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PIRATE. By WEATHERBY CHESNEY

and ALICK MUNRO. (Copyright, 1900, by Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro.

3544444444444444444 crew, a fight at long bowls would be our only chance, and so he set to work to devise a weapon which would enable us to do this. He made drawings and then a model in wood, from which he fashioned a mold of moist sand. Then, breaking up a falconet and some small demiculverins and sakers, he built a furnace and crammed it with the brasen fragments of these pieces mixed with charcoal and from shipwright

turned himself to the trade of gun

And I must own that it was a deadly weapon which he turned out. For, although the gun had none of that ornamentation which one looks for in a plece that is to earn a high repute, still At could not fairly be judged by the standard of other weapons, because it defered from every gun that had hitherto been cast. It was fearfully cum--bersome in the breech and down to where the trunnions lay, but from that moint forward it tapered throughout the whole of its enormous length, which was a full foot and a half bewond the fathem, until just round the muzzie it swelled out to form a strong ring. He made a carriage for it, too, and planted it right amidships between the masts. The piece could be fired from a large port on either side, or over the bulwark if need be; so that, except directly ahead or astern, its deadly pelting commanded every point of the compass. With this powerful

and was a most serious gap in our the water. defense and one which for lack of materials we could not remedy. One jester indeed said that we could get bonsted? Where was the vaunted decharcoal from the woods and sulphur from the Spaniards' oaths, so that we just such a foe as this? Had be failed required only saltpeter to start our us? Ah, well, a crazy man is a cracked manufactory, but even on this showing reed to lean upon, and perhaps we were we were no better off, for we had not fools to hope that the old man could | the old man can do when you heavy the saltpeter. There was nothing for save us. it therefore, but to run our first prize by the board and take her bue and cheerily, "and, Jan Pengony, lead your | that Spanish torments have worked powder she carried to load our weapons

counted upon using that to fire half a dozen lusty broadsides, but every grain of it was blown away to smoke by the eld man before ever the Scourge dropped down the harbor.

He had, as I have said, been for Scourge's powder room. Have at 'em! some time engaged in constructing a mysterious engine whose form and purpose were known to himself alone. Its site was among some rocks on the apit at the harbor's mouth, but none of us had seen it, for since the old man had promised to launch his deadliest curse at the head of any one who pried into his secret we all kept widely aloof.

Buill, we were not a little curious. and, madman though he was, we trustgorfed that a large ship flying the Epanish flag was making dead for the was that we were trapped and our second that the old man would save us.

He had boasted that his infernal machine would cope single handed with the proudest ship in the Spanish navy, and if he falled us now, after having taken possession of all our small store of powder, then the Spaniard might vessel to noggin staves at his leisure, and we could not hope to prevent him. We had not a stitch of canvas bent to the spars, not a sweep fitted to the row posts. The boat would hold only 12 had obeyed orders. men, but as a forlorn hope we had it But soon a deadly arrow shower manned and ready behind the shelter commenced from behind the bulwarks of Carrack rock, near which the fairway and from the round tops, by which the ran In it were crammed those of us water here and there was reddened and Cure The Lung who could not swim. The rest were to the strength of more than one stout take to the water sword in teeth, and each was to board the invader as best ward castle opened, and a detachment

ave could. A desperate enterprise surely, but it guard the beak. was the time for desperate enterprises, for if the newcomers were to land and

! release their countrymen from the cave neither strategy nor force could save us. It must be a fight to the death, and, truth to tell, there was not one of had not rather have died than trust again to mercy from a Spaniard.

CHAPTER XXII. On came the majestic Spaniard, bowing gravely and proudly over the rolling seas. She was close hauled on the starboard tack, and her bellying courses and topsails strained heavily on the sheets. Standard, pennant and banner hung from trucks and poopstaff, and the painted taffety as it fluttered out to leeward was more suggestive of gala day revels than of fighting. But today her guns were not loaded with blank saluting cartridges

indicated, were merely sailors. But,

though we could not see them, we

To attempt the capture of such a

stronghold by simple escalade, without

ladders, without hooked poles, with

nothing but our own strong figures and

the stimulus of a desperate cause,

seemed a forlorn hope indeed, and of

our little band many a sea warrior who

had grinned death in the face a score

of times believed that now at last his

time had come and hoped for nothing

more than to deal a berserk blow or

struction which he was to deal out to

they won't waste powder by firing

their large pieces. All the better for

great vessel to come down to us.

iers, clapping matches to the priming

of their pieces, sent a few maravedis'

of the unsoldierlike heretics who were

adopting this unrecognized means of

attack. They effected little, however,

beyond satisfying themselves that they

fellow tapped. The doors of the for-

of mail clad soldiers trooped out to

Armored men at the top of a high,

steep wall against naked men in deep

worth of lead screaming over the heads

us! There'll be the more to stow in the

The waves trembled with the shock, | cil. nen she drew nearer, she hauled and the proud ship reeled to her turup her courses in their brails, stowed board beam ends and then righted her mizzen and sprit sails and came again with such a strain that the running in under her two topsails only, wounded backbone crunched in two and we could see for ourselves how with the effort. The mainmast and its heavy was the metal and how numergear lay floating on the water. Guns slid from the lower deck like so many ous was the crew she carried. The pebbles. The fore round top leaned aft ports were triced up, and through them till it touled the golden flag of Spain gaped ugly, yawning gun muzzles. flying from the mizzen truck, and the The gunners were at their posts; the bowsprit stood once more as it had blue smoke from their line stocks rose done when, leaved and branched, it lazily from the waist until the breeze sprouted heavenward from some Cascaught it and hurried it to leeward, tilian sierra in the old world. and ever and anon the sun would glint The grim sea wolves, carrion hunters from a shining pike head or sword blade. Few men were visible, and

of the ocean, darting up from the caverns of the sea, fixed their talons on those, as their hoarse sea hauling cries the swirling eddies to the dark jungles below, and as each heavily armored Spaniard fell off into the waves he was could guess that a mass of armed men seized by the soft arms of a fee more seethed within the lofty walls of that relentless than even the Englishman and strangled by a liquid caress that knew no refusal. Thus did the sea avenge the dishonors with which Spanish slave galleys had tainted her.

water at its root-there could be small

doubt what the issue of such a combat

would be. But, little though we Ilked

it, it was a trial from which we dared

not shrink, and so, with grim deter-

mination to do or perish in the trying,

we swam with slow, steady strokes to meet the Spaniard, each man of us

looking out eagerly for the best point

to board. In another half minute we

should be facing the climb and making

vicious sword thrusts at the axmen

who lopped at our limbs from above.

Ah, well, it would be a speedy death!

But, as it happened, there was to be

With a sudden roar like the bursting

of a thunderbolt a spout of fire darted

from the cluster of rocks on the cutly-

It hurtled through the air and struck the

Hons of ricochetting bullets and struck

gear that would have withstood the

splintered and broke as though they

had been maize busks, and the mighty

bowlder ate its way through fabric

into the sea at the other side.

the Spanish ship just abaft of amid

no rasping of steel against steel just

It was all over in a few seconds, and before the minute had elapsed, save for here and there a morioned head beside a fragment of wreckage, the harbor ripples were unflecked by anything stouter than their own flowery foam.

We English, seeing that our work two before the swarming soldiers spill- | was already done, swam ashere directed his life with a sword thrust. But I ly the shot was fired and now stood in admiring wonder opposite the mouth mets mounted on either broadside we Most of us discarded helmet and all of the great rock cannon which had the queen's own majesty wears sewed had as much artillery as we could man. else except sword or ax and at Alec's | worked this awful havoc. The air still about her gown, an so it bain't for the word strode down the rocks and into | bore the choking taint of powder smoke, and the gnarled, nude figure of But where were the old man and the | the old man crouching there, still holdmarvelous engine of which he had ing his lighted match in an ecstasy of demoniac joy, beside the touchhole of his infernal machine seemed rather that of a fiend than of one born of

"Ah, ha, ha?" he cried. "See what dolts leave him for a time in peace. "Off with the boat there," cried Alec | See how he repays in part the wrongs lads to board at the waist. We others | upon his body. Oh, ho, ho! 'Tis meat will swim till our claws touch the and drink to me to have a day like this. beak, and if we once get a hold I war- | Aye, gape at the engine-a sweet, rus-We had, it is true, saved a few hand- rant we will not leave go till we've tic engine, my masters, is it not? You made this big sea fowl as harmless and | may find its fellow in the narrow strait succulent a morsel as a well hung hen of Dardanelles, which the grand Turk pheasant. Our heads in the water will | holds, that neither Venetian galleass be small marks for their cannon, so nor Genoese galley may follow the booty laden corsair to his pagan lair in

"What, my noble captain, you look black at me? Come, let no sour faces greet the old man on his triumph day. 'England forever!' is the cry, and mark how that herd of hinds will quail when It was powder you lusted after, was it? And my brawny Jack here had an eye And so into the water we slipped and, I to the other pickings. Yes, and you, going straight out from the shore, wait- | too, my hook handed boatswain, when ed with quick beating hearts for the I I saw your smooth poll and puffing mouth bobbing over the wavelets like On she drove with steady, cruel pow- | some old dog seal's there was greed er, gashing the little wavelets with her | for gain in that solitary eye of yours, beak and crushing them contemptuous- | shining out as clearly as though you ly beneath her apple bows, stately as a | carried a placard on your neck with rock that is stepped in the earth's cen- | the words written in black and white. ter. But of the bobbing heads in the | Not a cruzado, not a noggin of powder, water and of the bont creeping out | scarcely a rope yarn is there left for through the rocks she had not as yet | you to selze. But for me-I had rather taken the smallest notice. The sus- | have done this day's work than be at this present moment holding the em-Presently a sentry spied us and gave | peror of the Indies to ransom. Oh, ho, the word. The big ship woke up with | ho! There's no cintment like Spanish a scurry and bustle. The trumpeter | blood. The throbbing pain in the old made his noise, and some arquebus- man's joints will be easier tonight."

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CHAPTER XXIII. As we had abundance of victuals and water and were in nowise pressed for ing spit, and in the midst of it rode & | for sea we took her for a week's cruise buge bowlder bigger than a soldier's through the desert sea to the northsentry box. It hurtled through the all | ward of our island. This was the more with a din like the humming of mil necessary as, except our captain, none ships, close to the break of the poop, | It would have been fool's counsel to Smith and carpenter never put together | think of fighting till we had got all hands used to the feel of their new shock of that bolt. The solid timbers | ship.

We were returning from this cruise well satisfied with what we had seen and learned, and were within sight of and cargo and fell with a sullen splash | the Temple of the Serpent on Cave island when Alec called a general coun-

The question was put to us what te

There was no lack of suggestions. One proposed that we should cruise along the main straight away; another thought that we had better run into harbor again and, lying snug there, plant a lookout on the mountain who should give us word when a suitable quarry hove in sight. One man added But when each man who had anything to say said it, and there were almost as many plans affoat as there were men, Willie Trehalton, who had been standing straddle legged by the bittacle and rubbing his skin cap fore and aft across his bald pate, as he always did when his thinking machinery was at work, took a step forward and put

"There's an island hereabouts," be said, "lying some 15 leagues s'ath'ard an west'ard, that should yield some good pickings to them as goes adventurin on it."

"An island with pickings!" said Job Trehalion. "Then there's Spaniards on lit too, uncle?"

Wille took no notice of him. "Margherita's the name o' it," he went on. "Some o' you may have heard o' it, but all o' you may not know that the Spanlards has got three towns planted there to look after the pearl fisheries. Now, like o' us to turn up our noses at 'em. Besides, there's Spaniards there to collect 'em from the pagans as brings up the pearl oysters from the sea floor, an where there's Spaniards you can lay your teeth on't there's powder as well."

"And you suggest, Willie?" "That we harry a town on Margher-

Job chuckled. "A whole town would make a big mouthful," said he. "Happen it might squirm about when we was trying to awallow it an choke us." "Always a fool, Job," replied his uncle sourly, "an but one peg removed from a natural. But I never thought to call nephew of mine lily livered."

The big, dark scar which seamed Job's face flashed out and grew purple, and he stepped forward with hands clinched and lips trembling. And no wonder, for, as every one knew, there was not a braver man on board.

Willie did not move a muscle. "Stop!" cried Alec sharply. "I allow no quarreling on board the Scourge. Job's objection is a reasonable one and deserves a reasonable answer. There's worming or the coward about him, and, Willie Treballon, every man on the Scourge will tell you so. He has faced death at your side and at mine many a time, as I ought not to have to remind you. But enough of this. What is the size of these Spanish towns you speak of and how do they lie?"

"There's Pampatas at the east-sou'east," replied Willie Trebalion gruffly, "an there's El Pueblo de la Mar a league to leeward o' that, an there's El Pueblo del Norte on the north side."

"And their strength?" "I don't know, nor their size either. But they're not as big as London nor Bristol nor Whitby itself, mebbe." "Which of them would suit our pur

pose best?" "Pueblo del Norte."

"Because it's highest, Captain Ire-"Could'you pilot us there?"

"Yes, captain, with a couple o' careful hands at the lead. I seed the place marked on one o' them rubbishly Spaniard's charts, but the lubbers hadn't marked down the fairways into the harbor. The island is steep, too, an rocky on the sea face, though, so there should be water enough."

"We'll try," said Alec. "Se we'll bout ship new, boatswain, and shape a course for the island of Margherita." And then, in a lower tone: "Mind, Wil-He. I don't want you to sail the Scenree teries and unknown currents may turn into a deathtrap for her. Bring her a short sea mile off the town and then lay to. We can do the rest in the boats. Norte when its doughty townsfolk have their shoes off and their night-

And, bidding all except the watch turn in, so as to come up fresh when work was on hand, Alec and I went "You are doing this against your own

judgment, Alec," said I. "Yes; not because I fear to fail, but because street fighting may cost us a life or two. And heaven knews we

baven't a man to spare!"

Eh, Jack?"

"But the pearls, old lad?" "Ave, Jack, the pearls!" be answered pitterry. -- rney nred you up as they did the men forward. Not one of you cares how many of his fellows fall so long as his own chest bursts with treasure. And once the batches cover what you think enough there'll be a common cry, I warrant, for the eastward cruisa

"Grammercy, Alec! You'd not stay holding on and off this sweltering coast longer than we have to, would you?" "Yes," be cried fiercely. "I'd stay till we'd driven every Spaniard back to

the devil who spawned him. I'd stay till we'd given the country back to the peopled it with honest English hearts. And, mark me, Jack, that's what it will come to. Our people at home are increasing every day, and the island that holds them isn't. Look at London, look at Bristol; they're big, overgrown cities even now, and they're still growing. Where, think you, must the overflow drift to? I'll tell you. When bread begins to fail them, as it soon will, and the little ones begin to cry to their fathers for food, they will pour out to the west here. Raieigh and his friends planted a faint hearted crew in a more northern land, so I have heard, among savages and snowstorms and barren rocks, and, as might have been expected, those that did not die came back wailing over their miseries and cursing the men who had led them away from England. But here, I tell you, it is different. The tierra firme bristles with Spanish towns. There are Cumans. Barcelona, La Guayra, Caracas, Valencia, Cartagena and all those in Mexico besides. And in every one of them the cursed Spaniard tertures and burns unbindered and makes the very gardens of God's earth into foul blaspheming hells. I ask you, what nobler aim could a man have in life than to wrest this fair land from these demons and to bring it instead under the sway of Elizabeth of England?

"Jack Topp." he went on, flushing deeply and gripping my arm till I fairly winced, "I swear to you that if I get back home from this voyage with sound skin and sufficient booty for the purpose I will get a charter and fit out an armada-at my own cost, if no one else will join me-and I'll sail for the main here and take every town as I pass along. The west is the treasury of Spain, and if her power be once brolittle doubt as to who will be queen of the seas over yonder in the old."

He broke off suddenly and went to his bunk, and I turned away to mine. For, truth to tell, I had little heart to argue with one who was as cager for profitiess battle as any paladin of the crusades, with never an eye for the plunder which would follow a good fight. Many a hard blow have I taken and given, but it is a snort I seme Heat. will pay for the broken beads and damaged limbs. And to give credit where (To be Continued.)



there's no danger in that. Admitting their statement, then there are uncommon coids, colds which are dangerous; for many a fatal sickness begins with a cold. If we common we could feel quite safe. But we recognized until it has fastened its hold on the lungs, and there are symptoms of con-

At the first symptoms the careful person will heed the warning by taking a mild laxative; some vegetable pill that will not disturb the system or cause griping. About the best is "Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pelleis." sersists then some local treatment for this alterative extract, which has been highly or, Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, extract of roots and herbs and has a soothng effect upon the mucous membrane, allays the irritation and at the same time works in the proper and reasonable way, at the seat of the trouble—the stagnated or It contains no alcohol to shrivel up the slood corpuscles, but makes pure rich red

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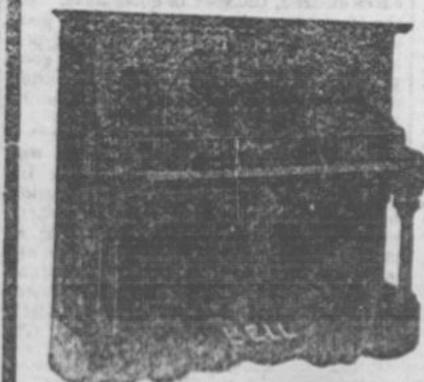
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