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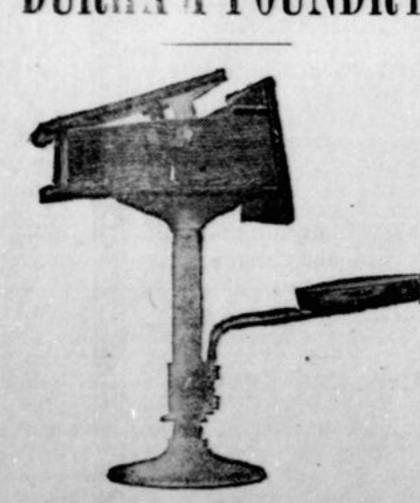
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Urged by young Teach to exertion superhuman, the boat actually shot under the quarter of the galleon before the squall broke. The tackles were hooked on, and she was run up to the davits with all her crew aboard.

"Up with the helm!" cried Morgan the instant the boat was alongside. "Swing the mainyard and get the canvas off her! Aloft, topmen! Settle away the halyards! Clew down! Lively, now!"

And as the ship slowly paid off and gathered way the white squall broke upon them. The sea was a-smother with mist and rain. The wind whipped through the shrouds and rigging, but everything held. Taking a great bone in her teeth, the old Almirante Recalde heeled far over to leeward and ripped through the water to the southward at such a pace as she had never made before. On the quarter deck a drenched, shivering and sobbing figure knelt at Morgan's feet and kissed his hand. "Wilt obey me in the future?" cried

the captain to the repentant man. "'Fore God, I will, sir," answered

Sawkins.

"That's well," said the old buccaneer. "Take him forward, men, and let him have all the rum he wants to take out the chill of his wetting."

"You stood by me that time, Sir Henry," cried young Teach, who had been told of Morgan's refusal to fill away, "and by heaven I'll stand by you in your need!"

"Good! I'll remember that," answered Morgan.

"What's our course now, captain?" asked Hornigold as soon as the incident was over.

"Sou'west by west half west," answered Morgan, who had taken an observation that noor, glancing in the binnacle as he spoke. "And that will fetch us where?" ask-

ed the old man, who was charged with the duty of the practical sailing of the

"To La Guayra and Venezuela." "Oho!" said the old boatswain. "St. Jago de Leon, Caracas, t'other side of the mountains, will be our prize?"

"Aye," answered Morgan. "'Tis a

CHAPTER VIII.

WO days later they made a landfall off the terrific coast of Caracas, where the tree clad mountains soar into the clouds abruptly from the level of the sea, upon the narrow strip of white sand which separates the blue waters of the Caribbean from the massive cliffs that centered about this woman. tower above them.

sea buccaneers had picked up wonder- Pearl of Caracas, for so Donna Merfully. These men, allured by the hope cedes was called, must accompany him of further plunder under a captain to the south seas to be the island queen who had been so signally successful in of that buccaneer empire of which he the past and in the present, constituted was to be the founder. That Donna a most formidable auxiliary to Mor- Mercedes might object to this proposigan's original crew. Indeed, with the tion, that she might love another man, exception of the old hands, they were might even be married by this time, the best of the lot. L'Ollonois had counted for nothing in Morgan's plans. been admitted among the officers on He had taken what he wanted by dint a suitable footing, and there was little of his iron will and the strength of his or no friction among the crews. They right arm in the past, and he should were getting hammered into shape, too, continue the process in the future. under Morgan's bard drilling, and it was a vastly more dangerous body of men than the drunken gang who had creased with each o'errun league of sailed from Jamaica.

done his best to get the men whom he had subdued by his intrepid courage and consummate address into good humor. Rum and spirits were served liberally, work was light-in fact, none except the necessary seaman's duties were required of the men, although an hour or two every day were employed in hard drill with swords, small arms and great guns. In martial exercises the veterans were perfect, and they assiduously endeavored to impart their knowledge to the rest.

It was Morgan's plan to run boldly into La Guayra under the Spanish flag. No one could possibly take the Almirante Recalde for anything but a Spanish ship. There was no reason for suspecting the presence of an enemy, for Spain had none in these seas. If there were other ships in the roadstead-for the harbor of La Guayra was really nothing more than an open road-the buccaneer could easily dispose of them in their unprepared condition. Indeed, Morgan rather hoped that there might be others, for after he captured them he would have a greater force of guns to train upon the forts of the town, which he expected to take without much difficulty, and then be governed in his maneuvers toward Caracas by

circumstances as they arose. Two days after the capture of the galleon, then, with the wind fresh from the northeast, on a gray, threatening stormy morning, she was running to the westward along the shore. A few hours at their present speed would bring them opposite La Guayra, whose location at the foot of the mighty La Silla of Caracas was even then

discernible. Morgan could see that there were two or three other vessels epposite the town straining at their anchors in the heavy sea. Every preparation for action had been made in good time, and the guns had been load

although the gun tackles were carefully secured, for the wind was blowing every hour.

The men were armed to the teeth There happened to be a goodly supply of arms on the Spanish ship, in addition to those the buccaneers had brought with them, which were all dis-

Everything was propitious for their enterprise but the weather. The veterans who were familiar with local conditions in the Caribbean studied the northeastern skies with gloomy dissatisfaction. The wind was blowing dead inshore, and as the struck bells denoted the passing hours with each half hourly period it grew appreciably stronger. If it continued to blow or if, as it was almost certain, the strength of the wind increased it would be impossible without jeopardizing the ship to come to anchor in the exposed roadstead. They would have to run for line beyond La Guayra turned rapidly | Brace up! Lively, lads!"

to the northward.

Morgan was a bold and skillful mariner, and he held his course parallel to the land much longer than was prudent. He was loath, indeed, to abandon even temporarily a design upon which he had determined, and as he had rapidly run down his southing in this brief cruise his determination had been quickened by the thought of his growing nearness to the Pearl of Caracas until for the moment love-or what he called love-had almost made him forget the treasure in the ship beneath his feet, for the Pearl of Cara-

Mercedes de Lara, daughter of the viceroy of Venezuela, on her way home from Spain, where she had been at school, to join her father, the Count Alvaro de Lara, in the vice regal palace at St. Jago de Leon, sometimes called the city of Caracas, in the fair valley on the farther side of those towering tree clad mountains-the cordilleras of the shore-had touched at Jamaica. There she had been received with due honor, as became the daughter of so prominent a personage, by the vice governor and his wretched wife. Morgan's heart had been inflamed by the dark, passionate beauty of the Spanish maiden. It was only by a severe restraint enjoined upon himself by his position that he had refrained from abusing the hospitality he extended by seizing her in the old where the surf beats without intermis- buccaneer fashion. The impression she sion even in the most peaceful weather had made upon him had been lasting. and when he found himself alone, an outlaw, all his dreams of the future

He would carry out the plans which In the intervening time the south he had outlined to his men, but the

Consequently he was most reluctant that morning, for his passion had insea, to bear away from La Guayra, Like a politic captain, Morgan had which was the port of entry for Caracas. But even his ardent spirit was at last convinced of the necessity. It was blowing a gale now, and they were so near the shore, although some distance to the eastward of the town, that they could see the surf breaking with tremendous force upon the strip of sand. The officers and older men had observed the course of the ship with growing concern, but no one had ventured to remenstrate with Morgan until old Ben Hornigold as a privileged character finally summoned his courage and approached him.

"Mark yon shore, Captain Morgan," he said, and when he made up his mind he spoke boldly. "The wind freshens.

Never had that villain appeared to better advantage



We're frightfully near. Should it come on to blow we could not save the ship. You know how unseamanly these Spanish hulks are."

"Right you are, Hornigold," answered Morgan, yet frowning heavily. "Curse this wind! We must claw off,

"Aye, and at once!" cried Hornigold. "See, the wind shifts already! It blows straight from the north now."

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"Hands by the braces there!" shouted Morgan, following, with apprehenit. Nay, more, they would have to sion, the outstretched finger of the old beat out to sea against it, for the coast | boatswain. "Ease down the helm!

In a few moments the great ship, her yards braced sharply up, was headed out to seaward on the starboard tack. The wind was now blowing a whole gale, and the masts of the ship were bending like whips.

"We'll have to get sail off her, I'm thinking, Hornigold," said Morgan,

"Aye, aye, sir, and quick!" "Aloft," yelled Morgan, "and take in the to'gallant s'l's! Close reef the top-

s'ls and double reef the courses, then!" The shaking shrouds were soon covered with masses of men, and as the ship was exceedingly well handled the canvas was promptly snugged down by the eager crew. Hornigold, with young Teach to assist him, went to the helm. Morgan gave his personal attention to the maneuvering of the ship, and the other officers stationed themselves where they could best promote and di-

rect the efforts of the seamen. Thus during the long morning they endeavored to claw off the lee shore. Morgan luffed the ship through the heavy squalls which rose to the violence of a hurricane with consummate skill. Absolutely fearless, a master of his profession, he did all with that ship that mortal man could have done, yet their situation became more and more precarious. They had long since passed La Guayra. They had had a fleeting glimpse of the shipping in the harbor driving helplessly on shore as they dashed by under the gray clouds which had overspread the sea. That town was now hidden from them by a bend of the coast, and they found themselves in a curious bight of land, extending far into the ocean in front of them. The mountains here did not so nearly approach the water line, and from the look of the place there appeared to be a shoal projecting some distance into the ocean from the point ahead. Some of the buccaneers who knew these waters confirmed the indications by asserting the existence of

the shoal. In spite of all that Morgan could do it was quite evident that they could not weather the shoal on their present tack. There was not sea room to wear and bear up on the other tack. The vessel, in fact, like all ships in those days and especially Spanish galleons, had a tendency to go to leeward like a barrel, and only Morgan's resourceful seamanship had saved them from the fatal embraces of the shore long since The canvas she was carrying was more than she could legitimately bear in such a hurricane. If there had been sea room Morgan would have stripped her to bare poles long since, but under the circumstances it was necessary for him to retain full control and direction of the ship; so, although he reduced sail to the lowest point, he stil. a little canvas.

The men were filled with apprehen-

sion, not only for their lives, but for the treasure they had captured, for they stood about a hundred chances to one of losing the ship. Each squall that swept down upon them was harder than the one before. Each time the vessel almost went over on her beam ends, for Morgan would not luft until the last moment, since each time that found himself driven bodily nearer the land. The men would have mutinied pid mind that their only salvation lay in Morgan. Never had that villain appeared to better advantage than overlooking the ship, his long gray hair blown out in the wind, fighting against a foe whose strength was not to be

Hornigold and Teach, grasping the wheel, assisted by two of the ablest their brows at the violence of the labor required to control the massive helm. The men lay to windward on the deck or grouped in clusters around the masts or hung to the life lines which had been passed in every direction. At Morgan's side stood Velsers and Raveneau, prime seamen both.

"What think ye, gentlemen?" asked Morgan, at last pointing to the point looming fearfully close ahead of them. 'Can we weather it?"

"Never!" answered De Lussan, shaking his head. "Well, it has been a short cruise and a merry one. Pity to lose our freightage and lives." "And you, Velsers?"

"No." said the German, "it can't be done. Why did we ever come to this cursed coast?" "Avast there!" cried Morgan, think-

ing quickly. "Gentlemen, we'll clubhaul the ship." "The water's too deep, my captain, to give holding ground to the anchor,'

urged Raveneau, shrugging his shoul-"It shoals yonder, I think," answered Morgan. "We'll hold on until the last

minute and then try." "'Tis wasted labor," growled Vel-

"And certain death to hold on," added the Frenchman.

"Have you anything else to propose, sirs?" asked Morgan sharply. "We can't tack ship against this wind and sea. There's no room to wear. What's to do?"

The men made no answer.

"Forward there!" cried the old buccaneer. And it was astonishing the force and power with which he made himself heard in spite of the roar of the wind and the smash of the sea. "Get the lee anchor off the bows there! L'Ollonois?" "Aye, aye!"

"Run a hawser from the anchor in aft here on the quarter. We'll clubhaul the ship. See the cable clear for running."

"Very good, sir!" cried the Frenchman, summoning the hardiest hands and the most skillful to carry out his commander's orders.

"Ready it is, sir," answered Hornigold, tightening his grasp on the spokes and nodding his head to his superior. "To the braces, lads! Obey orders sharply! It's our last chance:"

The water was roaring and smashing against the shore not a cable's length away. Usually in those latitudes it deepened tremendously a short distance from the low water mark, and there was a grave question whether or net the anchor, with the scope they could give it, would reach bottom. At any rate, it must be tried, and tried now. Morgan had held on as long as he dared. Another minute and they would strike.

"Down helm!" he shouted. "Flow the head sheets! Round in on the fore braces there! Show that canvas aft!" The lateen sail on the crossjack yard had been furled, and Morgan, to force her head around, directed the after guard to spring into the mizzen rigging with a bit of tarpaulin and by exposing it and their bodies to the wind to act as a sail in assisting her to

Hornigold, who, with his men, was grasping the spokes like a giant.

head away from the shore. "Helm a-lee! Hard a-lee!" cried

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Slowly the old galleon swung up into the wind, the waves beating upon her bows with a noise like crashes of thunder. A moment she hung. She could go no farther.

"She's in irons! Swing that yard!" roared Morgan. "Cut and veer away forward!" There was a splash as the anchor

dropped overboard. "Hands on that hawser!" he shouted

"Everybody walk away with it!" The whole crew apparently piled on

to the anchor hawser in the hope of The men came rushing aft,

baring their weapons



pulling the ship's stern around so that the wind would take her on the other bow. She was still hanging in the wind and driving straight on shore.

"Haul away!" cried Morgan, but the hawser came in board through their hands with a readiness and ease that showed the anchor had not taken the ground. The drag of the cable to the anchor, however, and the still unspent impetus of the first swing turned the galleon's stern slightly to windward. Her head began slowly to fall off.

"She stays! She makes it!" cried the captain. "Meet her with the helm! Let go and haul! Cut away the hawser!" It had been a tremendous feat of sea-

manship and bade fair to be successful. It was yet touch and go, however, and the breakers were perilously near. They were writhing around her forefoot now, yet the wind was at last coming in over the other bow.

"We're safe!" cried Morgan. "Flatten in forward! Haul aft the sheets and braces!"

At that instant there was a terrific crash heard above the roar of the tempest. The fore topmast of the Almirante Recalde carried sharply off at the hounds. Relieved of the pressure, she shot up into the wind once more and drove straight into the seething seas. The men were as quick to see the

danger as was Morgan. They came rushing aft, baring their weapons, pouring curses and imprecations upon him. He stood with folded arms, a scornful smile on his old face, looking upon them, Carib watching and ready by his side. In another second, with a concussion which threw them all to the deck, the doomed ship struck heavily upon the sands.

[CONTINUED '

A Narrow Escape.

A sailor named Kelly, while at Port Louis, Mauritius, recently, contracted fever and fell into a state of coma. The

catalepsy was so prolonged that he was pronounced dead and removed to the mortuary. When the cooly attendants came to prepare his body for burial they handled him roughly, and his head came in contact with the stone slab on which he was laid. The shock broke the spell and roused him to life again. The coolies all fled, and Kelly had to free himself from his graveclothes. He was fully conscious of all that happened when in a state of catalepsy, but was unable to move or speak.

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