

Kate Bonnet

The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Don't be afraid," cried Bonnet. "If you have any religious scruples, I will tell you that this gold I did not get by piracy. It is part of my private fortune, and I came as honestly to me as I now give it to you."

But Dickory did not reach out his hand.

Now up spoke Ben Greenway: "Look ye, boy," said he, "as long as there's a chance left o' gettin' honest gold on board this vessel, I pray ye, seize it, an' if ye're afraid o' this gold, think in' it may be smeared w' the blood o' fathers an' the tears o' mothers, I'll tell ye one thing an' that is, that Master Bonnet hasna got to be so much o' a pirate that he willa tell the truth. So I'll tak' the money for ye, Dickory, an' I'll keep it till ye're ready to tak' it to your mither; an' I hope that will be soon."

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN BONNET BECOMES AN ADMIRAL.

THE pirate vessel Revenge was now bound to the coast of the Carolinas and Virginia, and perhaps even farther north, if her wicked fortune should favor her. The growing commerce of the colonies offered great prizes in those days to the piratical cruisers which swarmed up and down the Atlantic coast. To live over for a time of the coastwise trade, the vessel's immediate object, and to get there as soon as possible was almost a necessity.

The crew of desperate scoundrels whom he had gathered together had discovered that their captain knew nothing of navigation or the management of a ship, and there were many of them who believed that if Black Paul had chosen to turn the vessel's prow to the coast of South America, Bonnet would not have known that they were not sailing northward. Thus they had lost all respect for him, and their conduct was kept within bounds only by the cruel punishments which he inflicted for disobedience or general bad conduct, and which were rendered possible by the dimensions and the feelings among the men, not themselves; one clique or faction being always ready to help punish another. Consequently, the landsman pirate would speedily have been tossed overboard and the command given to another, had it not been that the men were not at all united in their opinions as to who the pirate should be.

There was also another good reason for Bonnet's continuance in authority; he was a good divider, and, so far, had been a good provider. If he should continue to take prizes, and to give each man under him his fair share of the plunder, the men were likely to stand by him until some good reason came for their changing their minds. So with fogging, men's frowns, on deck and below, and with fair winds filling the sails above, the Revenge kept on her way; and in spite of the curses and quarrels and threats which polluted the air through which the stout ship sailed, there was always good-natured companionship between the captain, Dickory, and Ben Greenway, and the passengers together. There seemed to be no end to the questions which Bonnet asked about his daughter, and when he had asked them all he began over again, and Dickory made answer, as he had done before.

The young fellow was growing very anxious at this northern voyage, and when he asked questions they always came back to the subject of his getting back to Jamaica with news from the father of Mistress Kate Bonnet. The captain encouraged the hopes of an early return, and vowed to Dickory that he would send him to Spanish Town with a letter to his daughter just as soon as an opportunity should arise.

When the Revenge reached the mouth of Charles Town harbor she stationed herself there, and in a few days captured three well-laden merchantmen; two bound outward, and one going in from England.

Thus all went well, and with willing hands to man her yards and a proudly strutting captain on her quarter-deck, the pirate ship renewed her northward course, and spread terror and made prizes even as far as the New England coast; and if Dickory had any doubts that the late reputable planter of Bridgetown had now become a veritable pirate he had many opportunities of setting himself right. Bonnet seemed to be growing proud of his newly acquired taste for rapacity and cruelty. Merchantmen were recklessly robbed and burned, their crews and passengers, even babes and women, being sent on shore in some desolate spot, to perish or survive, the pirate cared not which, and if resistance were offered, bloody massacres or heartless drownings were almost sure to follow, and, as his men coveted spoils and delight in cruelty, he satisfied them to their heart's content.

"I'll tell you, Dickory Charter," said he, one day, "when you see my daughter I want you to make her understand that I am a real pirate and not playing at the business. She's a brave girl, my daughter Kate, and what I do, she would have me do well and not half-heartedly, to make her ashamed of me. And then, there is my brother-in-law, Delaplane. I don't believe that he had a very high opinion of me when I was a plain farmer and planter, and I want him to think better of me now. A bold, fearless pirate cannot be looked upon with disrespect."

Dickory groaned in his heart that this man was the father of Kate.

The spirits of Dickory rose very much as the bow of the Revenge was pointed southward. Every mile that the pirate vessel sailed brought him nearer to the delivery of his message—a message which, while it told of her father's wicked career, still told of his safety and of his steadfast affection for her. Intently he listened to such a message, and the story of how the bearer brought it, might have another effect, which, although he had no right to expect, was never absent from Dickory's soul. This ardent young lover did not believe in Master Martin Newcombe. He had no good reason for not believing in him, but his want of faith did not depend upon reason. If lovers reasoned too much, it would be a sad world for many of them.

When the Revenge stopped in her progress towards the heavenly island of Jamaica, or at least that island which was the abode of an angel, and anchored off Charles Town harbor, South Carolina, Dickory fumed and talked impatiently to his friend, Ben Greenway. Why a man, even though he were a pirate, and therefore of an avaricious nature, should want more booty, when his vessel was already crowded with valuable goods, he could not imagine.

Dickory did not know very much, or care very much about the sea, and its commerce, and some ships to be robbed soon made their appearance. One was a large merchantman, with a full cargo, and the other was a bark, northward bound, in ballast. The acquisition of the latter vessel put a new idea into Capt. Bonnet's head. The Revenge was already overladen, and he determined to get rid of the bulk of his cargo and to make herself useful in the business of marooning and such troublesome duties.

Being now commander of two vessels, Capt. Bonnet's ideas of his own importance as a terror of the sea increased rapidly. On the Revenge he was more despotic and severe than ever before, while the villain who had been chosen to command the tender, because he had a fair knowledge of navigation, was informed that if he kept the bark more than a mile from the flag ship he would be sunk with the vessel and all on board. The loss of the bark and some men would be nothing compared to the maintenance of discipline, quoth the planter pirate. Bonnet's ambition rose still higher and higher. He was not content with being a relentless pirate, bloody if need be, but he longed for recognition, for a position among his fellow-terrors

of the sea, which should be worthy of a truly wicked reputation. A pirate bold, he would consort with pirates bold. So he set sail for the gulf of Honduras, then a great rendezvous for piratical craft of many nations. If the father of Kate Bonnet had captured and burned a dozen ships, and had forced every sailor and passenger thereupon to walk a plank, he would not have sinned more deeply in the eyes of Dickory Charter than he did by thus ruthlessly, inhumanly, hardheartedly, and altogether shamefully ignoring and pitilessly passing by that island on which dwelt an angel, his own daughter.

But Bonnet declared to the young man that it would now be dangerous for him and his ship to approach the harbor of Kingston, generally the resort of British men-of-war, but in the waters of Honduras he could not fail to find some quiet merchant ship by which he could send a message to his daughter. "Ay! and in which—and the pirate's eye glinted with parental joy as this thought came into his mind—he might, disguised as a plain gentleman, make a visit to Mistress Kate and to his good brother-in-law, Delaplane."

So Dickory was forced to be satisfied, and even to admit that there might be some good common sense in these remarks of the most uncommon pirate, Capt. Bonnet.

So the Revenge, with her tender, sailed southward, through the fair West Indian waters and by the fair West Indian isles, to join herself to the piratical fleet generally to be found in the waters of Honduras.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GIRL TO THE FRONT.

THE days were getting very long at Spanish Town, although there were no more hours of sunlight than was usual at the season; and even the optimism of Dame Charter was scarcely able to brighten her own soul, much less that of Kate Bonnet, who had almost forgotten what it was to be optimistic. Poor Mr. Delaplane, whose life had begun to cheer up wonderfully since the arrival of his niece and her triumphant entry into the society of the town, became more gloomy than he had been since the months which followed the death of his wife. Over and over did he wish that his brother-in-law Bonnet had long since been shut up in some place where his eccentricities could do no harm to his fellow creatures, especially to his most lovely daughter.

Mistress Kate Bonnet was not a girl to sit quietly under the tremendous strain which bore upon her.

"Uncle," she said, "I cannot bear it any longer. I must do something."

"But, my dear," he asked, looking down upon her with infinite affection, "what can you do? We are here upon an immovable island, and your father is sailing upon the sea, nobody knows where."

"I thought about it all last night," said Kate, "and this is what I will do. I will go to the governor; I will tell him all about my father. I do not think it will be wrong even to tell him why I think his mind has become unsettled, for if that woman in Bridgetown has behaved wickedly, her wickedness should be known. Then I will ask him to give me written authority to take my father wherever I may find him, and to bring him here, where it shall be decided what shall be done with him; and I am sure the decision will be that he must be treated as a man whose mind is not right, and who should be put somewhere where he can have nothing to do with ships."

"This was quite childish to Mr. Delaplane, but, for Kate's dear sake, he treated her scheme seriously.

"But tell me, my dear," said he, "how are you going to find your father, and in what way can you bring him back here with you?"

"The first thing to do," said Kate, "is to hire a ship; I know that my little property will yield me money enough for that. As for bringing him back, that's for me to do. With my arms around his neck he cannot be a pirate captain. And think of it, uncle! If my arms are not around his neck, it may be the hangman's rope which will be his."

Mr. Delaplane was troubled far more by the scheme than he was by the girl's boldness. His sorrowful niece believed that there was something which might be done for her father, but he, her practical uncle, did not believe that anything could be done. And, even if this were possible, he did not wish to do it. If, by some unheard-of miracle, his niece should be enabled to carry out her scheme, she could not go alone, and thoughts of sailing upon a ship, and the danger from pirates, storms, and wrecks, were very terrible to the quiet merchant. He could not encourage this night-born scheme of his niece.

"But there is one thing I can do," cried Kate, "and I must do it this very day. I must go up to the governor's house, and I pray you, uncle, that you will go with me."

It was not half an hour after that Kate and her uncle entered the grounds of the governor's mansion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.

THE governor of Jamaica was interested in the visit of Kate Bonnet, whom he saw alone in a room adjoining the public apartments. He had met her there two or three times before, and had been forced to admit that the young girl of Barbadoes must be pretty and bright in an extraordinary degree. But she was different now. Her sorrow had given her dignity and had added to her beauty. She quickly told her tale, and he started upright in his chair as he heard it.

"Do you mean," he exclaimed, "that that pirate is your father? It amazes me! The similarity of names did not strike me; I never imagined any connection between you and the captain of that pirate ship."

Now Kate was weeping. The governor did not attempt to console her. Her sorrow was natural, and it was her right.

When she looked up again she spoke about what she had come to ask him for; and she said, "I would like to see your father, wherever he might find him, and to defend him from the attacks of all persons, whoever they might be, until she reached Jamaica. And then she told him how she would seek for her father on every sea."

The governor sat and pondered. The father of such a girl should be saved from the terrible fate awaiting him, if he could be found. And in what way, and yet, what a difficult, almost hopeless thing it was to do. To find a pirate, a fierce and bloody pirate, and bring him back unharmed to his daughter's arms and to reasonable restraint.

He spoke earnestly. "What you propose," he said, "you cannot do. It would be impossible for you to find your father; and if you did, no matter how successful you might be, and no matter how successful you might be with him, his crew would not let him go. But there is one thing which might be done. His majesty's war vessels report at different stations. I might send a dispatch to his majesty's naval officers, ordering them not to harm your father, but to take him prisoner, and to bring him here to be dealt with."

"An order!" she exclaimed, "an order to withhold the hand of the law from my father? Ah, sir, your goodness is great, this is far more than I had dared to expect!"

"I beg you to be seated," said the governor, "and let me assure you, that in offering to send this order, I do not in the least expect you to take it."

"From my heart I thank you, sir," cried Kate, "give me the orders and I will take them, or I will—"

"Nay, nay," said the governor, "such orders are not for you, but I will give the matter my present attention. Rely on me, my dear young lady, my order shall go by the very earliest opportunity."

Kate rose and thanked him warmly. "This is much to you, your excellency, for one poor girl," she said.

"It is but little to do," said the governor, "and that girl be yourself."

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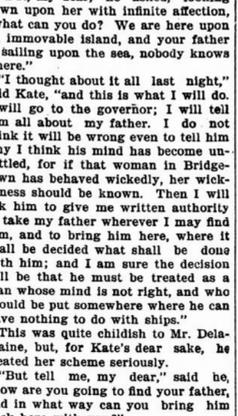
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[To Be Continued.]

THE METAMORPHOSIS—THE CHAFFEUR.



GOING!

Women are good speakers. Latest Accomplishment of Fair Sex is the Making of After-Dinner Speeches.

Women as after-dinner speakers appeared for the first time last winter. Perhaps this is the one direction in which they were not expected to excel, but they have done so well, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"There was never any reason why women should not have gained distinction as speakers," said a woman who is herself considered to have no mean ability in the line, "but the fact remains that among the list of women who have gained prominence in politics and in the various professions within the last ten years or more very few could deliver a speech that was anything more than an apology. But club life has made calls upon women for abilities in the way of reading papers aloud and joining in public discussions, and, although these talks have remained somewhat heavy in tone, there is a marked decrease in the self-consciousness and awkward addresses that really brilliant women used to be guilty of when called upon for a few words of acknowledgment or the thanks that courtesy demanded from a guest of honor at some public occasion."

"Women are emerging from this voiceless condition and at a recent dinner at which a successful young author was present she responded to a toast proposed in her honor in a witty speech, entirely extempore, and given with an easy grace and sparkling humor that were irresistible."

"Women used to get rid of oratorical responsibility by reciting some poem suitably gone out of fashion in New York, although it is immensely popular in London, and it has grown to be considered rather stupid to recite. So the up-to-date women must be prepared to rise gracefully and without blushes or tremors, deliver an address as long or as short as she chooses, but concise, intelligent and to the point. It is especially amusing, in which case they claim that the speaker is merely an entertainer. But women, who are so apt and easy in adapting themselves to social exigencies of all kinds calling for tact and charm, should excel in this field of light. Bright talk, which need not be either logical or eloquent, if it is cheerful and cause smiles."

"Many club presidents have made a special study of speech-making, and one or two of them are famed for their witty manner of bringing certain faults to light and reproving offenders without in any way seeming unpleasant. A rebuke is more effective than a serious lecture, and members have learned to dread the smiling allusion to some pet falling that may be at once recognized as belonging to certain individuals."

"At one woman's club the after-dinner speaking was found to be most successful when the orators were not obliged to rise. By this method, women seem to lose a certain self-consciousness that is almost inseparable from being the one person upon whom all eyes are fastened. Most women speak best when adorned with their hats, furs and other belongings of their costume."

A woman gains far more confidence from her clothes than a man does, as they are in most cases valuable aids to her good appearance. A muff or a fan gives her something to hold, and saves her from the somewhat stilted attitudes of the average after-dinner speaker of the male sex. A corsage bouquet or a fine jewel will, to a great extent, hold the eyes of other women, and gain a respectful attention which might be denied to the speaker's remarks."

"The late Maj. Pond, who directed the tour of all the great lecturers and as well as the country, as well as the other women who came from abroad, once said to me: 'There is no reason why women should not make bright and entertaining speakers and lecturers, but as yet they have not done so. A woman who could deliver a really bright, witty talk that would interest men as well as women could command the respect of a prima donna, for the field is an untrodden one.'

Telephone Barred.

The telephone can no longer be legally used by German physicians in dictating prescriptions to druggists, because of the chances of fatal misunderstandings.

Government Garden.

The United States department of agriculture has decided to establish a plant introduction garden and experiment station at Chico, Cal.

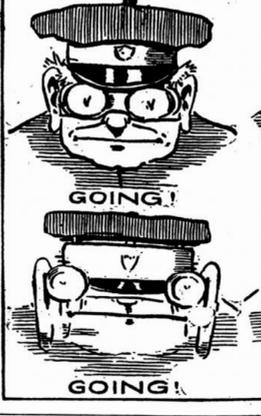
Horse Meat in Germany.

German horse butchers are about to open a restaurant in Berlin to educate the upper class in the use of horse-flesh.

Works Both Ways.

Competition works both ways. It is either the life or death of trade.—Chicago Daily News.

PRESCRIBING IN THE WEST.



GOING!

China-man or Horse Thief Got the Morphine, and It Didn't Matter Which.

"I have strenuously objected to the easy-going ways of the majority of our western druggists," said the commercial traveler, "but thus far I don't seem to have made much of an impression on them. I was in a Wyoming town, and feeling awful I went to the drug store and got some quinine capsules. An hour after taking them I went to bed, and it was about midnight when I was aroused by the landlady, who asked: 'Stranger, are you feelin' all right?' 'Yes, pretty well,' I replied. 'No horrible pains nor nothin'?' 'No. But why do you ask?' 'I guess you'd better come downstairs. The druggist says there's some mistake about them pills. I want to tell you, though, that he's a powerful good feller, and never pizen anybody on purpose.'

"My hair began to curl before I was out of bed," continued the commercial man. "I remembered that the druggist seemed to be careless in serving me, and while the capsules had thus far had no bad effect, it did not take me long to imagine that he had swallowed ten grains of morphine, and was good for an excursion somewhere. I made lightning work of climbing into my clothes and getting downstairs, and there I found the druggist as calm as an old shoe."

"I think I put up morphine for quinine for one of three persons," he explained, "and so I called around to see if you were dead. Let me look at the box."

"By John, man," I yelled at him, "but do you make a regular thing of killing somebody once a week with your old drugs? If you have poisoned me—"

"These are quinine, sure enough," he interrupted, as he opened a capsule and tasted. "You can go back to bed, stranger."

"But I want to know about this thing. Why do you keep your morphine and quinine side by side? Why don't you have your mind—"

"You are all right and have no cause for complaint," he said, as he lighted a cigar and seemed somewhat relieved in his mind.

"But who got the morphine?" I asked.

"Lung Sing, the China-man, probably, and it's all right. It was either Lung Sing or old Bill Birdsall, and it don't matter which, as the boys are going to hang both of 'em to-morrow!"

WOMEN ARE GOOD SPEAKERS.



GOING!

Modern Surgical Methods. Fatality of Bullet Wounds Greatly Lessened by Advanced Treatment.

The wounds that are being inflicted upon Japan and Russia in the war now raging in the far east between the armies of the mikado and the czar are very similar to the wounds received by the soldiers of Grant and Lincoln's troops in the Spanish-American war and the campaigns in the Philippines. The records of the Army Medical museum in this city are replete with interesting cases of the recent conflicts, showing the effect of the modern small-caliber firearms now used by every civilized nation.

There are also records in the museum of wounds received by Boer and Briton in the late campaign in South Africa, states the Washington Star.

One of the papers, by Roswell Park, professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo, who made a careful study of gunshot wounds made by modern missiles in the war with Spain, states that despite the fact that half the losses sustained by an army in a military campaign are due to death from disease the subject of gunshot wounds will always possess for a surgeon a peculiar fascination and a large degree of humanitarian interest.

"The general importance of the subject," says Dr. Park, "combined with its peculiar opportuneness at this time, has led me to attempt an estimate of the nature and extent of our military and naval stores of quinine, and of the question of our president that I should make some general remarks on the subject."

The paper states that the latter part of the fourteenth and the early part of the fifteenth centuries Braunschweig, a noted military surgeon, who died in 1538, held that wounds were poisoned wounds. The custom of the day was to cauterize all these wounds with boiling oil in order thus to destroy the poison. During one of the campaigns of the famous general, Monte Jan, there was such a lack of hot oil that it could not be used as he had previously seen it used. He noted at once that the wounds which he had not thus been cauterized did better than those in which it was used, and this clinical observation at once prompted the great reform which must ever be connected with his name, and from that early day to the present few, if any, great military surgeons thought much about their poisonous character.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the great surgeon of the Napoleonic campaigns, had an enormous experience, says Dr. Park. It is said that during the retreat from Moscow he made in one day 200 amputations with his own hands, a record which has never been approached by anyone else. From his day down to the present, while experience accumulated, the only thing we need particularly note in this connection is the generally prevailing impression that while a gunshot wound is not necessarily a poisoned wound it is practically always necessary to remove the bullet when it has lodged in the tissues, a notion which even yet prevails among those not fully informed on this subject.

"It is hardly necessary," adds Surgeon Park, "to contrast the horrors of the old days, before the antiseptic era, with the kindly results obtained now under the new method of treatment. The horrible prevalence of erysipelas, tetanus and other infections under the old regime, the frightful mortality of the past, have not entirely disappeared as yet, but have been startlingly reduced by the new antiseptic measures. The majority of men who are not necessarily injured can be redeemed from the military cemeteries by the methods at present in use."

Wealth of Greek Church.

The per cent wealth of the Greek church are immense. There are 66,780 of these churches in the empire. During the last year \$33 new places of worship were consecrated. In connection with these churches there are 16,658 monks, and 36,146 nuns. There are 2,050 head priests and 43,743 ordinary priests. These, together with 58,156 deacons and under-deacons, make a grand total, along with seven other divisions, the figures of which are not given exactly, of 170,000 persons in official positions. A sum of nearly \$30,000,000 was paid by the Russian people last year for the support of this vast organization.

Keeping Peace.

Barlow, the Wigginses seem to get along together wonderfully. I never supposed they would, their tastes being so dissimilar.

Catnip—That's just the reason why they do get along so well. He is always talking on literary subjects and she talks of nothing but her housework. As neither knows anything about what the other is speaking of they never have any disputes.—Boston Transcript.

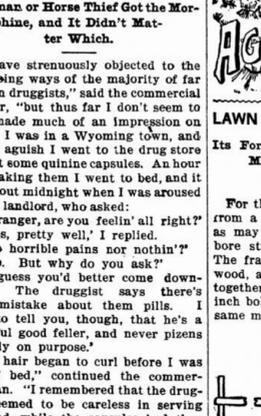
How Many Pounds Have You?

The news that a Philadelphia chemist has discovered a method of producing radium that will cut the price from \$16,000,000 a pound to \$5,000,000 a pound must be depressing to present holders of large stocks.—Philadelphia Press.

Largest Cinnamon Deposit.

What is considered the largest body of cinnamon ore in the world has just been discovered near Apex, Gunnison county, Col. It is about 300 feet wide, carries gold and is about 30 per cent quicksilver.

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