

# An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

McGregor made a proposition to the effect that his principal should be entitled to at least one shot in practice before the affair came on the carpet—as Livermore was familiar with the handling of the firearms, he certainly had an advantage, and it would be only fair to give Overton a chance to see how the weapon upon which he was about to stake his life did its work.

To this the others readily agreed, and Jack glancing around for some mark, discovered a sparrow upon a branch fully as distant as his antagonist would be when the word came to fire.

"Ah!" he remarked, "I have found a mark almost half as large as a human heart."

He fired almost instantly, and the mangled bird fell to the ground, while the McGregor whistled a bar or two from "The Campbells Are Coming," and Livermore's second looked very serious.

Then the conditions of the duel were gone over.

The two principals were to be stationed at the posts selected, within easy pistol shot, and their backs turned toward each other.

At a given signal they were to wheel and advance directly toward each other, the privilege to fire being open from that instant.

One advantage would come to the man who got in his shot first, provided he hit his mark, but if he missed, heaven help him, for the other had the privilege of walking up as close as he pleased and delivering a murderous fire.

When these arrangements had been made the principals walked to their stations and received their weapons, together with a last word of advice from their seconds.

Then they were left alone, facing each other.

Overton could feel his heart pounding away like a miniature trip hammer, and he held out his arm with some uneasiness, but smiled to find it as firm as a rock—not a tremor or quiver of the slightest description—really it looked bad for Livermore, who perhaps had met with the most astonishing perils during his adventurous life, and finally came home to find his Sedan.

At McGregor's command the two duelists turned back to back, with the arm holding the pistol dropped down at their sides.

"Men, are ye both ready?" he demanded, as though about to open a sprinting race or some other innocent game of sport.

"Ready!" came from the traveler, quickly.

"Ready!" echoed Overton, between his teeth.

"Then, gang awa', and the God o' battles decide the day," roared the ex-dragoon.

Both men whirled around, and the dueling pistols came up to a level.

Neither fired at once, but began to advance, while the onlookers—including an almost paralyzed rustic with a pitchfork over his shoulder, on the way to some field of labor—held their very breath in suspense.

Two, three, four paces for each—the distance had been horribly narrowed, and as yet not a shot.

It looked like murder—as though both of them must fall when the final exchange of compliments took place.

McGregor would have given all he owned for the privilege of bowling out to his man—he believed Jack was losing his best chance—that he had the other at his mercy, and was a fool not to get in the first shot; but such an act on the part of a second would have been a gross breach of the etiquette governing such affairs, and he discreetly remained silent.

Then with stunning abruptness came the sharp report of a pistol, and the McGregor groaned as he saw the smoke oozing from the barrel of the leveled weapon clutched in the rigid hand of Livermore.

## CHAPTER VII.

### How the Duel Ended.

With his heart in his throat the McGregor, after discovering that the shot proceeded from the pistol of the veteran traveler, flashed his eyes toward Overton. Jack turned his face for a second toward his friend—it was colorless from the intense nervous tension, but over it had shot a terrible grim smile, such as could only be born of complete triumph—he knew the life of his hated rival was in his hands.

Livermore, of course, had stood in his tracks after his fiasco. His bronzed feature gave no sign of fear, though naturally enough he had set his teeth to meet the dread summons, as became a man. He had had his chance and lost—the game was in Overton's hands, and there could be no appeal from the stern arbitrament of arms.

And Jack—a whirlwind of fancies played riot in his mind and heart—the man he hated with such bitterness, who had stolen away the girl whom he had almost looked upon as his wife forever and aye—this favorite of fortune was now in his power, and a pressure of the finger alone was needed to end his career.

Fedora would then be free and he—but, stop; suppose he killed Livermore. Would that act bridge the abyss be-

tween Fedora and himself. On the contrary, would it not render it forever impassable?

His whole nature revolted at the thought of killing his rival in cold blood—this was not the kind of revenge for which his spirit yearned—and even at this dreadful moment of suspense, when angel and devil seemed to struggle within for the mastery, somehow the gentle, earnest face of little Mazette, the portrait painter, flashed before his vision.

Then suddenly, without the least warning Overton raised his arm until the pistol covered the upper branches of a tree, and, discharging the weapon, tossed it to the feet of his antagonist, whirled on his heel and walked away.

The good angel had triumphed—he refused to accept the life the gods had given him.

The McGregor, breathing out mutterings of discontent, chased after his principal. To his rather brutal soldier mind Jack was a fool to stand the fire of a man who had wronged him, and then throw away the golden opportunity for revenge which the fickle goddess of fortune had placed in his hands.

McGregor could not comprehend the delicate nature of the affair—he believed that if the doughty captain, who had perhaps bewitched Jack's sweet heart in some mysterious manner, had only been disposed of, so that he might not appear upon the stage again, Overton would have clear sailing in the matter.

Alas! the situation was far more complicated.

Overton knew a condition and not a theory confronted him—that Fedora had been dazzled by the evidences of wealth around her—that she loved dress and diamonds and luxurious ease more than she had ever loved him, even in that fool's Paradise when, like a couple of children, they had indulged in beautifully romantic dreams of the future—that evanescent Fata Morgana that appears to all sailors who venture upon the sea of love.

But one faint hope remained—would Fedora listen to the still, small voice within and thrust the temptation aside?

Strange how we cling desperately to the last straw when our boat sinks under us.

They entered the great city and finally pulled up at a chop house, where, having dismissed the chuckling caddy, they had breakfast together. Overton still had little to say, though he kept up a tremendous thinking, and when the meal was over the McGregor shook him solemnly by the hand, saying in parting:

"As I taul ye before, laddie, if ye need a braw frien' come to Donald McGregor. I'm sore afraid ye did wrang to let the gillie off, but ye knaw best. Aweel, aweel, let it gang. Nae doot I'll see ye later, mon. In peace or war, then call on the McGregor."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Mazette.

Overton settled down into a rut, waiting and working by fits and starts upon his picture. During these weeks he lived from hand to mouth, selling an occasional "pot boiler" for a pittance that just managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Days glided into weeks. He worked spasmodically, wandered about London, dreamed of mighty things that he could do if invested with the touch of Midas, and sometimes spent an evening with Mazette and her aunt.

These social events always had a salutary effect upon Overton, and many times he breathed blessings upon the little miniature painter for her sisterly affection, as he was pleased to consider it, which soothed him in such a wonderful manner.

His painting was complete. As he stood in front of it he knew it was a masterpiece that must without a doubt bring him both fortune and glory.

Oh! if she would but only wait until the day when all London echoed with his name, and it would be an honor to know him.

But the hero of many an African and Indian border foray was impatient in his wooing, since he had reached an age when a man must needs make haste if he expects to shake off the thralldom of bachelorhood and take upon himself the vows and duties of a benefactor, since the older he grows the more difficult it becomes to assume new obligations.

When Overton read in the Times that the wedding was to occur on the next Thursday evening at a fashionable church he seemed turned into stone for a time. He became moody, almost sullen. He avoided those friends who had been of late such a comfort to him. Mazette chanced to meet him on the street—perhaps the use of that word can hardly be allowed, since she purposely went out of her way to pass near his lodgings in the hope of seeing him, for the article concerning Fedora's coming marriage had caught her eye, too, and she began to fear for Jack again.

When she saw him so moody and apparently at cross purposes with the whole world, she felt very bitter toward Fedora, and had it been in her power just then to remedy matters, even at the expense of pain to herself, Mazette would have only too gladly done so, for Jack married to Fedora

and happy was far better than Jack miserable, despondent and devoid of ambition.

The fatal evening came. Jack had grimly made up his mind he would by hook or crook witness the ceremony that was to darken his life and take from him the girl he had so long looked upon as his inspiration.

Knowing that a fashionable audience would fill the church, and that admission without a card would be difficult, he made friends with the organist and managed to get an invitation to occupy a seat in the loft.

Mazette insisted on accompanying him—at first he had been appalled by the thought of another witnessing his mute suffering, but she was so persistent, and her sweet presence always served to arouse his better nature, so finally he gave a reluctant consent.

When the organ pealed out the wedding march from "Lohengrin," Overton shut his teeth hard and waited the coming of the white procession that started down the aisle, flower girls strewing the way with rare blossoms.

Fedora looked like a dream—her appearance would haunt him to his dying day.

And Livermore was very handsome in his dress suit—he appeared very proud, and had eyes for no one but the beautiful woman who knelt before the chancel rail beside him and vowed to "love, honor and obey."

When Overton heard this he seemed to feel a change come over him—he knew it was false, for, loving him, how could she truthfully promise to give to her husband the affection it implied?—his faith in womankind was dead, he believed, forever, and from that hour he could never believe in the sex again.

Toward the close of the ceremony Fedora raised her hitherto downcast eyes, as if drawn by the subtle power of Jack's stern gaze, and looked into his face.

As if an arrow had pierced her heart she turned pale and shuddered, nor did she dare raise her eyes again.

Perhaps she even dreaded lest the man whom she had so cruelly jilted, whose devoted heart she had cast away after it was of no further use to her, as one might a worn-out glove, might in his righteous anger do something desperate—such things have been known ere now in high life.

Altogether those last few minutes of the ceremony that should have been the proudest and happiest in her whole life were the most miserable, and she endured a small portion of the same suffering her act had brought upon Overton.

All was over!

The wedding procession was passing down the aisle to renewed strains of joyous music. Perhaps those who were near enough to notice wondered why the happy and envied bride should turn her head and look in a half eager, half frightened way toward the altar—they could not know that remorse was already beginning to goad her heart, and that the memory of that white, set, agonized face in the organ loft would come before her with reproaches every day of her life, while the bitter accusations of a murdered conscience must many times drive her to tears when surrounded by all the beautiful things that generally go to make the sum total of a fashionable woman's happiness, and to possess which she had betrayed her own heart.

When Jack went out of the church, after the butterfly audience had rolled away in their swells, he was taciturn; but his step had an elasticity Mazette had not noticed for many a day. He accompanied Mazette to her home, but declined entering the humble abode.

(To be continued.)

## EVILS OF THE LONDON FOG.

Experiments Which Tend to Show That It Is Most Destructive.

Some unofficial experiments carried out at Chelsea during the recent fog, according to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, the director of Kew Gardens, showed that in a week six tons of solid matter were deposited on a square mile. They included not only soot but a variety of tarry hydro-carbons, highly injurious to animal and vegetable life.

Adopting the postoffice telephone area of 600 square miles, this means that the metropolis labored under a weight of 3,600 tons of this dreadful compound before the wind was strong enough to carry it to another part of the country. The other part of the country might be the Berkshire downs, where Sir William Richmond has sometimes seen a solid bank of fog creeping up from the east. There they call it London dirt.

Another instance of the destroying power of the London fog was supplied at the meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society recently by Professor Church, who exhibited an evil-looking object, two inches thick, which had recently been chipped off the molding of the gallery outside the great dome of St. Paul's. This deposit covers most of the building where water penetrates, and it only contains 1 per cent of soot, the remainder comprising chemical products which are most pernicious to Portland stone.

Professor Church also has a grievance against the fog as the enemy of oil paintings. So great indeed is the injury which soot and smoke do to art as well as nature that it is rather surprising a society has not been formed for the promotion of fog.—London Chronicle.

## Germany's Modern Schools.

Germany is now the best-educated nation of Europe, yet only hundred years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pence.

## NEEDS OF THE SOUTH

SIGNS OF AN ECONOMIC WAKENING PLAINLY VISIBLE.

Democratic Newspapers Are Beginning to Consider the Value of the Principle of Protection as Applied to Southern Industry and Agriculture.

A number of newspapers published in southern cities are engaged in a discussion which is certain to be productive of good results. It is a healthful sign when Democratic newspapers in that part of the country fall to discussing tariff matters as related to the interests and welfare of their own people. That is what is now going on. It should be kept up. Southern people are, as a rule, averse to taking their political cues from Republican newspapers, but they are willing to receive argument when advanced by journals of their own political faith. In this way they are ready to absorb some new ideas on the tariff question—ideas new to them, but very old and very strongly in favor in other parts of the country.

A considerable portion of the Democratic press of the South seems to have awakened to the fact that the Republican doctrine of protection to domestic labor and industry is worth while considering, in spite of the fact that it is Republican doctrine. These newspapers have begun to suspect that the protective tariff is not a sectional affair—not, as Calhoun used to preach, after he turned free trader, a device for the enrichment of the North at the expense of the south, but a policy which builds up and benefits all parts of the country. We find evidences of this gratifying discovery in a recent issue of the Charleston News and Courier, a rock-ribbed Democratic paper, as follows:

"The Louisiana delegation, it need not be said, is wholly consistent with itself in supporting the application of the Dingley tariff to the products of the foreign Philippines, and it is right besides. There is no justice in the agricultural sugar interests of the South and West being butchered to make a reciprocity holiday for the manufacturing interests of the East. And the delegations from Western beet states will doubtless be forced to be of the same mind. Let well enough alone; or, if the holy tariff must be scaled, let it be scaled even."

Commenting on this expression the New Orleans Item says:

"This is in line with Senator McLaurin's views and indicates that since South Carolina has become the foremost cotton manufacturing state of the South, her views are getting back to those entertained by John C. Calhoun before the days of slavery agitation. And yet, notwithstanding the necessity for a protective duty to defend and build up our cotton mills, we find every Democrat in the house except three Louisianians voting to break down the tariff wall and let the products of a hundred fertile islands and ten millions of cheap laborers into the United States in competition with our sugar and cotton."

The "Item" then proceeds to remind the Democrats of the Southern states that they are badly and wrongly represented on the tariff question in congress. It points out that the cotton grower is as much interested in a protective tariff as the sugar grower. Even with the present 40 per cent duty on cotton goods there is an import from foreign mills of fifty million dollars' worth of cotton goods annually. If this tariff were removed every cotton mill of the South would go to ruin and the labor which has been collected by them in comfortable and prosperous villages would be scattered to the wind. As soon as our market is left open to the free competition of Great Britain and Germany the mills of Europe would fix the price of cotton, and our friends would then see the cotton planter not nearly, but entirely, in the hands of the sheriff. How much cotton the Philippines can grow is not yet known, but it is certain that it can be grown in those islands with native and Chinese labor, as easily as it is now grown in China. In the olden days we used Nankin, or nankeen, as it was called, in this country, for clothing, and with the tariff wall removed we may again find it cheaper to get cotton goods from Nankin and Manila. The New Zealander, casting his nets from the ruins of London bridge, was looked upon as an amusing absurdity of Macaulay's, but it is not beyond the bounds of credulity to imagine the slant-eyed Manilians selling sugar and cotton.

Quite in the same vein the New Orleans "Picayune," a staunch Democratic newspaper, resents the action of Southern Democrats in Congress in refusing to act with Louisiana's representatives in defending Southern agricultural and industrial interests against the unfair competition of cheaper labor in the Philippines, in Cuba, or anywhere else. Says the "Picayune":

"If raw sugar were allowed to come in from abroad free of duty, the sugar producers of Louisiana and the West, not being able to compete with the sugar of Europe and the tropics, made with pauper labor, would be driven out of business; but since the raw sugar, as it is imported, has to be refined in order to fit it for use, it would get to the Sugar Trust two cents cheaper; but there is no evidence that it would reach the consumers any cheaper than at present. It is not to be supposed that the Sugar Trust is operating only in order to give the people sugar at reduced prices. Nobody has any grounds for the belief that any manufacturing trust is a philanthropic institution, and it is difficult to believe that anybody in Louisiana outside of

the trust wants to put money into the coffers of that powerful and greedy concern at the expense of the home-grown producers."

This is the right sort of talk, and there is going to be more of it. It is an edifying spectacle to see Southern Democrats arguing with each other of the tariff question. In such agitation and diversity of opinion lies the South's best hope of reaching a sound, common-sense, level headed conclusion in favor of protection and prosperity.

## PAYING OURSELVES.

Americans Now Receive Vast Sums of Money Which Formerly Went Abroad.

Disbursements of dividends and interest amounting to about \$500,000,000 are taking place during this first week in January, 1902. It is very much the largest sum ever distributed in this form in the United States, and accordingly it may properly be considered as representing by far the highest point in material prosperity ever reached in the United States. No country on earth can show anything like it. The grand total of \$500,000,000 is more than double what the distribution of dividends and interest payments amounted to in the first week in January, five years ago. Then we were staggering under the effects of four years of tariff reform and free trade. Now we have not quite completed four and a half years of restored protection to American industry and labor. What a contrast between then and now!

Five hundred millions of dollars is a big sum to be scattered broadcast through this land of ours, a mighty sum to be paid out here and to stay here. For, mark you, it does stay here and it does not go abroad any more, not above 1 per cent of it, to enrich creditors in foreign countries. Reason why: We don't owe anything now to foreigners. Why? Because in four and a half years of "McKinley and protection" our trade balances have amounted to over \$2,000,000,000, and in settling these immense balances Europe has been compelled to send back our securities, so that we now owe Europe very little, if anything, and only an infinitesimal portion of the \$500,000,000 disbursed this week goes to any but our own people. Not long ago, say four or five years, our great railroad corporations were sending vast amounts of money to London and the continent to pay dividends on stocks and interest on bonds owned abroad. This year the checks are made payable to American citizens and not to foreigners. All because the Republican policy of protection enables us to produce so large a proportion of what we use and to require payment in cash or the return of our securities held abroad for the enormous surplus of our exports over our imports.

There is a tremendous object lesson in the disbursement of \$500,000,000 among the people of the United States during this first week in January, 1902.

## SPARE THAT TREE!



Woodman, spare that tree;  
Touch not a single bough.  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.

## The Sad Louisiana Purchase.

Added to the \$15,000,000 paid France for Louisiana, there were over \$12,000,000 in interest and allowed claims. Then reckoning the cost of the Indian wars, because of that purchase, at merely \$500,000,000, and we have a grand total of \$527,000,000. What a consummate blockhead anti-Philippine purchasers must rate Thomas Jefferson. How can these antis even consent to reside longer in the land of the great original annexationist? But, worst of all, Thomas J. governed the purchased territory without the consent of the governed. What an outrage!

## Don't Stop the Wheels.

If Congress, governed by the spirit of evil, should take up the Tariff question there would be lobbying for higher duties here and lower duties there, and manufacturers and importers would have to stand and mark time till they knew what the outcome of the turmoil and the strife was to be. To attempt to revise the Tariff is to put the brake on the wheels of the chariot of prosperity.—Tionesta (Pa.) Republican.

## Babeock's Recruits.

Instead of Babeock having fifty or sixty Republican members, as predicted by Democratic papers, who are willing to follow his lead in an endeavor to open up the Tariff question by amendments to the Dingley law, we venture the assertion that he cannot muster as many as twenty-five.—Harrisburg (Va.) "Spirit of the Valley."

## MOBAY'S NOBLE LINE.

PATHTIC ROMANCE IN LIFE OF A SCOTTISH PEER.

"I, the Earl of Moray," the Haughty Declaration Customary at a Meeting of Peers of the Ancient Kingdom of Scotland.

Lying dead in his least important seat of Doune lodge, near Stirling, is Edmund Archibald Stuart, fifteenth Earl of Moray, Lord Doune, St. Colme, and Abernethy, and Lord Stuart of Castle Stuart.

The words quoted in the title of this article refer to a claim the deceased earl used to make at every meeting of the Scotch peers, when "I, the Earl of Moray," used to declare "that the Rt. Hon. Walter John Francis, Earl of Mar and Kellie, cannot be called or admitted to vote in this election of peers next in order to the Earl of Caithness and prior in order to me, the Earl of Moray."

This declaration, "I, the Earl of Moray," has been heard in Holyrood house again and again for many years. The origin of the claim is to be found in the fact that the original Earl, the great Regent Moray, was created Earl of Moray by Queen Mary two years before the creation of the title Earl of Mar. The claim, however, has always been disputed, and the Earl of Mar still retains his prior position on the roll of the peers of Scotland.

There is no title of nobility, either in England or Scotland, around which a greater web of romance has been woven than that of the earldom of Moray. The mere fact that they are Stuarts with the royal but irregular blood of the great Scottish house in their veins would alone invest the scions of this great house with historic interest—an interest which they share with other Stuarts, or Stewarts, now represented by the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Galloway, the Earl of Castle Stuart, and other noble lines.

But the earldom of Moray is peculiar in the manner of its descent. The first earl, the regent, was murdered by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, and the earldom descended not to any direct issue of his, but to his son-in-law, known as the Bonnie Earl of Moray, who was murdered in his turn. The third earl healed the feud by marrying the daughter of his father's murderer. And when we come to the singular fact that a second son, and afterward two brothers, succeeded as fifth, sixth and seventh earls, from which point the succession continues in the direct line to Francis, the ninth earl.

From this point the earldom descended to George Philip, fourteenth earl, and then, all the intervening members of the family who could have succeeded to the title having died, it reverted back to the nobleman now deceased, who had descended from the ninth earl, and who was the eldest son of a country parson holding a living at £158 a year.

Unhappily, fortune did not come to the Earl of Moray with both hands full. At the time when he succeeded to the title and estates he was suffering from an incurable disease. There is something infinitely pathetic in the fact that the inheritor of the glories of the Scotch monarchy, of historic associations with Mary Stuart and Darnley, and of titles which go back to the time of David I., and Robert Bruce, should be fated to end his life in a condition of pitiable splendor.

"I, the Earl of Moray," has been the proud title of more than twenty persons since the old Celtic lordship was instituted, but there are very few of them whose lives need be envied by even the humblest in the land.—London Mail.

## Napoleon and Bismarck.

When Lord Rosebery told his audience at Chesterfield recently that the Boer war might be settled by a casual meeting of two travelers in a neutral inn he was probably thinking of the meeting of Napoleon III. and Bismarck in the cottage of a Belgian weaver after the battle of Sedan. Just before this conference Bismarck, unwashed and dirty, hastened on horseback toward Sedan. On the road he met the emperor, sitting with three officers in a two-horse carriage, three other officers on horseback riding beside him. As the chancellor approached unattended in the presence of the emperor and six officers he glanced instinctively at the revolver buckled round his waist. Thinking of the incident afterward, Bismarck confessed that he might have involuntarily seized hold of the weapon. Napoleon turned an ashen gray and it seemed as if in the first moment of his captivity he feared that the maker of a nation could commit murder in cold blood. "Possibly," said Bismarck afterward, "he thought that history might repeat itself. I think it was a prince of Conde who was murdered while a prisoner after a battle."

## The Most Poetic Sovereign.

The most poetic sovereign in the world is probably the emperor of Japan. His love of poetry, it is asserted, increases with years. The Japan Mail says that "scarcely an evening passes that his majesty does not compose from twenty-seven to thirty of the 31-syllable couplets called 'Waka.' These are handed to Baron Takasaki for examination. Baron Takasaki has held his present position since 1892, and he declares that the number of couplets composed by his majesty from that time up to the end of last March was 37,000. The emperor also is very fond of writing verses, but her majesty's pen is not so prolific as that of the emperor. She composes about two couplets twice a week."