

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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CHAPTER XXV.

BEFORE it was submerged by the great earthquake which so tremendously overwhelmed the shores of South America with appalling disaster nearly a century and a half later, a great arid rock on an encircling stretch of sandy beach, resultant of untold centuries of struggle between stone and sea, thrust itself above the waters a few miles northward of the coast of Venezuela. The cay was barren and devoid of any sort of life except for a single clump of bushes that had sprung up a short distance from the huge rock upon a little plateau sufficiently elevated to resist the attacks of the sea, which at high tide completely overflowed the islet except at that one spot.

Four heavy iron staples had been driven with great difficulty into holes drilled in the face of the volcanic rock. To these four large chains had been made fast. The four chains ended in four fetters, and the four fetters enclosed the ankles and wrists of a man. The length of the four chains had been so cunningly calculated that the arms and legs of the man were drawn far apart, so that he resembled a gigantic white cross against the dark surface of the stone. A sailor would have described his position by saying that he had been "spread eagle" by those who had fastened him there. Yet the chains were not too short to allow a little freedom of motion. He could incline to one side or to the other, lift himself up or down a little or even thrust himself slightly away from the face of the rock.

The man was in tatters, for his clothing had been rent and torn by the violent struggles he had made before he had been securely fastened in his chains. He was an old man, and his long gray hair fell on either side of his lean, fierce face in tangled masses. A strange terror of death—the certain fate that menaced him—was upon his countenance. With the bravado of despair he had looked with seeming indifference on the sufferings of his own men that same morning. After being submitted to the tortures of the rack they had been hanged to the outer walls, and he had been forced to pass by them on his way to this hellish spot. But the real courage of the man was gone now. His simulation had not even been good enough to deceive his enemies, and now even that had left him.

He was alone, so he believed, upon the island, and all of the mortal fear slowly creeping upon him already appeared in his awful face, clearly exhibited by the light of the setting sun streaming upon his left hand, for he was chained facing northward—that is, seaward. As he fancied himself the only living thing upon that island, he took little care to conceal his emotions—indeed, it was impossible for him any longer to keep up the pretense of indifference. His nerves were shattered, his spirit broken. Retribution was dogging him hard. Vengeance was close at hand at last. Besides, what mattered it? He thought himself alone, absolutely alone. But in that fancy he was wrong, for in the solitary little cove of bushes of which mention has been made there lay hidden a man—an ancient sailor. His single eye gleamed as fiercely upon the bound, shackled prisoner as did the setting sun itself.

Old Benjamin Hornigold, who had schemed and planned for his revenge, had insisted upon being put ashore on the other side of the island after the boats had rowed out of sight of the captive, that he might steal back and, himself unseen, watch the torture of the man who had betrayed him and wronged him so deeply. Alvarado had complied with his request and had further promised to return for the boatswain in two days. They calculate nicely that the already exhausted prisoner would scarcely survive so long, and provisions and water ample for 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-comer who had not betrayed him. The body lay almost at his feet; the head had been wedged in the sand so that its sightless face was turned toward him in the dreadful, lidless staring gaze of sudden death.

They had said to the buccaneer as 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 that the tide had been ebbing for an hour or so when he was fastened up and abandoned. The rock to which he had been chained was still wet, and he noticed that the dampness existed far above his head. The water would recede and recede until perhaps some 300 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? He could not say, but he had seen the water ebbing and drawing away, and he had seen it coming back and covering him in his sleep.

sault upon the sands as it generally did, beating out his life against the rock?

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. 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 of crime had at last brought him, was that he was allowed no choice.

So long as it was light Morgan intently 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 startling 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 suddenly 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 creeping 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 horses tossing their wind-blown manes. The wind died down; the clouds were dissipated. The night was so very calm it mocked the storm raging in his soul. And still the silvered water came flooding in. Gently, tenderly, caressingly, 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 farmhouse of his father and mother.

He took again that long trip across the ocean. He lived again in the hot hell of the Caribbean. Old forms of forgotten buccaneers clustered about him.

The water was higher now. It was at his neck. There were Porto Bello, Puerto Principe, and Maracaibo, and Chagres, and Panama—ah, Panama! All the fiends of hell had been there, and he had been their chief! They came back now to mock him.

There was pale faced, tender eyed Maria Zerega, who had died of the plague, and the baby, the boy. Jamaica, too, swept into his vision. There was his wife shrinking away from him in the very articles of death. There was young Ebenezer Hornigold, dancing right merrily upon the gallows, together with others of the buccaneers he had hanged.

The grim figure of the one-eyed boatswain rose before him and jeered upon him and swept the other apparitions away. This was La Guayra yesterday. He had been betrayed. Whose men were those? The men hanging on the walls? And Hornigold had done it—old Ben Hornigold—that he thought so faithful.

He screamed aloud again with hate; he called down curses upon the head of the growing one-eyed apparition. And the water broke into his mouth 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 a God after all.

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. He gave a gasp as the water came in, and he felt it on his face. As the water suppressed 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 moment 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 seconds 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 lingered, but they fell—they fell!

To drown? That was not the judgment of God for him then. What would it be? His head fell forward on his breast—he had fainted in the sudden relief of his undesired salvation.

Long time he hung there, and still the tide ebbed away, carrying with it all that was left of the only two who had loved him. He was alone now surely, save for that watcher in the bushes. After awhile consciousness returned to him again, and after the first swift sense of relief there came to him a deeper terror, for he had gone through the horror and anguish of death and had not died. He was alive still, but as helpless as before.

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 head, not a breath of air to blow across his fevered brow. The blinding rays struck him like hammers of molten iron. He stared at it out of his frenzied, bloodshot eyes and writhed beneath its blazing heat. All his faculties were merged into one consuming desire for water—water. The thirst was intolerable. Unless he could get some his brain would give way. He was dying, 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 another of the apparitions which had accompanied with him during the awful night and morning, but this was a human figure, an old man, bent, haggard, 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 fiery eye, and then he lifted before the captive's distorted vision something. What was it—a cup of water? Water, water brimming 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 it thou?"

"Aye, I wanted to let you know there was water here. You must be thirsty. You'd like a drink? So would I. There is not enough for both of us. Who will get it? I. Look!"

"Not all—not all!" screamed the old captain faintly as the other drained the cup. "A little! A drop for me!"

"Not one drop," answered Hornigold; "not one drop! If you were in hell and I held a river in my hand you would not get a drop! It's gone."

He threw the cup from him.

"I brought you to this—! Do you recall it? You owe this to me. You had your revenge; this is mine. But it's not over yet. I'm watching you. I shall not come out here again, but I'm watching you, remember that! I can see you!"

"Take that knife you bear—kill me!"

"I don't want you to die—not yet. I want you to live—live a long time, and remember!"

"Hornigold, I'll make amends! I'll be your slave!"

"Aye, crawl and cringe now, you dog! I swore that you should do it! It's useless to beg me for mercy. I know not that word; neither did you. Remember, I watch!"

He threw his glance upward, stopped suddenly, a fierce light in that old eye of his.

"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 cove once more, where he could see and not be seen. 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 merciful 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 a terror more intense than he had known.

THE END.

A Reflection.

Daisy—Why was Maude Oldgirl so angry about her photographs? Didn't they flatter her? Maisie—Oh, they were as pretty as the artist could make them, but on the back of each one it said, "The original of this picture is carefully preserved."

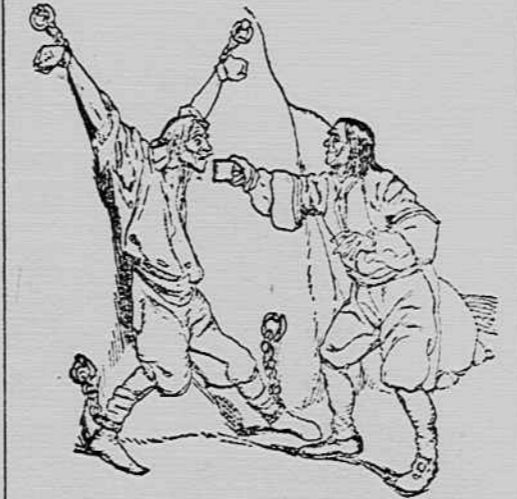
Strategy.

The minister who had difficulty in keeping his parishioners' eyes fixed on him during the sermon solved the difficulty by pacing a large clock directly behind him.—Liverpool Mercury.

The Difference.

Freddie—What's the difference between being sick and an invalid? Sam—An invalid has a boy, but one who's sick has a girl. —Harper's Bazar.

It was just out of reach of his lips



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 piercing 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 screamed with frantic terror. The bird moved heavily back a little distance and stopped, peering at him. He could see it by turning his head. He could drive it no farther. In another moment there was another rush through the air, another, another! He screamed again. Still they came until it seemed as if the earth and the heavens were black with the horrible birds. High in the air they had seen the first one swooping to the earth and with unerring instinct, as was their habit, had turned and made for the point from which the first had dropped downward to the shore.

They circled themselves about him. They sat upon the rock above him. They stared at him with their lustful, carlion, 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 mumbled one unavailing word:

"Hornigold!"

From the cove there came no sound, no answer. He sank forward in his chains, his head upon his breast, convulsive shudders alone proclaiming faltering life. Hell had no terror like to this which he, living, suffered.

There was a weight upon his shoulder now. Fierce talons sank deep into his quivering flesh. In front of his face, before a pair of lidless eyes that glowed like fire, a hellish, cruel beak struck at him. A faint, low, ghastly cry trembled through the still air.

And the resistless tide came in. A man drove away the birds at last before they had quite taken all, for the torn arms still hung in the iron fetters—an old man, blind of one eye, the black patch torn off the hideous hole that had replaced the socket. He

Hell had no terror like to this



capered with the nimbleness of youth before the ghastly remains of humanity still fastened to that rock. He 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 and seemed to awaken some new idea in his disordered brain.

"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 Hornigold's to follow. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!"

He waded out into the water, slowly going deeper and deeper. A wave swept him off his feet. A hideous laugh came floating back over the sea, and then he struck out and out and out—

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 again!

A DISPENSARY BOMBSHELL.

AN UNEXPECTED REPORT BY
MESSRS. CHRISTENSEN AND
LYON.

The State Board of Dispensary Directors sends a Request to the Members of the Sub-Committee of Investigation Asking for the Names of Firms and Individuals Whom They Suspect of Improper Dealings With the Dispensary.

Columbia, March 21.—The sub-committee of the dispensary investigating committee sprung a decided surprise tonight when it sent a temporary blacklist to the new State board of control. The sub-committee went to the board meeting today and gained admission to the session of the board, which is more than the newspaper men, who were on hand, have yet gotten. The board expected to make some purchases today, but the situation is somewhat changed by developments. The sub-committee during the afternoon received this letter:

The Hon. N. Christensen, Jr., and J. Fraser Lyon, City.—Gentlemen: Upon resolution of the State board of directors I am instructed to ask you to give the names of any concerns, persons or corporations doing business with the dispensary, which you suspect of irregular or improper dealings with the dispensary, and which have not been reported to the chairman of your committee, I am very respectfully,

M. H. Mobley, Clerk.

The Preamble and Resolution.

In view of the fact that since the board addressed a letter to Senator Hay asking him to give the names of any liquor house or other concerns who were under the suspicion of the dispensary investigating committee and having received his reply in the negative, and it having happened that Senator Christensen and Representative Lyon have just returned from the North after examining certain creditors of the dispensary, and being informed that Senator Christensen and Representative Lyon have not had time to consult with Chairman Hay since their return.

Be it resolved, therefore, That the clerk address a letter to Senator Christensen and Representative Lyon asking them to give the names of any concerns, persons or corporations doing business with the dispensary, which they suspect of irregular or improper dealing with the dispensary, and which have not been reported to the chairman.

Columbia, S. C., March 1, 1906.

Messrs. Rawlinson, Wiley and Black, Board of Directors S. C., Dispensary, Columbia, S. C.

Gentlemen: Responding to your letter of even date will say that while we have no evidence in the case of each of the concerns mentioned below that would establish the fact that they have been dealing improperly or in an irregular manner with the dispensary, still we will say that we suspect that the firms hereinafter mentioned may at some future hearing be shown to have been guilty of some irregular dealings therewith.

We think that the evidence brought out at a recent public session of our committee shows conclusively that the Carolina Glass Company and the C. L. Flacuss Glass Company have been guilty of grave irregularities in their transactions with the dispensary.

In addition to the glass companies above mentioned and the Nivison-Weiskef Company, the irregularities of which were called to your attention in Chairman Hay's communication, we think you would under the terms of your resolutions be justified in discontinuing business for the present with the following houses or firms:

Messrs. H. & H. W. Catherwood, Philadelphia; Jack Cranston Company, Augusta; Fleischman & Co., Cincinnati; Gallagher & Burton, Philadelphia; Garrett & Co., Norfolk; Hirsch & Schofield, New York; J. W. Kelley & Co., Chattanooga; Wm. Lanahan & Son, Baltimore; Meyer, Pitts & Co., Baltimore; Rossmann, Gerstey & Co., Philadelphia; I. Trager Company, Cincinnati; Blumenthal & Bickert, Atlanta; Bernheim Distilling Company, Louisville; Richland Distilling Company, Columbia, S. C.; J. S. Farnum, Charleston, S. C.; Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee; C. H. Ross & Co., Baltimore; C. L. Flacuss Glass Company.

Very respectfully yours,
N. Christensen, Jr.
J. Fraser Lyon,
Members Dispensary Investigating Committee.

There are several thousand other liquor firms in America, and there need be no unquenched thirst for liquor with several thousand liquor houses wanting good business and a million dollar stock of liquors.

The State board will probably receive the letter as information and act on the lines indicated.

The investigating committee under the recent Act, it is said, has the right to require its O. K. on all purchases hereafter to be made if it cares to exercise that right.—News and Courier.

Col. J. Q. Marshall, of Columbia, who was questioned for mayor, is now asked to be a candidate for the senate to succeed himself.

DRINK

Bars Men from Employment

Every line of business is beginning to shut its doors absolutely to drinking men. Business competition has become so keen that only men of steadfast habits can find employment.

Employers do not want men that are addicted to drink. A drinking man is not in fit condition to handle responsible work. Continual drinking diseases the nerve system. No "will power" can cure; treatment is necessary.

ORRINE

Cures Whiskey and Beer Habit

Take ORRINE Quietly at Home!

To cure without patient's knowledge, buy ORRINE No. 1 for voluntary treatment, buy ORRINE No. 2. Price, \$1.00 per box.

Cure Effectual or Money Refunded

Book on "Drunkness" (sealed) free on request. ORRINE mailed (sealed) on receipt of \$1 by THE ORRINE CO., Inc., Washington, D. C., or sold in this city by DeLorme's Pharmacy, Sumter, S. C.

Couldn't Get Away From It.

A glint of sadness and resentment was in the new reporter's eye as he came in and plumped himself wearily into his chair. Presently he coughed apologetically and gave up a few low-voice confidences to the man at the adjoining desk.

"All my life," he said "they have been making me go to church. Even at college it was compulsory attendance at chapel, and I came into this business with something of a glow of hope that there would be a let-up in the restrictions and requirements of the stained glass kind that had hitherto hedged in my young life. Not that I am irreligious or dislike church going, but I like to choose my own time and place for those things. I had an idea that the life of a newspaper man consisted of a merry whirl of fires, murders and social functions, but I guess I had the wrong idea. Gosh! This first week has taken me to two sermons, a missionary meeting a Christian Endeavor social, one funeral and two hours of mourning after obituaries. Now I've just got back from a joyful jaunt of some miles out into the country where they were having a sort of revival celebration.

It was a festival of prayer and song in commemoration of the first anniversary of the conversion of Shang Bailey—I believe that was the name. Anyway, the occasion was worth a celebration, for he was the biggest man I ever saw in all my life, and I've been as far West as Keokuk. And among all the other things they prayed for the reporter, that he might do a good job in writing up the account of the doings, and then they prayed for the city editor, that he might write. It's up to the boss now, for I'm going to put a gilt edge on this story that will prove that I was listening to my personal end of that exhortation and responded to the call of duty. But I wish that some active duty of a different sort would come my way for a change. I've had my work tintured with too much solemnity so far.

Sleeplessness.

*Disorders of the stomach produce a nervous condition, and often prevent sleep. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets stimulate the digestive organs, and make sleep possible. For sale by all druggists.

Walter Nason, living in Newport, Me., has the mysterious ability of being able to tell the accurate time of day by simply looking in the palm of his hand as another would look at his watch. No one has been able to learn his method, and in fact he himself cannot explain the source of his power. Many of the people of the village who doubted his power and who looked upon it as a "fairy story," have by their own observation and experiments become convinced of its truth. —Thurston (Me.) Journal.

A Lively Tussel

* With the old enemy of the race, constipation, often ends in appendicitis. To avoid all serious trouble with stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They perfectly regulate these organs, without pain or discomfort. 25c at all druggists.

Henry Mullins, Esq., of Marion, is suggested for attorney general.

A Favorable Remedy for Babies.

*Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. For sale by all druggists.

Paul Hemphill, Esq., of Chester, may enter the race for attorney general.

A Scientific Wonder

*The cures that stand in the credit make Bucklen's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. It cures E. O. Mulford, lecturer for the Province of Maryland, of a distressing case of piles. It has been the worst of his affliction. He has used many remedies, but without success. Only 25c at all druggists.