

ST. JOHN STAR, MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1905.

SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.
Author of "The Southerners," "For Love
of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.
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Sir Henry Morgan, deposed from the
vice-governorship of Jamaica, the help
of Hamilton, his secret enemy,
again hoists the black flag. They cap-
ture two Spanish frigates, conveying a
heavily loaded galleon, but are wrecked
off the coast of Caracas. Captain Al-
varado, born of unknown parentage,
but now the commandant of the Span-
ish port of La Guayra, Venezuela, loves
the daughter of the governor, who has
chosen De Tobar as Donna Mercedes's
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 has con-
quered duty. Morgan's hand, having
buried their treasure, march to sack
La Guayra and Caracas, and meeting
the little party kill all except Alvarado
and the two women. La Guayra is
sacked and burned. Hamilton, getting
a clue of Alvarado's parentage, helps
him to escape. The chapter closes with
a thrilling account of an interview be-
tween Morgan and Donna Mercedes.
DeLasson hearing Mercedes cries for
help rushes to her assistance and is
killed by Morgan when Alvarado's sol-
diers arrive.

With renewed vigor he scrambled
down the side of the mountain—and
this descent fortunately happened to be
gentle and easy—and, running with
headlong speed, he soon drew near the
gate of the palace. As he passed into it
with reckless haste, indifferent to the
protests of the guard, who did not at
first recognize in the tattered, bloody,
wounded, soiled specimen of humanity
the gay and gallant commander. He
made himself known at once and was
confirmed in his surmise that the vic-
tory had set forth with his troops early
in the morning and was still in reach-
ing distance on the road.

Directing the best horse in the stable
to be brought to him, after snatching
a hasty meal while he was being ad-

The highest mind must dash
down the side of the mountain—and
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directed and not even taking time to re-
clothe himself he mounted and gal-
loped after. As he passed into it
with reckless haste, indifferent to the
protests of the guard, who did not at
first recognize in the tattered, bloody,
wounded, soiled specimen of humanity
the gay and gallant commander. He
made himself known at once and was
confirmed in his surmise that the vic-
tory had set forth with his troops early
in the morning and was still in reach-
ing distance on the road.

"Morgan! That accursed scoundrel
again in arms! And my daughter!"
"A prisoner! For God's love, turn
back the men!"
"Instantly!" cried the vicero-
y. He was burning with anxiety to
hear more, but he was too good a sol-
dier to hesitate as to the first thing to
be done. Raising himself in his stir-
rups, he gave a few sharp commands
and the little army, which had halted
when he had, faced about and began
the return march to Caracas at full
speed. As soon as their maneuvers
had been completed and they moved
off the vicero-ry, who rode at the head
with Alvarado and the gentlemen of
his suit, broke into anxious question-
ing.

"Now, captain, but that thou art a
skilled soldier I could not believe thy
tale."
"My lord, I swear it is true!"
"And you left Donna Mercedes a
prisoner?" interrupted De Tobar, who
had been consumed with anxiety even
greater than that of the vicero-ry.
"Alas, 'tis so!"
"How can that be when you are free,
senor?"

"Let me question my own officer, De
Tobar," resumed the vicero-ry peremp-
torily, "and silence, all else we learn
nothing. Now, Alvarado, what is this
strange tale of thine?"
In his eagerness the vicero-ry reined
in his horse, and the officers and men,
even the soldiers, stopped also and
crowded around the narrator while he
told the tale of the sack of La Guayra
and the capture of Mercedes and him-
self.

"And how came you here, after leav-
ing my daughter on the word of the
buccaneer?" asked De Lara when
Alvarado had finished.

"Straight over the mountain, sir."
"What! The Indian trail? The Eng-
lish way?"
"The same."

"What next?"
"At 10 tonight the sailor who re-
leased me will open the city gate, the
west gate, beneath the shadow of the
cliffs. We must be there!"

"But how? Can we take the pass?
It is strongly held, you say?"
"My lord, give me fifty brave men
who will volunteer to follow me, I
will lead them back over the trail, and
we will get to the rear of the men
holding the pass. Do you make a
feint at engaging them in force in
front, and when their attention is dis-
tracted elsewhere we will fall on and
drive them into your arms. By this
means we open the way. Then we
will pass down the mountain with

speed and may arrive in time—nay,
we must arrive in time! Hornigold,
the sailor, would guarantee nothing
beyond tonight. The buccaneers
bring with liquor, tired out with
slaughter. They will suspect nothing.
We can master the whole 850 of them
with five score men."

"Alvarado," cried the vicero-ry, "thou
hast done well. Thank thee. Let us
but rescue my daughter and defeat
these buccaneers and thou mayst ask
anything at my hands—saving one
thing. Gentlemen and soldiers, you
have heard the plan of the young cap-
tain. Who will volunteer to go over
the mountains with him?"

Brandishing their swords and shout-
ing with loud acclaim, the great body
of troopers pressed forward to the
service. Alvarado, who knew them
all, rapidly selected the requisite num-
ber, and they fell in advance of the
others. Over them the young captain
placed his friend De Tobar as his sec-
ond in command.

"Thou bravely done!" cried the vic-
ero-ry. "Now prick forward to the vic-
tory. We'll refresh ourselves in view
of the arduous work before us and
then make our further dispositions."

The streets of Caracas were soon full
of armed men preparing for their ven-
ture. As soon as the plight of La
Guayra and the vicero-ry's daughter be-
came known there was scarcely a civil-
ian even who did not offer himself
for the rescue. The vicero-ry, however,
would take only mounted men, and of
these only tried soldiers. Alvarado,
whom excitement and emotion kept
from realizing his fatigue, was provid-
ed with fresh apparel, after which he
requested a private audience for a mo-
ment or two with the vicero-ry, and to-
gether they repaired to the little cabi-
net which had been the scene of the
happenings the night before.

"Your excellency," began the young
man slowly, painfully, "I could not
help but have hoped for happy issue of
our plans to place my sword and my
life in your hands."

"What have you done?" asked the
old man, instantly perceiving the seri-
ousness of the situation from the an-
guish in his officer's look and voice.

"I have broken my word, forfeited my
life."
"You promised to say nothing, to do
nothing!"
"That promise I did not keep."
"Explain."

"There is nothing to explain. I was
weak; it was beyond my strength. I
offer to excuse."

"I was deliberately done?"
"I told her that I loved her, again!"
"Thou double traitor! And she?"
"My lord, condemn her not. She is
young, a woman."

"I do not consider Captain Alvarado,
a dishonored soldier, my proper men-
tor. I shall know how to treat my
daughter. What more?"

"Nothing more. We abandoned our-
selves to our dream, and at the first
possible moment I am come to tell you
all—to submit!"

"But your reason? Why do you tell
me these things? If thou art base
enough to fail, why not base enough to
conceal?"

"I could not do so, your excellency. I
am not master of myself when she is
by. 'Tis only when away from her I
see things in their proper light. She
blinds me. No, sir," cried the unhappy
Alvarado, seeing a look of contempt on
the grim face of the old general, "I do
not urge this in defense, but you want
an explanation."

"Nothing can explain the falsehood of
a gentleman, the betrayal of a friend,
the treachery of a soldier."
"Perhaps I have estimated you too
highly," cried the old man musingly.
"I had hoped you were gentle, but
base blood must run in your veins."

"It may be," answered the young
man brokenly, and then he added, as
"O, this cross!"

one detail not yet told, "I have found
my mother, sir."

"Thy mother! What is her condi-
tion?" cried the vicero-ry in surprise
and interested surprise that made him
forget his wrath and contempt for the mo-
ment.

"She was an abbess of our holy
church, she died upon the sands of La
Guayra by her own hand rather than
lend aid to the sack of the town."

"That was noble," interrupted the old
De Lara. "I may be mistaken after all.
Yet 'twere well she died, for she will
not see!"

He paused significantly.
"My shame!" asked Alvarado.
"Thy death, senor, for what you have
done. No other punishment is meet.
Did Donna Mercedes send any message
to me?"

Alvarado could not trust himself to
speak. He bowed deeply.
"What was it?"
"The young man stood silent before
him."

"Well, I will learn from her own lips
if she be alive when we come to the
city. I doubt not it will excuse thee."
"I seek not to shelter myself behind
a woman."

"That's well," said the old man.
"But now what is to be done with
thee?"
"My lord, give me a chance, not to

live, but to die honestly. Let me play
my part this day as becomes a man,
and when Donna Mercedes is restored
to your arms!"
"Thou wilt plead for life?"
"Nay, I will not live dishonored. Life
is naught to me without the lady. I
swear to thee!"

"You have given me your word be-
fore, sir," said the vicero-ry. "On this
cross—it was my mother's." He
pulled from his doublet the silver
crucifix and held it up. "I will yield
my life into your hands without ques-
tion then and acclaim before the
world that you are justified in taking
it. I swear if I survive the day I will
gladly to my death at your com-
mand!"

"I will trust you once more this far,
say naught of this to any one. Leave
me!"
"Your excellency," cried the young
man, kneeling before him, "may God
reward you!"

He swore to take the hand of the
old man, but the latter drew it away.
"Even the touch of a woman's lips is
degradation. You have your orders.
Go!"

Alvarado buried his face in his
hands, groaned bitterly and turned
away without another word.

CHAPTER XX.
IT was nearing 11 o'clock in the
morning when, after a hurried
conference in the patio with the
vicero-ry and the others, Al-
varado and De Tobar marched out
with their fifty men. They had dis-
carded all superfluous clothing; they
were unarmed and carried no weap-
ons but swords and pistols. In view
of the hard climb before them and the
haste that was required they wished
to be burdened as lightly as possible.

Their horses were brought along in
the train of the vicero-ry's party, which
moved out upon the open road to the
pass at the same time. These last went
forward with great ostentation, the
vicero-ry hope secretly, lest some from
the buccaneers might be watching.

The fifty volunteers were to ascend
the mountain with all speed, make their
way along the crest as best they could
until they came within striking dis-
tance of the camp of the pirates; then
they were to conceal themselves in the
woods there, and when the vicero-ry
made a feigned attack with the main
body of his troops from the other side
of the mountain they were to leave
their hiding place and fall furiously
upon the rear of the pirates.

By the way, it was not required to
ascend such a path as that Alvarado had
traversed on the other side, for there
were not fifty men in all Venezuela who
could have performed that feat of
mountaineering. The way to the
summit of the range and thence to the
pass was difficult, but not impossible,
and they succeeded after an hour or
two of hard climbing in reaching their
appointed station, where they conceal-
ed themselves in the woods unobser-
ved by the pirates' men.

The vicero-ry carried out his part of
the programme with the promptness of
a soldier. Alvarado's men had scarce-
ly settled themselves in the thick un-
dergrowth beneath the trees, whence
they could overlook the buccaneers in
camp on the road below, before a shot
from the pirate sentry who had been
posted toward Caracas called the fierce
marauders to arms. They ran to the
rude barricade they had erected cov-
ering the pass and made preparation for
battle. Soon the wood was ringing
with shouts and cries and the sound of
musketry.

Alvarado and De Tobar, therefore,
led their men forward without the
slightest opposition. Even the noise
they made crashing through the under-
growth was lost in the sound of the
battle and attracted no attention from
the pirates. They met the onset with
tremendous courage and crossed blades
in the smoke like men, but at the same
instant the advance guard of the main
army sprang at them from the side
and they were assailed vigorously from
the rear. The odds were too much for
the buccaneers, and after a wild melee,
in which they lost heavily, the survivors
were driven back to their camp.

The road immediately below the pass
opened on a little plateau, back of
which rose a precipitous wall of rock.
Thither such of the buccaneers as were
left alive hastily retreated. There were
perhaps a dozen men able to use their
weapons. Among them was the last of
the pirates, a man of great strength
and courage, who had been the first to
sally forth from the camp of the pirates,
and the last to be driven back in short
order.

"Yield!" cried Alvarado, as usual in
the front ranks of his own men. "You
are hopelessly overmatched!" pointing
with dripping blade to his own and
the vicero-ry's soldiers as he spoke.

"Shall we get good quarters?" called
out Teach.
A splendid specimen he looked of an
Englishman at bay in spite of his wicked
calling, standing with his back de-
fiantly to the towering rock, his bare and
bloody sword extended menacingly be-
fore him, the bright sunlight blinding
upon his sunny hair, his blue eyes
sparkling with battle lust and deter-
mined courage. Quite the best of the
pirates, he!

"You shall be hung like the dogs you
are," answered Alvarado sternly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

H. E. ELLIS AND SON SPENT A NIGHT IN THE WOODS

Some anxiety was caused in the
Westfield district and in the city on
Friday evening by the unaccountable
absence from his home at Woolastock
of H. E. Ellis and his twelve year old
son.

The two had left Woolastock, where
they lived with S. A. Lyons, on Friday
morning for Robin Hood Lake, going by
train to Sagwa, above Langley. From
Sagwa they struck through the woods
in the direction of the lake, but Mr.
Ellis had never been there before and
was not sure of the way. When the
two did not return, as they intended
on Friday evening, their friends be-
came quite anxious, and on Saturday
morning a search party started out
from Westfield to look through the
woods.

But this work proved to be unneces-
sary, for during the forenoon Mr. Ellis
and his boy found their way out. As
believed, they had lost their way, and
after night overtook them and they
saw that they would have to remain
in the open until daylight, they look-
ed around for a sheltered spot. This
was soon found, and in the morning
they were able to reach home. They
were a little tired, but are now none
the worse for their night's exposure.

Unger's collars and cuffs have no
saw edges.

RECENT DEATHS
HALIFAX, Aug. 27.—Robert T. Mur-
ray, provincial King's printer, died to-
day. He was an old newspaper man,
working on the Express, the Journal, and
lastly on the Halifax Herald. In 1878 he was ap-
pointed Queen's printer. He was 64
years old.

MONTREAL, Aug. 27.—Charles Tay-
lor, born in Fredericton, N. B., ninety
years ago, and for many years one of
the leading Canadian mechanical en-
gineers, died here yesterday. He was
one of those on board the first steam
craft to cross the Miramichi river, and
built the first gold stamp mill in Nova
Scotia.

SCHOOL SHOES.
Be wise and buy them here. Ours are the
Best and Cheapest in town.

GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES,
78c., 88c., 98c., \$1.08, \$1.18, \$1.28 and \$1.38.

BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES,
78c., 88c., 98c., \$1.08, \$1.18, \$1.28, \$1.38
and \$1.48.

Remember it is quite a Saving buying them
here.

Don't Forget Our Bargains in
Tan Shoes.

C. B. PIDGEON, Corner Main and Bridge Sts.,
North End.

STORES, ETC.
THAT ARE
OPEN EVENINGS.

JEWELER AND GOLDSMITH.
A fine selection of jewelry of all de-
scription can be seen at the establish-
ment of W. Tremaine Gard, on Char-
lotte street. Visitors requiring jewels
of the town cannot do better than
call and inspect Mr. Gard's selection.
Some fine specimens of jewelry cut
diamonds are exciting a great deal of
interest at the moment.

HIGH CLASS TAILORS.
Someone has said that the finest as-
set a young man can possess is a good
suit of clothes, and there is a deal of
truth in the saying. Edgemoor and
Chabson, 104 King street, have just re-
ceived per steamer a new and latest
London novelties with exclusive de-
signs. Those requiring a high class
cut of clothes should give them a call.

ICE CREAM
for dessert can be had without trouble
and at slight expense by sending your
order to T. J. Phillips, 23 Union street.
Phone 1,240. Your order will have
prompt attention. Any quantity, but
only one quality—the best.

CANDY STORE.
She only answered "Ting a ling" to all
that he could say.
She seemed to live on "Ting a ling" by
night as well as day.
He said to her, "I'll marry you; but all
that she could say
Was Ting a ling, ting, ting a ling, ting.
Ting a ling, ting a ling.
The young lady had cried some Ting
a ling candy made by A. J. Russell,
on Union street.

UNDEKTAKEK.
Death must always be a painful sub-
ject, but when it comes—as come it
must—it is gratifying to know that our
most devoted care and attention is
afforded them in the last of-
fices. T. Fred. Powers, of Princess
street, pays special attention in this re-
spect, and one cannot do better than
entrust him when occasion arises.

GENTS' CLOTHING AND FURNISH-
INGS.
A store which is situated in a very
convenient place, is that of E. Kom-
lenky & Co., 48 Mill street, as its
handiness to the depot makes it much
sought after by people coming in or
going out of the city. A full line of
the latest gents' clothing and furnish-
ings are carried by Mr. Komlenky.

ROYAL DAIRY LUNCH,
62 Mill Street.
A plate of Boston Baked Beans and
a mug of steaming hot Boston Coffee,
for a 21-cent Ticket for \$3.50 or six
meals for \$1.00 (good till used); or a
bang-up Dinner for 25c. These are a
few of the good things you get at the
most popular lunch room in the city.
GEO. A. WHITTAKER, Manager.

HAIR RESTORER.
If your hair is falling out, or you are
troubled with dandruff, Dr. Jack's fa-
mous hair restorer will positively grow
hair and cure you of dandruff. It has
been thoroughly tested in this city for
months past and there are hundreds
using it and recommending it.
Dr. Jack's hair restorer is sold by all
the leading druggists and barbers.

HOME AFTER FORTY YEARS' ABSENCE

After an absence of forty years from
his native province John Coy has re-
turned, and yesterday paid a visit to
his brother, Alfred Coy of the Marsh
road. Mr. Coy was born about twelve
miles from Fredericton, and has ram-
bled about the world a good deal since
that time. Just now he makes his
home with his son-in-law, Dr. North of
East Hampton, Conn. Mr. Coy sees
many changes in St. John since he left,
nearly half a century ago.

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the leading druggists and barbers.

MUSIC STORE.
Music hall charms to soothe the
troubled breast, and this being a well
known maxim, music lovers cannot do
better than call on A. L. Spencer, 128
Germantown street, who has a splendid
selection of both instruments and music.
Mr. Spencer's stock is all the little ac-
cessories that musicians are in need of.
Call and inspect for yourself.

LIVERY STABLE.
Short Bros, 180 Union street have
pleased in the fact that their patrons
and the public that they have added
new carriages and coaches to their
well known stock. They are prepared
to fill orders at all hours of the day
and night. Coaches in attendance at
all boats and trains. Buckboards and
barouches with careful drivers for pic-
nic parties. Phone 263. T. A. and H. J.
Short, proprietors. D. H. Short, man-
ager.

RESTAURANT.
It is seldom so much care is display-
ed in the cooking and serving of a meal
as is met with at the Boston Restau-
rant, 20 Charlotte street. The menu
comprises nearly everything that even
an epicure could ask for. The speci-
ality is the after theatre lunches,
whilst the diners in the middle day
are very popular.

TOBACCONIST.
There is nothing more delightful
when strolling in the park than to
smoke a good cigar, or a pipe of your
favorite tobacco. If you are in want
of either the genial Oscar has erected
a delightful bungalow wherein you can
obtain them, and indulge in a quiet
game of pool to pass away the time
an hour. Pop in and see him.

ONLY REST.
If you would, there are other
places—the Clifton House gives inside
and outside comfort, its near all trains
and steamers, and its rates are low.
Corner Princess and Germain sts.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.
If you are dissatisfied with your pre-
sent position and salary, drop into the
office of the International Correspond-
ence Schools, 206 Union street, any
evening and learn how you can im-
prove both. Circulars and information
FREE.

Grand Furniture Sale AT Bustin & Withers, New Store, 99 GERMAIN ST. Open Evenings. In Time of Peace

Prepare to fight the bitter cold of winter. In order to do this, your furnace
must be in good condition. It is not, then the fault is yours, you should
have had it looked over by

Keenan & Ratchford, WATERLOO STREET.

NEWVILLE LUMBER
MILLS DESTROYED
Fifty Thousand Dollar Blaze Wipes
Out Nova Scotian Plant.

PARSBORO, N. S., Aug. 26.—Word
was received here by telephone this
afternoon about five o'clock that the
Newville Lumber Company's mills at
Newville were destroyed. A special train
with about thirty volunteer firemen
left for there immediately after, and
made the run to Newville in fifteen
minutes. The mills were both de-
stroyed before the Parsboro contin-
gent arrived, and much of the lumber
in the yard was burning. But the
united efforts of the millmen and vol-
unteers were successful in saving the
company's store, cook house and
blacksmith shop, and three piles of
pine lumber. All the other lumber,
amounting to more than a million feet
and including one loaded sea, was de-
stroyed.

Alexander Fowler, a millwright,
went into the mill to save his tools.
His clothes caught fire and he was
badly burned.

Robert Walton had his hands se-
verely burned while trying to tear off
Fowler's clothes.

The fire originated from a spark from
the furnace of the largest mill and
spread so rapidly that all efforts to
check it were useless. The loss is esti-
mated at fifty thousand dollars, and
partly covered by insurance.