

# 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 VIII.

An Unfinished Game of Cards. One evening as I returned to the ship unnotably worn out and disheartened I asked Tom how the stores were holding out. He answered cheerfully that they would last another week and leave us enough to get home.

"Well, shall we stick out the other week or not, Tom? I don't want to kill you, and I confess I'm nearly all in myself."

"May as well stick it out, sir, now we've gone so far. Then we'll have done all we can, and there's a certain satisfaction in doing that, sir."

So next morning we went at it again, and the next, and the next again, and then on the fourth day, when our week was drawing to its close, something at last happened to change the grim monotony of our days.

It was shortly after the lunch hour, Tom and I, who were now working too far apart to hear each other's halloos, had fired our revolvers once or twice to show that all was right with us. But, for no reason I can give, I suddenly got a feeling that all was not right with the old man, so I fired my revolver and gave him time for a reply. But there was no answer. Again I fired. Still no answer. I was on the point of firing again when I heard something coming through the brush behind me. It was Sailor racing toward me over the jagged rocks. Evidently there was something wrong.

"Something wrong with old Tom, sailor?" I asked, as though he could answer me. And indeed he did answer as plainly as dog could do, wagging his tail and whining and turning to go back with me in the direction whence he had come.

"Off we go, then, old chap," and as he ran ahead, I followed him as fast as I could.

It took me the best part of an hour to get to where Tom had been working. Sailor brushed his way ahead, pushing through the scrub with canine importance. Presently, at the top of a slight elevation, I came among the bushes to a softer spot where the soil had given way, and saw that it was the mouth of a shaft like a wide chimney flue, the earth of which had evidently fallen in. Here Sailor stopped and whined, pawing the earth, and hid the same time I heard a moaning underneath.

"Is that you, Tom?" I called. Thank God, the old chap was not dead at all events.

"Thank the Lord, it's you, sir," he cried. "I'm all right, but I've had a bad fall—and I can't seem able to move."

"Hold on and keep up your heart—I'll be with you in a minute," I called down to him.

"Mind yourself, sir," he called cheerily, and indeed it was a problem to get down to him without precipitating the loose earth and rock that were ready to make a landslide down the hole, and perhaps bury him forever.

But, looking about, I found another natural tunnel in the side of the hill. Into this I was able to worm myself, and in the dim light found the old man and put my flask to his lips.

"Anything broken, do you think?" Tom didn't think so. He had evidently been stunned by his fall, and another pull at my flask set him on his feet. But as I helped him up, and, striking a light, we began to look around the hole he had tumbled into, he gave a piercing shriek and fell on his knees, laboring with fear.

"The ghosts! the ghosts!" he screamed.

And the sight that met our eyes was certainly one to try the nerves. Two figures sat at a table—one with his hat tilted slightly and one leaning sideways in his chair in a careless sort of attitude. They seemed to be playing cards, and they were strangely white—for they were skeletons.

I stood hushed, while Tom's teeth rattled at my side. The fantastic awe of the thing was beyond telling. And then, not without a quiver or two, which I would be a liar to deny, I went and stood nearer to them. Nearly all their clothes had fallen away, hanging but in shreds here and there. That the hat had so jauntily kept its place was one of those grim touches death, that terrible humorist, loves to add to his jests. The cards which had apparently just been dealt, had suffered scarcely from decay—only a little dirt had settled down upon them, as it had into the rum glasses that stood, too, at each man's side. And as I looked at the skeleton jauntily facing me, I noticed that a bullet hole had been made as clean as if by a drill in his forehead of bone—white, turning to examine more closely his silent partner, I noticed a rusty sailor's knife hanging from the rim where the lungs had been. Then I looked on the floor and found the key to the whole story.

For there, within a few yards, stood a heavy sailor's chest, strongly bound around with iron. Its lid was thrown back and a few coins lay scattered at the bottom, while a few lay about on the floor. I picked them up. They were pieces of eight! Meanwhile Tom had stopped jabbering and had come nearer, looking on in awed silence. I showed him the pieces of eight.

"I guess these are all we'll see of one John P. Tobias's treasure, Tom," I said. And it looks as if these poor fellows saw as little of it as ourselves. Can't you imagine them with it there at their feet—perhaps playing to divide it on a gamble, and meanwhile the other fellows stealing in through some of these rabbit runs—one with a knife, the other with a gun—and then off with the loot and up with the sails. Poor devils! It strikes me as a very pretty tragedy—doesn't it you?"

Suddenly—perhaps with the vibration of our voices—the hat tumbled on the head of the fellow facing us in the most weird and comical fashion—and that was too much for Tom, and he screamed and made for the exit hole.

While Charlie Webster was arranging his affairs so that he might be able to take his holiday with a free mind I busied myself with provisioning the Flamingo, and in a casual chattering with one and another along the water front, in the hope of gathering some hint that might guide us on our coming expedition. I thought it possible, too, that chance might thus bring me some information as to the recent movements of Tobias.

In this way I made the acquaintance of several old salts, both white and black, one or two of whom time and their neighbors had invested with a legendary savor of the old "wrecking days," which, if rumor speaks true, are not entirely vanished from the remotest corners of the islands. But either their romantic halos were entirely due to imaginative gossip, or they themselves were too shrewd to be drawn, for I got nothing out of them to my purpose.

One afternoon in the course of these rather fruitless if interesting investigations among the picturesque shanty-shops of Bay street I had wandered farther along that historic water front than is customary with sightseeing pedestrians, and had come to where the road begins to be left alone with the sea, except for a few country houses here and there among the surrounding scrub—when my eye was caught by a little store that seemed to have strayed away from the others—a small timber erection painted in blue and white with a sort of sea-wildness and loneliness about it, and with large, naive lettering across its lintel announcing itself as an "Emporium" (I think that was the word) "of Marine Curiosities."

I pushed open the door. There was no one there. The little store was evidently left to take care of itself. Inside it was like an old curiosity shop of the sea, every available inch of space, rough tables and walls littered and hung with the queer and lovely bric-a-brac of the sea. Presently a tny girl came in, as it seemed, from nowhere and said she would fetch her father. In a moment or two he came, a tall, weathered Englishman of the sailor type, brown and lean, with lonesome blue eyes.

"You don't seem afraid of thieves," I remarked.

"It ain't a jewelry store," he said, "it's a curiosity shop."

"My friends listened to my yarn in characteristic fashion, John Saunders' eyes like nice peepers out of a cupboard, and Charlie Webster's huge bulk poised almost threatening, as it were, with the keenness of his attention. His deep-set kind brown eyes glowed like a boy's as I went on, but by their dangerous kindling at certain points of the story, those dealing with our packmarked friend, Henry P. Tobias, Jr., I soon realized where, for him, the chief interest of the story lay.

"The — rebel!" he roared out once or twice, using an adjective peculiarly English.

For him my story had but one moral—the treason of Henry P. Tobias, Jr. The treasure might as well have had no existence, so far as he was concerned, and the grim climax in the cave drew nothing from him but a re-occupied nod. And John Saunders was little more satisfactory. Both of them allowed me to end in silence. They both seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I must say you two are a great audience," I said presently, perhaps rather childishly nettled.

"It's a very serious matter," said John Saunders, and I realized that it was not my cronies but the secretary to the treasury of his Britannic majesty's government at Nassau that was talking. As he spoke he looked across at Charlie Webster, almost as if for-

getting me. "Something should be done about it, eh, Charlie?" he continued.

"—traitor!" roared Charlie, once more employing that British adjective. And then he turned to me:

"Look here, old pal, I'll make a bargain with you, if you like. I suppose you're keen for that other treasure now, eh?"

"I am," said I, rather stiffly.

"Well, then, I'll go after it with you—on one condition. You can keep the treasure, if you'll give me Tobias. It would do my heart good to get him, as you had the chance of doing that afternoon. Whatever were you doing to miss him?"

"I proposed to myself the satisfaction of making good that mistake," I said, "on our next meeting. I feel I owe it to the poor old captain."

"Never mind; hand the captain's rights over to me—and I'll help you all I know with your treasure. Besides, Tobias is a job for an Englishman—eh, John? It's a matter of 'king and country' with me. With you it would be mere private vengeance. With me it will be an execution; with you it would be a murder. Isn't that so, John?"

"Exactly," John nodded.

"Since you were away," Charlie began again, "I've bought the prettiest yawl you ever set eyes on—the Flamingo—forty-five over all, and this time the very fastest boat in the harbor. Yes! she's faster even than the Susan B. Now I've a holiday due me in about a fortnight. Say the word, and the Flamingo's yours for a couple of months, and her captain, too. I make only that one condition."

"All right, Charlie," I agreed; "he's yours."

Whereat Charlie shot out a huge paw like a shoulder of mutton and grabbed my hand with as much fervor as though I had saved his life or done him some other unimaginable kindness. And as he did so his broad, sweet smile came back again. He was thinking of Tobias.

While Charlie Webster was arranging his affairs so that he might be able to take his holiday with a free mind I busied myself with provisioning the Flamingo, and in a casual chattering with one and another along the water front, in the hope of gathering some hint that might guide us on our coming expedition. I thought it possible, too, that chance might thus bring me some information as to the recent movements of Tobias.

In this way I made the acquaintance of several old salts, both white and black, one or two of whom time and their neighbors had invested with a legendary savor of the old "wrecking days," which, if rumor speaks true, are not entirely vanished from the remotest corners of the islands. But either their romantic halos were entirely due to imaginative gossip, or they themselves were too shrewd to be drawn, for I got nothing out of them to my purpose.

One afternoon in the course of these rather fruitless if interesting investigations among the picturesque shanty-shops of Bay street I had wandered farther along that historic water front than is customary with sightseeing pedestrians, and had come to where the road begins to be left alone with the sea, except for a few country houses here and there among the surrounding scrub—when my eye was caught by a little store that seemed to have strayed away from the others—a small timber erection painted in blue and white with a sort of sea-wildness and loneliness about it, and with large, naive lettering across its lintel announcing itself as an "Emporium" (I think that was the word) "of Marine Curiosities."

I pushed open the door. There was no one there. The little store was evidently left to take care of itself. Inside it was like an old curiosity shop of the sea, every available inch of space, rough tables and walls littered and hung with the queer and lovely bric-a-brac of the sea. Presently a tny girl came in, as it seemed, from nowhere and said she would fetch her father. In a moment or two he came, a tall, weathered Englishman of the sailor type, brown and lean, with lonesome blue eyes.

"You don't seem afraid of thieves," I remarked.

"It ain't a jewelry store," he said, "it's a curiosity shop."

"My friends listened to my yarn in characteristic fashion, John Saunders' eyes like nice peepers out of a cupboard, and Charlie Webster's huge bulk poised almost threatening, as it were, with the keenness of his attention. His deep-set kind brown eyes glowed like a boy's as I went on, but by their dangerous kindling at certain points of the story, those dealing with our packmarked friend, Henry P. Tobias, Jr., I soon realized where, for him, the chief interest of the story lay.

tion of the Nassau "conch."

"That's just what I was thinking it was," I said.

"I know what you mean," he replied, his lonely face lighting up as faces do at unexpected understanding in a stranger. "Of course there are some that feel that way, but they're few and far between."

"Not enough to make a fortune out of?"

"Oh! I do pretty well," he said; "I mustn't complain. Money's not everything, you see, in a business like this. There's going after the things, you know. One's got to count that in too."

I looked at him in some surprise. I had met something even rarer than the things he traded in. I had met a merchant of dreams, to whom the mere handling of his merchandise seemed sufficient profit: "There's going after the things, you know. One's got to count that in too."

Naturally we were neck-deep in talk in a moment. I wanted to hear all he cared to tell me about "going after the things"—such "things"—and he was nothing loath, as he took up one strange or beautiful object after another, his face aglow, and he quite evidently without a thought of doing business, and told me all about them—how and where he got them, and so forth.

"But," he said presently, encouraged by my unfeigned interest, "I should like to show you a few rarer things I have in the house, and which I wouldn't sell, or even show to every-one. If you'd honor me by taking a cup of tea we might look them over."

So we left the little store, with its door unlocked as I had found it, and a few steps brought us to a little house I had not before noticed, with a neat garden in front of it, all the garden beds symmetrically bordered with conch shells. Shells were evidently the simple-hearted fellow's mania, his revelation of the beauty of the world. Here in a neat parlor, also much decorated with shells, tea was served to us by the little girl I had first seen and an elder sister, who, I gathered made all the lonely dreamer's family. Then, shyly pressing on me a cigar he turned to show me the promised treasures. He also told me more of his manner of finding them, and of the long trips which he had to take in seeking them, to out-of-the-way cays and in dangerous waters.

He was showing me the last and rarest of his specimens. He had kept, he said, the best to the last. To me, as a layman, it was not nearly so attractive as other things he had shown me—little more to my eye than a rather commonplace though pretty shell; but he explained that it was found, or had so far been found, only in one spot in the islands, a lovely, seldom-visited cay several miles to the northeast of Andros island.

"What is it called?" I asked, for it was part of our plan for Charlie to do a little duck shooting on Andros, before we tackled the business of Tobias and the treasure.

"It's called — Cay nowadays," he answered, "but it used to be called Short Shift Island."

"Short Shift Island?" I cried in spite of myself, immediately annoyed at my lack of presence of mind.

"Certainly," he rejoined, looking a little surprised but evidently without suspicion. He was too simple and too taken up with his shell.

"It is such an odd name," I said, trying to recover myself.

"Yes! those old pirate chaps certainly did think up some of the rummier names."

"One of the pirate haunts, was it?" I queried with assumed indifference.

"Supposed to be. But one hears that of every other cay in the Bahamas. I take no stock in such yarns. My shells are all the treasure I expect to find."

"What did you call that shell?" I asked.

He told me the name, but I forgot it immediately. Of course I had asked it only for the sake of learning more precisely about Short Shift Island. He told me innocently enough just where it lay.

"Are you going after it?" he laughed.

"Oh! well," I replied, "I am going on a duck-shooting trip to Andros before long, and I thought I might drop around to your cay and pick a few of them up for you."

"It would be mighty kind of you, but they're not easy to find. I'll tell you exactly." He went off, dear fellow, into the minutest description of the habits of —, while all the time I was eager to rush off to Charlie Webster and John Saunders and shout into their ears—as later I did at the first possible moment that evening: "I've found our missing cay! Short Shift Island is —." (I mentioned the name of a cay, which, as in the case of "Dead Man's Shoes," I am unable to divulge.)

"Maybe" said Charlie, "maybe! We can try it. But," he added, "did you find out anything about Tobias?"

(Continued Next Saturday.)

## Detailed Bequests Made To Various Relations By Butteville Woman In Will

About 10 months before her death, Lydia A. Kinyon of Butteville, made disposition by will, not only of her real estate valued at about \$2500, but also of her various household goods. The will was made August 27, 1918, and Mrs. Kinyon died June 29, 1919.

Having disposed of her real property, Mrs. Kinyon distributed her household goods by will as follows:

"To my granddaughter, Fannie Scholt, my sewing machine and gold watch and chain.

"To my granddaughter, Malvina White, my vacuum carpet cleaner.

"To my daughter-in-law, Nora Kinyon, my golden wedding dishes and my wardrobe.

"To my son, George Kinyon, a picture of myself and my deceased husband.

"To my son, William Chase Kinyon, my family group of pictures and to his wife an equal interest in the pictures.

"To my son, Jas. F. Kinyon, a picture of myself and my deceased husband.

"To my sons, Jas. F. Kinyon and John J. Kinyon, I give in trust my dishes, except my golden wedding dishes, to be equally divided between them.

"To my son, John J. Kinyon, and his wife, my old chair.

"To my grandson, Elijah Keith Kinyon, my spare bed and my berry spoon.

"To my son, James F. Kinyon, my graphophone and my family Bible.

"To my brother, John Smith, a family picture.

"To be distributed among my 12 grand children, \$500."

## MARION NEWS.

(Capital Journal Special Service.) Marion, Or., July 12.—Wild Hadley and family were Sunday visitors at Marina at the home of Bennett Pearson.

Mrs. Ben Endsley is very ill at this writing.

Mrs. Enos Pressnal has gone to Idaho to take charge of the church work at Woodland. She is expecting to be gone for several months.

Alma Barber is now able to get about on crutches as her broken leg is doing nicely.

Marion is a very busy place now with all the loganberries that are to be picked. Bert Pressnal has twenty of the reform school boys helping with his picking besides about fifteen Marion pickers.

Mr. Barton has gone on a camping trip this week.

Calvin Marlow is going to preach at the Friends church next Sunday night. Everyone is cordially invited to hear him. We are sorry he has to leave us so soon.

## DALLAS GARAGE SOLD

Dallas, July 12.—The Dallas garage on North Main street operated for the past several years by Paul Hunter was sold this week to two Portland young men, P. Leonard and J. P. Walton. The new proprietors are both experienced automobile men having been employed in the plant of the Covey motor company of Portland for many years. Both are expert mechanics, about automobiles and will continue the line of repair work established by Mr. Hunter.

## Bargains In TIRES

- 1-30x3 N.S. \$ 7.00
- 1-30x3 S. \$ 9.95
- 1-30x3 1/2 N.S. \$13.50
- 1-32x3 1/2 S. \$ 4.00
- 1-32x4 N.S. \$25.95

## CORD TIRES

- 2-32x4 \$44.90
- 1-34x4 \$46.60
- 1-35x4 1/2 \$53.70

## All Revere Tires Give Exceptional Mileage

## "Motorlife" Will Clean Your Engine

## CLARE'S TIRE HOUSE

319 N. Commercial St. Salem, Or.



DIG VALUES For little men!

## Palm Beach Suits

FOR BOYS and LITTLE GENTS, they come in ages from 10 to 17 years of age and are "Just like Dad's".

Some are in neat stripes and some in the very popular waist-line models, and still others in plain styles.

In this hot sultry weather that is so hard on the nerves, consider what it must be to a growing boy that needs all his vitality for growth to become the healthy boy that he has a right to become—Give him his chance.

THEY are so INEXPENSIVE that you should not consider a few dollars where health is concerned.

Genuine Palm Beach Suits \$9.00

\*\*\*\*\*

## ARROW SHIRT'S AND COLLARS.

JUST arrived the most beautiful shipment of shirts of quality that is possible, we thought that the last had reached the limit of beauty but my—these are wonderful values in QUALITY and in wonderful patterns.

THERE are many to choose from, you could never miss purchasing a shirt of such beauty if you come in and view them for yourself. Don't take our word for this come in and judge for yourself.

THIS shipment of SHIRTS, is in the LINEN and SILK and are so very serviceable and always launders perfectly—they are values that you cannot afford to pass by.

Priced from \$2.50 to \$3.50

AND now comes the SOFT COLLARS—in the ARROW COLLARS—they are so comfortable in this hot sticky weather when a stiff collar feels so out of place.

If you have not experienced the joy and solid comfort to be found in one of these, you have missed part of the enjoyment of life. Get yours now at Bishop's—why be uncomfortable any longer.

Every Family in Marion And Polk Counties a Patron

## SALEM WOOLEN MILLS STORE

WALTER L. TOOZE, JR., IS ON WAY TO DALLAS

## DALLAS LIEUTENANTS RETURN FROM FRANCE

Dallas, July 12.—Captain Walter L. Tooze Jr., a former attorney of this city who enlisted in the army at the outbreak of the recent war, is on his way to his home in this city, according to information received by Dallas friends and relatives this week. Mr. Tooze was one of the instructors of the famous 91st division at Camp Lewis and was afterwards transferred to a training camp at Cornell university where he has since been stationed. Captain Tooze was formerly district attorney for Polk county and expects to again reenter the practice of law upon his arrival here.

## Vaudeville SUNDAY

Mann and Mallory in Breezy Bits

Bally-Hoo Three in Circus La Patite

Jack and Eva Arnold in Bright Moments of Musical Comedy

EARL WILLIAMS in "THE GIRL IN HIS HOUSE"

BLIGN THEATRE



I Waited a Minute to Replace the Hat on the Rakish One's Head.

But I waited a minute to replace the hat on the rakish one's head. As I was likely often to think of him in the future I preferred to remember him at the moment of our first strange acquaintance.

## Book II.

### CHAPTER I.

#### Once More in John Saunders' Snuggery.

Need I say that it was a great occasion when I was once more back safe in John Saunders' snuggery, telling my story to my two friends, John and Charlie Webster, all just as if I had never stirred from my easy chair, instead of having spent an exciting month or so among sharks, dead men, blood-lapping ghosts, card-playing skeletons and such like?

My friends listened to my yarn in characteristic fashion, John Saunders' eyes like nice peepers out of a cupboard, and Charlie Webster's huge bulk poised almost threatening, as it were, with the keenness of his attention. His deep-set kind brown eyes glowed like a boy's as I went on, but by their dangerous kindling at certain points of the story, those dealing with our packmarked friend, Henry P. Tobias, Jr., I soon realized where, for him, the chief interest of the story lay.

"The — rebel!" he roared out once or twice, using an adjective peculiarly English.

For him my story had but one moral—the treason of Henry P. Tobias, Jr. The treasure might as well have had no existence, so far as he was concerned, and the grim climax in the cave drew nothing from him but a re-occupied nod. And John Saunders was little more satisfactory. Both of them allowed me to end in silence. They both seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I must say you two are a great audience," I said presently, perhaps rather childishly nettled.

"It's a very serious matter," said John Saunders, and I realized that it was not my cronies but the secretary to the treasury of his Britannic majesty's government at Nassau that was talking. As he spoke he looked across at Charlie Webster, almost as if for-



"You Don't Seem Afraid of Thieves." with the curious soft-singing intonation of the Nassau "conch."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

Makes Babies Happy

By causing good digestion and regular bowel movements, keeps babies healthy—no colic—no constipation—just the finest vegetable properties. Especially recommended for teething babies.

At all druggists

J. C. Perry's