

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

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CHAPTER IX.

Action.

I had seen, close in shore, a two-masted schooner under full sail sweeping by, as if pursued, and three negroes kneeling on deck, with leveled rifles. As I looked, a shot rang out, from my right, where I could not see, and one of the negroes rolled over. Another shot, and the negro next him fell sprawling with his arms over the bulwark.

At that moment, two other negroes emerged from the cabin hatchway, half dragging and half carrying a woman. She was struggling bravely, but in vain. The negroes—evidently acting under orders of a white man, who stood over them with a revolver—were dragging her toward the main mast. Her head was bare, her hair in disorder, and one shoulder from which her dress had been torn in the struggle, gleamed white in the sunlight. Yet her eyes were flashing splendid scornful fires at her captors; and her laughter of defiance came ringing to me over the sea. It was then that I had cried "Calypso!" and wrenched myself free.

The next moment there came dashing in sight a sloop also under full canvas, and at its bow, a huge white man, with a leveled rifle that still smoked. At a glance, I knew him for Charlie Webster. He had been about to fire again, but, as the man dragged Calypso forward, he paused, calm as a rock, waiting, with his keen sportsman's eyes on Tobias—of, of course, it was he.

"You—coward!" I heard his voice roar across the rapidly diminishing distance between the two boats, for the sloop was running with power as well as sails.

Meanwhile, the men had lashed Calypso to the mast, and even in my agony my eyes recorded the glory of her beauty as she stood proudly there—the great sails spread above her, and the sea for her background.

"Now, do your worst," cried Tobias, his evil face white as wax in the sunlight.

"Fire, fire—don't be afraid," rang out Calypso's voice, like singing gold.



"Now, Do Your Worst!" Cried Tobias. At the same instant, as she called Tobias sprang toward her with raised revolver.

"Another word, and I fire," shouted the voice of the brute.

But the rifle that never missed its mark spoke again. Tobias' arm fell shattered, and he staggered away screaming. Still once more, Charlie Webster's gun spoke, and the staggering figure fell with a crash on the deck.

"Now, boys, ready," I heard Charlie's voice roar out again, as the sloop tore alongside the schooner—where the rest of the negro crew with raised arms had fallen on their knees, crying for mercy.

All this I saw from the water, as I swam wildly toward the two boats, which now had closed on each other, a mass of thundering canvas, and screaming and cursing men—and Calypso there, like a beautiful statue, still lashed to the mast, a proud smile on her lovely lips.

Another moment, and Charlie had sprung aboard, and, seizing a knife from one of the screaming negroes, he cut her free.

His deep calm voice came to me over the water.

They were making, she had gathered—and as we had surmised—for the northern shore, and, after about a three hours' march, she heard the sound of the sea. On the schooner she had found a cabin all nicely prepared for her—even dainty toilet necessities—and an excellent dinner was served, on some quite pretty china, to her alone. Poor Tobias had seemed bent on showing—as he had said to Tom—that he was not the "carrion" we had thought him.

After dinner, Tobias had respectfully asked leave for a few words with her. He had apologized for his action, but explained that it was necessary—the only way he had left, he said, of protecting his own interests, and safeguarding a treasure which belonged to him and no one else, if it belonged to any living man. It had seemed to her that it was a monomania with him.

While he had been talking, she had made up her mind what she would do. She would tell him the plain truth about her doubloons, and offer him what remained of them as a ransom. This she did, and was able at last half to persuade him that, so far as anyone knew, that was all the treasure there was, and then the digging among the ruins of the old house was a mere fancy of her father's. There might be something there or not—and she went so far as to give her word of honor that, if anything was found, he should have his share of it.

Tobias had seemed impressed, and promised his answer in the morning, leaving her to sleep—with a sentry at her cabin door. She had slept soundly, and awakened only at dawn. As soon as she was up, Tobias had come to her, saying that he had accepted her offer, and asking her to direct him to her treasure.

This she had done, and, to avoid passing the settlement, they had taken the course round the eastern end of the island. As they had approached the cave (and here Calypso turned a quizzical smile on me, which no one, of course, understood but ourselves), a sloop was seen approaching them from the westward... and here she stopped and turned to Charlie Webster.

"Now," said the "king," "we shall hear the story of Apollo—or, let us say, rather Ajax—the Far-Darter—the of the arrow that never missed its mark."

And Charlie Webster, more at home with deeds than words, blushed and blushed through his part of the story, telling how—having called at the settlement—he had got our message from Sweeney, and was making up the coast for the hidden creek. He had spied what he felt sure was Tobias' schooner—had called on him "in the king's name" to surrender—"I had in my pocket the warrant for his arrest," said Charlie, with innocent pride—"the d—d scoundrel!" but had been answered with bullets. He had been terribly frightened, he owned, when Calypso had been brought on deck, but she had given him courage—he paused to beam on her, a broad-faced admiration, for which he could find no words—and, as he had never yet missed a flying duck at—I forget how many yards Charlie mentioned—well... perhaps he oughtn't to have risked it.

And so his story came to an end, amid reassuring applause. "Now," said the "king," "for the Story of the Disappearing Gentleman and the Lighted Lantern."

And then I told my story as it is already known to the reader, and I have to confess that, when I came to the chestful of doubloons and pieces of eight, I had a very attentive audience. The "king" was for starting off that very night. But, reminded of the difficult seclusion in which the treasure still lay, he was persuaded to wait till the morrow.

"At dawn then," he said, "tomorrow—what time, the rosy-footed dawn" so be it. And now I am going to talk to Ajax the Far-Darter of duck shooting."

"But wait!" I cried. "Why did 'Jack Harkaway' go to Nassau?"

Calypso blushed. The "king" chuckled.

"I prefer not to be known in Nassau, yet some of my business has to be done there. Nor is it safe for beauty like Calypso's to go unprotected. So from time to time, 'Jack Harkaway' goes for us both! And now enough of explanations!" and he launched into talk of game and sport in various parts of the world, to the huge delight of the great simple-hearted Charlie.

But, after a time, other matters claimed the attention of his other auditors. During the flow of his discourse night had fallen. Calypso and I perceived that we were forgotten—so, by an impulse that seemed to be, we rose and left them there, and stole out into the garden where the little fountain was dancing like a spirit under the moon, and the orange trees gave out their perfume on the night breeze. I took her hand, and we walked softly out into the moonlight, and looked down at the closed loutises in the little pool. And then we took courage to look into each other's eyes.

"Calypso," I said, "when are you going to show me where you keep your doubloons?"—and I added, in a whisper, "Jack—when am I going to see you in boy's clothes again?"

And, with that, she was in my arms, and I felt her heart beating against my side.

"Oh! my treasure," I said—ever so softly—"Calypso, my treasure."

Now, such readers as have been "gentle" enough to follow me so far in my story, may possibly desire to be told what lay behind those other

POSTSCRIPT.

locked doors in the underground gallery where I so nearly laid my bones. Those caverns, we afterward discovered, did actually communicate with Blackbeard's ruined mansion, and the "king," who has now reënter that mansion and lives in it in semi-feudal state with Calypso and me, is able to pass from one to the other by underground passages which are an unfailing source of romantic satisfaction to his dear, absurd soul.

As to whether or not the mansion and the treasure were actually Blackbeard's—that is, Edward Teach's—we are yet in doubt, though we prefer to believe that they were. At all events, we never found any evidence to connect them at all with Henry P. Tobias, whose second treasure, we have every reason to think, still remains undiscovered.

As for the sinister and ill-fated Henry P. Tobias, Jr., we have since learned—through Charlie Webster, who every now and again drops in with sailors from his sloop and carries off the "king" for duck hunting—that his real name was quite different; he must have assumed, as a nom de guerre, the name we knew him by, to give color to his claim. I am afraid, therefore, that he was a plain scoundrel, after all, though it seemed to me that I saw gleams in him of something better, and I shall always feel a sort of kindness toward him for the saving grace of gallant courtesy with which he invested his abduction of Calypso.

Calypso... She and I, just for fun, sometimes drop into Sweeney's store, and when she has made her purchases, she draws up from her bosom a little bag, and, looking softly at me, lays down on the counter—a golden doubloon; and Sweeney—who, doubtless, thinks us all a little crazy—smiles indulgently on our make-believe.

Sometimes, on our way home, we come upon Tom in the plantations, superintending a gang of the "king's" janissaries—among whom Erebus is still the blackest—for Tom is now the lord high steward of our estate. He beams on us in a fatherly way, and I lay my hand significantly on my left side—to his huge delight. He flashes his white teeth and wags his head from side to side with inarticulate enjoyment of the allusion. For who knows? He may be right. In so mysterious a world the smallest cause may lead up to the most august results and there is nothing too wonderful to happen.

(THE END.)

William F. Gratke has been elected secretary of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. I. Barr.

Mrs. Sarah F. Osburn, pioneer of 1853, is dead at Harrisburg at the age of 90 years. She was related to Kit Carson and General Robert E. Lee.

Fire losses in Oregon, exclusive of Portland, for the month of February, aggregated \$204,675, according to a report prepared by the state fire marshal.

An application for increase of rates has been filed with the public service commission by the Coos-Curry Telephone company, with offices at Marshfield.

The Eugene Fruitgrowers' association shipped two carloads of dried prunes to the east last week and has but five or six carloads left in the warehouse.

At the last report from the watchman at the Warm Springs Irrigation district's reservoir in Malheur county, a total of 56,000 acre-feet has flowed into the basin.

Lumber shipments from Klamath Falls showed an increase of 200 per cent over January and February. Average shipments of 15 carloads daily were maintained.

The new \$75,000 music building at the University of Oregon, having a capacity of 615 well equipped studios and practice rooms, will be ready for occupancy by May.

Klamath Falls residents who took part in Sunday's rabbit drive near Dorris, Cal., reports that 400 persons joined in the extermination and destroyed 1500 rabbits.

E. V. Carter, of Ashland, was appointed a member of the state fair board to succeed A. C. Masters of Roseburg, at the expiration of the latter's term on March 14.

Cotton Hits Lowest Figure Since 1915. New York—Cotton dropped to the lowest price since 1915 when it sold at 12.55 cents a pound as against the highest price of 43 cents a pound last July.

The conferees on the agricultural appropriation bill allowed three strictly Oregon items, put in by Senator McNary, to stand, with a little reduction in two cases. An appropriation of \$15,000 to fight the pine beetle in the forests of Klamath county was

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, Etc.

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Monmouth Herald
Monmouth, Ore., Mar. 25 1921
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Leaves Monmouth		Leaves Independence	
7.45 a. m.	North Bound	8.15 a. m.	"
1.50 p. m.	"	2.25 p. m.	"
5.15 "	"	5.43 "	"
10.00 a. m.	South Bound	10.33 a. m.	"
3.15 p. m.	"	3.51 p. m.	"
6.40 "	"	7.12 "	"

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SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE BOSTON INSURANCE COMPANY

of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

CAPITAL	
Amount of capital stock paid up	\$ 1,000,000.00

INCOME	
Net premiums received during the year	\$ 2,295,790.61
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	511,193.24
Income from other sources received during the year	36,732.71
Total Income	\$ 2,843,722.57

DISBURSEMENTS	
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	\$ 4,112,654.00
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	380,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	2,374,325.94
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	290,973.78
Amount of all other expenditures	558,734.36
Total expenditures	\$ 7,716,688.08

ASSETS	
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$ 479,350.00
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	18,115,541.21
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	233,900.00
Cash in banks and on hand	814,417.96
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1920	1,438,738.13
Interest and rents due and accrued	470,835.41
Total admitted assets	\$13,616,501.00

LIABILITIES	
Gross claims for losses unpaid	\$ 2,754,296.04
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	2,768,102.21
Due for commission and brokerage	23,103.00
All other liabilities	408,593.00
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock of \$1,000,000.00	\$ 6,000,109.26

BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR

Net premiums received during the year	\$ 44,622.70
Losses paid during the year	10,615.68
Losses incurred during the year	11,904.81

BOSTON INSURANCE COMPANY
William R. Hodge, President
Freeman Nickerson, Secretary
Statutory resident attorney for service: A. F. Holden, Jr., Portland, Oregon.