

SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER

Author of "The Southerners," "For Love
of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.
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Greatly surprised and unable to comprehend anything but that his men had been slaughtered and no harm had as yet befallen his charges, Alvarado, whose arms had been bound to his side, found himself dragged along in the wake of his captors, one or two of whom, mounted on the unwounded horses, with the two women between them, rode rapidly down the road.

NE hundred yards or so beyond the place of the ambush the road dropped sharply over a hill and led to the grand old house which led to the west wall of La Guispe, distant half a mile away. They had been under the deep shadow of the hill for some time, and until this instant, but in the faint light cast by the moon just risen Alvarado could see that a great body of people were quietly gathered in the courtyard. Who they were and what they were he could not surmise. He was not long left in doubt, however, for a sudden shout from the courtyard had caused his life to be spared and he was called for lights. The demand was obeyed with a promptness that bespoke the presence of a great force of men, and soon the captives found themselves in a circle of lurid light sent forth by a number of blazing torches.

the villainous and terrific feeling
body of men, and the
Alvarado convinced him that they
were not Spanish brigands or robbers.
He was too young to have had dealings
with the buccaniers of the past gen-
eration, but he realized that if any-
such remained on this side of the earth
they must be like these men who sur-
rounded him. He, at least, was not
a Spanish brigand, however, for the first
time comprehended he, glance his eyes
sought Mercedes. She sat her horse
sore and uninjured, apparently, for
which he thanked God. She was lean-
ing forward over her saddle and start-
ing in bewilderment and surprise at
the scene and confusion of affairs.
The Alvarado, however, Alvarado
turning himself about in spite of his
bands and the restraint his immediate

captors endeavored to put upon him
"are you safe-unhurt?"
"Safe," answered the girl. "And
thou?"
"Well but for these bonds."
"God be thanked! Who are these
men?"
"I know not, but"—
"Oh, sir," interrupted Senora Aga-
pida, recovering her voice at the sound
of the Spanish tongue. "What does
this mean? Save us!"
"Senora," said that same sharp voice
but this time speaking in the Spanish
tongue, as a full man, hat in hand

"I urged her horse forward. 'Fear nothing, my dear Mercedes! You and your child shall be protected. And you, senorita. Do I not have the honor of addressing you?' I asked her to follow me. 'What is your name?' answered the girl haughtily. 'Who are you? Why have you shot my people and seized me prisoner?'

"'I am you, my Mistress Mercedes.'"

"'Just heaven! Who are you, I say?' I cried at this startling answer, turning in surprise and terror to look upon the man who had just spoken."

"'He was something familiar in the man's face that called up a vague recollection which she strove to master. 'Who are you?' she asked at length."

"'Sir,' said Morgan, answered the horseman, bowing low over the saddle, 'a free sailor, at your service, madam. 'My God!' cried Alvarez, who had been leaning forward, 'this must be the same,' the same,"

"Sir Harry Morgan! Were you not governor of Jamaica last year?" asked the man in the blue coat.

"I had that honor, lady,"

"Why are you now in arms against us?"

"A new king, Mistress de Lara, sits the English throne. It likes me not, and these gallant seamen are going to establish a kingdom in some sweet isle land in the south seas with our good swords. I would fain have a woman to share my throne with me, and I have seen you in Jamaica last year. I have designed you for the honor!"

"Monster!" screamed the girl, appalled by the hideous leer which accompanied the words.

"Sir!" interrupted Alvarado, "you are an Englishman. Your past rank should warrant you a gentleman but for this. There is no war between England and Spain, and this is the meaning of this outrage? This lady is the daughter of

the viceroy of Venezuela. I am his captain and the commandante of your city of La Guayra. You have waylaid us, taken us at a disadvantage. My men are killed. For this assault his excellency will exact bloody reparation. Meanwhile give order that we be unbonded, and let us pass."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the buccaneer. "Think you I fear the viceroy? Nay, not his majesty of Spain himself! I come here with set purpose to take

As he spoke he leaned toward Mercedes, threw his arm around her waist and before she was even aware of his intention kissed her roughly on the cheek.

"Lads," he cried, "three cheers for the future Lady Morgan!"

The proud Spanish girl turned white as death under this insult. Her eyes flashed like coals of fire. Morgan was close beside her. She was without weapon save a jeweled whip that hung at her wrist. Before the first note of a cheer could break from the lips of the

"You hadt pay dearly for those stripes, lad!" roared Morgan, swinging closer to her. "And not now in honorable wedlock!"—

"I will die first!" retorted Maredoc. "I will die first," while he had been struggling desperately to free himself. By the exercise of superhuman strength, just as Morgan again menaced the woman he loved he succeeded in freeing himself from his loosed bonds. His guards for the moment had their attention distracted from him by the group on horseback. He wrenched a sword from the hand of one, striking him a blow with as much force as he sent his javelin as he did so, and then he turned on his other arm so that the

"Seize him!" cried Teach, raising his sword, as, followed by the others, he made at Alvarado, who awaited them undaunted.

"Stay!" shouted De Lussan. "There is a better way."

Rudely shoving Senora Agapida aside, he seized Mercedes from behind.

"Do not move, mademoiselle," he said in French, in his excitement, which for the moment was understood.

"That's well done!" cried Morgan.

"Captain Alvarado, if that be your name, throw down your sword if you would save the lady's life."

"Mind me not, Alvarado," cried Mercedes, but Alvarado, perceiving that

"That's well. Now for La Guayra," said the captain. "What force is there, Senor Capitan?"

"Have you the ladders ready?" cried Morgan to Braziliano, who had been charged to convey the rude scaling ladders by which they hoped to get over the walls.

"All ready, captain," answered the worthy.

"Let us go forward, then. We'll have just out of musket shot and concealment for our further plans. We have the governor or in our hands, lads. The rest will be easy. There is plenty of plunder in La Guayra, and when we have made it our own we'll over the mountains and into Caracas. Hornigold, you are lame from

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BATHURST, N. B., Aug. 19. A very sad event took place at Caraquez yesterday, resulting in the death of one of the leading business men of that place and an esteemed citizen. For some days Xavier G. Pauline seemed to be brooding over some unknown trouble, which finally culminated in his taking a dose of carbolic acid in a moment of mental abstraction. When found lying on the floor of his room he was still alive, but unconscious. He lingered till 3 p. m., when he died. He was about 45 years and leaves a small family.

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IN HALIFAX.

—

Resident Doctors from Britain and

The meeting of the Canadian Medical Association, which will be held in Halifax on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, promises to be a very interesting one. A number of celebrated physicians from various parts of the country are expected to attend.

The address in surgery will be delivered by Francis Cairg, a famous surgeon of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Papers will be read by Dr. E. N. Cushing of Boston, and Dr. George Armstrong of Montreal.

Dr. Thos. Walker of St. John will open a discussion on obstetrics.

On Tuesday afternoon the formal opening of the convention will be held, at which addresses will be de-

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smoking concert, the Armories. Although it has not been finally arranged, it is probable that the medical men will go on an excursion to the Land of Evangeline on Friday afternoon.

A smash up occurred last evening on Douglas avenue between 8 and 9, which fortunately resulted in no damage to anything except the two wagons which collided. The carriages belonged to John W. Giggie of Carleton and F. E. Holman of King street. They were

smashing Holman's wagon very badly and doing considerable damage to his own. One of the wagons had a woman and small child, who fortunately alighted safely on the ground, neither being hurt by the accident. The collision was due chiefly to the fact that the light at that particular part of the street had gone out.