

CAPTAIN KID'S MILLIONS

BY ALAN OSCAR.

(A note by the present possessor of the manuscript here made public.) This strange history is no mere story for boys, full of pirates, islands and buccaners...

This is here supplemented by a more ancient manuscript of Elizabeth's time and in two places by extracts from the diary of a Devonshire girl of whom Kid was enamored...

CHAPTER I. When I came to understand that I was in the world, whether I would or no, I found that, unlike other youths, I had no parents...

had set me, having just brought beer and glass for my drinking. "Will you not sit?" said I, making room. "Nay, I am feared," she answered. "You say 'captains will ever be bold; and father..."

On my return the country was quiet once more, though not as Catholics could wish. With my money safe in pocket, I journeyed west with a shipmate who was a young man along with him, and so I came to Brixmouth town.

And before my very face she must begin her attack upon him, so that the fellow took no further notice of me, but hung upon her every word and glance.

Sailors must of necessity fall in love, and ere long I was mad for sweet Cleely Glanvil, the shipbuilder's daughter. As pretty as any will blossom from fresh from the hedge, withal having blue thumbs, and who would have a rose without thorns?

The last of the twilight lingered in the sky, and I thought bitterly that the sun of my life had set since I entered that gate. Half way to the town I met old Glanvil returning, who stopped me, and would not be denied. I stood a minute listening to his gossip, then cried, "Who is John Darton?"

On this occasion I confess I approached somewhat timidly old Glanvil's shipyard. Though I felt I had a right to be there, and that I was in a way to be of service to him, I was not without a certain nervousness.

When I heard her sigh as she looked up at him, and she whispered somewhat that I could not hear. "I turned to go, when I heard, without the step of old Glanvil, which disturbed them. Darton broke short off in his love making, and hurriedly made his adieu."

This being so, I was tempted to travel once more to Brixmouth, for of all the women in the world Cleely was the only one I would win for my wife. I boast not of my continence; I was no better and no worse than others; but woman is a creature, save the maiden who is the one of all others, and her I could ere long I was mad for sweet Cleely Glanvil, traveled into the West country for her sake, but she still remained coy.

When I heard Darton's steps in the hall and the old man's voice; then steps on the gravel, and then he paced past me out into the road. I crept away in chase, feeling that my luck would be with me. But as I reached the gate, which I carefully closed for fear of noise, suddenly I found that I had lost the sound of his footsteps.

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May ye be. He is gone, and never a word. For he came not back, as I had hoped, I could not wonder if I seemed to know that one day it would indeed be fulfilled. Yet I never wanted for money, so why crave after these fancied riches? But crave I did, as the rich man ever craves for more.

From New York I sailed back to the Isle of Madragua, my ultimate intention being to cruise in the southern seas, but I put in to this island partly in the hope of hearing that Darton had set sail from England. For a purpose had grown in my mind which even I myself trembled at—this was to meet him on the high seas and plunder his treasure, the ultimate intention being to cruise in the southern seas, but I put in to this island partly in the hope of hearing that Darton had set sail from England.

I he bid of them I think I could die and be at rest. Receiving them from his hands, I opened them, and found a long history, which I will here set down; also a paper indulgence; a list of the ship's company of the Golden Lion, and a paper in Spanish, the end of which was in some secret cipher.

CHAPTER II. June ye 12—This day father's ship, the Cleely Bonaventure, sailed for the Indies, John Darton captain. I have much angered them both by refusals of his love. And yet he hath a good heart, for when I confessed to him that I had loved a girl, he said, "I would not have thee sorrowful. I will tell him the good news, and he will return in haste."

Disappointment met me. I reached Madragua, but he had already passed on his way south, and being so far upon his road, and all the seas before him, it was a thousand pounds to a silver penny against my catching him.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS. When the Snow Sifts Through. The key rattle that hurled the snow Against the window-pane, and rattled the eash with a merry clash, Used not its strength in vain; For now and then a wee flake sifted Through the loose, ill-fitting frame— By warmer breath such was sifted. All melting as they came.

CHAPTER III. When I parted from Cleely, mad with jealousy, I was in haste to be once more upon salt water and away from women of every sort.

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