

SIR HENRY MORGAN BUCCANEER

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

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

Sir Henry Morgan, former pirate, having purchased immunity and knighthood 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. Benjamin Holingold, 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.

The stroke oarsman hesitated, although the others tried to pick up the stroke.

"I give you one minute—then I blow out your brains, pull out the plug in this boat, and we'll all go to hell together," said Morgan truculently to the recalcitrant men.

"Row for your lives' sake!" cried the man behind Sawkins, hitting him in the back with the haft of the oar.

"It's the king's ship!"

"What do we care for the king?" said Morgan. "He is the law, and none of us love the law. Two-thirds of her crew are drunk; t'other third are ashore or sick. They are unprepared, asleep. There'll be naught but the anchor watch. One sharp blow and we have the frigate, then away. What feare ye, lads?"

By such words as these, but more by the threatening appearance of the weapons pointed from the stern sheets Morgan inspired his men, and by similar language and threats the men in the other boats did the same. After rowing a short distance the flotilla separated. Those approaching from the farther side of the ship necessarily made a wide detour, for which the others waited, so they would all arrive simultaneously. In perfect silence, broken only by the "cheep" of the oars in the locks, the five boats swept down on the doomed frigate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Mary Rose was a ship with a history. The battle roster of the English navy had borne many of her name. In each instance she had been found in the thickest of the fighting. The present vessel was an old ship, having been built some thirty years before, but she was still staunch and of a model which combined strength with speed. The most conspicuous expedition she had participated in had been a desperate defense of a convoy in the Mediterranean against seven Saltee rovers, in which after a hard engagement lasting four hours the Mary Rose triumphed decisively without losing a single sail of her convoy.

The commander of the ship on this memorable and heroic occasion had been knighted on his return to England and on the accession of James had been sent to Jamaica with Lord Carlingford as vice governor to take command of the naval station and supersede Morgan. Admiral Sir John Kempthorne was an elderly man at this time, but his spirit was the same that had enabled him to withstand so successfully the overwhelming onslaught of the Algerine pirate ships.

The English navy, however, was then in a state of painful decay. The ships

The Mary Rose



were in bad repair and commanded by landsmen who shirked going to sea. They were ill found, the wages of the seamen not paid. In short, they presented pictures of demoralization as painful as they were unusual.

Kempthorne, having been a tried and a successful naval commander in his younger days, had striven, with some success so far as his own ship was concerned, to stem the prevailing tide of ruin, and the Mary Rose was perhaps one of the best frigates in the service, which, however, was not saying a great deal. He could not of course better the character of the crew which had been provided for him, nor could he entirely resupply the ship or make good her faulty and deficient equipment, but he did the best he could. King James had sent him as one of his best admirals across the sea to the important island of Jamaica, then the headquarters of the West India squadron.

The admiral was seated in the cabin of the frigate that night cogitating upon his plans when his thoughts were interrupted by the rattle of oars, indicating the arrival of a boat. The sound of the approaching boat came faintly through the open stern windows of the cabin under the high poop deck.

The ship was more or less deserted. The sick men had been put ashore. Most of the crew and the officers as well had followed them. They would not be back until the morrow, when Sir John had orders to get away in pursuit of Hornigold's pinnace. With the captain in the cabin, however, was the old master of the ship, a man who had been promoted to that rank after the famous fight with the Algerines because of his gallantry in that action. Kempthorne was consulting with him about the necessary arrangements before sailing the next day.

As the admiral heard the noise made by the oars in the orlocks he raised his voice, and, calling a sentry, for there was half a platoon of soldiers on board who had not yet been allowed liberty, he bade him ascertain if the approaching boat was one containing the governor.

At the same time the admiral arose, buckled on his sword and made ready to go on deck to meet Lord Carlingford should it prove to be his expected visitor. Pausing a moment to say a final word to the master, he was conscious of something striking the ship. Before he could formulate the idea that a boat must have hit the bows there were several similar shocks. The old master, who happened to be unarmed, stepped forward.

"That will be a boat, sir," he said quickly, "striking against the side of the ship. There's another and another."

"Let us go on deck at once," said Kempthorne, stepping forward. As he did so the silence was broken by a wild, terrified cry. A moment after the sentry on the quarter deck outside the entrance to the poop cabin fired his piece. The shot was followed by the sound of a heavy fall. A sharp, imperious voice cried quickly:

"The ship is ours! Waste no time! Overboard with him! Clap to the hatch covers!"

The necessity for concealment outside was apparently at an end. The heavy covers were flung down upon the hatches and secured. The ship was filled with a confused babel of many voices and tramping feet. At the sound of the shot the admiral and the master sprang to the door, but before they could pass the entrance it was flung violently open, and a man richly dressed after the fashion of Jamaica, followed by a tall, savage-looking half breed, a compound of negro and Indian, clad in a gorgeous livery, each with pistol and sword, sprang into the room and forced the two men back. As soon as he could recover himself Kempthorne whipped out his sword. He found himself covered, however, as did the master, with a pistol.

"Throw down your sword," cried Morgan fiercely, "and yield yourselves without quarter!"

"Who are you that ask?"

"Sir Henry Morgan."

"You bloody villain," cried Kempthorne, "dare you attempt to take the king's ship?"

"That for the king!" answered Morgan, waving his sword. "Who are you?"

"Sir John Kempthorne, admiral and vice governor of Jamaica."

"You would fain fill my station, would you, sir?"

"I would not descend to the station of a pirate, a robber, a murderer, a—"

"Sdeath, silence!" roared Morgan furiously. "The ship is ours! I've a message for the king. Will't carry it?"

"I would not insult my royal master by carrying a message from such a you."

"You will have it!" shouted Morgan, white with rage, lunging forward at him.

Their blades crossed in an instant, and at the same moment the old master, reckless of what happened, flung himself between the two. There was a roar from Carib's pistol, and the old man fell. As Kempthorne relaxed his guard slightly in the confusion Morgan ran him through. The admiral fell suddenly that he jerked the blade, buried in his breast, out of the buccaneer's hand.

"God," he gasped as he lay upon the body of the old sailor—"God—save the—king!"

"Wouldst sit in my place, eh?" cried Morgan, laughing truculently as he turned on his heel and left the cabin.

Beneath the hatches the platoon of soldiers and the men there imprisoned were yelling and making a tremendous racket. They were helpless, however, and could do nothing. The men of the boarding parties were clustered in groups forward and aft and around the closed passageways into the interior of the ship waiting for the next order.

The noise and confusion which had followed the sentry's bold shot had awakened the attention of the people of the town. Lights twinkled on the ramparts of the fort, and the long roll of a drum could be heard coming faintly up the harbor against the wind. Lord Carlingford had just entered his boat to board the ship. There was not a moment to lose.

To Be Continued

Some men merel select the lesser of two evils as a sample.
Every dog has his day and the watch dog also has his night.

SHINGLE MILLS CLOSE FOR TWO MONTHS

TACOMA, Dec. 2.—Shingle mills of Washington are shut down tighter than a drum today under the agreement to close for sixty days. Fires were drawn last night and in many instances the day before Thanksgiving for the vacation of two months.

Mill owners took the step in order to protect their business from the demoralization of prices threatened by the heavy accumulation of stock.

Nearly 300 shingle and combination mills ceased running last night, and will remain closed until February 1.

Since the announcement that more than 90 per cent of the shingle output of the state was pledged to remain closed sixty days, and that the combination mills have pledged themselves to cooperate to the extent of sixty per cent of their output, other mills have joined the bureau, and more than eighty per cent of the mills have posed their forfeits.

By the closing down 4,200 men are thrown out of employment in the mills alone. They earn on the average of \$2.50 a day, so there is a loss in wages of \$10,500 a day.

It is estimated that the mills would use 1,200,000 feet of logs a day and \$15,000 would represent the loss of labor in the logging camps during the close down.

The reduced output will amount to 2,500 cars a month, or 5,000 carloads in all.

SNOW DELAYS TRAINS

BUTTE, MONT., Dec. 1.—Owing to the extremely cold weather and a heavy snow throughout Montana railway traffic is severely crippled. All trains were running from four to twelve hours behind schedule time yesterday, and the west bound North Coast Limited on the Northern Pacific is snowbound in the western part of North Dakota and its arrival here is indefinite.

BOSTON JEWS CELEBRATE

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—Faneuil Hall will this evening be the scene of one of the largest gatherings of representative Jews ever held in this city. The meeting has been called to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the first Jewish settlement in the United States. Lee M. Friedman is at the head of the committee in whose charge the meeting will be and there will be a large number of prominent Jews from this and other cities in the east present, who will deliver addresses on the historical and economical importance of the event, which is celebrated.

A Dollar Invested in Real Estate

Grows while
You Sleep.

A Dollar Invested in Morning Side

Tracts
Will Earn
Bigger Interest
Than it will
Invested in
Any other
Way.

Buy Now

This property
Will rise
In value
And you
Can't do
Better.
Ask Olive
About it

Walter M. Olive
Agent

Did You Ever Stop to Think

That every time you spend a dollar not only that dollar but also the interest on it is gone for all time. Open a savings account with a dollar and not only have it for a rainy day but also the interest. Full information as to our Savings Department given on application in person or by letter.

Columbia Valley Bank

The Old Strong Bank
Established 1892
Wenatchee, Wash.

The Wenatchee Daily World Voting Contest

FOR THE
Most Popular Lady
... In Chelan County ...

Two beautiful oil paintings valued at \$200, will be given to the lady receiving the greatest number of votes. Contest ends Jan. 31, 1906. All votes must be in the office of The Daily World by six o'clock p. m. Jan. 31, '06. Pictures will be awarded as soon as the count can be finished. Blanks on all coupons must be filled out according to printed directions on each coupon. Cash must accompany all subscription coupons. The free complimentary coupon is printed in each issue of the Daily World. The advertisers' coupon must have the signature of the firm from whom purchase was made and the amount of the purchase. A rubber stamp signature and the name or initial of one of the firms' clerks will be accepted. Coupons will be published daily in the Daily World until the end of the contest. Coupon ballots must be left at or mailed to the Daily World office, where credit will be given each candidate daily. Pictures now on view at Ellis-Ford's

Complimentary Coupon Good for 10 Votes

For Mrs. Miss
Cross out Mrs. or Miss
Address _____

Old Subscriber Coupon

Good for 10 votes for each 10c paid on an old subscription
Credit subscription account of: _____
Name _____
Address _____
with \$ _____ and record _____ votes to the credit of
Mrs. Miss _____
Cross out Mrs. or Miss
Address _____
Cash must accompany this coupon

New Subscriber Coupon

Good for 100 votes for each 10c paid on a new subscription
Send the Daily World to: _____
Name of new subscriber _____
Address _____
for _____ weeks at 10c per week, for which please find
herewith \$ _____ in payment, and record _____ votes
to the credit of: _____
Mrs. or Miss _____
Cross out Mrs. or Miss
Address _____
Cash must accompany this coupon.

Advertisers' Coupon.

Good for one vote for each cent spent with a Daily World
Advertiser from this date to Jan 31st, 1906.
The bearer of this bought of us goods amounting to \$ _____
Please record votes to the credit of _____
Mrs. Miss _____
Cross out Mrs. or Miss
Address _____
Signed _____
Signature of Merchant here.



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This beautiful front door only \$3.50, has engraved pattern plate glass.
Cross panel for doors the world's best door, only \$1.30 per door. Send for price lists. I sell doors, windows, moldings and frames, locks, hinges, sash cord and sash weights at wholesale prices to everybody. I have moved to 1010 Western Ave., where I have 21,000 feet of floor space. Salesroom and warehouse, everything at one place.

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