

PIECES EIGHT

BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1903—NOW GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

Richard Le Gallienne

But alas! they did not begin till some six feet above my head, and the way was sheer. How was I to reach the lowest rung? The rock was too sheer for me to cut steps in, as I had done farther back. I looked about me. Again the luck was with me. In one of the caves I had noticed some broken pieces of fallen rock. They were terribly heavy, but despair lent me strength, and after an hour or two's work, I had managed to roll several of them to the foot of the ladder, and with an effort of which I would not have believed myself capable—had been able to build them one on top of another against the wall. So, I found myself able to grasp the lowest rung with my hands. Then, fastening the lantern round my neck with my necktie, I prepared to mount.

The climb was not difficult, once I had managed to get my feet on the first rung of the ladder, but there was always the chance that one of the rungs might have rusted loose with time, in which case, of course, it would have given way in my grasp, and I should have been precipitated backward to certain death below.

However, the man who had mortised them had done an honest piece of work, and they proved as firm as on the day they were placed there. Up and up I went, till I must have been forty feet above the floor, and then, as I neared the foot, instead of coming to a trap door, as I had conjectured, I found that the ladder came to an end at the edge of a narrow ledge, running along the ceiling much as a clerestory runs near the roof of some old churches. On to this I managed to climb. It was barely a yard wide, and the impending reef did not permit of one's standing erect. It was a dizzy situation, and it seemed safest to crawl along on all fours, holding the lantern in front of me. Presently it brought me up sharp in a narrow recess. It had come to an end.

Yes! but imagine my joy! It had come to an end at the low archway rudely cut in the rock. Deep set in the archway was a stout wooden door. My first thought, but that I was trapped again, but to my infinite surprise and gratitude, it proved to be slightly ajar, and a vigorous push sent it grinding back on its hinges. What next? I wondered. At all events, I was no longer lost in the bowels of the earth; step by step, I was coming nearer to the frontiers of humanity.

But I was certainly not prepared for what next met my eyes, as I pushed through the low doorway with my lantern, and looked around. Yes, indeed, man had certainly been here, too, very purposeful and businesslike. I was in a sort of low narrow gallery, some forty feet long, to

a rough seaman's chest open and falling in pieces. At the sight of that, a wild thought flashed through my brain. What if—Good God! What if this was John Teach's treasure—behind those grim doors. I threw myself with all my force against one and then the other. For the moment I forgot that my paramount business was to escape. But I might as well have hurled myself against the solid rock. And, at that moment, I noticed that the place was darker than it had been. My lantern was going out. In a moment or two I should be in the pitch dark, and I had discovered that the door at the end of the gallery was as solid as the others.

I was to be trapped, after all; and I pictured myself slowly dying there of hunger—the pangs of which I was already beginning to feel—and some one, years hence, finding me there, a moldering skeleton—some one who would break open those doors, uncover those gleaming boards, and moralize on the irony of my end; condemned to die there of starvation, with the treasure I had so long sought on the other side of those unyielding doors. Old Tom's words suddenly flashed over me, and I could feel my hair literally beginning to rise. "There never was a buried treasure yet that didn't claim its victim." Great God!—and I was to be the ghost, and keep guard in this terrible tomb till the next dead man came along to relieve me of my entry duty!

Frankly I turned up the wick of my lantern at the thought—but it was no use; it was plainly going out. I examined my match box; I had still a dozen or so matches left. And then my eye fell on that shattered chest. There were those boards, too. At all events I could build a fire and make torches of slivers of wood, so long as the wood lasted.

And then I had an idea. Why not make the fire against the door at the end of the gallery, and so burn my way through. Bravo! My spirits rose at the thought, and I set to it once—splitting some small kindling with my knife. In a few minutes I had quite a sprightly little fire going at the bottom of the door; but I saw that I should have to be extravagant with my wood if the fire was to be effective. However, it was neck or nothing; so I piled on beams and boards till my fire roared like a furnace, and presently I had the joy of seeing it begin to take hold of the door—which, after a short time, began to crackle and splutter in a very cheering fashion.

Whatever lay beyond, it was evident that I should soon be able to break my way through the obstacle, and, indeed, so it proved; for, presently, I used one of the boards as a battering ram, and to my inexpressible joy, it went crashing through, with a shower of sparks, and it was but the work of a few more minutes before the whole door fell flaming down, and I was able to leap through the doorway into the darkness on the other side.

As I stood there, peering ahead, and holding aloft a burning stick—which proved, however, a poor substitute for my lantern—a wonderful sound smote my ears. I could not believe it, and my knees shook beneath me. It was the sound of the sea.

Yes, it was no illusion. It was the sound that the sea makes singing and echoing through hollow caves—the sound I heard that night as I stood at the moonlit door of Calypso's cavern, and saw that vision which my heart nearly broke to remember. Calypso! Oh Calypso! where was she at this moment? Pray God that she was indeed safe, as her father had said. But I had to will her from my mind, to keep from going mad.

And my poor torch had gone out, having, however, given me light enough to see that the door which I had just burst through led out onto a narrow platform on the side of a rock that went slanting down into a chasm of blackness, through which, as in a great shell, boomed that murmuring of the sea. It had a perilous ugly look, and it was plain that it was foolhardy to attempt it at the moment without a light; and my fire was dying down. Besides, I was beginning to feel light-headed and worn out, partly from lack of food, no doubt.

As there was no food to be had, I recalled the old French proverb, "He eats who sleeps"—or something to that effect—and I determined to husband my strength once more with a brief rest. However, as I turned to throw some more wood on my fire—preparing to indulge myself with a little campfire cheerfulness as I dozed off—my eyes fell once more on that grim line of locked doors; and my curiosity, and an idea, made me wakeful again. I had burned down one door—why not another? Why not, indeed?

So I raked over my fire to the fam-

had it roaring and licking against the stout door. It was, apparently, not so solid as the gallery door had been. At all events, it kindled more easily, and it was not long before I had the satisfaction of battering that door too. As I did so, I caught sight of something in the interior that made me laugh aloud and behave generally like a madman. Of course, I didn't believe my eyes—but they persisted in declaring, nevertheless, that there in front of me was a great iron-bound oak chest, to begin with. It might not, of course, contain anything but bones—but it might! The thing was too absurd. I must have fallen asleep—must be already dreaming! But no! I was laboring with all my strength to open it with one of those rusty cutlasses. It was a tough job, but my strength was as the strength of ten, for the old treasure-hunting lust was upon me, and I had forgotten everything else in the world for the time.

At last, with a great wooden grin, as though its heart were breaking at having to give up its secret at last, it crashed open, I fell on my knees as though I had been struck by lightning, for it was literally brimming over with silver and gold pieces—doubloons and pieces of eight; English and French coins, too—guineas and louis d'ors—"all"—as Tobias' manuscript had said—"all good money."

For a while I knelt over it, dazed and blinded, lost; then I slowly plunged my hands into it; and let the pieces pour and pour through them, literally bathing them in gold and silver, as I had read of misers doing.

Then suddenly I broke out into an Irish jig—never having had any notion of doing such a thing before. In fact I believed as I have read of men doing, whom a sudden fortune



"All Good Money."

has bereft of reason. For the time, at all events, I was a gibbering madman. Certainly, there was to be no sleep for me that night! But, in the full tide of my frenzy, I suddenly noticed something that brought me up sharp. Out beyond the doorway it was growing light. It was only a dim tremulous suffusion of it, indeed, but it was real daylight—oozing in from somewhere or other—the blessed, blessed, daylight! God be praised!

(Concluded next Saturday)

Substitute Organization For R. O. T. C. in Schools Provided, Announcement

Supt. J. A. Churchill has just received a communication from Ralph B. Lister, of Spokane with regard to the matter of the Reserve Officers Training Corps in the high schools. As district inspector of the Twelfth District, he states that it has been found to be impossible to carry out the proposed program in the public schools, owing to the fact that the present law allows only 300 active officers for this duty and all of these must have at least 5 years commissioned service, it has been found impossible to establish new units and develop the R. O. T. C. as they had hoped to do. As a substitute for the R. O. T. C. the schools which have applied for the service are advised to organize cadet corps as provided in General Orders 48 of the War Department. This plan is very similar to the R. O. T. C. only that uniforms are not furnished, and each institution is expected to furnish its own instructor. Letters of explanation have been sent to all the schools of Oregon that have made application, and the hope is expressed that the cadet corps plan will be generally adopted with a view to establishing the R. O. T. C. later on. Incidentally Mr. Lister expresses his appreciation of the assistance rendered by Mr. Churchill in bringing the matter before the schools of the state, and notes that Oregon has more applications on file than the other three states combined.

WRECK INVESTIGATION ON
Marietta, Ohio, Aug. 15.—A rigid investigation was in progress today into the death of ten children and one adult, the probable fatal injury to two other children and minor injuries to a score of others in a crash between a picnic car and a freight train near here last Tuesday.

Church Notices

James Lee Memorial Church.
Corner of Winter and Jefferson Sts., Thomas Acheson, pastor. The following is the program for Sunday August 17. Sunday school 9:45. Chas. Dugeman in charge. Classes for all ages under the care of capable teachers. Public worship 11 a. m. subject, The Church Serving the Community. Dr. E. E. Rupp, Madison, New Jersey, will speak. Dr. Rupp is an expert on social and religious reconstruction work. You ought to hear him. Class meeting at 12:15. Epworth league devotional meeting 7 p. m., leader, Miss Agnes Gregson. North Salem Young People are cordially invited. Evening worship 8 o'clock, subject, The Closed Book, by the Rev. B. A. Hutchinson, Sutherlin, Ore. This service will be evangelistic and a good time is assured. Special music will be important features of both services. We cordially invite the public to worship with us. Don't forget prayer meeting on Thursday night.

First Baptist Church.
The Two Voices: To Which Have You Responded? This will be Dr. G. P. Holt's morning sermon at the First Baptist church service at 11 a. m. The evening theme will be God's Question to Elijah and to Us, Where Art Thou? at 8 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Young people's meeting 7 p. m. Thursday evening 8 o'clock prayer and conference meeting topic Christ's return. Strangers and visitors are welcome to all these services.

Court Street Christian Church.
Corner of Seventeenth and Court streets. This church is demonstrating the fact that there is no "summer slump" when you determine there shall be none. Our Bible school is killing it. The attendance is increasing every Lord's day. If you don't believe you can come and see. The junior department has charge of the Bible school this Lord's day. It is their last day in charge, then the intermediate have charge for two times. Each Lord's day is interesting, for you are wondering what is next. Are you going to be there? A talk to children, "The young man that interpreted a king's dream," before the sermon. The morning sermon "The church member of the hour." This is the third of a series of sermons. Sermon, "Something to think about in moments." Junior C. E. 6 p. m. This service is under the leadership of two fine Christian young women. Children come and you will want to come again. Young Peoples Christian Endeavor service 7 p. m. This is one of the liveliest Endeavor societies in the city. Fine enthusiastic meetings. Song service and sermon 8 p. m. Sermon, "The touch of the Master." Monthly Bible school conference Tuesday 8 p. m. Every teacher, officer and friend of the school urged to attend. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. We invite the public and Christian friends to worship with us. B. L. Putnam, pastor.

Center Street Methodist Episcopal.
Corner 13th and Center streets. G. S. Hooper minister. Sabbath school 10 a. m. Dr. Edwin Sherwood, professor of Kimball College of Theology, will preach at 11 o'clock, subject "The Sure Foundation." Preaching by the pastor in the evening. All are cordially invited to these services.

First United Brethren Yew Park.
Bible school at 10 a. m. Public worship at 11 a. m. Rev. McKinley will deliver the address. Young peoples meeting at 7:30 p. m. Mid week prayer meeting on Wednesday at 8 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to any and all who desire to come and worship with us. C. W. Corby, pastor.

Church of God.
1346 N. Church street. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. Frongh at 10 a. m. Praying from 3 p. m. Young peoples meeting 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 8 p. m. We invite all to attend these services. J. J. Gillespie, pastor.

First M. E. Church.
State and Church streets. Class meeting 9:15 a. m. Sunday school with John W. Todd as superintendent. 11 a. m. message to the young people. Morning sermon 7 p. m. Epworth League, junior, H. Wilkes leader; senior, Miss Genevieve Findley leader. 8 p. m. service in recognition of the founding of Willamette seventy five years ago. Addresses by President Carl G. Doney and Honorable C. B. Moores of Portland. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of Willamette.

Leslie Methodist Episcopal.
Corner South Commercial and Myers streets. Horace N. Aldrich, pastor. 9:45 a. m. Sunday school. E. A. Bhoten superintendent. 11 a. m. Public worship, with sermon by the pastor. Theme, "Obedience of Mind and Heart." The second sermon in a series on this subject. Mrs. Marie Flint will sing the offertory solo. 7 p. m. devotional meeting of the Epworth League. Leslie Springer, president. 8 p. m. Song service, and address by the pastor.

St. Paul's Church.
Ninth Sunday after Trinity; 7:30 a. m. holy communion; 11 a. m. morning prayer and sermon, "Visions." No evening service. Everybody welcome. Chas. H. Powell, rector.

Central Congregational Church.
Corner South 19th and Ferry streets. H. C. Storer minister. Sunday school at 10 a. m. combined with the morning worship. Sunday school in charge of Mrs. Barton E. Edwards; morning address by pastor. Music by Donald Craven. Christian Endeavor at 7:15 p. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock.

United Evangelical.
Cottage and Center streets. Rev. G. L. Lovell, pastor. Our Sunday school will be resumed today after a vacation of two weeks. We hope every scholar will be present. Morning worship and sermon by the pastor at 11 a. m. The evening services will be dismissed during the month of August. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Nazarene Church.
Nineteenth and Marion streets. Sunday school at 9:45, preaching at 11 and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Young peoples meeting at 7. Mid week prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. There will be with us a party from Nampa, Idaho, representing the Nazarene college of that place in all the meeting on Sunday. There are eight of them and they have good preachers and singers. Everybody invited to attend these meetings. Come and have a good time with us. A. Wells, pastor.

Free Methodist Church.
Sunday services: Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Martha Burns will fill the pulpit both morning and evening. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. W. J. Johnston, pastor.

Associated Bible Students.
Meet every Sunday at Moose hall, corner High and Court street, from 10 a. m. to 12 m. First hour sixth vol. study; second hour Tabernacle shadows. At 2:30 p. m. C. J. LeMay of Portland will give a public address on "The millennial city, is it Geneva or Jerusalem?" This is a subject all are interested in. Come and hear him. Public is cordially invited. Seats free. No collection.

Church of Christ Scientist.
First Church of Christ Scientist, Sunday service is held at 440 Chesham street at 11 a. m., subject of Bible lesson, "Saul." Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 8 p. m. Reading room, 299 Masonic temple, open every day, except Sunday and holidays from 11:45 a. m. to 5 p. m. All are invited to our service and to our reading room.

Maroney Object to Mixing Vegetables With Flowers In Court Square Gardens

Planting potatoes, cucumbers and lettuce in the rose beds of the court square on both Court and State streets, is not according to the artistic ideas of J. W. Maroney, member of the city park board and formerly landscape gardener for the Oregon State Hospital.

Mr. Maroney says much care was taken to plant the roses on the court house parking and he doesn't quite approve of mixing the common eatable things of life with the artistic and beautiful.

As a member of the city park board and interested in the city beautiful Mr. Maroney also calls attention to the fact there are several old houses about to fall to pieces which do not add to the artistic value of the city.

Commander Of Western Department In Favor Of Extending Forest Patrol

Governor Elliott has received a letter from Col. H. H. Arnold in which he states that General Liggett, who is now in command of the western department is very much in favor of extending the forest patrol service so as to cover all the forest area possible in the western department. He has requested Col. Arnold to submit plans for the extension of the patrol work to cover the state of Oregon, northern Idaho and western Montana, so that if the plans are approved in Washington it will be only a few days before seventeen more planes may be engaged in the work.

He goes on to say: "I am convinced that from the reports submitted the patrol will more than pay for themselves by the timber they save; so that an extension of the patrol system is amply warranted by the results obtained by those already in operation." He expresses great regret at the policy of demobilization of the air service which has now cut down the number of flyers from 15,000 to 3,000, and this number may be cut down to 1,000 by the last of September.

Pittsburg's Car System Tied Up By Strike Of Men

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 15.—Rejecting the award of the national war labor board, 3000 union motormen and conductors of the Pittsburgh Street Railways company, walked out at midnight, paralyzing the entire electric railway transportation system in the Pittsburgh district.

Despite the counsel of their leaders, the union car men voted unanimously to refuse the war board's award, which granted them an increase of six cents an hour instead of the 12 cents demanded. Mediation by the chamber of commerce and Retail Merchants' association also was refused.

ITALIAN WARSHIP SUNK

London, Aug. 15.—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Rome reported today that the Italian warship Basilicata had been sunk at the entrance of the Bosphorus canal by an internal explosion. Heavy casualties were reported.

The Basilicata a light cruiser, was completed in 1914 and had a displacement of 2560 tons. Its length was 240 feet. The ship was intended for colonial service, its speed being inadequate for employment as a scout.

FLICKERS OF BERLIN LIFE

GERMAN CAPITAL NOW FACING COAL FAMINE

Serious Shortage Of Fuel Seen In Berlin By Officials.

By Carl D. Groat (United Press Staff Correspondent). Berlin.—(By Mail).—German officials now see ahead the specter of serious coal shortage.

Just as all Europe has suffered, and will suffer again the coming winter, because of lowered coal output, so Germany anticipates that she faces a serious problem in supplying industries, railroads gas works and homes with sufficient coal.

Recently the economic ministry and officials of the state have come together to consider the outlook. And the first result of their deliberations was to let the public know that the situation is thoroughly serious.

For the first five months of the year the German coal production ran only 60 per cent as much as in the same period a year ago. And, in addition to this fact, she had no surplus from the previous year, and during June and July had to contend with railroad strikes which seriously hampered coal deliveries. From time to time, there have been mine strikes, and on a whole there is a lowered morale and a decreased staff in the coal industry.

At present, the railroads and gas works are living from hand to mouth as regards their supply of coals. In these circumstances, and with only slight prospect that coal production the remainder of the year can be speeded up, the officials felt that the prospects for winter are, indeed, dubious.

Moreover, the fact that the peace treaty calls for abandonment of certain territory and for certain coal deliveries to France makes the problem, as far as Germany is concerned, one of increased difficulty.

Officials predict that industry will not reach anything like a normal rate of production until well into next year, if then, unless a large larger coal supply can be turned out.

While France's coal production fell off because of ruined mines and decreased labor power, Germany's production has been decreasing through decreased labor power and through lessened morale. There has been much dissatisfaction among the miners, and their demands earlier in the year required shorter hours and more pay. With the coming of winter, transportation naturally will be worse than it is now, so that Germany's problem at present is to get her mines going as fully as possible and to repair her run down rolling stock in order to get as much coal out as possible before cold weather sets in.

New York, Aug. 16.—Whatalongtail one had had! All the new perky little velvet turbans of crushed velvet, round velvet, sailor shapes with rolled up collars and, in fact, almost all the early autumn millinery models have a long swirling tassel of vivid silk dangling from their midst. Whether it be of the self-same tone as its parent chapeau, as is the case usually where the hat is of black, dark brown or beige or whether it is a striking contrast the sprouting tassel bolts out ubiquitously and also about pretty ears and about six or eight inches long.

Under the head of the contrast class, but bound to be on the head of the class, is a sultan turban of the vividest Chinese vermilion velvet, with a tassel of the vividest Chinese green silk. Velvet is already very much to the fore and the forehead and brighter even than the aforementioned Chinese vermilion is a new shade of orange called brilliance the rays of the August sun. It is one of the most popular of the new shades which run the gamut of all the yellows and browns. In fact you have to be jaundiced to be jaunty this fall. Fall fashions are fruitful and you must either be an orange or a citron to be truly chic. So pick your fruit and color your hat and your life accordingly.

Naturally these hectic orange shades are used on the suits and frocks merely as highlights in embroidered tresses here and there, but for evening gowns (entire costume patriasque of the vivid golds. Suits and frocks are rather of some golden tint of brown or creamy beige and in the Fall Paris models it is amazing to note the multitudinous names used to designate the varying shades of tan. They vary only by a breath one from another and yet each boasts an entirely separate and exclusive appellation. Fern, beige, mantle, puffy, clay, old ivory, bisque champagne, also that and a new shade called rose fall into the glass of fashion nowaday and going a bit deeper are: l'orange, wood, bronze, tobacco, a few red echoes of last season's red brown rust, henna and mahogany and, lastly, the deep dark depths of tete de nigre.

Black has been worn so persistently all summer in the show satin frocks and gowns so dearly loved of the Parisian female heart that a blossoming cut into the vivid yellows and warm browns this fall will be a welcome change of change. We can not shake black off completely, however, and its sombre hues will still weave its willy-nilly in both satin and velvet lengths, just as our penchant for having the blues will always stick to us.

GERMANS SPENDING THEIR MONEY MADLY

"Devil-May-Care Spirit Grips Berlin Following Years Of War.

Berlin. (By Mail).—A sort of "devil may care" spirit prevades Berlin. It is undoubtedly arises from the let-down after four years of war. And it manifests itself in a wild pursuit of pleasure. Champagne and gambling are the main objects upon which pleasure-loving Berlin directs its attention, seeking succor from the past.

Berlin may lack for food, but it doesn't lack for amusements. A vast class of rich folks are going through their money with a surprising rapidity, while many persons of more moderate means have caught the infection and are cutting into savings of a lifetime to satisfy the almost universal desire for pleasure.

Even the "reds" who are supposed to be very poverty stricken, have a trace of the spirit as was instanced recently when a Spartacus party was announced for one of the suburbs, with the statement that there'd be plenty to drink and much to eat. In short, the air came starkly practical, that though the people were poor they were going to spend what they had with a lavishness and abandon. There was to be no such as a rationed people were not supposed to be able to obtain, and there was to be drink, galore, and the guests were to stay as long as they saw fit.

As a result of this spirit, the city is fairly alive with cafes and dance halls. There is generally little, or poor food as these places, but the habitues buy wine with a recklessness that would make even a wealthy Chicago packer or a Pittsburg steel magnate dizzy.

As for gambling, Berlin at present is probably the widest open city in the world. Men and women play for stakes of thousands of marks and seem to get little thrill over either a winning or a losing.

The whole spirit of this pleasure-mad crowd is one of forced poverty. There is none of the sparkle to it that one experiences among the French. It is simply a sort of stunned let down, a case of saying, "Well, the game has been played out; we've lost and what do we care now?" It constitutes a moral relaxation that has in it the essence of national breakdown provided the present regime continues.

Berlin doesn't care. That's the answer with thousands who have little money, and thousands who have a little.

An Elk's membership campaign in Eugene has brought the lodge within six of the goal of 1000 members set and an effort will be made to secure enough to fill the list.

Fine feathers also add their orange and broken tinted hues to aid our autumn millinery and all feathered close turbans of the orange-breasted and bronzed pheasant is a symphony of color tones. Paradise too flaunt their yellow beauties an astorine net languidly under the black fear of premature dyeing.

Dame Nature is certainly going to put it all over Dave Fashion this fall, for it is unmistakably upon the glowing glories of the autumn foliage that our sartorial color scheme will be based. Every discarded leaf that falls from Ceres disoriented lup will be eagerly snatched up as a first aid to fashion by Madame La Mode and that languid lady must humble herself to receive nature's leavings, or rather leavings, with a grateful air.

Being all dilled up in the tints of the fall foliage, we will partake, at least from a color standpoint, some of the sartorial sensations of our maternal ancestor, Lady Eve. And changing our costumes will smack vividly of turning over a new leaf.

Attempt To Rescue Child From Flames Results In Death Of Astoria Woman

Astoria, Or., Aug. 15.—Miss Olga Paavo, aged 29, and the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Hakala were burned to death this morning due to the explosion of an oil stove in the Hakala's home.



I Was in a Sort of Low, Narrow Gallery, Some Forty Feet Long.

which the arching rock made a crypt-like ceiling. At my first glance, I saw that there was another door at the far end similar to the one I had entered by; and on the left side of the gallery built of rough stones from the low ceiling to the floor, was a series of compartments, each with locked wood on door. They were strong and grim looking, and might have been taken for prison cells, or family vaults, or possibly wine bins. The massive locks were red with rust, and there was plainly no possibility of opening them.