

ST. JOHN STAR, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 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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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Sir Henry Morgan, a notorious buccaneer, who had been knighted by King Charles II. and made vice-governor of Jamaica, was deposed by King James and ordered to arrest Morgan. Morgan admitted the two officers who came to take him, slew them and made his escape. With the help of one Benjamin Hornigold, a former assistant in his piracy, he collected a gang of a hundred cut-throats in Port Royal and announced his intention of holding the black flag again. Hornigold actively aided him because he hoped in this way to get Morgan in his power and exact a horrible revenge for his brother whom the old buccaneer had hanged. After capturing the Mary Rose Morgan and his gang got safely past the forts with their prize, firing a broadside as they pass. During the next two days the Mary Rose sailed south while Morgan drilled his crew. The sailors that were taken prisoners when the frigate was captured were given their choice of casting in their lot with Morgan or walking the plank. Nearly all joined the buccaneer. Two Spanish frigates, conveying a heavily loaded galleon, were unsuspectingly engaged as Morgan's vessel was flying the British ensign. Morgan was successful in his attack but was obliged to blow up the stern of the frigate to complete his victory and his vessel sank but not before he and his crew were aboard and in control of the galleon. The crew were destroyed. Some members of the crew on ascertaining how rich this prize is wish to make a New England port and disband. Morgan has other ideas and has usual carried his point not even stopping at death.

"And as the ship slowly paid off and gathered way the white squall broke upon them. The sea was a-smother with mist and rain. The wind whipped through the shrouds and rigging, but in her teeth, the old Almirante Recalde heeled far over to leeward and ripped through the water to the southward at such a pace as she had never made before. On the quarter deck a drenching, shivering and sobbing figure knelt at Morgan's feet and kissed his hand. "Will you be in the future?" cried the captain to the repentant man. "Fore God, I will, sir," answered Sawkins. "That's well," said the old buccaneer. "Take him forward, men, and let him have all the rum he wants to take out the chill of his wetting."

"You stood by me that time, Sir Henry," cried young Teach, who had been told of Morgan's refusal to fill away, "and by heaven I'll stand by you in your need." "Good! I'll remember that," answered Morgan. "What's our course now, captain?" asked Hornigold as soon as the incident was over. "Sou'west by west half west," answered Morgan, who had taken an observation that noon, glancing in the binoculars as he spoke. "Tis a rich place and has been unplundered for a hundred years."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO days later they made a landfall off the terrific coast of Caracas, where the tree clad mountains soar into the clouds abruptly from the level of the sea, where the surf beats in foam against the narrow strip of white sand which separates the blue waters of the Caribbean from the massive cliffs that tower above them.

In the intervening time the south sea buccaneers had picked up wonderfully. These men, allured by the hope of further plunder under a captain who had been so signally successful in the past and in the present, constituted a most formidable auxiliary to Morgan's original crew. Indeed, with the exception of the old hands, they were the best of the most peaceful weather upon the narrow strip of white sand which separates the blue waters of the Caribbean from the massive cliffs that tower above them.

Like a politic captain, Morgan had done his best to get the men whom he had subdued by his intrepid courage and consummate address into good humor. Rum and spirits were served liberally, work was light—in fact, none except the necessary seaman's duties were required of the men, although an hour or two every day were employed in hard drill with swords, small arms and great guns. In martial exercises the veterans were perfect, and they assiduously endeavored to impart their knowledge to the rest.

It was Morgan's plan to run boldly into La Guayra under the Spanish flag. No one could possibly take the Almirante Recalde for anything but a Spanish ship. There was no reason for suspecting the presence of an enemy, for Spain had none in these seas. If there were other ships in the roadstead—for the harbor of La Guayra was really nothing more than an open road—the buccaneer could easily dispose of them in their unprepared condition. Indeed, Morgan rather hoped that there might be others, for after he captured them he would have a greater force of guns to train upon the forts of the town, which he expected to take without

much difficulty, and then be governed in his maneuvers toward Caracas by circumstances as they arose.

Two days after the capture of the galleon, then, with the wind fresh from the northeast, on a gray, threatening stormy morning, she was running to the westward along the shore. A few hours at their present speed would bring them opposite La Guayra, whose location at the foot of the mighty La Silla of Caracas was even then

Never had that villain appeared to better advantage



discernible. Morgan could see that there were two or three other vessels opposite the town straining toasting their bows in the heavy sea. Every preparation for action had been made in good time, and the guns had been loaded. The sea lashings had been cast off, although the gun tackles were carefully secured, for the wind was blowing fresher and the sea running heavier every hour.

The men were armed to the teeth. There happily was to be a goodly supply of arms on the Spanish ship, in addition to those the buccaneers had brought with them, which were all distributed. Everything was propitious for their enterprise but the weather. The veterans who were familiar with local conditions in the Caribbean studied the northeastern skies with gloomy dissatisfaction. The wind was blowing dead inshore, and as the struck bells denoted the passing hours with each half hourly period it grew appreciably stronger. If it continued to blow as it was, as was almost certain, the strength of the wind increased it would be impossible without jeopardizing the ship to come to anchor in the exposed roadstead. They would have to wait it out, they would have to wait it out to beat out to sea against it, for the coast line beyond La Guayra turned rapidly to the northward.

Morgan was a bold and skillful mariner, and he held his course parallel to the land much longer than was prudent. He was loath, indeed, to abandon even temporarily a design upon which he had determined, and as he had rapidly run down his southing in this brief cruise his determination had been quickened by the thought of his growing nearness to the Pearl of Caracas and the moment love—or what he called love—had almost made him forget the treasure in the ship beneath his feet, for the Pearl of Caracas was a woman.

Marcelle de Lara, daughter of the viceroy of Venezuela, on her way home from Spain, where she had been at school, to join her father, the Count Alvaro de Lara, in the vice royal palace at St. Jago de Leon, sometimes called the city of Caracas, in the fair valley on the farther side of those towering tree clad mountains—the coral pillars of the shore—had touched at Jamaica. There she had been received with due honor, as became the daughter of so prominent a personage, by the vice governor and his wretched wife. Morgan's heart had been inflamed by the dark, passionate beauty of the Spanish maiden. It was only by a severe restraint enjoined upon himself by his position that he had refrained from abusing the hospitality he extended by seizing her in the old buccaneer fashion. The impression she had made upon him had been lasting, and when he found himself alone, an outlaw, all his dreams of the future centered about this woman.

He would carry out the plans which he had outlined to his men, but the Pearl of Caracas, for so Donna Marcelle was called, must accompany him to the south seas to be the island queen of that buccaneer empire of which he was to be the founder. That Donna Marcelle might object to this proposition, that she might love another man, might even be married by this time, counted for nothing in Morgan's plans. He had taken what he wanted by dint of his iron will and the strength of his right arm in the past, and he should continue the process in the future. Consequently he was most reluctant that morning, for his passion had increased with each o'errun league of sea, to bear away from La Guayra, which was the port of entry for Caracas. But even his ardent spirit was at last convinced of the necessity. It was blowing a gale now, and they were so near the shore, although some distance to the eastward of the town, that they could see the surf breaking with tremendous force upon the strip of sand. The officers and older men had observed the course of the ship with great concern, but no one had ventured to remonstrate with Morgan until old Ben Hornigold as a privileged character finally summoned his courage and approached him.

"Mark you shore, Captain Morgan," he said, and when he made up his mind he spoke boldly. "The wind freshens."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTING U. N. B. PROFESSORS.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 10.—The senate of the university will probably meet the last of this month, when the vacant professorship of English literature will be filled. At the last meeting of the senate the selection of a professor of engineering, which chair became vacant by the resignation of Mr. Jack, was left in the hands of the president, Dr. Inch, and the chancellor, Dr. Harrison. They have received a large number of applications both from the United States and Great Britain, all accompanied by the highest testimonials. After the most careful consideration it is understood that one of the British applicants, a graduate of Dublin university, has been selected to fill the post and correspondence is now being carried on towards making final arrangements. Until these are completed the name of the gentleman will not be divulged.

VIRGINIAN'S NEW RECORD.

MONTREAL, AUG. 10.—A new Canadian mail record was established today. The Allan liner Virginian, which arrived off Father Point at 8:40 o'clock this morning, made the run there from Montreal, where the mails were taken on, in 5 days, 22 hours and 30 minutes (unofficial time). The passenger passage beats all previous records of the St. Lawrence, and cuts off two hours of the same steamer's previous performance. The mails were placed on the Virginian off Montreal at 3 p. m. Friday last, and arrived in Montreal at 8 o'clock tonight, and will be forwarded to western points tomorrow morning.

ORIGIN OF MEN'S CLUBS.

(Era Magazine for August.) The idea of clubs for men first started in England several hundred years ago. In those days the club-houses were called mote halls, and they are to be seen throughout England today and a number of photographs of them are shown here.

When public business had to be done, the old English habit of making speeches was always demanded an audience, either of outsiders or of a good number of colleagues. Consequently a special meeting place or "mote" hall, was always necessary for people not content to air their oratory in their own or their neighbors' parlors. Sometimes these "mote" halls were halls of justice, such as that of Westminster, the New Forest, or in the pretty little so-called Hunting Lodge at Chingford, where the swainmote and other forest courts were laid, and which is now the museum of the Essex Field Club. But most were genuine municipal buildings, of which perhaps the most interesting is the Mote Hall at Alderbury in Suffolk. It used once to be in the middle of the town, but the sea has washed all that is now used as a public library, but was a mote hall until a very recent date, when prisoners were kept in its dungeons. It became, however, a relic of its admirable history of Norfolk, declares to have been "some of the vilest holes in which human beings were ever left to rot."

CALVIN AUSTIN'S FOGGY TRIP.

Carrier Pigeon Met at Sea Was One of the Passengers. The Calvin Austin reached the city this morning with 369 passengers, after a trip in which very thick fog was encountered. The passenger list numbered 369, a slight falling off from late trips.

While passing Thatcher's Island the list of passengers was increased by an unexpected arrival. This was a staid grey carrier pigeon, which suddenly swooped down on the steamer and made its headquarters on the foremast deck. There it remained through the whole trip and seemed quite at home when the Calvin Austin docked this morning. It became a frequent sight around its leg is a band, on which is supposed to be its number or perhaps the name of its owner. The pigeon, however, has not been caught, so that it is not known what message the band brings.

KEEPING HIS BARGAIN.

"Your new fellow's all right," said Tommy Treadwell to his big sister at the breakfast table. "I'm glad you think so," said Phyllis, with a blush and a glance at her mother. "You bet he is," continued Tommy. "He's a real sport. W'y, he gimme a quarter not to tell what I saw in the parlor last night—'an' you bet I won't tell, neither!"—Cleveland Leader.

ORGAN GRINDER'S EXTORTIONS.

"What do you make a week?" asked a magistrate before whom an Italian organ grinder appeared, charging a fellow-musician with breaking his instrument. "Twenty-five dollars," was the answer. "What?" exclaimed the magistrate, "twenty-five dollars a week for grinding an organ?" "No, sare; not for grind; for shut up and go away,"—Harpers Weekly.

A LOT OF SEPTEMBER WEDDINGS.

September will be as prolific in weddings as was June, which this year did not quite come up to the mark. Several pretty homes are being costly furnished for well-known young ladies and gentlemen, who are soon to embark on the matrimonial sea. Most of the weddings so far announced will be home ceremonies.

STORES, ETC.

THAT ARE

OPEN EVENINGS.

JEWELER AND GOLDSMITH. A fine selection of jewelry of all description can be seen at the establishment of W. Tremaine Gard, on Charlotte street. Visitors requiring souvenirs of the town cannot do better than call and inspect Mr. Gard's selection. Some fine specimens of Antwerp cut diamonds are exciting a great deal of interest at the moment.

HIGH CLASS TAILORS. Someone has said that the finest asset a young man can possess is a good suit of clothes, and there is a deal of truth in the saying. Edgcombe and Chalmers, 104 King street, have just received per steamer Arcand the latest London novelties with exclusive designs. Those requiring a high class suit 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, 213 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 a ling, ting a ling, ting a ling.' The young lady had tried some 'Ting a ling' candy made by A. J. Russell, on Union street.

UNDERTAKER. Death must always be a painful subject, but when it comes—as come it must—it is gratifying to know that our dear ones have the greatest care and attention shown them in the last of their journey. The services of the Undertaker, 235 Union street, pay special attention in this respect, and one cannot do better than entrust him when occasion arises.

GENTS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS. A store which is situated in a very convenient place, is that of E. Komensky & 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 furnishings are carried by Mr. Komensky.

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

HAIR RESTORER. If your hair is falling out, or you are troubled with dandruff, Dr. Jack's famous 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.

ROYAL DAIRY LUNCH. 52 Mill Street. A plate of Boston Baked Beans and a mug of steaming hot Boston Coffee, 10c. A 21-Meal 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.

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Our Entire Stock of Men's and Boys' Shirts Below Cost.

NOTICE OUR SALE PRICES.

Shirts for 80c; reduced from 60c, and 70c. Shirts for 85c; reduced from 75c, and 1.00. Shirts for 75c; reduced from 1.10 and 1.25. Shirts for 95c; reduced from 1.35 and 1.50. Corresponding reductions in Light-weight Underclothing.

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Our Entire Stock of Tan, Chocolate and Light Weight Black Boots at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Men's Russia Calf Boots \$2.48; reduced from \$4.50. Men's Calf Boots \$2.48; reduced from \$3.50. Men's Tan Boots \$1.78; reduced from \$2.50. Men's Tan Low Shoe \$1.48; reduced from \$2.25. Women's Chocolate Laced Boots \$1.78; reduced from \$2.50. Women's Chocolate Low Shoe \$1.48; reduced from \$2.25. Women's Chocolate Low Shoe \$1.28; reduced from \$1.65. Women's Chocolate Low Shoe \$1.18; reduced from \$1.40. Girls' Chocolate Low Shoe 95c; reduced from \$1.25. Child's Chocolate Low Shoe 85c; reduced from \$1.10. Corresponding reductions in Light-weight Black Boots.

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Sweeping Reductions in Straw Hats; also in all the Fashionable Brown Shades.

Stylish Browns, regular \$3.00; now \$1.99. Brown Soft Hats, regular \$2.50; now \$1.68. Brown Soft Hats, regular \$2.00; now \$1.38. Straw and Outing Hats at One-half Regular Prices.

CAPS—A special line of New York Caps, in light and dark tweeds. Only 45c. Reduced from 75c.

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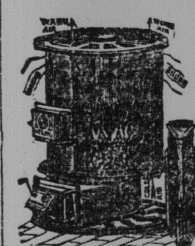
\$17.50 Suits to Order for \$12.00. \$4.50 Trousers to Order for \$3.50. \$18.50 Suits to Order for \$13.50. \$5.00 Trousers to Order for \$3.75. \$20.00 Suits to Order for \$15.00. \$5.50 Trousers to Order for \$4.50. \$21.50 Suits to Order for \$16.50. \$6.00 Trousers to Order for \$4.50. \$22.50 Suits to Order for \$17.50. \$6.50 Trousers to Order for \$5.00. \$23.50 Suits to Order for \$18.50. \$7.00 Trousers to Order for \$5.50. These are all made to your order by competent workmen and we GUARANTEE the fit and finish of every garment.

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Purchasers who engage at Winnipeg as FARM LABORERS (and work not less than 30 days at harvesting, producing Certificate to that effect) will be Returned to Original Starting Point on or before November 30th, 1905, at rates shown above.

TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED TO WOMEN as well as Men, but will not be issued at Half-Rate to Children.

For further particulars apply to F. F. PERRY, D. P. A. O. R., ST. JOHN, N.