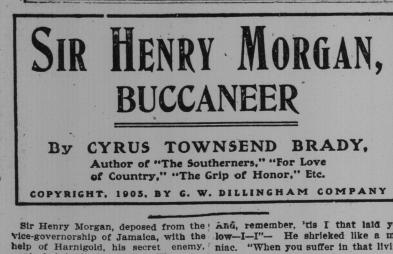
POOR DOCUMENT

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.



Sir Henry Morgan, deposed from the And, remember, 'tis I that laid you vice-governorship of Jamaica, with the low-I-I''- He shricked like a mahelp of Harnigold, his secret enemy, niac. "When you suffer in that living again hoists the black flag. They cap-death for which they design you, reture two Spanish frigates, conveying a heavily loaded galleon, but are wrecked off the coast of Caracas. Captain Althere! You trifled with me-mocked varado, born of unknown parentage, but now the commandant of the Span-ish port of La Guayra, Venezuela, loves quest. I groveled at your feet and begthe daughter of the governor, who has chosen De Tobar as Denna Mercedes' ged you. You spurned me as I do you

10w. Curse you! I'll ask no mercy for future husband. The governor sends Alvarado with a party to convey Mer-cedes to La Guayra. She discloses her

love for him, and tries to jump her horse over the cliff, but Alvarado saves her and acknowledges love her her and acknowledges love has con-quered duty. Morgan's band, having leon we captured—it is buried. I can

him to escape. The chapter closes with a thrilling account of an interview beswain, "for I have told them where it tween Morgan and Donna Mercedes. DeLussan hearing Mercedes cries for

The utter uselessness of it at last help rushes to her assistance and is came upon Morgan, and some of his fighting Morgan when Alvarado's solcourage returned. He faced them once diers arrive. After a fierce fight in which more, with head uplifted.

Morgan's officers and many of his men are killed the old Buccaneer is "At your will, I'm ready!" he cried. "I defy you! You shall see how Harry sault upon the sands as it generally captured. Harnigold tells his story and states that Alvarado is Morgan's Morgan can die. Scuttle me, I'll not did, beating out his life against the give way again! This wrecks the happiness "Take him away," said Alvarado. Alvarado and Mercedes but later the story is disproven by a priest who shows that Alvarado is a son of the "We'll attend to him in the morning." "Now, we have had enough. See!" former governor, Don Francisco de cried the old viceroy, pointing to the windows. "The day breaks. Take him

CHAPTER XXV.

encircling stretch of sandy beach, re-

and legs of the man were drawn far

chains were not too short to allow a

little freedom of motion. He could

incline to one side or to the other, lift

The man was in tatters, for his cloth-

ing had been rent and torn by the vio-

He was alone, so he believed, upon

EFORE it was submerged by the

great earthquake which so tre-

captive, that he might steal back and, himself unseen, watch the forture of the man who had betrayed him and wronged him so deeply. Alvarado had complied with his request and had fur-ther promised to return for the boatswain in two days. They calculated nicely that the already exhausted prisoner would scarcely survive so long, and provisions and water ample for a God after all. that period had been left for the sustenance of Hornigold-alone. Morgan, however, did not know this. He believed his only companions to be the body of the half breed who had

died for him as he had lived for him and the severed head of Teach, a new-The body lay almost at his feet; the head had been wedged in the sand so that its sightless face was turned to-ward him in the dreadful, lidless staring gaze of sudden death. They had said to the buccaneer as

boats had rowed out of sight of the

they fastened him to the rocks that they would not take his life, but that he would be left to the judgment of God. What would that be? He thought he knew. He had lived long enough on the

Caribbean to know the habits of that beautiful and cruel sea. There was a little stretch of sand at his feet, and

then the water began. He estimated do and the two women. LaGuayra is sacked and burned. Harnigold, getting a clew of Alvarado's parentage, helps him to escape. The chapter closes with the transmitter of the transmitter that the tide had been ebbing for an haps some 800 feet of bare sand would stretch before him, and then it would turn and come back, back, back. Where would it stop? How high would it rise? Would it flood in in peaceful calm as it was then drawing away? Would it come crashing in heavy as-

he called down curses upon the head of the growing one eyed apparition. And the water broke into his mouth of his. and stopped him. It called him to his senses for a moment. His present peril overcame the hideous recollection of the past. That water was rising still. Great God! At last he prayed. Lips that had only cursed shaped themselves into futile petitions. There was where he could see and not be seen. The end was upon him, yet with the old instinct of life he lifted himself upon his toes. He raised his arms as

far as the chains gave him play and caught the chains themselves and strove to pull, to lift, at last only to hold himself up, a rigid, awful figure. er comrade who had not betrayed him. He gained an inch or two, but his fetters held him down. As the water supported him he found little difficulty in maintaining the position for a

space. But he could go no higher-if the water rose an inch more that would be the end. He could breathe only between the breaking waves now. The body of the black was swung against him again and again, the head of young Teach kissed him upon the cheek, and still the water seemed to

rise and rise and rise. He was a dead man like the other two-indeed, he prayed to die-and yet in fear he clung to the chains and held on. Each mo-

ment he fancied would be his last, but he could not let go. By and by the waters fell. He could not believe it at first. He still hung suspended and waited with bated breath. Was he deceived? No, the waters were surely falling. The sec-onds seemed minutes to him; the minutes, hours. At last he gained assurance. There was no doubt but that the tide was going down. The waves had risen far, but he had been lifted above them; now they were falling, falling! Yes, and they were bearing away that accursed body and that ghastly head. He was alive still, saved for the time being. The highest waves only touched his breast now. Lower, lower, they moved away. Reluctantly they linmoved beavily back a little distance gered, but they fell-they fell. To drown? That was not the judgment of God for him then. What would

He threw his glance upward, stopped anddenly, a fierce light in that old eye "Look up," he cried. "and you will see! Take heart, man. I guess you won't have to wait for the tide, and the sun won't bother you long. Remember, I am watching you!" He turned and walked away, concealing himself in the copse once more.

The realization that he was watched by one whom he could not see, one who gloated over his miseries and sufferings and agonies, added the last touch to the torture of the buccaneer. He had no longer strength or manhood. He no longer cried out after that one last appeal to the merciless sailor. He did not even look up in obedience to the old man's injunction What was there above him, beneath him, around him, that could add to his fear? He prayed for death. They were the first and last prayers that had fallen from his lips for fifty years, those that day. Yet when death did come at last he shrank from it with

seem like a trifie. When old Hornigold had looked up he had seen a speck in the vaulted heaven. It was slowly soaring around and around in vast circles and with each circle coming nearer and nearer to the ground. A pair of keen and powerful eyes were aloft there pierc-ing the distance, looking, searching in every direction until at last their glance fell upon the figure upon the rock. The circling stopped. There was a swift rush through the air. A black feathered body passed between the buccaneer and the sun, and a mighty vulture, hideous bird of the tropics, alighted on the sands near by him. So this was the judgment of God upon this man! For a second his tortured heart stopped its beating. He stared at the unclean thing, and then he shrank back against the rock and



The somber, sinister, although unwith me. Those who have no duties known purpose of the Spaniards had to perform, go get some sleep. As for new ter: s lent to it by the utter inyou, prisoner, if you have preparation ability of the buccaneer to foresee what was to be his punishment. He to make do so at once, for in the morning you shall have no opportunity." "I am ready now!" cried Morgan was a man of the highest courage, the stoutest heart, yet in that hour he was recklessly, furious because he had been astonied. His knees smote together; he clinched his teeth in a vain effort to prevent their chattering. All his deviltry, his assurance, his fortitude, has been a long and merry one "And I mine tonight. It has been short, but enough," laughed Hornigold, his strength, seemed to leave him. He stood before them suddenly an old, a his voice ringing like a maniac's in the broken man, facing a doom portentous hall. "for I have had my revenge!" and terrible, without a spark of strength or resolution left to meet it, "We shall take care of that in the morning," said Alvarado, turning away whatever it might be. And for the to follow the viceroy and Mercedes. first time in his life he played the craven, the coward. He moistened his dry lips and looked eagerly from one face to another in the dark and gloomy

ring that encircled him. 'Lady," he said at last, turning to

D mendously overwhelmed the shores of South America with Mercedes as the most likely of his ene-mies to befriend him, "you are a wom-an. You should be tender hearted. appalling disaster nearly a century and a half later, a great arid rock on an You don't want to see an old man, old enough to be your father, suffer some unknown, awful torture? Plead for sultant of untold centuries of struggle between stone and sea, thrust itself, me? Ask your lover. He will refuse above the waters a few miles northyou nothing now."

ward of the coast of Venezuela. The cay was barren and devoid of any sort "An eye for an eye," said the girl slowly, "a tooth for a tooth, life for life, shame for shame," her voice risof life except for a single clump of bushes that had sprung up a short dising until it rang through the room. tance from the huge rock upon a little "In the name of my ruined sisters, plateau sufficiently elevated to resist whose wails come to us this instant from without, borne hither on the night the attacks of the sea, which at high tide completely overflowed the islet exwind, I refuse to intercede for you, cept at that one spot. Four heavy iron staples had been monster. For myself, the insults you have put upon me I might forgive, but driven with great difficulty into holes not the rest. The taking of one life drilled in the face of the volcanic rock. like yours cannot repay.' To these four large chains had been made fast. The four chains ended in "You hear?" cried Alvarado. "Take four fetters, and the four fetters in-

him away." Beg, you hound!



himself up or down a little or even thrust himself slightly away from the "One moment," cried Morgan. "Holy father, your religion, it teaches to forgive, they say. Intercede for me!" His eyes turned with faint hope toface of the rock. ward the aged priest.

ent struggles he had made before he Not for such as thou," answered the had been securely fastened in his old man, looking from him. "I could chains. He was an old man, and his forgive this," he touched his battered long gray hair fell on either side of his lean, fierce face in tangled masses. tonsure, "and all thou hast done against me and mine. What suffering A strange terror of death-the certain nes upon me I can bear, but thou fate that menaced him-was upon his hast filled the cup of iniquity and must countenance. With the bravado of despair he had looked with seeming indrain it to the dregs. Hark ye-the weeping of the desolated town! I candifference on the sufferings of his own not interfere! They that take the men that same morning. After besword shall perish by it. It is so deing submitted to the tortures of the rack they had been hanged to the creed. You believe not in God"-"I will! I do!" cried the buccaneer, outer walls, and he had been forced clutching at the hone. to pass by them on his way to this

"I shall pray for thee; that is all." "Hornigold," cried the now almost

the man was gone now. His simulafrenzied man, his voice hoarse with tion had not even been good enough to terror and weakness, "they owe much deceive his enemies, and now even to you. Without you they had not been here. I have wronged you grievthat had left him ously, terribly, but I atone by this. the island, and all of the mortal fear slowly creeping upon him already ap-peared in his awful face, clearly ex-Beg them not to let me go, but only to kill me where I stand! They will not cefuse you. Had it not been for you hibited by the light of the setting sun this man would not have known his streaming upon his left hand, for he was chained facing northward-that is, seaward. As he fancied himself the father. He could not have won this woman. You have power. You'll not desert an old comrade in his extremity? only living thing upon that island, he Think, we have stood together sword took little care to conceal his emoin hand and fought our way through tions-indeed, it was impossible for all obstacles in many a desperate strait -thou and I, old shipmate. By the memory of that old association, by the him any longer to keep up the pretense of indifference. His nerves were shattered, his spirit broken. Retribution love you once bore me and by that I gave to you, ask them for my death, e-now-at once!"

"You ask for grace from me!" snarl-

Of the two he thought he should prefer a storm. He would be beaten to

pieces, the life battered out of him horribly in that event, but that would be a battle, a struggle-action. He could fight if he could not wait and endure. away. Agramonte, to you I commit the fort. Mercedes, Alvarado, come It would be a terrible death, but it would be soon over, and therefore he preferred it to the slow horror of watching the approach of the waters creeping in and up to drown him. The chief agony of his position, however, the most terrifying feature in this dreadful situation to which his years balked in his attempt. "Do with me as you will. I have had my day, and it of crime had at last brought him, was that he was allowed no choice. So long as it was light Morgan in-

tently watched the sea. There was a sense of companionship in it which helped to alleviate his unutterable loneliness. And he was a man to whom loneliness in itself was a punishment There were too many things in the past that had a habit of making their presence felt when he was alone for him ever to desire to be solitary. Presently the sun disappeared, with the star-tling suddenness of tropic latitudes, and without twilight darkness fell over the sea and over his haggard face like a veil. The moon had not yet risen, and he could see nothing. There were a few faint clouds on the horizon, he had noticed, which might presage a storm. It was very dark and very still, as calm and peaceful a tropic night as ever shrouded the Caribbean. Farther

and farther away from him he could hear the rustle of the receding waves as the tide went down. Over his head twinkled the stars out of the deep darkness. Then the moon sprang up as sudden-ly as the sun had fallen. Her silver radiance flooded the firmament. Light, heavenly light, once more! Far away

from him the white line of the water was breaking on the silver sand. Now the tide turned and came creep-ing in. It had gone out slowly, it had lingered as if reluctant to leave him, but to his distraught vision it returned with the swiftness of a thousand white closed the ankles and wrists of a man. The length of the four chains had been horses tossing their wind blown manes. so cunningly calculated that the arms The wind died down; the clouds were dissipated. The night was so very calm apart, so that he resembled a gigantic it mocked the storm raging in his soul. white cross against the dark surface And still the silvered water came floodof the stone. A sailor would have described his position by saying that ing in. Gently, tenderly, caressingly, he had been "spread engled" by those who had fastened him there. Yet the the little waves lapped the sands. At

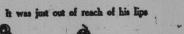
last they lifted the ghastly head of young Teach and laid it at his feet. He cursed the rising water and bade it stay, and heedlessly it came on. It was a tropic sea, and the waters were as warm as those of any sun kissed ocean, but they broke upon his knees with the coldness of eternal ice. They rolled the heavier body of his faithful slave against him. He strove to drive it away with his foot as he had striven to thrust aside the ghastly head, and without avail. The two friends receded as the waves rolled back, but they came on again and again and again. They had been faithful to him in life; they remained with him in death.

Now the water broke about his waist; now it rose to his breast. He was exhausted worn out. He hung silent. staring. His mind was busy. His thought went back to that rugged Welsh land where he had been born. He saw himself a little boy playing in the fields that surrounded the farmlish spot. But the real courage of house of his father and mother. He took again that long trip across the ocean. He lived again in the hot

there was water here. You must be hell of the Caribbean. Old forms of thirsty. You'd like a drink? So would forgotten buccaneers clustered about I. There is not enough for both of us. Who will get it? I. Look!" The water was higher now. It was "Not all-not all!" screamed the old

at his neck. There were Porto Bello, captain faintly as the other drained the Puerto Principe, and Maracalbo, and cup. "A little! A drop for me!" Chagres, and Panama-ah, Panama! All the fiends of hell had been there, and "Not one drop," answered Hornigold; "not one drop! If you were in hell and he had been their chief! They came I held a river in my hand you would back now to mock him. not get a drop! It's gone."

There was pale faced, tender eyed Maria Zerega, who had died of the plague, and the baby, the boy. Jamai-He threw the cup from him. "I brought you to this-I! Do you recall it? You owe this to me. You ca, too, swept into his vision. There had your revenge; this is mine. But had your revenge; this is mine. But it's not over yet. I'm watching you. Delay in the Arrival of was his wife shrinking away from him I shall not come out here again, but I'm watching you, remember that! I the Matter the Star Will was dogging him hard. Vengeance was in the very articles of death. There was young Ebenezer Hornigold, dancing close at hand at last. Besides, what mattered it? He thought himself alone, right merrily upon the gallows, togethcan see you!" er with others of the buccaneers he had



it be? His head fell forward on his

his fevered brow. The blinding rays,

struck him like hammers of molten iron. He stared at it out of his fren-sied, bloodshot eyes and writhed be-neath its blazing heat. All his faculties

were merged into one consuming de-

sire for water-water. The thirst was intolerable. Unless he could get some

his brain would give way. He was dy-

ing, dying, dying! Oh, God, he could

not die; he was not ready to die! Oh,

for one moment of time, for one drop of water-God-God-God!

Suddenly before his eyes there arose

a figure. At first he fancied it was an-other of the apparitions which had companied with him during the awful

night and morning, but this was a hu-

man figure, an old man, bent, Laggard,

like himself, with watching, but with a

fierce mad joy in his face. Where had he come from? Who was he? What

did he want? The figure glared upon

the unhappy man with one flery eye, and then he lifted before the captive's

distorted vision something. What was

it-a cup of water? Water, water brim-

ming over the cup! It was just out of

reach of his lips-so cool, so sweet, so inviting! He strained at his chains,

bent his head, thrust his lips out. He

could almost touch it-not quite! He

struggled and struggled and strove to break his fetters, but without avail. Those fetters could not be broken by

the hand of man. He could not drink-

ah, God!-then he lifted his blinded eyes and searched the face of the other.

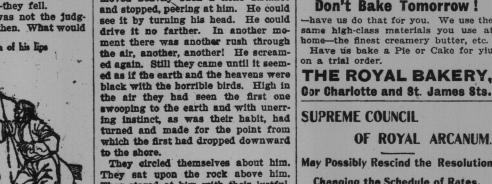
"Hornigold!" he whispered hoarsely with his parched and stiffened lips. "Is

"Aye. I wanted to let you know

It thou?

relief of his undesired salvation.

helpless as before.



They sat upon the rock above him. They stared at him with their lustful, carrion, jeweled eyes out of their loathsome, featherless, naked heads, drawing nearer, nearer, nearer. He could do no more. His voice was gone. His strength was gone. He closed his eyes, but the sight was still before him. His bleeding, foamy lips mumbreast-he had fainted in the sudden

bled one unavailing word: Long time he hung there, and still the "Hornigold!"

tide ebbed away, carrying with it all that was left of the only two who had From the copse there came no sound, no answer. He sank forward in his that could be said in the way of argu loved him. He was alone now surely, save for that watcher in the bushes. After awhile consciousness returned to chains, his head upon his breast, conment why the rate adopted at Atlan vulsive shudders alone proclaiming tic City by the Supreme Council should faltering life. Hell had no terror like be rescinded. He said in part: him again, and after the first swift to this which he, living, suffered.

sense of relief there came to him a deeper terror, for he had gone through There was a weight upon his shoulder now. Fierce tzions sank deep into sive arguments are shown, the Suhis quivering fiesh. In front of his face, before a pair of lidless eyes that the horror and anguish of death and had not died. He was alive still, but as correct."

glowed like fire, a hellish, cruel beak struck at him. A faint, low, ghastly cry trembled through the still air. It was morning now. On his right * * * * *

hand the sun sprang from the ocean bed with the same swiftness with which it had departed the night before. Like the tide, it, too, rose and rose. There was not a cloud to temper the fierceness with which it beat upon his And the resistless tide came in. A man drove away the birds at last be-fore they had quite taken all, for the torn arms still hung in the iron fet-ters—an old man, blind of one eye, the head, not a breath of air to blow across

shouted and screamed and laughed

and sang. The sight had been too

horrible even for him. He was mad,

crazy; his mind was gone. He had his revenge, and it had eaten him up.

The waters dashed about his feet

"What!" he cried. "The tide is up! Up

anchor, lads! We must beat out to

sea. Captain, I'll follow you. Harry

Morgan's way to lead, old Ben Horni-gold's to follow. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" He waded out into the water, slowly

geing deeper and deeper. A wave swept him off his feet. A hideous

augh came floating back over the sea,

and then he struck out and out and

And so the judgment of God was

visited upon Sir Henry Morgan and his

men at last, and as it was writ of old:

With what measure they had meted

out, it had been measured back to them

Owing to Unexpected

THE END.

and seemed to awaken some new idea

in his disordered brain.

Hell had no terror like to this

my s

again

black patch torn off the hideous hole that had replaced the socket. He

> as the most southern land of the you your choice of the best Triple X mainland of Nova Scotia.

Don't Bake Tomorrow !

-have us do that for you. We use the

home-the finest creamery butter, etc.

Cor Charlotte and St. James Sts.

May Possibly Rescind the Resolution

Changing the Schedule of Rates.

PUT-IN-BAY, O. Sept. 1 .- The Su-

oreme Council of the Royal Arcanum

held a brief secret session today, con-cerning which nothing was given out.

The hearing of the protesting members

was among those who addressed the

Supreme Council to hear everything

neeting, stating the anxiety of the

OF ROYAL ARCANUM.

on a trial order

was then continued

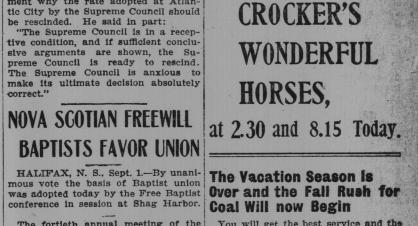
same high-class materials you use at

Have us bake a Pie or Cake for yiu

of Baptist union were recommended to the General Conference, with the ap-delivered.

The following officers were chosen: Moderator, Rev. J. W. Smith, Wood's Harbor; assistant moderator, Rev. G. F. Francis, Chegoggin; secretary-trea-surer, Rev. Edwin Crowell, Yarmouth; corresponding secretary, Rev. G. M.

capered with the nimbleness of youth before the ghastly remains of humanity still fastened to that rock. He



Opera House.

ONE SOLID WEEK!

Starting Monday, Sept. 4th

MATTINES,

Monday, Wednesday, Saturday

Evening Prices : 15, 25, 35, 50c.

See the New St. John Views.

Opera House.

CHANGES TO SEE

POPULAR CONCERTS

AMERICAN VITAGRAPH

Matinee Prices: 15. 25c.

The fortieth annual meeting of the You will get the best service and the Free Baptist conference has opened at lowest prices if you will place your Shag Harbor. This village is notable orders with us now and we can give

American Hard Coal or some specially At the meeting of the elders' confer- prepared Scotch Hard Coal, in bags, at ence yesterday Rev. E. Phillipe of Bar- the very lowest prices.

rington, recently of New York state, We can also supply you with wood The doctrinal clauses of the basis before.

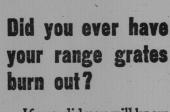
Sawed Hard Wood only \$1.90 per load



Chairman S. Lindsley of New York POSITIVELY LAST TWO

Wilson Canning. At the afternoon session reports from quarterly meetings were received.

SPL SE



Open till 10 p. m.

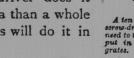
If you did you will know what that means in common ranges — it means

-because common ranges are built that way. As range grates must some time burn out you are certain to have that kind of trouble if yours is a common range.

If you have the Pandora you won't have any trouble, because you can take out

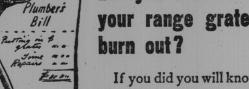
the old grates and put in the new ones in ten minutes, and a ten cent piece for a screw-driver does it easier in the Pandora than a whole kit of plumbers' tools will do it in kit of plumbers' tools will do it in top and to take out old and top and to take out old and top and to take out old and top and t common ranges.







plumbers, delay, muss and big bills



"Take that knife you bear-kill me!" | be unable to begin its New absolutely alone. But in that fancy NICON ____ P ed Hornigold savagely, yet he was wrong, "I don't want you to die-not yet. tle copse of bushes of which mention The grim figure of the one eyed I want you to live-live a long time, Story, "WHEN KNIGHT-"You-you hanged my brother"has been made there lay hidden a man boatswain rose before him and leered "I know, I know! 'Twas a grievous and remember!" error. I shall be punished for all. Ask "Hornigold, I'll make amends! I'll HOOD WAS IN FLOWER." -an ancient sailor. His single eye upon him and swept the other apparigleamed as fiercely upon the bound, tions away. This was La Guayra shackled prisoner as did the setting yesterday. He had been betrayed. them to shoot me-hang me"-"Aye, crawl and cringe now, you dog! The First Chapters Will Warehouses and Factories: be your slave!" Warehouses and Factories : London, Toronto, Montroal, He slipped to his knees, threw himkan self upon the floor and lay groveling sun itself. at Hornigold's feet. Old Benj Whose men were those? The men I swore that you should do it! It's use-less to beg me for mercy. I know not that word; neither did you. Remem-ber. I watch!" Old Benjamin Hornigold, who had hanging on the walls? And Hornigold Winnipeg, Vancouver, "Beg, you hound!" cried the boat-swain, spurning him with his foot. "I had insisted upon being put ashore on had done it—old Ben Hornigold—that had insisted upon being put ashore on he thought so faithful. He screamed aloud again with hate: St. John, N.B., Hamilton