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## DURHAM FOUNDRY



'EUREKA' SCHOOL DESK.

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# 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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He leered hideously as he spoke.

"Coward!" cried Alvarado. But his words affected Hornigold not at all.

Before he could say another word the guards forced him rudely back with the two women.

The worthy Senora Agapida by this time was in a state of complete and total collapse, but Mercedes bore herself—her lover marked with pleasure—as proudly and as resolutely as if she still stood within her father's palace surrounded by men who loved her and who would die for her.

Rolling the body of the prostrate old man aside, Hornigold knelt down on the white sand by the form of the sister. The moonlight shone full upon her face, and as he stooped over he scanned it with his one eye. A sudden flash of recognition came to him. With a muttered oath of surprise he looked again.

"It can't be!" he exclaimed. "And yet!"

After Fra Antonio's brave attempt at absolution the woman had fainted. Now she opened her eyes, although she was not yet fully conscious.

"Water!" she gasped feebly. And as it chanced the boatswain had a small bottle of the precious fluid hanging from a strap over his shoulder. There was no pity in the heart of the pirate; he would have allowed the woman to die gasping for water without giving her a second thought, but when he recognized her—or thought he did—there instantly sprang into his mind a desire to make sure. If she were the person he thought her she might have information of value. Unslinging the bottle and pulling out the cork, he placed it to her lips.

"I—die," she murmured in a stronger voice. "A priest!"

"There is none here," answered the boatswain. "Fra Antonio—he absolved you."

"But I must confess," chuckled the old man in ghastly mockery.

"Art in holy orders, senor?" muttered the woman.

"Holy enough for you. Say on."

"Fra Antonio, now," she continued, vacantly lapsing into semidelirium.

"He married us—'twas a secret—his rank was so great. He was rich, I poor—humble. The marriage lines—in the cross. There was a—What's that? A shot? The buccaneers. They are coming! Go not, Francisco!"

Hornigold, bending an attentive ear to these broken sentences, lost not a word.

"Go not," she whispered, striving to lift an arm, "they will kill thee! Thou shalt not leave me alone, my Francisco. The boy—in Panama?"

It was evident to the sailor that the poor woman's mind had gone back to the dreadful days of the sack of Panama. He was right then; it was she.

"The boy—save him, save him!" she cried suddenly with astonishing vigor. The sound of her own voice seemed to recall her to herself. She stopped; her eyes lost their wild glare and fixed themselves upon the man above her, his own face in the shadow as hers was in the light.

"Is it Panama?" she asked. "Those screams—the shots"—she turned her head toward the city—"the flames! Is it Panama?"

"Nay," answered the one eyed fiercely. "Tis twenty-five years since then and more. Yonder city is La Guayra. This is the coast of Venezuela."

"Oh—the doomed town. I remember—now. I stabbed myself rather than—place the ladders. Who art thou, senor?"

"Benjamin Hornigold!" cried the man fiercely, bending his face to hers.

"Hornigold!" she cried

"Bring up the prisoners!" he cried to the guards, who had moved them out of earshot of this strange conversation.

"The cross," he muttered, "the marriage lines therein. The only clew. And yet she cried 'Francisco.' That was the name. Who is he? If I could find that cross! I'd know it among a thousand. Hither," he called to the prisoners slowly approaching.

As Alvarado, with an ejaculation of pity, bent forward in the moonlight to look upon the face of the dead woman from his torn doublet a silver crucifix suddenly swung before the eyes of the old buccaneer.

"By heaven!" he cried. "Tis the cross!"

He stepped nearer, seized the carved crucifix and lifted it to the light.

"I could swear it was the same," he muttered. "Senor, your name and rank?"

"I cannot conceive that either concerns a bloodthirsty ruffian like—"

"Stop! Perhaps there is more in this than thou thinkst," said Mercedes. "Tell him, Alvarado. It can do no harm. Oh, senor, have pity on us!"

"My mother!"

Unbind me!" she added. "I give you my word I wish but to pay my respect to the woman yonder."

"She gives good counsel, soldier," answered the boatswain. "Cut her lashing," he said to the sailor who guarded them.

As the buccaneer did so Mercedes sank on her knees by the side of the dead woman.

"Now, sir, your name?" asked Hornigold again.

"Alvarado."

"Where got you that name?"

"It was given me by his excellency the viceroy."

"And wherefore?"

There was something so tremendous in Hornigold's interest that in spite of himself the young man felt compelled to answer.

"It was his pleasure."

"Had you not a name of your own?"

"None that I know of."

"What mean you?"

"I was found, a baby, outside the walls of Panama in a little village. The viceroy adopted me and brought me up. That is all."

"When was this?" asked Hornigold.

"After the sack of Panama. And the name of the village was—"

"Cuchillo!" interrupted Hornigold triumphantly.

"My God, senor, how know you that?"

"I was there."

"You were there?" cried the young man.

"Aye."

"For love of heaven, can you tell me who I am, what I am?"

"In good time, young sir, and for a price. At present I know but one thing."

"That is—"

"There lies your mother," answered the buccaneer slowly, pointing to the white figure on the sand.

"My mother!" cried Alvarado, stepping forward and looking down upon the upturned face, with its closely cut white hair, showing beautiful in the moonlight. "God rest her soul! She hath a lovely face and died in defense of her honor like the gentlewoman she should be. My mother! How know you this?"

"In the sack of Panama a woman gave me a male child, and for money I agreed to take it and leave it in a safe and secluded spot outside the city walls. I carried it at the hazard of my life as far as Cuchillo and there left it."

"But how know you that the child you left is I?"

"Around the baby's neck the mother, ere she gave him to me, placed this curious cross you wear. 'Tis of such cunning workmanship that there is naught like it under the sun that ever I have seen. I knew it even in the faint light when my eyes fell upon it. I left the child with a peasant woman to take him where I had been directed. I believed him safe. On leaving Panama that village lay in our backward path. We burned it down. I saw the baby again. Because I had been well paid I saved him from instant death at the hands of the buccaneers, who would have tossed him in the air on the point of their spears. I shoved the crucifix, which would have tempted them because it was silver, underneath the dress and left the child. He was alive when we departed."

"And the day after," cried Alvarado, "De Lara's troops came through that village and found me still wearing that cross! My mother! Loving God, can it be? But my father—"

"What shall I have if I tell you?"

"Riches, wealth, all. Set us free and—"

"Not now. I cannot now. Wait."

## "SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.



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"At least, Donna Mercedes."

"Man, 'twould be my life that would pay. But I'll keep careful watch over her. I have yet some influence with the captain. Tomorrow I'll find a way to free you. You must do the rest."

"Mercedes," said Alvarado, "heardst thou all?"

"But little," answered the girl.

"That lady is believed to have been my mother!"

"Gentle or simple," said the girl, "she died in defense of her honor, like the noblest, the best. This for thee, good sister," she whispered, bending down and kissing the pale forehead. "And may I do the like when my time comes. Thou shouldst be proud of her, my Alvarado," she said, looking up at him.

"See!" she cried suddenly as the resemblance, which was indeed strong between them, struck her. "Thou hast her face. Her white hair was once golden like thine. He tells the truth. Oh, sir, have pity upon us!"

A messenger came staggering toward them across the woods.

"Master Hornigold," he cried.

"Aye, aye."

"We've taken the town. The captain wants you and your prisoners. You'll find him in the guardroom."

"We must be gone," said Hornigold.

"Rise, mistress. Come, sir."

"But this lady," urged Alvarado—his lips could scarcely form the unfamiliar word "mother"—"and the good priest? You will not leave them here?"

"The rising tide will bear them out to sea."

"A moment, by your leave," said Alvarado, stepping toward the dead. Assisted by Mercedes, for he was still bound, he stooped down and touched his lips to those of the dead woman, whispering a prayer as he did so. Rising to his feet, he cried:

"But my father! Who is he? Who was he?"

"We shall find that out."

"But his name?"

"I'm not sure; I cannot tell now," answered Hornigold evasively, "but with this clew the rest should be easy. Trust me, and when we can discuss this matter undisturbed—"

"But I would know now!"

"You forget, young sir, that you are a prisoner and must suit your will to my pleasure. Forward!"

But the soul of the old buccaneer was filled with fierce joy. He thought he knew the secret of the crucifix now. The Spanish captain's mother lay dead upon the sands, but his father lived. He was sure of it. He would free Alvarado and bring him down upon Morgan. He chuckled with fiendish delight as he limped along. He had his revenge now; it lay in the hollow of his hand, and 'twas a rare one indeed. Mercedes being bound again, the little party marched across the beach, and the bodies of the priest and the nun were left alone while the night tide came rippling up the strand. Scarcely had the party disappeared within the gate of the fort when the priest slowly and painfully lifted himself on his hands and crawled toward the woman. While the buccaneer had talked with the abbe he had returned to consciousness and had listened. Bit by bit he gathered the details of her story, and, in truth, he knew it of old. By turning his head he had seen the crucifix on the young man's breast, and he also had recognized it. He lay still and silent, however, feigning death, for to have discovered himself would have resulted in his instant dispatch. When they had gone he painfully crawled over to the body of the poor nun.

"Isabella," he murmured, giving her her birth name, "thou didst suffer."

"Slay them, O God!"

"Thou tookest thine own life, but the loving God will forgive thee. I am glad that I had strength and courage to absolve thee before I fell. And I did not know thee. 'Tis so many years since. Thy son, that brave young captain—I will see thee righted. I wonder—"

He moved nearer to her, scrutinizing her carefully, and then the old man opened the front of her gown.

"Aye, aye; I thought so," he said as his eye caught a glimpse of a gold chain against her white neck. Gently he lifted it, unclasped it, drew it forth. There was a locket upon it. Jewels sparkled upon its surface. She had worn it all these years.

"O vanitas vanitatum!" murmured the priest, yet compassionately. "What is it that passes the love of woman?"

He slipped it quietly within the breast of his habit and then fell prostrate on the sand, faint from pain and loss of blood. Long the two figures lay there in the moonlight while the rising tide lipped the shining sands. The cool water at last restored consciousness to one of the still forms; but, though they loved the beautiful face of the other with tender caresses, they could not call back the troubled life that had passed into peaceful eternity. Painfully the old priest raised himself upon his hands and looked about him.

"O God," he murmured, "give me strength to live until I can tell the story. Sister Maria Christina—Isabella that was—thou wert brave and thou wert beautiful; thou hast served our holy church long and well. If I could only lay thee in some consecrated ground, but soul like to thine makes holy 'en the sea which shall bear thee away. Shrive thee wert; buried thou shalt be."

The man struggled to his knees, clasped his hands before him and began the burial service of his ancient church.

"We therefore commit her body into the great deep," he said, "looking for the general resurrection in the last

day and the life of the world to come!"

The water was washing around him ere he finished his mournful task, and with one long look of benison and farewell he rose to his feet and staggered along the road down the beach. Slowly he went, but presently he reached the turn where began the ascent of the mountain. Before he proceeded he halted and looked long toward the flaming, shrieking, ruined town. The flooding tide was in now and the breakers were beating and thundering far across the sands. The body of the abbe was gone.

The old man drew himself up, lift his trembling hands and prayed; prayed again for the soul of the woman; he prayed for the young man, that he might learn the truth; he prayed for the beautiful damsel who loved him; he prayed for the people, the helpless people, of the doomed town, the tortured men, the bereft mother, the orphaned children, the murdered children, and as he prayed he called on the curse of God upon those who wrought such ruin.

"Slay them, O God! Strike and spout! Cut them off root and branch who have despoiled thy people, Is! They have taken the sword, and they perish by it as was promised old!"

A gray, grim, gaunt figure, blotched, pale, he stood there in a ghastly light, invoking the judgment of God upon Morgan and his men he turned away and was lost in the darkness of the mountain.

THE TARANTULA KILLER

A Giant Wasp That is the Power Spider's Mortal Foe.

The tarantula killer has a bright body nearly two inches long and of a golden hue. As it flies here there in the sunlight, glittering in flash of fire, one moment resting leaf, the next on a granite boulder keeps up an incessant buzzing, is caused by the vibration of its wings. No sooner does the tarantula hear than he trembles with fear, for he knows the fate in store for when once his mortal foe perceives whereabouts. This it soon does hastens to the attack.

At first it is content with fly circles over its intended victim. Usually it approaches nearer and nearer. At last, when it is within a few feet the tarantula rises upon his hind legs and attempts to grapple with him but without success. Like a flagrant wasp is on its back. The flyfangs have been avoided. The instant a fearful sting penetrates into the spider's body, its str almost cease. A sudden paralysis creeps over it, and it staggers, less, like a drunken man, first side, then to the other.

These symptoms, however, are of short duration. While they last, the wasp, but a few inches away, the result. Nor does it have long. A few seconds and all life has disappeared from the tarantula. The once powerful legs crouch beneath the body, and it rolls dead.

A Curious Spring.

A very curious spring has been discovered near Epatlan del Cerro. The spring is about fifty feet below the water is so clear that stones at the bottom can be counted. The discovery was made by American explorers, who have reported their finding to scientists. It is believed that the water contains radium or that there is some of the rare metal in the water, and to this is ascribed the curative power of the water. Further investigation seems to be illuminating.

St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

## The Red Rose Flavor and Strength

NO Ceylon tea nor Indian tea alone can have the "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea, because neither variety in itself possesses all the qualities of strength, richness, delicacy, and fragrance. Each has its own peculiar qualities, but each has its weaknesses.

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