

The Filibusters of Venezuela.

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Don Juan set out at a gallop. He had not traveled more than a mile when he saw before him a hut, with a large white rock in front of it. At the door of the hut stood the horse of Gomez.

Leaping from his horse, Don Juan tied him to a tree and crept cautiously forward toward the hut.

It was a rude habitation, made of logs, the crevices partly filled with mud. The sounds of voices at ordinary tones inside could be easily heard by a listener outside.

Don Juan applied his ear to a convenient crack.

"I say you lie!" her heard the voice of Gomez say. "She is here."

"Senor is mistaken, came a voice in Spanish. The Indians of the Spanish-American countries early learned to use the language of their conquerors. "There is no one here."

"You lie, I tell you!" exclaimed Gomez. "Mattazudo took a girl away from the castle and brought her here. I learned of it, and came at once to take her away. She is to be my bride."

"Men do not steal their brides now," replied the Indian.

"I did not steal this one. I tell you I know she is here. Mattazudo stole her from the castle and brought her here. I know this, I tell you, and if you do not give her up it will be bad for you."

"I am an old man, senor. You may kill me, if you will. I am powerless against an army. My friends are not your friends. The friends of the republic are mine, and they are defeated."

"What do I care about all that? I did not ask for your friendship. I want that girl."

"She is not here, senor."

"She is here. Mattazudo told me she was here."

"You are not wise to believe the words of Mattazudo. The half-breed has a lying tongue and crafty mind. If he has taken the girl away, he has put her where you cannot find her."

"I will find her."

"I hope so, senor. I would not wish she would remain in the hands of Mattazudo. He is a devil of cruelty, and knows no law but his own passions. He would not bring the girl here, for he knows I would protect her. He is my enemy—I am his."

"I must find her. If she is lost to me, I will kill the half-breed."

"He should have been killed long ago, senor."

"You swear you have told me the truth?" "I swear it, senor."

"You swear you have not seen the girl? Repeat it after me."

"Senor, you are wasting time. I know nothing. I swear I have not seen the girl."

"Then let Mattazudo beware."

Gomez rushed from the house, mounted his horse and rode away.

Don Juan did not seek to stop him. The old Spaniard was bewildered by what he had heard. While it was evident that Gomez knew that Lola had been taken away from the castle, he had said nothing to indicate that her abduction was at his own bidding.

Fortunately Gomez did not ride toward Don Juan's horse.

Garza returned to the castle reaching it before Gomez. He went directly to Philip.

"Well? said the pretender, eagerly, rising to his feet.

"I have not found her," said Don Juan, fiercely, "but I know the name of the scoundrel who took her away."

"Name him."

"Mattazudo, the half-breed."

"Ah! tell me all that you have learned."

Don Juan related what had taken place at the Carib's hut.

"Has Gomez returned?" asked Philip.

"No, but Mattazudo is in the castle."

"Then send for Mattazudo."

"The order was called in."

"Tell the half-breed who commands the Zambos to come here," said Philip.

In obedience to the summons Mattazudo came swaggering in.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Don Juan, springing toward him.

The half-breed looked in astonishment from Garza to Philip.

"There was no mistaking the expression on either face.

"Senors, you amaze me," he said. "What have I done that you are angry with me?"

"You stole my daughter from the castle and carried her away," said Don Juan. "You need not lie. I know all."

Mattazudo seemed even more surprised.

"I—I am bewildered, senor," he said. "I took your daughter away, it is true, but Gomez—surely you knew all about it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I did nothing more than carry out your commands."

"My commands. For Heaven's sake speak plainer! My commands: What commands?"

"Your command, senor, to take your daughter to a place of safety until after the battle."

"A place of safety? In Heaven's name what place could be as safe as this castle? I gave no such command. What do you mean?"

"You gave no such command, senor?"

Surely you or Gomez must be mistaken."

"How? Gomez? What about Gomez?"

"Gomez came to me and said: Mattazudo, Don Juan Garza is anxious for the safety of his daughter. We do not know how strong the force of Salvarez may be. He may retake the castle, and the girl must not be exposed to the passions of victorious soldiers. Do you know of a safe retreat near this place?"

"None nearer than a mile," I answered.

"The hut of the Carib Ramana." "Take her there," he said. "Tell her that Don Juan, her father, is in command of a portion of the army and cannot come to her." He commanded me to do this, and I did. She followed me, and I took her to Ramana's hut."

"You lie!" cried Don Juan, beside himself. "I have been to the Carib's hut. Gomez was there. He demanded my daughter of the old Carib, but the Indian swore that she had not been brought there."

"You heard that, senor?"

"I did. I missed my daughter, and knew that some foul fiend had taken her away. Gomez left the castle, and I followed him. I heard his conversation with the Carib. He cursed because my daughter was not there, and swears vengeance on you."

"On, me, senor? Gomez has tricked us both. His command to me was a lie to get the girl out of the castle. But he tricked you more shrewdly still."

"Tricked me?"

"Tricked you, senor; he and Ramana. You saw his horse. You crept to the hut. You made no allowance for Gomez keeping a watch for pursuers. You heard him curse because the girl was not in the house. But did you go inside?"

"Go—inside? What do you mean?" gasped Don Juan.

"I mean senor, that if you had gone inside, perhaps you would have found your daughter. I took her to the Carib's hut. Gomez went there to get her. He saw you coming. He and Ramana quarreled to trick you. You saw him ride away. You did not wait to see him come back. For proof, senor, where is Gomez now?"

Don Juan turned to Philip with a white face.

"Have I been so stupid?" he asked.

"The mistake can be remedied," said Philip. "Mattazudo, you thought you obeyed Gomez before. Obey me now. Take some of your brave Zambos with you, go to the Carib's hut and bring back Don Juan's daughter. Go. Your life depends on it."

CHAPTER IX.

The Sliding Panel.

"Well, we are here," said Tempest, standing with the lantern in his hand.

"We own the caverns, what are we going to do with them?"

"The first thing," said Medworth, "is to destroy this powder train, and take precautions that the magazine is not blown up while we are in here."

They spent a half hour at this work, and when they considered the magazine safe, they began an examination of their surroundings.

Not far from the powder magazine they found a rude stone stairway running from a central position in the cellar to an abrupt termination against a wooden door, what seemed to be one at the top.

Upon examining the wall at the top, they found that what had seemed to be a door had no knob, and no apparent way of opening it.

"This door, if it is a door," said Tempest, "was never made to open."

"There must be a secret spring," said Medworth. "Surely the stairs are not here for nothing. If force cannot open the door let us look for a spring."

They began a careful examination of the surface of the door, and the walls around it, going over every inch with their finger ends, Tempest holding the lantern to facilitate the search.

"Ha! Here is something," said Medworth. "A button."

He pushed, pulled and twisted this, but to no purpose.

"I am convinced that this button opens the door," he said. "Now, while I manipulate it, you push the door. It may be out of order."

He tried again, and Tempest, putting his strength to the door, had no difficulty in opening it.

"Now be careful," said Medworth.

They passed through the open door, and found themselves in a narrow passage, entirely destitute of furniture, and perfectly dark save for the rays of the lantern.

There was no other door to this place than the one they had come through, but at the other end they found what seemed to be a panel in the wall. From the side they were on it could be easily noticed, and Medworth marveled that the trick was not more skillfully done.

He placed his hand on this panel, and found that it slid noiselessly to the left.

Before them was a large, sumptuously furnished library, the table of which was strewn with papers and maps, and the air heavy with tobacco smoke, though no person was visible. A lamp shed a gloomy sort of light over the apartment. After making themselves certain that there was no one in the room, Medworth and Tempest went in.

There was a door opening from this

room into a wide hall. Peering out into this, they saw, at the further end, a sentinel standing, leaning on his gun. Medworth now examined the sliding panel. He found that, rude as the contrivance was on the other side, here it was a most carefully executed thing. It was simply one of any number of panels that ornamented the walls of the room, and when closed could not be detected as different in its construction from any of the others.

Medworth counted them, and found that the sliding panel was the fifth from either end, being exactly half way.

They would have turned their attention to other things, but hearing footsteps they sprang into the hiding-place and closed the panel.

They distinctly heard two men enter the room.

Bending down, Medworth applied his ear to the panel to listen to what was said.

"It is a strange—a most inexplicable thing, Garza," he heard some one say. "I confess I do not understand it."

"Your majesty," was the reply, and Medworth's heart throbbed as he recognized the voice of the father of the girl he loved, "as for understanding it, believe me, I have not been near that point. My heart is bursting with grief. It was a dastardly crime. A crime for which the criminal must die when I learn his name."

"It is still doubtful, then, whether Gomez or Mattazudo is lying."

"It is almost a certainty that neither is telling the truth."

"Strange. You say you rode to the Carib's hut with Mattazudo?"

"Straight from your presence. You commanded Mattazudo to find and return my daughter, and it must be said, in all truth, that he seemed at least to be sincere in his effort. We went to the Carib's hut. We found the old Indian there. Mattazudo at once commanded him to deliver up the girl that he, Mattazudo had brought there under a misunderstanding. The Carib smoked calmly on and asked how many more were coming for a girl he had never seen. Mattazudo threatened to shoot him, but nothing could move the old Indian. I pleaded with him. I besought him with all the energy of a broken-hearted father to restore my daughter to me, but he still claimed he had not seen her. Mattazudo told me that Ramana was a friend of Gomez, and no doubt had agreed to keep silent. The only way, of course, was to get the truth out of Gomez. When we returned to the castle I taxed Gomez with the crime; but without waiting to deny it, he sprang upon Mattazudo with drawn sword, and would have killed him, had not some of the Zambos been standing near to interfere. Then, to me, Gomez denied all knowledge of my daughter, and says the story of Mattazudo is a lie. Now, what am I to believe? Only one thing is certain—that my poor girl is stolen from me, and I would give my life to know she was safe."

The old Spaniard had not left the room before two silent figures crawled stealthily away from the sliding panel and down under the foundations again to lay their plan of action.

(To be continued.)

Game of Bowls Revived.

There are signs and symptoms of a revived interest in the game of bowls, one of the oldest outdoor pastimes in England. In its heyday bowlers ran archery very close—so close, indeed, that in the interests of national defense it was deemed essential to discourage the game. Thus it was, probably, that the pastime came to be looked upon as having something of an illicit character, and for a time was more or less associated with houses of entertainment which were not always of the best repute. But, in spite of the ban of bygone centuries, the howling green has survived, more especially in the north of England and in Scotland. Nor can there be any more delightful game than bowls for a summer evening, more especially for those who have attained to an age when such lively physical exertions as are involved by cricket and tennis become a little unwelcome.

He Was the Hotel Echo.

A guest of one of the hotels at a certain mountain resort took a notion one day to climb to the top of the nearest hill. Having reached that point, he was astonished to find there an old man sitting on a rock, with a pair of field glasses in his hand, through which he looked at short intervals, and after each look he would whoop and halloo at the top of his lungs.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked the tourist, approaching the old man. "Don't talk to me, sir, if you please," answered the old man; "if you do, you'll take my attention, and I'll lose my job. I'm the Echo at the Mountain House, down there, and I have to watch for my time to come in."

Japanese Emperor's Salary.

The emperor of Japan has an allowance something like \$2,000,000 a year to keep up the imperial establishment. He has also a large private fortune, having invested in stocks and real estate. At the close of the Chinese-Japanese war Parliament voted his majesty 20,000,000 yen (an amount equal to 10,000,000 gold dollars) out of the indemnity paid by the Chinese as a mark of gratitude for his direction of the naval and military operations.

Weak arguments are often thrust before my path; but although they are most unconvincing, it is not easy to destroy them. There is not a more difficult feat known than to cut through a cushion with a sword.

TO FOOLISH MOTHERS.

Some Caustic but Helpful Remarks from a Kansas Sage.

A girl of sixteen passed the Gazette office this morning dressed to kill, says the Emporia Gazette. She had on red filigree stockings, patent leather shoes, a \$15 hat, a bustle of great price, a tailor-made skirt, a tucked and frilled shirt waist, and she carried a \$7.50 parasol. Her hair was frizzed and frumped and bedecked and she wore jewels and all manner of stuff that a sixteen-year-old girl has no more business wearing than she has to go naked. One rig is about as vulgar and cheap and tawdry as the other. Of course, the child who is being rushed into womanhood by a fool mother doesn't move in the best crowd of girls and boys of the town. She can't get in. Her father makes plenty of money, but her mother's fool notion of dress bars the child. Another girl passed the street a few minutes after the first girl passed the office. Girl number two is the daughter of a family that counts its wealth with six figures. She wore a simple gingham gown that she made herself, and a pair of plain \$3 shoes. Her hair was done up neatly and simply as a girl's hair should be. There were no rings on her fingers or bells on her toes. She was a pretty, quietly dressed, sweet faced innocent school-girl with her head full of the fine dreams and fancies that come to every girl. Her name is found in the list of those present at the entertainments given at the best homes in town. Her mother is responsible for the child's graces. Her mother keeps her girlish and in doing so the mother retains her youth. She is one of the handsomest women in town. Her face reflects a clean heart. The girl doesn't hear malicious gossip in her home. She doesn't know everything on earth or in hell—which word is here used reverently—and she doesn't gad the streets. She is a good cook a good housekeeper and has the making of a woman as useful as her mother is. It is all a matter of ideals in this old world. Often people think because a girl doesn't conquer the world as she promised to in her high school essay, that she has forgotten all about it. But when a woman brings up a clean, wholesome family in this generation of vipers she has been reasonably true to herself and her aspirations, even if she doesn't strip the laurel tree for her millinery.

Machines in Agriculture.

In 1855 it required on the average four hours and 34 minutes of the time of a laborer to do the ploughing, harrowing, cultivating, etc., that went to the producing of a bushel of Indian corn, and the price of that laborer was nearly 30 cents on the average. Today machines have changed conditions. Their use has reduced the necessary time of the laborer to about 34 minutes and the cost of it to about 10% cents. The wages are, however, much better now than in 1855. In 1830 the time required to produce each bushel of wheat was over three hours, it is now about 10 minutes; the cost has been reduced from over 17 cents to about 3 cents. Before the introduction of machines the time devoted to producing each ton of hay was about 35½ hours; it is now 11½ hours. In 1860 the corresponding cost was over \$3; it is now about \$1.29. These and many other comparisons of the sort are to be found in a report by Mr. Holmes printed by the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

Contrast of Temperature.

The British Meteorological Council has just published charts showing the remarkable weather conditions which prevailed over the North Atlantic ocean and adjoining lands in the winter of 1898-99. At sea the weather was extremely boisterous for a period of six weeks, while a great difference of temperature prevailed between the two sides of the ocean. On February 10th the thermometer at Fort Logan, Montana, was 61 degrees below zero, while on the same day at Liege, Belgium, it was 70.5 degrees above zero, a difference of 131.5 degrees, and over extensive regions on two sides of the Atlantic the difference in temperature amounted to 100 degrees.

Color of Butterflies.

Butterflies change their color according to the heat of the atmosphere. This interesting fact has been discovered by M. Sandfuss of Zurich, Switzerland, who subjected 40,000 butterflies of the sun's heat. On one occasion, it being unusually cold in Switzerland, a butterfly common there took on the appearance of a butterfly from Lapland. On the other hand, butterflies which were subjected to a higher degree of solar heat than the normal looked as if they had been born and raised in Corsica or Syria. One result of these novel experiments is the production of butterflies of an entirely new type, some of them being of bewildering beauty.

Countess Was American Widow.

The countess of Strafford retired from society entirely on the death of Queen Victoria, but will resume lavish entertainments as soon as the period of mourning is over. Her ladyship, previous to marrying a title, was the enormously rich widow of Samuel Colgate, a soap manufacturer of New York. The earl was killed by a train in England and his estate went to a brother, the countess having meantime expended a large amount of money in rehabilitating the Strafford family mansions.

THE NEBRASKA SCHOOLS

State Superintendent Fowler Will Labor for Better Conditions.

CONFER WITH COUNTY TEACHERS

The Forthcoming Pamphlet that Will Treat of Educational Institutions—Major Moore Becomes Lieutenant of Regulars—Other Nebraska News.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 7.—State Superintendent Fowler is preparing for a campaign of improvement in the condition and appearance of school buildings and grounds in rural districts. He does not intend to advocate an increase in the expenditure of funds for this particular purpose, but he will insist on having all school property under his supervision kept as neat as the appropriations will allow. In his tours over the state, Mr. Fowler has found considerable school property in a badly neglected state, due in nearly every instance to carelessness on the part of school officers rather than to lack of funds.

"It is my intention to publish some time during the winter a pamphlet on the rural school, its architecture, material, grounds, furnishings, etc.," said Mr. Fowler. "The pamphlet will be well illustrated. It will contain illustrations of the best, the average and the poorest school buildings in the state that are made of stone, brick, wood or sod. I want photographs of representative school buildings in all sections of the state. I want also interior views, representing the two extremes of tasteful decoration and of criminal neglect. I want some views that will show the condition of the grounds and the outbuildings. The publication will be a graphic exhibit of the actual school conditions of the state, designed to inform the public and show them the advantages under which the schools and school people labor in different parts of the state. I have asked the various county superintendents to assist me in obtaining these photographs. I have asked them also for information relative to rural school matters, such as how many have patent desks, how many have home-made desks, how many have both, and as to the use of slate blackboards, plaster boards, wooden boards and other kinds of boards, and how many schools have none, besides several other questions."

State Grand Army Reunion.

HASTINGS, Neb., Aug. 7.—Manager J. J. Buchanan and assistants of the local committee are getting along swimmingly in the arrangements for the coming state Grand Army of the Republic reunion to be held in this city. Letters are being received daily from prominent men who respond to invitations from the state committee to be present and deliver addresses.

Major Warner of Kansas City, Congressman Burkett, Governor Savage and Church Howe send word that they will attend and address the old veterans. Invitations have been extended W. J. Bryan, Senator Dolliver of Iowa, Senator Cullom of Illinois, Governor Shaw of Iowa, Vice President Roosevelt, Bourke Cockran, ex-Senator Manderson, Senator Thurston, Mark Hanna, Governor Yates of Illinois and other statesmen prominent in state and national affairs. Favorable answers are expected from a great many of them.

Merely a Social Visit.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—Admiral Robley D. Evans was at the navy department for a short time yesterday in consultation with Assistant Secretary Hackett. Both stated that the conference did not relate to the issue which ex-Senator Chandler has raised regarding Admiral Evans criticism of him (Chandler) in his book, "A Sailor's Log." Admiral Evans, who goes to Fort Monroe, said he called simply to pay his respects.

District Reunion at Weeping Water.

WEeping WATER, Neb., Aug. 7.—The district reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held at Weeping Water, August 20, 21, 22 and 23. Big preparations are being made by the citizens of the city to entertain visitors.

Choice Claim for West Point Man.

WEST POINT, Neb., Aug. 7.—Chas. E. Nearly, whose address is given in the dispatches as Lyons and who drew one of the choice claims in the Oklahoma drawing, is a resident of West Point.

Wins a Farm and a Bride.

HUMBOLDT, Neb., Aug. 7.—Hugh McGinnis, the oldest son of J. G. McGinnis, one of the pioneer farmers of Richardson county, went down to Oklahoma and not only registered for a claim, but was among the successful ones in the El Reno district. He also surprised his friends by bringing back with him a bride, Miss Myrtle Thompson, a former resident of this city, but who has of late been living at Enid, Okla.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was a liberal run of cattle and nearly everything was on the native order, not enough western grassers being offered to make a test of the market on that class of cattle. The general tendency was to buy the fat stuff lower. Receipts included about sixty cars of beef steers and the market was rather slow and weak. Some of the better grades sold at just about steady prices, but the commoner kinds sold generally a dime lower. The half-fat stuff in particular was hard to dispose of at any price, as packers did not seem to care for that class of cattle. There were practically no western range beef cattle offered to make a test of the market. There were quite a few cows and heifers on sale, about thirty-five cars being offered. The same as in the case of steers, some of the best corn-fed cows sold about steady, but the general run of grassers was lower. There was a decided improvement noticed in the demand from the country for yearlings of good quality, and as a result values on that class of cattle were a little stronger. The heavy cattle did not seem to be as ready sellers and the common stuff of all weights was neglected, and certainly no better prices were paid.

Hogs—There was a good liberal run of hogs, and while a few hogs sold early at right close to steady prices, the general market was lower. After the first round packers were generally bidding 5 cents lower, and in a good many cases 50% cents lower than yesterday's general market. They wanted to buy the general run of mixed hogs from \$5.75 to \$6.30, but sellers held on for better prices, and as a result it was a little late before much was done.

Sheep—There was not a very heavy run of sheep and the general market can be quoted just about steady with yesterday. Packers seemed to want the better grades and it was not long before those answering to that description were disposed of. The common stuff was of course neglected. There were quite a few lambs on sale this morning and the quality of the offerings as a whole was nothing extra. The prices paid, though, did not show much change from yesterday, though it was evident that the market was no better.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Native and Texas beef steers, 100 lbs higher; cows and heifers, steady to strong; stockers and feeders, 100 lbs lower; choice export and dress beef steers, \$5.50; fair to good, \$4.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.00; western fed steers, \$4.50; western range steers, \$3.50; Texas and Indians, \$3.00; cows, \$2.00; heifers, \$3.00; ewers, \$2.00; bulls, \$2.00; calves, \$3.00.

Hogs—Market opened steady and closed 5c lower; top, \$6.17; bulk of sales, \$5.70; heavy, \$6.00; mixed packers, \$5.70; light, \$5.30; pigs, \$4.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Lambs, 100 lbs higher; sheep, steady; lambs, \$4.25; ewers, \$3.25; ewes, \$2.75; western range sheep, \$2.00; stock sheep, \$1.75.

SWAB IS MUCH SURPRISED.

Had Not Looked for General Strike Order to Come So Soon.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The World says: Charles M. Schwab expressed surprise when a reporter told him about midnight President Shaffer's strike order named August 10 as the date for extending the great steel battle. President Schwab was seen on his return to his apartments in the Lorraine. He had spent the evening in conference with J. Pierpont Morgan.

"I am very sorry to hear it," Mr. Schwab said when given the details of President Shaffer's strike order. He seemed greatly surprised at the date fixed, but said he was not at liberty to discuss the matter.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 8.—With the issue of the general strike order of President Shaffer it is not any longer a theory that confronts the public, but an actual condition. The result is that the tension which kept everybody in suspense last week as to what would be the outcome of the dilly-dallying conferences and meetings has now been lifted. The suspense is over and although while the immediate effect is deplorable those directly interested are not so much affected as the graveness of their position would warrant. It is now generally accepted as a fact that the struggle is on "for good," as it were, and it will not be terminated until either one or the other of the contending parties is defeated.

Who this will be is yet a subject of speculation. Still there are some, endowed with more hopefulness than most people, who express the opinion that the order of President Shaffer will not go into effect and that a compromise will be made before the week is out. As far as Pittsburg is concerned, although it is the headquarters of the amalgamated association, few men are immediately involved in the strike in comparison with other sections, the total number throughout the country being almost 100,000 men.

Boy Murderer is Arrested.

M'PHERSON, Kan., Aug. 8.—Glen Gardner of this town was arrested and taken to Lyons, Kan., charged with the murder of his friend, George Smalley.

Wheat Crop in South Dakota.

YANKTON S. D., Aug. 8.—The Excelsior Mill company of this city has received considerable new wheat from various parts of the county. The grain is of good color and will make good flour, but it is light and grades No. 3. It brings 55 cents per bushel. The farmers bringing in grain say that the crop will turn out better than was expected a few days ago. One large farm turned out 15 bushels of wheat and 60 bushels of oats to the acre.