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**DURHAM FOUNDRY**  
  
**'EUREKA' SCHOOL DESK.**  
 MANUFACTURED BY  
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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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THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

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His eyes turned with faint hope toward the aged priest.

"Not for such as thou," answered the old man, looking from him. "I could forgive this," he touched his battered tunic, "and all thou hast done against me and mine. What suffering comes upon me I can bear, but thou hast filled the cup of iniquity and must drain it to the dregs. Hark ye—the weeping of the desolated town! I cannot interfere! They that take the sword shall perish by it. It is so decreed. You believe not in God?"

"I will! I do!" cried the buccaneer, clutching at the hope.

"I shall pray for thee; that is all." "Hornigold," cried the now almost frenzied man, his voice hoarse with terror and weakness, "they owe much to you. Without you they had not been here. I have wronged you grievously, terribly, but I atone by this. Beg them not to let me go, but only to kill me where I stand! They will not refuse you. Had it not been for you this man would not have known his father. He could not have won this woman. You have power. You'll not desert an old comrade in his extremity? Think, we have stood together sword in hand and fought our way through all obstacles in many a desperate strait—thou and I, old shipmate. By the memory of that old association, by the love you once bore me and by that I gave to you, ask them for my death, here—now—at once!"

"You ask for grace from me!" snarled Hornigold savagely, yet triumphant. "You—you hanged my brother!"

"I know, I know! 'Twas a grievous error. I shall be punished for all. Ask them to shoot me—hang me!"

He slipped to his knees, threw himself upon the floor and lay groveling at Hornigold's feet.

"Beg, you hound!" cried the boatswain, spurning him with his foot. "I have you where I swore I'd bring you. And remember, 'tis I that laid you low—I!" He shrieked like a maniac.

"When you suffer in that living death for which they design you, remember with every lingering breath of anguish that it was I who brought you there! You trifled with me—mocked me—betrayed me. You denied my request. I groveled at your feet and begged you. You spurned me as I do you now. Curse you! I'll ask no mercy for you!"

"My lord," gasped out Morgan, turning to the viceroy in one final appeal as two of the men dragged him to his feet again, "I have treasure. The galleon we captured—it is buried. I can lead you there."

"There is not a man of your following," said the viceroy, "who would not gladly purchase life by the same means."

"And 'tis not needed," said the boatswain, "for I have told them where it lies."

The utter uselessness of it at last came upon Morgan, and some of his courage returned. He faced them once more, with head uplifted.

"At your will, I'm ready," he cried. "I defy you! You shall see how Harry Morgan can die. Scuttle me, I'll not give way again!"

"Take him away," said Alvarado. "We'll attend to him in the morning." "Now, we have had enough. See!" cried the old viceroy, pointing to the windows. "The day breaks. Take him away. Agramonte, to you I commit the fort. Mercedes, Alvarado, come with me. Those who have no duties to perform, go get some sleep. As for you, prisoner, if you have preparation to make do so at once, for in the morning you shall have no opportunity."

"I am ready now!" cried Morgan recklessly, furious because he had been balked in his attempt. "Do with me as you will. I have had my day, and it has been a long and merry one."

"And I mine tonight. It has been short, but enough," laughed Hornigold, his voice ringing like a maniac's in the hall, "for I have had my revenge!"

plateau sufficiently elevated to resist the attacks of the sea, which at high tide completely overflowed the islet except at that one spot.

Four heavy iron staples had been driven with great difficulty into holes drilled in the face of the volcanic rock. To these four large chains had been made fast. The four chains ended in four fetters, and the four fetters inclosed the ankles and wrists of a man. The length of the four chains had been so cunningly calculated that the arms and legs of the man were drawn far apart, so that he resembled a gigantic white cross against the dark surface of the stone. A sailor would have described his position by saying that he had been "spread eagled" by those who had fastened him there. Yet the chains were not too short to allow a little freedom of motion. He could incline to one side or to the other, lift himself up or down a little or even thrust himself slightly away from the face of the rock.

The man was in tatters, for his clothing had been rent and torn by the violent struggles he had made before he had been securely fastened in his chains. He was an old man, and his long gray hair fell on either side of his lean, fierce face in tangled masses. A strange terror of death—the certain fate that menaced him—was upon his countenance. With the bravado of despair he had looked with seeming indifference on the sufferings of his own men that same morning. After being submitted to the tortures of the rack they had been hanged to the outer walls, and he had been forced to pass by them on his way to this hellish spot. But the real courage of the man was gone now. His simulation had not even been good enough to deceive his enemies, and now even that had left him.

He was alone, so he believed, upon the island, and all of the mortal fear slowly creeping upon him already appeared in his awful face, clearly exhibited by the light of the setting sun streaming upon his left hand, for he was chained facing northward—that is, seaward. As he fancied himself the only living thing upon that island, he took little care to conceal his emotions—indeed, it was impossible for him any longer to keep up the pretense of indifference. His nerves were shattered, his spirit broken. Retribution was dogging him hard. Vengeance was close at hand at last. Besides, what mattered it? He thought himself alone, absolutely alone. But in that fancy he was wrong, for in the solitary little cove of bushes of which mention has been made there lay hidden a man—an ancient sailor. His single eye gleamed as fiercely upon the bound, shackled prisoner as did the setting sun itself.

Old Benjamin Hornigold, who had schemed and planned for his revenge, had insisted upon being put ashore on the other side of the island after the boats had rowed out of sight of the captive, that he might steal back and, himself unseen, watch the torture of the man who had betrayed him and wronged him so deeply. Alvarado had complied with his request and had further promised to return for the boatswain in two days. They calculated nicely that the already exhausted prisoner would scarcely survive so long, and provisions and water ample for

that period had been left for the sustenance of Hornigold—alone.

Morgan, however, did not know this. He believed his only companions to be the body of the half breed who had died for him as he had lived for him and the severed head of Teach, a newer comrade who had not betrayed him. The body lay almost at his feet; the head had been wedged in the sand so that its sightless face was turned toward him in the dreadful, lidless staring gaze of sudden death.

They had said to the buccaneer as they fastened him to the rocks that they would not take his life, but that he would be left to the judgment of God. What would that be? He thought he knew.

He had lived long enough on the Caribbean to know the habits of that beautiful and cruel sea. There was a little stretch of sand at his feet, and then the water began. He estimated that the tide had been ebbing for an hour or so when he was fastened up and abandoned. The rock to which he had been chained was still wet, and he noticed that the dampness existed far above his head. The water would recede and recede and recede until perhaps some 300 feet of bare sand would stretch before him, and then it would turn and come back, back, back.

Where would it stop? How high would it rise? Would it flood in in peaceful calm as it was then drawing away? Would it come crashing in heavy assault upon the sands as it generally did, beating out his life against the rock?

Of the two he thought he should prefer a storm. He would be beaten to pieces, the life battered out of him horribly in that event, but that would be a battle, a struggle—action. He could fight if he could not wait and endure. It would be a terrible death, but it would be soon over, and therefore he preferred it to the slow horror of watching the approach of the waters creeping in and up to drown him. The chief agony of his position, however, the most terrifying feature in this dreadful situation to which his years of crime had at last brought him, was

that he was allowed no choice.

So long as it was light Morgan intently watched the sea. There was a sense of companionship in it which helped to alleviate his unutterable loneliness. And he was a man to whom loneliness in itself was a punishment. There were too many things in the past that had a habit of making their presence felt when he was alone for him ever to desire to be solitary. Presently the sun disappeared with the startling suddenness of tropic latitudes, and without twilight darkness fell over the sea and over his haggard face like a veil. The moon had not yet risen, and he could see nothing. There were a few faint clouds on the horizon, he had noticed, which might passage a storm. It was very dark and very still, as calm and peaceful a tropic night as ever shrouded the Caribbean. Farther and farther away from him he could hear the rustle of the receding waves as the tide went down. Over his head twinkled the stars out of the deep darkness.

Then the moon sprang up as suddenly as the sun had fallen. Her silver radiance flooded the firmament. Light, heavenly light, once more! Far away from him the white line of the water was breaking on the silver sand.

Now the tide turned and came creeping in. It had gone out slowly, it had lingered as if reluctant to leave him, but to his distraught vision it returned with the swiftness of a thousand white horses tossing their wind-blown manes. The wind died down; the clouds were dissipated. The night was so very calm it mocked the storm raging in his soul. And still the silvered water came flooding in. Gently, tenderly, caressingly, the little waves lapped the sands. At last they lifted the ghastly head of young Teach and laid it at his feet.

He cursed the rising water and bade it stay, and heedlessly it came on. It was a tropic sea, and the waters were as warm as those of any sun-kissed ocean, but they broke upon his knees with the coldness of eternal ice. They rolled the heavier body of his faithful slave against him. He strove to drive it away with his foot as he had striven to thrust aside the ghastly head, and without avail. The two friends receded as the waves rolled back, but they came on again and again and again. They had been faithful to him in life; they remained with him in death.

Now the water broke about his waist; now it rose to his breast. He was exhausted, worn out. He hung silent, staring. His mind was busy. His thought went back to that rugged Welsh land where he had been born. He saw himself a little boy playing in the fields that surrounded the farmhouse of his father and mother.

He took again that long trip across the ocean. He lived again in the hot hell of the Caribbean. Old forms of forgotten buccaneers clustered about him.

The water was higher now. It was at his neck. There were Porto Bello, Puerto Principe, and Maracaibo, and Chagres, and Panama—ah, Panama! All the fiends of hell had been there, and he had been their chief! They came back now to mock him.

There was pale faced, tender eyed Maria Zerega, who had died of the plague, and the baby, the boy, Jamaica, too, swept into his vision. There was his wife shrinking away from him in the very articles of death. There was young Ebenezer Hornigold, dancing right merrily upon the gallows, together with others of the buccaneers he had hanged.

The grim figure of the one eyed boatswain rose before him and leered upon him and swept the other apparitions away. This was La Guayra yesterday. He had been betrayed. Whose men were those? The men hanging on the walls? And Hornigold had done it—old Ben Hornigold—that he thought so faithful.

He screamed aloud again with hate; he called down curses upon the head of the growing one eyed apparition. And the water broke into his mouth and stopped him. It called him to his senses for a moment. His present peril overcame the hideous recollection of the past. That water was rising still. Great God! At last he prayed. Lips that had only cursed shaped themselves into futile petitions. There was a God after all.

The end was upon him, yet with the old instinct of life he lifted himself upon his toes. He raised his arms as far as the chains gave him play and caught the chains themselves and strove to pull, to lift, at last only to hold himself up, a rigid, awful figure. He gained an inch or two, but his fetters held him down. As the water supported him he found little difficulty

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in maintaining the position for space. But he could go no higher if the water rose an inch more it would be the end. He could breathe only between the breaking waves against him again and again, the sea rise and rise and rise. He was a man like the other two—indeed, he prayed to die—and yet in fear he clung to the chains and held on. Each moment he fancied would be his last, but he could not let go.

By and by the waters fell. He could not believe it at first. He still hung suspended and waited with bated breath. Was he deceived? No, the waters were surely falling. The seconds seemed minutes to him; the minutes, hours. At last he gained assistance. There was no doubt but that the tide was going down. The waves had risen far, but he had been lifted above them; now they were falling, falling. Yes, and they were bearing away the accursed body and that ghastly head. He was alive still, saved for the time being. The highest waves only touched his breast now. Lower, lower, they moved away. Reluctantly they yielded, but they fell—they fell.

To drown? That was not the judgment of God for him then. What would

it be? His head fell forward on his breast—he had fainted in the sudden relief of his undesired salvation.

Long time he hung there, and still the tide ebbed away, carrying with it that was left of the only two who had loved him. He was alone now save for that watcher in the bushes. After while consciousness returned him again, and after the first sense of relief there came to him a deeper terror, for he had gone through the horror and anguish of death and had not died. He was alive still, but helpless as before.

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