of disagreeable animal he was.

"Presently," I said, and moved away. I had been trying to feel more kindly toward him, wondering whether I would summon up the decency to offer him a cigar, but "the wonderful works of God" finished me.

"Hello! captain," I said presently, pointing to some sails coming up rapidly behind us. "What's this? I thought we'd got the fastest boat in the harbor."  
"It's the Susan B., sponger," said the captain.  
The captain was a man of few words.  
The Susan B. was a rakish-looking craft with a black hull, and she certainly could sail. No doubt it was pure speed and passenger fancy that to him in a peculiar way.  
I confess that his presence was beginning to get on my nerves, and I was ready to get "edgy" at anything but the most unprovoked state of mind

which I presently took out on George the engineer, who did not believe 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 purpose.  
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 shabby deckhand being apparently taken in as a humble third. They sat for a while, 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 our 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.  
"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 barracouta.

"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 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 in a schoolboy's sling.  
"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 right—nor-nor-east—and there is no mascot like it, specially when—" Old Tom hesitated, with a sly innocent smile in his eyes.

"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."  
"He'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, sir, 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 threw a careful eye forward.  
"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. And—well, 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 hand.  
"Well, the man who carries this in his pocket won't be the next ghost," he answered.  
"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 all."  
And just then old Sallor, the quietest member of the crew, put up his head into my naps, 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 next morning, there was no wind at all, and no hope of wind.  
As I stood out of the cabin hatch, however, there was enough breeze to flutter a piece of paper that had been caught in the mainsail halyard; it fluttered there lonely in the morning. Nothing else was astir but it and I took it up in my hand idly. As I did so George reared his head forward.  
"Morning, George," I said; "I guess we've got to run on gasoline today."  
"There ain't no gasoline, str. It's run out in the night."  
"The tanks were filled when we started, weren't they?" I asked.  
"Yes, str."  
"We can't have used them up so soon."  
"No, str—but someone has turned the cocks."  
I stood dazed for a moment, wondering how this could have happened—

then a thought slowly dawned upon me.  
"Who has charge of them?" I said.  
George looked a little stupid, then defiant.  
"I see," I said; and, suddenly, with out remembering Charlie Webster's advice not to lose your temper with a negro—I realized that this was no accident, but a deliberate trick, something indeed in the nature of a miniature 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 gentleman's education had been mine, so I applied it instantly on George, with the result that a well-directed blow under the peak of the jaw sent him sprawling, and for awhile speechless, in the cockpit.  
"No gasoline?" I said.  
And then my passenger—I must give him credit for the courage—put up his head for a moment, and called out:  
"I protest against that; it's a cowardly outrage. You wouldn't dare to do it to a white man."  
"Oh, I see," I rejoined. "So you are the author of this precious paper here, are you? Come over here and talk it over, if you've the courage."  
"I've got the courage," he answered, in a shaking voice.  
"All right," I said; "you're safe for the present—and, George, who is so fond of sleep, will take quite a nap for a while, I think."  
"You English brute!" he said; and the words had impelled me to invite him aft; for I cannot deny a certain admiration for him that had mysteriously grown up in me.  
"Come here!" I said, "for your life is safe for the time being. I would like to discuss this paper with you."  
He came and we read it together, fluttering as I had seen it flutter in his fingers as he read it for a moment or so before, and to the deckhand. It began:  
"Think how many we are! Think 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 martyrs; all are ready."  
I stopped reading.  
"Why don't you start then?" I asked.  
"We're waiting for Jamaica," he answered; "she's almost ready."  
"It sounds a pretty good idea to me," I remarked, "from your point of view. From your point of view, remember, I said; but you mustn't think that yours is mine—not for one moment—O dear no! On the contrary, my point of view is that of the governor of Nassau, or his representative, quite nearby, at Harbour Island, isn't it?"  
My pock-marked friend grew a trifle green as I said this.  
"We have sails still, remember," I resumed. "The gasoline and the lost gasoline are not everything. Five hours, with anything of a wind, would bring us to Harbour Island, and—with this paper in my hand it would be—what do you think yourself? The galleons?"  
My friend grew grave at that, and seemed to be thinking hard inside, making resolutions the full force of which I didn't understand till later, but the immediate result of which was a graciousness of manner which did not entirely deceive me.  
"Oh," he said, "I don't think you quite mean that. You're impulsive—as when you hit that poor boy down there—"  
"Well," I observed, "I'm willing to treat you better than you deserve. So, I'll say nothing about this, if you like" (pointing to the manuscript), "and if the wind holds, put you ashore tomorrow at Spanish Wells. I like you in spite of myself. Is it a bargain?"  
On this we parted, and, as I thought, with a certain friendliness on both sides.  
There was no sailing wind, so there was nothing to do but stay where we were all day. I spent most of the time in my cabin, reading a novel, and, soon after nine, I fell asleep in a frame of mind unaccountably trustful.  
I suppose that I had been asleep about three hours when I was disturbed by a tremendous roar. It was Sallor (who always slept near me) out on the cockpit with a man under his paws—his jaws at the man's throat. I called him off, and saw that it was my pock-marked friend, with his right hand extended in the cockpit and a revolver 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, Sallor," I said, and I slipped it into my hip pocket.  
"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 grow more and more sorry for.  
"We're not only got a mutiny aboard," I told the captain, "but we've



"Tom and You and I!"

got treason to the British government. Do you want to stand for that? Or 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; and also of Theodore, the deckhand."  
I thought it tasted funny, boss, but I 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 Sallor. The commandant proved a good friend to us in this, choosing three somewhat characterless men, with good "characters."  
As we said goodby, with a spanking southwest breeze blowing, I could see that he was a little anxious about me.  
"Take care of yourself," he said, "for you must remember none of us can take care of you. There's no telegram 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)

NOTICE  
I will sell at Public Auction, Schr. Georgia A. Gaskins, with all sails, anchors and chains. Stranded near Hatteras Inlet Station with rudder gone and very bad condition. Sale to take place, July 26th, 1919 on board the schr.  
W. L. GASKILL, Com. of Wrecks  
cJy11-3t



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

Bind them well. And throw them into the dingy, with a bottle of water apiece, and a loaf of bread. By noon, we'll have some wind, and can make our way to Harbour Island, and there I'll have a little talk with the commandant."  
And as I ordered, all was done. Tom and I rowed the dingy ashore, with our three captives bound like three silly fowls, and presently threw them ashore with precious little ceremony. Then we got back to the Maggie Darling, with imprecations in our ears, and particularly the promises of the pock-marked rebel, who announced the certainty of our meeting again.  
Of course we laughed at such 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, and met that welcome that can only be met at the lonely ends of the earth.  
The commandant and the clergyman took me under their wings on the spot, and, though there was a good deal, the commandant didn't consider it good enough for me.  
I liked the attitude they took toward my adventure. Their comments on "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." and the paper I had with me, were especially enlightening.  
"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 trash—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," 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, grudge against the British government."  
"Treason?" I laughed.  
"How did you know?" they asked.  
"Never mind; I somehow got the idea."  
"Take a word of advice. Have a few guns with you, for you're liable to need them."  
"I agree," I remarked. "I'll take the guns all right, but I'm afraid I'll need some more crew. I mean I'll want an engineer, and another deckhand."  
And, just as I said this, there came up some one post-haste from the village; some one, too, that wanted the clergyman, as well as me, for my captain was ill, and at the point of death.  
"What on earth can be the trouble?" I said, but the three of us, including the commandant went.  
We found the captain lying in his berth, writhing with cramps.  
"What on earth have you been doing with yourself, Cap?" I asked.  
"I did nothing, sir, but eat my dinner, and drink that claret you were kind enough to give me."  
"The half-bottle of claret?"  
"Yes, sir, the very same."  
"Well, there was nothing to hurt you in that," I said. "Did you take it half and half with water, as I told you?"  
"I did indeed, sir."  
"It's very funny," I said. And then as he began to writhe and stiffen, I called out to Tom: "Get some rum, Tom, and make it boiling hot, quick—quick! We must get him into a sweat." Very soon we did. Then I said to Tom:  
"What do you make out of this smell that's coming from him, Tom?"  
"Kerosene, sar," said Tom.  
"I thought the very same," I said. Tom beckoned me to go with him to the galley, and showed me several quart bottles of water standing on a shelf.  
"Two of these were kerosene," he said "and I suppose Cap made a mistake" and for one looked as clear as the other.  
Then I took one of them back to the captain.  
"It's 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 water?"

THE FULLER COTTAGE  
12th Street, Willoughby Beach, Virginia.  
For week-end parties or a cool, comfortable place to spend a vacation, come to Willoughby Beach. Cool, large rooms, home cooking, close to Old Point and Ocean View. Terms very reasonable.  
Jy11-3t

THE LATEST PATTERNS  
IN WALL PAPER  
7c Apiece, Gilt 10c Apiece  
Window Shades, All Colors.  
36x72 ..... 65c, 80c and \$1.25  
36x90 ..... 80c, 90c and \$1.50  
42x90 ..... \$2.50  
48x90 ..... \$3.25  
54x90 ..... \$3.75  
Lucas, lb. .... .25  
Floor Stains, etc. .... .65  
THOMAS & MESSER CO.,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
1015 W. Baltimore Street

H. S. WILLEY  
DENTIST  
Room 29 Kramer Bldg.  
SAVE YOUR EYES  
Good eyesight can be maintained only by good care of the eyes. At the first signs of eye-strain you should have your eyes attended to.  
Optometry consists of the correction of this strain by drugless methods.  
DR. J. W. SELIG,  
Opometrist  
521 Main Street

THE CLEANEST TASTE IN THE WORLD  
Keeps teeth clean and beautifully polished, preserving the enamel with its natural color.  
ANTHYLO  
ADJUSTS GUMS, INFECTS  
30c and 50c at your Druggist and Metropolitan 5 to 50c stores

Reduced Prices on  
AUTO TIRES  
30x3 Plain ..... \$ 9.75  
30x3 1/2 Non Skid... 13.75  
32x3 1/2 Non Skid... 16.75  
31x4 Non Skid... 21.75  
33x4 Non Skid... 22.75  
34x4 Non Skid... 23.50  
No money required with the order.  
Send us your order.  
We will send the goods C. O. D. by Express subject to examination. If you are not entirely satisfied return them at our expense. When ordering be sure and state whether clincher or straight side is wanted.  
STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY  
220 Bank St., NORFOLK, VA.

KINKY  
Hair  
Grows Long, Soft, Silky, by using  
EXELENTO  
QUININE POMADE  
which is a Hair Grower and which feeds the scalp and roots of the hair and makes kinky nappy hair grow long, soft and silky. It cleans dandruff and stops falling hair out once. Guaranteed to do so or your money back. Price 25c by mail on receipt of stamps or coin.  
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE  
Write for Particulars  
EXELENTO QUININE POMADE  
25c

# Hot Wave Due

ONLY RELIEF IN SIGHT IS ONE OF THOSE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC FANS

Your ironing must be done, don't worry. A Westinghouse Iron will save your disposition and money.

HOW ABOUT YOUR ELECTRIC BULB?  
Insist on Having  
General Electric Edison  
Mazda Lamps  
The kind you Will Eventually Buy.

## D. R. Kramer

PHONE 215. COR. MARTIN & MATTHEWS STS.

"BEST GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES"  
Motors, Fans, Lamps and Storage Batteries.

# MASCOT

PULVERIZED LIME  
Kiln Dried -- Tennessee  
Rock -- Lime

Pays its cost Yes, and quickly  
Pays profit continuously for several years  
CAN YOU AFFORD TO USE IT?  
MASCOT - BONE - DRY  
Finely Pulverized ::::: Readily Available

## American Limestone Company

Knoxville, Tennessee  
L. L. WINDER Elizabeth City, N.C.  
Sales Agent

# SHINGLES LIME - SAND CEMENT

Prompt Deliveries, Quality Material, Fair Prices

## LAMBERT BROS. Inc.

Water and Poindexter Sts. — Elizabeth City, N. C.

# Good Coffee

You will find it at Twiddy's. Twiddy sells nothing but the best in groceries. His old and successful business has been built upon that one thing, plus courtesy and honesty.

## G. W. TWIDDY

Phone 185 So. Poindexter Street

# V. M. SMITH & CO.

Successors to Farant & Smith  
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
POULTRY AND EGGS A SPECIALTY

35 Roanoke Dock Norfolk, Va.

## NORFOLK ENGRAVING CO.

261 PLUME ST. NORFOLK, VA.  
HALF TONES, ZINC ETCHINGS  
QUICK SERVICE - SEND FOR PRICE LISTS  
NOW LOCATED AT No. 217 GRANBY ST.