

CARNEGIE PAYS \$1000 FOR ENGINEERS LUNCH

PITTSBURG, PENN., Nov. 20.—Andrew Carnegie has just settled a lunch bill which an old locomotive engineer of Pittsburg had against him. Fred Fleck, formerly one of the best known engineers on the Pennsylvania road, has received a check from Andrew Carnegie enclosing a check for \$1,000. Carnegie referred to a ride taken on Fleck's locomotive during his last trip to Pittsburg. He made special mention of a certain lunch he had eaten and said the check was for the lunch.

Fleck is an old employee of Carnegie's and worked for the ironing many years running a locomotive at the Homestead Works. He has an excellent record, never having had a serious accident. The present was a token of personal esteem of the man and his faithful services.

Someone told Mr. Carnegie that Fleck still kept at his post instead of retiring to an easier occupation as his age demanded, because he was endeavoring to pay off a one thousand dollar mortgage on his home, which represented the product of years of saving.

When Carnegie was last here, finding that Fleck was engineer of the train he was riding on, he entered the cab and rode the entire distance with Fleck, sharing the latter's lunch, which the old wife at home had carefully prepared. The millionaire greatly enjoyed the repast, especially the pumpkin pie, which he complimented highly. After laughing and joking over old times the ironmonger bid the engineer good by and the latter thought the incident was passed until he received the check today.

FIRE DRILL SAVES LIVES OF MANY LITTLE TOTS

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Nov. 20.—Miss Jessie Thompson, a teacher in the third grade public schools, by great presence of mind and the unusual efficiency of the pupils in the fire drill, prevented a serious accident in the F street school yesterday. Miss Thompson, noticing the ceiling crack and bulge outward, quickly faced her class and uttered the fire call, "clear." Instantly every little tot, 59 in number, was standing in line, and in the next breath when the teacher exclaimed "double quick, march," the pupils, three abreast, poured in perfect order from the room. As the last line passed into the corridor the ceiling fell with a deafening crash, completely burying the desks, which a moment before had been occupied. The entire building was emptied in three minutes.

MISS GROVER MUST ACCEPT \$6000

SEATTLE, Nov. 20.—Rosa E. Grover, who was awarded a verdict for breach of promise of \$10,000 against Mayor Zook, of Ballard, must take \$6,000 or he will have a new trial in the superior court. She must accept that verdict by November 25, or the case must be retried. Judge Albersson made this ruling this morning. He decided that the jury had been too liberal.

HILL RAISES MONEY

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—James J. Hill is reported on good authority, will at once return from Europe, having secured all the financial aid necessary in the space of 48 hours for the backing of his extension in the west and southwest. It is considered that part of Hill's plan is to secure control of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas which in connection with the Burlington, will give a gulf outlet.

GLADDEN AVOIDS TAINTED MONEY

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The soliciting of contributions from all members of the church to avoid the taking of "tainted" money was advocated by Rev. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, O., moderator of the national council of the Congressional church, in an address before the Congressional church last night.

Only a very rich man can appreciate the blessings of poverty.

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 I.

HIS gracious majesty King Charles II. of England, in sportive—and acquisitive—mood, had made him a knight; but, as that merry monarch himself had said of another unworthy subject whom he had ennobled—his son, by the left hand—"God Almighty could not make him a gentleman!"

Yet, to the casual inspection, little or nothing appeared to be lacking to entitle him to all the consideration attendant upon that ancient degree. His attire, for instance, might be a year or two behind the fashion of England and still farther away from that of France, then, as now, the standard maker in dress, yet it represented the extreme of the mode in his majesty's fair island of Jamaica. That it was a trifle too vivid in its colors and too striking in its contrasts for the best taste at home possibly might be condoned by the richness of the material used and the prodigality of trimming which decorated it. Silk and satin from the orient, lace from Flanders, leather from Spain, with jewels from everywhere, marked him as a person entitled to some consideration at least. Even more compulsory of attention, if not of respect, were his haughty, overbearing, satisfied manner, his look of command, the expression of authority in action he bore.

Quite in keeping with his gorgeous appearance was the richly furnished room in which he sat in autocratic isolation, plumed hat on head, quaffing, as became a former brother of the coast and sometime buccaneer, amazing drafts of the fiery spirits of the island of which he happened to be, ad interim, the royal authority.

But it was his face which attested the acuteness of the sneering observation of the unworthy giver of the royal accolade. No gentleman ever bore face like that. Framed in long, thin, gray curls which fell upon his shoulders after the fashion of the time, it was as cruel, as evil, as sensuous, as ruthless, as powerful an old face as had ever looked over a bulwark at a sinking ship or viewed with indifference the

Sir Henry Morgan



ravaging of a devoted town. Courage there was, capacity in large measure, but not one trace of human kindness. Thin, lean, hawk-like, ruthless, cunning, weather-beaten, it was sadly out of place in its brave attire in that vaulted chamber. It was the face of a man who ruled by terror, who commanded by might. It was the face of an adventurer, too, one never sure of his position, but always ready to fight for it and able to fight well. There was a watchful, alert, inquiring look in the fierce blue eyes, an intent, expectant expression in the craggy countenance, that told of the uncertainties of his assumptions; yet the lack of assurance was compensated for by the firm, resolute line of the mouth under the trifling upturned mustache, with its lips at the same time thin and sensual. And he was an old man too. Sixty odd years of vicious life, glossed over in the last two decades by an assumption of respectability, had swept over the gray hairs, which evoked no reverence.

There was a heavy frown on his face on that summer evening in the year of our Lord 1685. The childless wife whom he had taken for his betterment and her worsening some ten years since—in succession to Satan only knew how many nameless, unrecognized precursors—had died a few moments before in the chamber above his head. Fairly bought from a needy father, she had been a cloak to lend him a certain respectability when he settled down, red with the blood of thousands whom he had slain and rich with the treasure of cities that he had wasted, to enjoy the evening of his life. Like all who are used for such purposes, she knew after a little space the man over whom the mantle of her reputation had been flung. She had rejoiced at the

near approach of that death for which she had been longing almost since her wedding day. That she had shrunk from him in the very articles of dissolution when he stood by her bedside indicated the character of the relationship.

To witness death and to cause it had been the habit of this man. He marked it in her case, as in others, with absolute indifference—he cared so little for her that he did not even feel relief at her going—yet because he was the governor of Jamaica (really he was only the vice governor, but between the departure of the royal governor and the arrival of another he held supreme power) he had been forced to keep himself close on the day his wife died by that public opinion to which he was indifferent, but which he could not entirely defy. Consequently he had not been on the strand at Port Royal when the *Mary Rose*, frigate, fresh from England, had dropped anchor in the harbor after her weary voyage across the great sea. He did not even yet know of her arrival, and therefore the incoming governor had not been welcomed by the man who sat temporarily, as he had in several preceding interregnums, in the seats of the mighty.

However, everybody else on the island had welcomed him with joy, for of all men who had ever held office in Jamaica Sir Henry Morgan, sometime the chief devil of those nefarious bands who disguised their piracy under the specious title of buccaneering, was the most detested. But because of the fortunate demise of Lady Morgan, as it turned out, Sir Henry was not present to greet My Lord Carlingford, who was to supersede him—and more.

The deep potatoes the old buccaneer had indulged in to all outward intent passed harmlessly down his lean and craggy throat. He drank alone—the more solitary the drinker the more dangerous the man—yet the room had another occupant, a tall, brawny, brown hued, grim faced savage, whose gaudy livery ill accorded with his stern and ruthless visage. He stood by the vice governor, watchful, attentive and silent, imperturbably filling again and again the goblet from which he drank.

"More rum," said the master, at last breaking the silence while lifting his tall glass toward the man. "Scuttle me, Black Dog," he added, smiling sardonically at the silent maroon who poured again with steady hand, "you are the only man on this island who does not fear me. That woman above you, come here, shuddered away from me as I looked at her dying. But your hand is steady. You and old Ben Horn gold are the only ones who don't shrink back, hey, Carib? Is it love or hate?" he mused, as the man made no answer. "More," he cried, again lifting the glass which he had instantly drained.

But the maroon, instead of pouring bent his head toward the window, listened a moment and then turned and lifted a warning hand. The soft breeze of the evening, laden with the fragrance of the tropics, swept up from the river and wafted to the vice governor's ears the sound of hoof beats on the hard, dry road. With senses keenly alert he also listened. There were a number of them—a troop possibly. They were drawing nearer; they were coming toward his house, the summer house near Spanish Town, far up on the mountain side, where he sought relief from the enervating heats of the lower land.

"Horsemen!" he cried. "Coming to the house! Many of them! Ah, they dismount! Go to the door, Carib."

But before the maroon could obey they heard steps on the porch. Some one entered the hall. The door of the drawing room was abruptly thrown open and two men in the uniform of the English army, with the distinguishing marks of the governor's guard at Jamaica, unceremoniously entered the room. They were fully armed. One of them, the second, had drawn his sword and held a cocked pistol in the other hand. The first, whose weapons were still in their sheaths, carried a long official paper with a portentous seal dangling from it. Both were booted and spurred and dusty from riding, and both, contrary to the custom and etiquette of the island, kept their plumed hats on their heads.

"Sir Henry Morgan"—began the bearer of the paper.

"By your leave, gentleman," interrupted Morgan, with an imperious wave of his hand, "Lieutenant Hawxherst and Ensign Bradley of my guard, I believe. You will uncover at once and apologize for having entered so unceremoniously.

To Be Continued

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