

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER I.

JACK, FROM BOHEMIA.

Famous old Big Ben had boomed out the hour of 3 one afternoon in May, when Jack Overton, who had recently shaken off the dust of the Bohemian Latin quarter in Paris, debouched from one of the numerous courts branching out from the Strand, London, and strolled along this great thoroughfare.

Overton was a man of possibly twenty-five. His form was well built and athletic, his countenance, while not wholly handsome, worthy of deep study—an expert at physiognomy would have gloried in reading the potential features so plainly marked, and his verdict must have been that while the young man had not yet awakened to the resistless and dominant power that slumbered within his grasp, the force of circumstances would sooner or later bring it to the fore.

For some time he had drifted along in his studies—a faint gleam of success had begun to brighten the eastern skies—there was a promise of his latest picture being accepted for the Salon, when his future could be looked upon as assured.

It was at this critical juncture in his affairs when a little more resolute work would have landed him well on the road to success, that fortune, and a woman, brought about a crisis which threatened his bark with disaster.

This accounted for the eagerness with which he scrutinized the inmates of the various vehicles moving hither and thither along the Strand. Finally his kindling gaze was glued upon a dashing equipage, evidently headed toward Rotten Row, and particularly upon the beautiful woman who sat there nonchalantly holding a lace-trimmed parasol above her dainty head, and occasionally addressing some word to her elderly gentleman companion, whose bronzed face and air of distinction marked him as a traveler or man of note in Her Majesty's colonial empire.

Jack held his breath and gritted his teeth as he looked. He loved, aye, worshipped this radiant creature. He, a poor, unknown artist, dared to raise his eyes to such a beautiful bird of fashion.

Why not—who had a right one-half so strong? Time was when he knew Fedora as a modest little English girl with a passionate desire to study art, when he had given innumerable opportunities to stand between her and insult, to soften the rough places for her dainty feet, to assist her in the work she had chosen while his own lay neglected in his garret studio.

Yes, they had become such great friends in Bohemia that it ripened into love, though on Jack's part he fairly adored the girl from the hour they first met.

Thus vows were exchanged, and for months they drifted along in a fool's paradise. Then Jack, poor fellow, insisted on endeavoring to open communications between Fedora and the grim old English grandfather who had exiled his daughter for marrying against his august will.

The negotiations succeeded all too well, and one day there came a dolorous scene when Jack and his betrothed separated, she to go to her new English home, he to work feverishly on the great picture that was to make such a sensation in the Salon—the face of Fedora, created by a hand inspired by the divine passion—and bring him the fame and fortune which he longed to lay at her feet.

At last it was finished, all but a few touches. He had for some time been on the verge of distraction. Stray rumors that Fedora had forgotten him. He, faithful to death himself, believed steadfastly in the woman he loved, and indignantly chased all satanic doubts headlong from his mind. Still, they crept back in spite of him, and when existence finally became unendurable away from the atmosphere she breathed, he had brought his treasured canvas to London.

Never had he suspected the full extent of her radiant beauty and her queenly manner until the moment his eyes fell upon her in the vehicle that rolled toward Rotten Row. Could such a prize be for him?

Then came a revulsion of feeling. She belonged to him—she had again and again vowed no power on earth and death could take her from him. More than that, did he not owe her his life? There had been a fire, and Jack, overcome in his sleep by smoke, might have perished but that some girl dared death to run in and drag him to the open air. They told him it was Fedora, and although she had always in her modesty, appeared confused when he spoke of the subject, yet he never doubted.

At this day Overton had not learned what a mighty influence Moloch had upon the average human heart, nor the winning power of Gold. The time was coming when he would discover these things through bitter experience that would warp his nature and change his disposition.

It was his desire to notice what effect his presence might have upon the beautiful girl in the landau. When her wandering gaze suddenly fell upon him she gave a perceptible

start, and the color left her cheeks only to immediately return, and as the vehicle passed he was quick to discover the card, which she had dextrously tossed out apparently unseen by her escort, flutter to the asphalt.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING ON THE STRAND.

Jack lost not a second in capturing the bit of pasteboard. It was simply a carte de visite, and gave the address of her grandfather's city house.

Overton made up his mind that come what would that night should see him at the address she had given, to hear from her own lips his doom. Until that had been pronounced he could not and would not believe that she meant to cast him aside.

As he swung down the crowded Strand he was suddenly aware of a gentle pull at his sleeve, a modest little jerk, entirely lacking the assurances that might suggest a bold seeker after aims.

"Oh, Mr. Jack!" said a quick voice in accents of eagerness.

An when Overton looked down from his six feet, and saw the girl's rosy face half shrouded in a blue hood, he experienced such genuine pleasure that the haunted, devil-may-care expression gave way to a glow of sincere satisfaction as he caught the hand she had laid on his own and squeezed it in his own broad palm. If he hurt her the girl gave no sign. "Bless me, Mazette, this is a pleasure now. Fancy our meeting in the crowded streets of London. How do you get on? Has fortune looked your way? I hope and trust those divine little miniature portraits on ivory bring you in a fair income among these people of your blood."

Thus he chattered on. Mazette looked up to the long-legged, big-hearted American as a prince of men. Secretly she adored him, but no one ever knew that his face was the shrine at which the modest child of nature worshipped, for, like most girls of the present day, Mazette refused to wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at.

"What brings you here, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

Overton winced as he remembered the nature of his hasty jump from Paris. Then he made up his mind to unburden his soul, and having resolved to make the plunge, he started in with an impetuosity that startled his demure little companion.

If Jack had been able to look under that blue hood while he poured out his passionate story he might have received something of a shock. Most certainly poor Mazette was experiencing one.

"It is hard to give advice, Mr. Jack. She has not thrown you over yet," she said.

"You know Fedora so well, you should be able to judge what she will do—whether or not the glitter of gold would tempt her to give up the man to whom she swore deathless fealty. Tell me truly, little friend, although I would bless you for words of comfort, still I only desire to know what you believe—the truth, even if it kill me."

"You must be calm, Mr. Jack. Even though you lost Fedora, there are other things in the world worth living for," she began, slowly, painfully.

He uttered a hollow groan.

"Ah, money is very powerful, Mr. Jack. It makes the strongest weak. You must not think too harshly of her if the temptation proves irresistible."

"Already you fear the worst," he exclaimed. "God help me if it proves to be so. You would never condemn the man you loved, Mazette; sell him for filthy lucre."

"Thanks for your good opinion. No one may ever know how strong they are until the temptation has come," she replied, steadily, but deep down in her heart the little artist girl was saying over and over again: "Not for all the gold in the world, nor for precious stones, would I sell his love if it were only mine."

Mazette adroitly changed the conversation, and endeavored to cheer him up.

"You must be sure to drop in to see us very soon, and take tea with aunt," she said at length, as they were about to separate.

"I promise you," he replied quickly. God bless you for a true-hearted comrade, and may you in the years to come never know the agony of mind and heart that threatens me now."

"I shall endeavor to avoid that by never allowing myself to fall in love," she replied, a little hysterically, offering him her hand.

"What, your left hand, Mazette. Fardon me, did I hurt the other, brute that I am? No, then surely you have been in an accident since last I saw you, else why should your arm hang so helplessly at your side? Tell me, is it not so?" with anxious solicitude that was not at all affected.

The girl looked either vexed or frightened.

"It is nothing. Long ago I had an accident, and when I use the arm steadily I feel it. Of late I have been unusually industrious. That is all, believe me, Mr. Jack. You will come—soon?" as she moved off.

"Surely," was his reply. As Mazette hurried on, her heart

throbbing with conflicting emotions, she was saying to herself, almost hysterically: "He must never, never know what a weak little fool I am, or why this poor arm sometimes hangs useless at my side. That is my secret, and it shall die with me. But I fear Fedora is lost to him forever—that gold has won her heart."

CHAPTER III.

DECLINED, WITH THANKS.

Somehow Overton felt better after this little chat with the miniature painter. True, in her candor and knowledge of Fedora's weakness she had not been able to give him much encouragement. In fact, she seemed to accept it as a settled fact that the girl he loved would sacrifice him on the altar of Mammon, but the very contact with such a cheery nature as that of Mazette was bound to exert a helpful influence upon him.

He was standing at the corner of Chancery Lane, debating the momentous question as to where he should bestow the favor of his patronage for supper, when he was given something of a staggering shock, for there, within ten feet of him, seated in a hansom, and evidently trying to attract his attention, was the identical bronzed and bearded gentleman whom he had seen some hours before at Fedora's side in the handsome turnout, bound for Rotten Row.

In this distinguished personage Overton at once and instinctively recognized the rival whom he had to meet on uneven terms.

The gentleman had now a fair look at his face, and immediately jumped out of his cab.

"Pardon me," said he, in a deep voice that somehow grated on Jack's ears, perhaps because he had already conceived a deadly feeling of enmity toward the other. "Pardon me, but I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. John Overton, late of the Latin Quarter, Paris?"

Overton answered stiffly: "That happens to be my name, sir."

"Allow me to introduce myself." Overton looked at the card and deliberately looked at the inscription.

"Captain Maurice Stanton Livermore, The Horseguards."

It was a name known far and wide—a name that had been carried to remote places in the Dark Continent—a name mentioned with especial honor in descriptions of English operations on the borders of India, where only valor counts, and men carve out reputations with the sword in a desperate duel with savage tribes.

Jack knew it well. The name is not unfamiliar to me. In what way can I be of service to you, sir?" he said with an effort at diffidence.

"You are an artist, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, I aim to be."

"I am greatly interested in art, and desire to have some commissions executed. Having heard you favorably mentioned I would like you to join me at dinner where we can doubtless find an opportunity to reach an agreement."

It was on the tip of Jack's tongue to coldly decline the invitation. Prudence—policy if you will—checked his disdainful tongue in time.

"I accept your invitation, sir, without in any way committing myself to any policy you may suggest, or compromising myself in the least," he said quietly.

The other looked grimly pleased. They walked along together as well as the crowded condition of the street would permit, until finally they reached a notable restaurant, into which the straggle-matched couple plunged.

As Overton sat there in the cozy room, vis-a-vis with Captain Livermore, somehow he was reminded of a man whom the irony of fortune had seated above a volcano or a powder magazine liable to explode at any moment.

(To be continued.)

BUCKEYE ANIMADVERSIONS

In an Indianapolis Plan to Make Life Sweeter.

The young women of the Indianapolis telephone exchange are to be given the benefits of voice culture. A prominent elocutionist has been engaged, and all the sharp voices will be filed down, and all the rough voices will be planed off, and if there is any dignity and sweetness in a voice it will be drawn to the surface. It is a nice scheme, and it will take some time. The average Hoosier voice is far from being of the liquid velvet order, and the elocutionary improver will find his hands full for some time to come. Of course the hours for vocal practice will have to be snatched from the regular hours of duty, and the Indianapolis subscriber who calls up "exchange" may be expected at any time to hear somebody shrieking: "I am not mad! I am not mad!" A good deal startled, he will probably hastily remark: "Hello, central; you have given me the insane asylum." And then the girl will explain that she's only getting letter perfect in "The Maniac." And very likely some other subscriber will be told that the curfew shall not ring to-night, and perhaps he'll vigorously ask the curfew to ring off. And may be an incensed patron of the line who earnestly inquires what the girl means by not answering his call will be told to "wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear." In short, there'll be a good deal doing in that Indianapolis call shop before all the voices that need it are cultured into proper vocal shape.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woman's function is a guiding, not a determining one.—John Ruskin.

In mythology, no god falls in love with Minerva. A manish woman only attracts a feminine man.

DEEPLY SOLICITOUS.

FREE TRADERS WORRYING ABOUT AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

Because We Are Prospering So Well Under Protection They Argue That Love of Country Is Dying Out Among the People of the United States.

This is the caption of the last article sent out by the Free Trade League over the signature of Prof. John Bascom, of Williams College. The two words, protection and patriotism, certainly go well together, and are closely related. But, says Prof. Bascom, "protection as developed in the United States, is profoundly opposed to patriotism." And yet he does not prove it, or even attempt to. He tells us that it begets personal strife, but does not tell us wherein personal strife and ambition become inimical to patriotism. Continuing, the professor says:

"The little kernel of sound theory that may in the beginning have lain at the bottom of protection was shortly lost sight of in a greedy struggle between ever-increasing claimants to retain old and win new advantages."

It is encouraging to see an old-time free trader admitting that there was ever even a kernel of sound theory in the principle of protection, though it has been lost sight of in the struggle for advantage. Does the professor mean to say that the strife to excel is unpatriotic? Would he have our inventors stop thinking, our miners stop digging, our farmers stop planting, our mechanics stop fabricating, and so cease to retain and gain advantages not only among themselves but over the peoples of other countries? Does he want us to go back to the habits of the aborigines and live the lives of savages? He complains because "we have set no limits to individual enterprise." Why should we set a limit to ambition, to attainment and accomplishment? And then he complains again because "the policy of private thrift, which gained such a foothold in protection, has spread everywhere."

If the professor is preaching socialism or anarchy, that is one thing, but if he is preaching free trade because it would do away with competition and destroy commercial advantages, that is another. He concludes his little "piece" as follows:

"Patriotism cannot thrive in the atmosphere we have provided for it. If we would restore and strengthen love of country, we must get back to the prosperity of the masses of men—the people and the nation—as the true aim of government."

Does the professor question our love of country? Was he awake during the Spanish war, when millions were angry only because they could not fight for the Stars and Stripes? Did he not for months see Old Glory waving from every flagstaff, from every building, and from every house? Who is there, outside the little band of American Cobdenites, that does not think we could lick any country on earth, or, if needs be, all of them put together? Does not the professor see any other paper but the Springfield Republican?

As for "getting back to the prosperity of the masses of men"—back where? Back to 1837, or to 1857, or to 1895-96? When have "the masses of men—the people and the nation"—been so prosperous as they are to-day?

It seems incredible that a man of average enlightenment could put forth such twaddle as this paper of Prof. Bascom's. It is not worth noticing except to show to what pitiable ends the Free Trade League is obliged to go to get matter to send out to the few country papers that will print its stuff. Surely the free trade issue in the United States is at a low ebb indeed when it must depend on such argument for support. Prof. Bascom knows no more about patriotism than he does about protection. He knows no more about the ambitions and national characteristics of the people of the United States than he does about the uncivilized tribes of darkest Africa; or else, for the sake of his pet theory, he would do away with an exertion and all labor, of mind or body. He should study the strenuous life of his countrymen, from the president down to the urchin with his bundle of "extras." He should take a progressive daily or weekly paper and read the current history of his country. Or, he might take the president's message by installments and gather a few ideas concerning the progress and achievements of our institutions. He should get a little American flag and count the stripes and then the stars. He should get a portrait of Washington and of McKinley, and little by little study the lives of our other great men. It may be a hopeless case, but it would seem as if even Prof. Bascom might be injected with a little American spirit and patriotism.

One-Sided Reciprocity.

To illustrate one-sided reciprocity let us name Canada. Canada wants free access to our markets, and in return will cheerfully give us free access to hers. Canada has 5,000,000 people; the United States has 80,000,000. Her people can buy of us, provided Great Britain does not demand her trade, one-sixteenth of what we would naturally buy of her. Though her soil is American and she controls a great deal of the North American continent, the wages paid by her for labor are 20 to 50 per cent lower than in the United States. She would, of course, fill our markets with cheap goods to compete with better-paid American labor. Such a condition would undoubtedly help Canadian immigration, of which there has been practically none for half a century. It is better for the United States to at-

tract this immigration to her own states and territories, where, despite the fact that we have sixteen times as many people as Canada on a smaller area, there is yet room, with only a small fraction of our magnificent resources developed.—New Haven Palladium.

A Reasonable Reduction.

Unreconciled to the gloomy prospect for wide open reciprocity, the Chicago Evening Post plaintively asks: "Are there no industries which are sufficiently established to stand a reasonable reduction of duty?" It may be there are such, but if so, what of it? A "reasonable" reduction of duty would amount to nothing in the estimation of foreign competitors. It must be such a reduction as will render the duty non-protective. What they clamor for, and what the Post seems to think they should have, is an unreasonable reduction of tariff duties; a foolish, destructive reduction; one that will enable them to break into that market and undersell domestic producers; such a reduction as would either close our mills and factories, or else lower the American standard of wages and of living and thus diminish the purchasing capacity and the consuming power of our wage earners. That is what the foreigners want. Is it what the Chicago Evening Post wants?

Arguments Based on Misinformation.

Some wonderful information finds its way into "low tariff" newspapers. The Boston Transcript, for instance, which apparently wants reciprocity with Canada, after reflecting on the motives of Senator Burrows and others who do not agree with it, prints this surprising information, which was sent to it all the way from Washington: "In the Dingley tariff the duty on logs was made double that carried by the McKinley tariff of only ten years ago." Logs were on the free list in the McKinley tariff and are also on the free list in the Dingley tariff. If the advocates of reciprocity with Canada were to base their arguments on facts instead of such wonderful misinformation as that about the duty on logs they would cease to talk on the subject.—Philadelphia Press.

The Cuban Carrying Trade.

Lately the Tribune made the admirable suggestion that any reductions in the duties between this country and Cuba should be confined to such commodities as were carried under either the American or the Cuban flag, Cuban vessels to be built in the United States. This proposition immediately meets with opposition from the Munson line, whose ships are greatly Norwegian, that sail under temporary charters. The prompt opposition of this line seems to have killed the Tribune's proposition, and this foreign line, that neither employs American sailors nor repairs or outfits its ships in American ports, seem to be dictating the maritime policy of this country.

A Stubborn Fact.

That reciprocity convention was a cruel disappointment to the tariff reformers. They are now up against the fact that the end of protection is not yet in sight, and as Sam Jones says, a fact cannot be gotten over nor around. It must be "camped" by and "sot" up with.—Clyde (N. C.) Journal.

What It Means.

If the Republican party proposes a measure, you may bet your boots it means more prosperity at home and more business abroad.—Blackfoot (Idaho) Mail.

Good Idea.

Representative Babcock might better employ his unquestioned ability in fighting for a horizontal reduction in the price of coal.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Touching.

The Eastern tariff reformers are all agreed that the duty should be taken off of Western hides. Such unanimity is quite touching.—Kansas City Journal.

Information for Prospective Brides.

Except in the case of a prospective bride who occupies a high social position, it is not usual to make any formal announcement of the engagement of a lady. The members of her family impart the news to her friends as they happen to meet them. If it is desired to inform friends at a distance, the mother being dead, a girl's father, sister or brother may write the informal announcement, or to intimate friends and relatives the girl may write herself. Invitations to the wedding would be issued in the name of the bride's father. It is usual to wear a veil with a white wedding gown, but for any reason it seems more desirable, a hat may be substituted. A bride is at perfect liberty to decide the details of her own costume. All the arrangements for the wedding should be made to suit the convenience and comfort of the contracting parties first of all, regardless of fashion or custom.—Montreal Herald and Star.

Noted Men Do Not Do It.

Having just looked critically over 200 autographs of noted men, I am ready to assert and maintain that the dot over the "i" is sadly neglected. Even our late lamented president was cruel in this respect. He did usually dot the "i" in McKinley, but rarely squandered a speck of ink on the two "i's" in William. It was going back too far.—New York Press.

CURIOUS CHIMNEYS.

Designers and Builders Who Had Vivid Imaginations.

In the neighborhood of Stamford street, in the southeast of London, there is a chimney shaped after the likeness of a huge coffin. It is made up of dark-colored bricks, and presents an appearance which is gloomy to the point of depression. This quaint erection, curiously enough, is well nigh unnoticed by the inhabitants of the district, many of whom are quite unaware of its presence in their midst. A small music hall in a southern city of France is decorated with a chimney shaped to resemble a man. The figure is attired in frock coat and silk hat, while a huge metal tube, painted brown and representing a cigar, reposes in the lips of the queer apparatus. From this "cigar" the smoke issues in great black clouds, and so realistic is the whole contrivance when regarded from the street below that at first sight the spectator is led to believe that a fashionably attired gentleman is enjoying a weed on the theater roof. Curious chimneys abound in all quarters of the globe. In several American cities it is no uncommon occurrence to encounter wine flasks, the base of the erections being swathed in straw-colored woodwork to resemble the baskets wherein such flasks usually recline. Perhaps, however, one of the most peculiar chimneys in the world is that which is to be seen in a Roumanian township, and which is known by the name "Death Funnel." It represents a skeleton some fifty feet in height, and is built throughout of gun metal. The shaft is conveyed upward through the spine of the figure and the smoke issues from the apex of the skull. Veritably a ghastly chimney, and one would have imagined that the eccentric millionaire who thus adorned his roof top might have hit upon some less gruesome means of enhancing his reputation for extravagant whimsicality.

ORIGIN OF "TALK TURKEY."

Retort of an Indian Whom a White Man Was Trying to Overreach.

A man who listened to some "spell-binder" every evening for three weeks during the recent municipal campaign, according to the New York Times, said the other day:

"Campaign orators do not always have time or occasion to explain expressions used in 'driving home' arguments. They must necessarily depend upon their audiences to 'see the point' through apt applications of such expressions. I have in mind one—to talk turkey"—repeatedly used. The story of its origin is as follows:

"Two men, an Indian and a white man, agreed to hunt together for a day and to divide the spoils. When the time came there was no difficulty in apportioning the smaller birds and animals—one of a kind to each. At last they reached the last pair, a crow and a turkey."

"Now," says the white man, with a great show of fairness, 'you may have the crow and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you may have the crow.'"

"Huh!" says the Indian, 'why you no talk turkey to me?'"

She Read the Signal.

A romantic story is told in London about Lord Kelvin's second marriage. In the early 70s, he, then Sir William Thomson, was in West India waters on board his schooner yacht, the Lalla Rookh. As a recreation he took up the question of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He had been talking of it at the dinner table of a friend in Madeira and the only apprehension that seemed able to grasp it was that of his host's daughter, a lady he greatly but silently admired.

"I quite understand it, Sir William," she said.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht do you think you could read it and could answer me?"

"Well, I would try," she responded. "I believe I could succeed in making it out."

The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and in transmitting the reply. The question was: "Will you marry me?" and the answer was "Yes."

Adventure with Rattlesnakes.

Fred Harris, an express messenger on the Illinois Central, had an experience which he does not care to repeat. He was on train No. 22, and just after leaving Centralia, Ill., settled back into his chair and dropped into a doze. He was awakened shortly by a tickling under his chin and drowsily opened his eyes to discover the coils of an enormous snake lying across his breast, its restless head waving under his chin. It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. Harris made all former records for instantaneous and lightning moves in that car look like six counterfeit nickels. He also awoke to the fact that while one snake is bad, several are worse in a geometrical proportion, and he was soon on a pile of baggage surveying a den of rattlesnakes. The reptiles were a consignment from Tampa, Fla., to Chicago, and had made their escape while Mr. Harris slept.

Spread by Ships.

The common cockroach has spread throughout the civilized world by means of ships. This disagreeable bug comes and goes on ships almost as freely as the rats. The two live together amicably and they monopolize the holds of the ships which carry foodstuffs.

Decoration of the playroom may well be largely left to the youthful occupant.