

# SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

Author of "The Southerner," "For Love of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.

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(Continued from Saturday)

CHAPTER I—Sir Henry Morgan, former pirate, having purchased in quality and knighted from the king of England, has reformed and has become vice governor of Jamaica. He is deposed and, killing the officers sent to arrest him, determines to become again a freebooter. II—Benjamin Hornigold, ex-pirate, who has been bitterly wronged by Morgan, joins the fortunes of the latter in order to seek an opportunity to wreak vengeance on him. III and IV—Having recruited a crew of ex-pirates and other desperadoes, Morgan seizes an English frigate and murders her crew. Off the Spanish coast in search of treasure. V and VI—In a desperate action, wherein are shown the daring and resourcefulness of Morgan and the courage of his men, he defeats two Spanish frigates and captures their convoy, a treasure galleon carrying an abess and priests as passengers. VII—Morgan shows his qualities by heaving overboard a mutineer and shooting down a priest who attempts to save the mutineer. VIII—Wrecked on the Venezuelan coast, near La Guayra, to which city Morgan is attracted by Donna Mercedes de Lara, daughter of the viceroy of Venezuela. IX, X and XI—Donna Mercedes and Captain Dominique Alvarado, commandante of La Guayra, are in love with each other, but the unknown parentage of Alvarado prevents their marriage. Donna Mercedes is betrothed by her father to Don Felipe de Tobar, friend of Alvarado. Alvarado is tempted by his loved one to forget his duty to the viceroy and Don Felipe and to fly with her instead of conveying her safely from Caracas to La Guayra. He resists.

"Of course not, but—" "But what, sir? It is your own weakness you fear? You were strong enough last night. Have you by chance repented?" "There was such a passionate eager-

ness in her voice and such a leaping hope for an affirmative answer in the glance she bent upon him that he could scarce sustain the shock of it. His whole soul had risen to meet hers, coming as she came. He trembled at her proximity. The voice of the girl thrilled him as never before.

The sergeant who followed them out of respect for their confidences checked the pace of his troop horse somewhat, and the two advanced some distance from him out of earshot. The unhappy duenna watched them with anxious eyes, but hesitated to attempt to join them. Indeed, the way was blocked for such an indifferent horsewoman as she by the adroit maneuvers of the sergeant. He was devoted to his young commander, and he had surmised the state of affairs also. He would have had no scruples in facilitating a meeting, even an elopement. The two lovers, therefore, could speak unobserved, or at least unheard, by any stranger.

"Lady," said Alvarado at last, "I am indeed afraid. You make me strong weak. Your beauty—forgive me—masters me. Tempt me not! I can stand no more!" he burst forth with vehemence.

"What troubles thee, Alvarado?" she said softly.

"Thou—and my plighted word."

"You chose honor and duty last night when you might have had me. Art still in the same mind?"

"Senorita, this subject is forbidden."

"Stop!" cried the girl. "I absolve you from all injunctions of silence. I, too, am a de Lara, and in my father's absence the head of the house. The duty thou hast sworn to him thou owest me. Art still in the same mind as last night I say?"

"Last night I was a fool!"

"And this morning?"

"I am a slave."

"A slave to what? To whom?"

"Donna Mercedes," he cried, turning an imploring glance upon her, "press

me no further. Indeed, the burden is greater than I can bear."

"A slave to whom?" she went on insistently. She laid her hand upon his strong arm and bent her head close toward him. They were far from the others now, and the turns of the wind-fling road concealed them.

"A slave to whom? Perhaps to me!" she whispered.

"Have mercy on me!" he cried. "To you—yes. But honor, duty!"

"Against those hateful words!" she interrupted, her dark face flushing with anger. "Were I a man, loved by a woman who loved me as I—as I—as you know, I would have seized her in spite of all the world! Once she had fled to the shelter of my arms, while life beat in my heart none should tear her thence."

"Thy father?"

"He thinks not of my happiness."

"Say not so, Donna Mercedes."

"It is true. It is a matter of convenient arrangement. Two ancient names, two great fortunes, cry aloud for union, and they drown the voice of the heart. I am bestowed like a chattel."

"Don Felipe?"

"Is an honorable gentleman, a brave one. He needs no defense at my hands. That much, at least, my father did. There is no objection to my suit save that I do not love him."

"In time—in time you may," gasped Alvarado.

"Dost thou look within thine own heart and see a fancy so evanescent that thou speakest thus to me?"

"Nay, not so."

"I believe thee, and were a thousand years to roll over my head thine image would still be found here."

She laid her tiny gloved hand upon her breast as she spoke in a low voice, and this time she looked away from him. He would have given heaven and earth to have caught her yielding figure in his arms. She dropped in the saddle beside him in a pose which was a confession of womanly weakness, and she swayed toward him as if the heart in her body cried out to that which beat in his own breast.

"Mercedes! Mercedes!"

"You torture me beyond endurance! Go back to your duenna, to Senor Agapida, I beg of you! I can stand no more! I did promise and vow in my heart—my honor—my duty!"

"Aye, with men it is different," said the girl, and the sound of a sob in her voice cut him to the heart, "and these things are above love, above everything. I do not—I cannot understand. I cannot comprehend. You have rejected me. I have offered myself to you a second time after the refusal of last night. I, too, am a slave. I love you. Nay, I cannot marry Don Felipe

de Tobar. 'Twere to make a sacrifice of a sacrament."

"Thy father?"

"I have done my best to obey him. I can no more."

"What wilt thou do?"

"This!"

The road at the point they had arrived wound sharply around the spur of the mountain which arose above them thousands of feet on one side and fell abruptly away in a terrific precipice upon the other. As she spoke she struck her horse again with the whip. At the same time by a violent wrench on the bridle rein she turned him swiftly toward the open cliff. Quick as she had been, however, Alvarado's own movement was quicker. He struck spur into his powerful barb and with a single bound was by her side in the very nick of time. Her horse's forefeet were slipping among the loose stones on the edge. In another second they would both be over. Alvarado threw his right arm around her neck and with a force superhuman dragged her from the saddle, at the same time forcing his own horse violently backward with his bridle hand. His instant promptness had saved her, for the frightened horse she rode, unable to control himself, plunged down the cliff and was crushed to death a thousand feet below.

CHAPTER XIII.

"My God!" cried the young soldier

TWO HOSPITALS

Two more cases of Bright's Disease that recovered after the treatment in hospitals had failed and life was despaired of. One is John H. Gyselaar, the well known merchant of Eureka, Cal. He was in the Lane Hospital in San Francisco for three months. Was so swollen with dropsy he had to be tapped every ten days. He was steadily sinking when his family took him home and put him on Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's Disease. The tapings ceased and he began to mend, and is now perfectly well. Everybody in Eureka knows of his miraculous escape.

Another case is that of Mr. T. J. Mulloy of 2214 Bryant St., San Francisco. A few months ago he was in the U. S. Marine Hospital in that city and was so low with Bright's Disease that his sister, Mrs. French, was advised by the physician in charge that a fatal end was inevitable and close at hand. She took him home and put him on the same treatment that saved Gyselaar. He recovered and five months later returned to his employment. Write either of the above if you question this.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes are curable in 87 per cent. of all cases by Fulton's Compound. Sent for literature, Jno. J. Fulton Co., 409 Washington St., San Francisco.

HONOLULU DRUG CO., Local Agents.

When to suspect Bright's Disease—weakness or loss of weight; puffy ankles, hands or eyelids; dropsy; kidney trouble after the third month; urine may show sediment; falling vision; drowsiness; one or more of these.

hoarsely, straining her to his breast, while endeavoring to calm his nervous and excited horse. "What would you have done?"

"Why didn't you let me go?" she asked, struggling feebly in his arms. "It would all have been over then."

"I could not. I love you."

The words were wrung from him in spite of himself by her deadly peril, by her desperate design, which he had felt abruptly away in a terrific precipice upon the other. As she spoke she struck her horse again with the whip. At the same time by a violent wrench on the bridle rein she turned him swiftly toward the open cliff. Quick as she had been, however, Alvarado's own movement was quicker. He struck spur into his powerful barb and with a single bound was by her side in the very nick of time. Her horse's forefeet were slipping among the loose stones on the edge. In another second they would both be over. Alvarado threw his right arm around her neck and with a force superhuman dragged her from the saddle, at the same time forcing his own horse violently backward with his bridle hand. His instant promptness had saved her, for the frightened horse she rode, unable to control himself, plunged down the cliff and was crushed to death a thousand feet below.

The others were far behind. They were alone upon the mountain side, with the rocks behind and the great sapphire sea of the Caribbean before them. He held her close to his breast, and they forgot everything but love as they gently pricked along the road. It was near noon now, and as the road a furlong farther debouched into an open plateau shaded by trees and watered by a running brook which purled down the mountain side from some inaccessible cloud swept height, it was a fitting place to make camp, where the whole party, tired by a long morning's travel, could repose themselves until the breeze of afternoon tempered the heat of the day. Here he dismounted, lifted her from horse, and they stood together side by side.

"You have saved me," she whispered.

"You have drawn me back from the death that I sought. God has given me to you. We shall never be parted."

"I am a false friend, an ungrateful servant, a forsworn man, a perjured soldier!" he groaned, passing his hand over his pale brow as if to brush away an idea consequent upon his words.

"But thou hast my love," she whispered tenderly, swaying toward him again.

"Yes—yes. Would that it could crown something else than my dishonor."

"Say not so."

"I had been faithful," he went on as if in justification, "had I not seen thee on the brink of that cliff, and then

thou wert in my arms—I was lost!"

"And I was found. I leaped to death. I shut my eyes as I dove the horse toward the cliff, and I awakened to find myself in your arms—in heaven! Let nothing take me hence."

"It cannot be," he said. "I must go to the viceroy when he returns from the Orinoco war and tell him that I have betrayed him."

"I will tell him," she answered, "or will thou tell him what I tell thee?" she went on.

"Surely."

"Then say to him that I sought death rather than be given to Don Felipe or to any one else. Tell him you saved me on the very brink of the cliff and that never soldier made a better fight for field or flag than thou didst make for thy honor and duty. But that I broke thee down. I had the power, and I used it. The story is as old as Eden—the woman tempted!"

"I should have been stronger; I should not have weakened. But I shall fight no more. It is all over."

"Ah, thou canst not," she whispered, nesting closer to him. "And tell my father that should harm come to thee—if in their anger he or De Tobar lay hand upon thee—it will not advantage their plans, for I swear, if there be no other way, I will starve myself to death to follow thee!"

"I cannot shelter myself behind a woman."

"Then I will tell them both myself," she cried. "You shall know, they shall know, how a Spanish woman can love."

"And thou shalt know, too," answered Alvarado firmly, "that though I break my heart, I, an unknown, can expiate my guilt with all the pride of most ancient lineage and birth highest of them all."

It was a brave speech, but he did not release his hold upon Mercedes, and in spite of his words when, confident that whatever he might say, however he might struggle, he was hers at last, she smiled up at him again. He kissed her.

"When go you to my father, Senor Alvarado?" she asked.

"When he returns from the Orinoco."

"And that will not be until—" "Perhaps a month."

"Wilt love me until then?" "I shall love thee forever."

"Nay, but wilt thou tell me so, with every day, every week, every hour, every moment, with kisses like to these?"

"Oh, tempt me not!" he whispered. But he returned again and again her caresses.

"Ah, my Alvarado, if you have once fallen, what then? Is not one kiss as bad as a thousand?"

"Be it so. We will be happy until that time."

"One month, one month of heaven, my love. After that let come what may," she answered, her cheeks and eyes aflame, her heart throbbing with the exultant pain in her breast.

"Some one approaches!" he said at last. And at the same moment the rest of the party came around the bend of the road. The poor duenna was consumed with anxiety and remorse.

"Bernardo," said Alvarado to the sergeant, "we will take our stations here. Unsaddle the horses and prepare the noonday meal under the trees. Send one of the troopers ahead to bid Padrique stop on the road until we rejoin him, keeping good guard. Senora Agapida, you must be tired from the long ride. Let me assist you to dismount."

"The Senorita Mercedes?" she asked as he lifted her to the ground. "Where is her horse?"

"He slipped and fell," answered the girl promptly.

"Fell?"

"Yes, over the cliff. Captain Alvarado lifted me from the saddle just in time."

"I shall make a novena of devotion to St. Jago for thy preservation, sweet Mercedes," cried the duenna, "and you, young sir, must have a strong arm!"

"It is ever at your service," answered Alvarado gravely, bowing before her.

The old woman's heart went out to the gallant young man, so handsome, so brave, so strong, so distinguished looking.

"Why," she mused under her breath, "could he not have been the one?"

(To be continued)

APPEARING OLD

Acts as a Bar to Profitable Employment.

You cannot afford to grow old. In these days of strenuous competition it is necessary to maintain, as long as possible, one's youthful appearance.

It is impossible to do this without retaining a luxurious growth of hair.

The presence of Dandruff indicates the presence of a burrowing germ which lives and thrives on the roots of the hair until it causes total baldness.

Newbro's Herpicide is the only known destroyer of this pest, and it is as effective as it is delightful to use.

Herpicide makes an elegant hair dressing as well as Dandruff cure.

Accept no substitute—there is none. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. Hollister Drug Co., special agents.

# The BULLETIN'S Latest and Best Contest

## \$2000 Given Away in Ten Prizes

### A \$1400 Auto; a \$350 Piano, and 8 other Splendid Prizes

For many years the BULLETIN has held prize contests to increase interest among its old subscribers and to add new readers to its list. The present contest is the most ambitious prize project ever undertaken by any newspaper in this country; the number, the value and the real merit of the prizes places this contest in a class by itself.

How can the BULLETIN afford to do this? The answer is easy. The Evening Bulletin achieved the greatest prosperity of its existence in 1905—it means to share this success with its patrons in 1906. It not only aims to give the best of all news and publish the best newspaper in this country, but when it starts a prize contest it means to place it on a level with its other features.



THE SECOND PRIZE is a beautiful Kroeger Piano purchased from the well-known piano dealers, The Bergstrom Music Co. Its cash price is \$350. The second prize is as handsome as the first prize and is as useful and beautiful for indoor entertainment as the auto is for outside recreation. The piano is full scale of 7 1-3 octaves, height 4 ft. 6 in., width 5 ft. 3 in. The winner of the piano may choose any color or finish made by the famous Kroeger Piano Company of New York. A special feature of this instrument is that it is wired in such manner as to withstand the moisture of our climate.

THE THIRD PRIZE is a modern necessity in every home where thoughtfulness for the future has a place—it is an order on the Henry Waterhouse Trust Co., Ltd., for a \$5000 policy in The Continental Casualty Co. of Chicago. The premium of this policy is \$60.00 and

it holds good for one year, insuring the life, health and bodily safety of the winner for that period. This is for a preferred risk, more hazardous risks in proportion.

THE FOURTH PRIZE is a \$50 silver Punch Bowl, purchased from M. R. Counter, the Fort street jeweler, who guarantees its quality and will be pleased to show it to any person interested.

THE FIFTH PRIZE is an order to be given by the Bulletin Publishing Co., Ltd., good for \$40 worth of merchandise and will be honored by any merchant who advertises in this paper. The winner of the prize may choose the store and the goods.

THE SIXTH PRIZE is a Domestic Sewing Machine, for which the Von Hamm-Young Co. are the agents. It is a high-grade machine, complete, useful and a welcome addition to the home.

THE SEVENTH PRIZE is a fine leather golf stick bag, rawhide sewed, made by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. and will contain a set of the very finest Willie Parke sticks. This popular prize is from the sporting goods department of E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd., who will select the bag and sticks to suit the taste of the winner.

THE EIGHTH PRIZE is a handsome .32 caliber Winchester Repeating



## The First Prize

is the finest 16 horse power gasoline touring car ever imported to Hawaii

### THE REO CAR

is beautiful to look at, easy to ride in, economical in upkeep. The REO was purchased from the well known auto agents,

THE VON HAMM-YOUNG COMPANY

Rifle. The name this gun bears carries with it all that is good and dependable in small arms. This valuable prize may be seen at the up-to-date sporting goods store of Woods & Sheldon.

THE NINTH PRIZE is a 24-inch gold-trimmed, leather-lined sole-leather suit case.

THE TENTH PRIZE is a Style A Kodak Developing Machine from the Honolulu Photo Supply Co. This prize is in a handsome wooden case and is part of the 1906 outfit of every amateur photographer who desires the best pictures with the least work.

## Rules of the Contest

The contest opens Thursday February 1, and will close at 5 o'clock p. m. June 14, 1906.

WHO MAY ENTER

Anyone may enter except persons or anyone in the immediate family of any person in the regular employ of The Bulletin Pub. Co., Ltd.

"NEW SUBSCRIBERS"

During this contest a new subscriber will be understood to be any person who has not been regularly served with THE DAILY or WEEKLY BULLETIN for thirty days prior to February 1, 1906. Transfers from one member of a household to another will not be allowed, and all names handed in as New must be subject to investigation before votes are allowed.

THE FINAL COUNT

The final count will be made by three judges, selected from among those having no interest in THE BULLETIN and no active interest in any one of the candidates. The vote will be announced by the judges and the prizes awarded according to their findings, there being no appeal. Subscription accounts and everything pertaining to the contest will be open to their inspection.

NO TRANSFER OF VOTES

Only one name can be written on any ballot, and transfers of votes from one candidate to another will not be allowed.

## Schedule of Vote Credits

In every copy of the paper there will be printed a coupon which being properly filled out with the name of the party for whom it is desired to vote and deposited with THE EVENING BULLETIN within one week after the day of issue, will be credited as one vote. Additional vote credits will be allowed as follows:

For each NEW subscriber who has not been regularly served with THE EVENING BULLETIN within a period of thirty days prior to the first day of February, 1906, if paid cash in advance, credits will be allowed, as follows:

	Votes
Daily 1 year	\$8.00 3500
Daily 6 months	4.00 1500
Daily 3 months	2.00 750
Daily 1 month	.75 250
Weekly 1 year	1.00 425
Weekly 6 months	.50 200

Cash payments on all other subscriptions, either payments in advance or on account of arrears, will receive vote coupons when payment is made, but no votes will be credited upon sums less than 50 cents. In other words, votes will be credited for cash payments on regular subscriptions as follows:

	Votes
Daily 1 year	\$8.00 3500
Daily 6 months	4.00 1500
Daily 3 months	2.00 750
Daily 1 month	.75 250
Weekly 1 year	1.00 400
Weekly 6 months	.50 225