

# An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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## CHAPTER X (Continued.)

Not that shots were uncommon in San Jose by any means, for where men carry arms continually it is only natural that an occasional explosion occurs.

But there was something peculiar about this discharge—it came in the midst of silence, and seemed, as indeed it must be, a signal.

Jack struck a match and lit his pipe. It was none of his funeral, any way, and if on the morrow the good people of Gautarica woke up under another dynasty, why that was their lookout. The recollection of Barrajo gave Jack something of a shock, for he remembered the expressed determination of the general that he should be made a full-fledged citizen of the stormy little republic, with all the rights and privileges that citizenship implied.

Could that mean duties, too? Would he be expected to sally forth and join in the game of hide and seek, of shooting at one who wore the rival colors, whether in arms or endeavoring to escape?

He guessed not. Still he dared not go to sleep—who would care to do so when a volcano was in eruption all around?—and the night gradually wore away.

The clamor died away a dozen times, only to break out afresh.

At last, dawn.

Jack Overton was jolly glad to see it arrive through the little window.

He devoutly prayed he might not pass another such night for a long time to come.

Somehow, he could not but speculate as to the complexion of the new dynasty, and what effect, if any, the change might have on his fortunes.

Then came a heavy rap on the door—a rap he knew full well could proceed from no other than Barrajo. So Overton, pipe still in hand, stepped over to the door and opened it.

He had no sooner done so than a mighty cheer went up from more than two score of throats.

Jack stared in amazement, for he realized that the whole army of the republic was represented in that double line of shouting and gesticulating troops, some of them barefooted, others most gorgeously appareled, and all carrying arms.

General Barrajo stood there, smiling and bowing.

To say that Overton was surprised, would be expressing it mildly—he could not for the life of him understand why the general wanted to marshal his ragtag and bobtail army before his little domicile in order to tell him who was "in" and who was "out" at the palace. To Barrajo he must look for an explanation, and when a wave of that hero's sword again brought silence upon the scene, Jack hastened to ask:

"What does this mean, general?"

"They want a speech, Senor Overton—it is customary."

"Then why don't you give it to them?"

"Por Dios! It is not Barrajo they wish to hear. Every day I make them a speech and swear at them in six languages. It is you, senor, you alone, they clamor to hear."

"Good heavens! why should I address your old army?" demanded Jack, agast, and with growing uneasiness.

"Because, Senor Overton, you have been appointed to rule over us—last night you ceased to be a plain citizen and became the President of Gautarica Republic!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### Jack Moves On the Palace.

You could almost have knocked Jack Overton down with a feather when he heard Barrajo make this astounding declaration—in fact he was tempted to pinch himself, in order to discover whether he were awake or sleeping.

It was not Jack's habit to appear distressed—whether the announcement were a huge canard, or given in dead earnest, he did not mean these men of Gautarica should see him staggered, so he quickly pulled himself together and, laughing, said:

"Ah! indeed! Thank you for the honor, but tell me, how did this little event transpire?"

"In the natural course of events, your excellency. The noble army had grown weary of Roblado, whose promises of reform were never kept. They liked Montejo no better, and, as usual, elected me dictator, with the power to choose their next President."

A wave of the sword brought out another blast of cheers and whistles and vivas—then silence.

It was wonderful.

"But, see here, I am an alien!" protested Jack, weakly.

"Not so—you have been a full-fledged citizen of the republic for two days, and, as such, as eligible to the presidency as any man among us," declared the general, smiling blandly.

"Then I can't decline?" dubiously.

"It is too late—presidents die and run away, but they never decline."

"Well, in that case, I might as well make the best of a bad bargain and go in. Only I warn you, general, I shall really be the president, and the reforms you have heard me speak of must engage our immediate attention."

Now, few men could have adapted themselves to the situation in that masterly manner!

"Are you ready to take the oath of office?"

"At any time," was the nonchalant reply.

Some people might have thought such a solemn ceremony necessitated pomp and full dress—they might even have been horrified at the sight of the new president standing in his shirt sleeves within the doorway of his adobe domicile, with his pipe between his teeth, holding up his right hand and repeating in Spanish the oath of office, which Barrajo uttered for perhaps the thirteenth time in his long-held capacity as dictator.

Thus it was done.

The general called for a farewell round of cheers, and they were given with as much good will as the husky and parched throats that had been in positive evidence all night could muster.

Then the rabble betook itself off, much to Jack's relief, the general not forgetting to give the highly entertaining military salute due to the exalted office his friend and protege now occupied.

Having once embarked upon the sea of adventure, Jack had become quite reckless as to what port he brought up at.

There was at least a chance that this astonishing change in his fortunes might mean a material advance in the line of his dream, for he had never yet heard of a president of a Central American republic who had not managed by some means or other, fair or foul, to amass wealth by virtue of his position.

## Book Two.

### The Modern Argonauts.

Two years had flown since Senor Jack was duly installed in office as president of the republic—such a period Gautarica had never seen before, and would hardly witness again in the next decade. It would be impossible to narrate the many successes and failures Jack made during those two years, nor shall I attempt it, since more important events await our attention.

About the only cloud in Jack's sky was Dona Juanita, who had become passionately enamored of him. Barrajo, who dearly desired to see him settled down, advised him to marry her, and cast his fortunes for all time with the people of his adoption.

Whereupon Jack felt compelled to narrate the whole story of his past, and Barrajo was so affected by it that he fell upon his neck and wept tears of sympathy, generous old soul that he was.

But Barrajo was fearful of the revenge Dona Juanita might take if her love were openly repulsed, and finally confided to Jack the plan he had for the advancement of their fortunes. Briefly it was this:

When Cortez, with fire and sword, scourged the fair land of the Montezumas to the north, and his savage soldiers dealt out death with a lavish hand whenever the people failed to respond to their stern orders for more treasure, a reign of terror had swept over the whole of Mexico.

Then it was that thousands fled to the unknown southland, led by their priests, seeking new homes amid the forest-clad wilderness of Central America.

Since the object of Cortez's brutal soldiers' decree was to gain possession of what riches the country possessed, these guardians of the temples, before indulging in flight, despoiled them of the golden images and jewel-studded altars, which vast treasures they carried with them, determined that, come what might, these bearded barbarians from over the sea should not succeed in accomplishing their boasted object.

History tells of the wonderful booty secured by the Spanish conquistadors; indeed, the imagination is appalled at the extent of the riches they secured. In Peru, the people, hoping to ransom their captive Inca, Atahuallpa, from the cruel hands of Pizarro, had readily filled a room seventeen feet square and as high as a man could reach with gold in the shape of ingots and statues from the temples and palaces, and history likewise declares that the quantity of treasure conveyed away and concealed forever from the covetous eyes of the Europeans "was said to have infinitely surpassed that which they had secured."

As in Peru, so it was also in Mexico, richest of all the native countries of the new world—there fugitive priests carried with them to the new land to the south probably the most astounding collection of treasure ever gathered together since the world began.

This was the bee that for years had buzzed in the bonnet of old General Barrajo—he had never let it get out of his mind day or night in all that time.

"And, Senor Jack," he now declared, triumphantly, slapping the president familiarly on the back, "success has crowned my long search. Yes, por Dios, senor, I believe I have found the treasure."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A Sentinel of the Centuries.

When he heard what General Barrajo had to say Jack Overton found some difficulty in restraining his delight. Should this enormous fortune fall into their hands how his sanguine dreams would be realized, and what wonderful things he could accomplish.

Barrajo disclosed a rude parchment map, supposed to have been drawn by an Indian many scores of years before,

Overton, with that readiness characteristic of the enterprising American, at once made a duplicate copy of the same.

Then they talked over the wonderful matter in a most serious way, arranging their plans even down to the most minute details.

The crisis was coming none too soon, Jack concluded, for unless something happened to get him out of the country there must presently be an explosion.

He had feared it of late, for Dona Juanita was beaming love upon him every time they met, and from more than one quarter he found black looks bent upon him by the jealous-minded young gallants of San Juan.

Many a conqueror of kingdoms has met his fate finally through the vengeful hand of a woman whose love he has treated lightly.

Overton cursed the hour when he first saw this dark-eyed houri luring her two rivals to meet in deadly combat so that the public ball might wind up in its usual blaze of glory.

Here then came old Barrajo, just in the nick of time, it seemed, with a grand project which, if successful, would open up an avenue of escape.

Thus Overton was doubly anxious to make a start, having so much at stake. The general declared two days would be quite sufficient to make all his preparations, for he believed in being adequately armed and equipped for any emergency.

It was a moonlight night when they set out, and as usual San Jose was given up to music and merry making.

Our two fortune hunters waited until near the noon of night, when the hot time in the old town had in a measure subsided, and then, suitably disguised so as to conceal their exalted personality from curious eyes, quitted the capital, where the electric lights still glowed and announced the presence of modern institutions.

When the two men left San Jose and plunged into the interior they did not know their movements had been closely watched, and that immediate pursuit was given, yet such was the case.

Evidently others there were who suspected Barrajo's wonderful plans for fortune's favors and meant to take a bid in the same quarter. Perhaps it would grow interesting before the end was reached, especially since the two adventurers carried plenty of arms and were grimly resolved to fight for the prize if it came to that point.

Barrajo soon left the main trail, and they were now traversing what had once been a path through the primeval forest, but was so overgrown with swinging vines that the keen machete of the general was kept swinging most of the time in order to hack out a passage.

Which would naturally make it an easy matter for those who followed to keep upon their trail.

Our two adventurers traveled all day, and at sunset camped for very necessary rest and refreshment. After a hasty meal, only carrying their arms and a pick and shovel between them, to be used in emergencies, they advanced in the direction Barrajo had marked out.

His reasoning was sound.

If Jack doubted it at first, he was presently convinced that the general had built wisely.

"Madre de Dios! Look, Senor Jack!" suddenly exclaimed the dictator, starting back, and pointing to some object beyond.

The white moonlight sifted through the tangled masses of tropical verdure above, and at that particular moment fell full upon what appeared to be a human form, bent partly over in a devotional attitude, and facing the rising moon.

Jack was startled at first, but, seeing no motion to the figure, which was partly covered by the wild undergrowth, he realized that it was a rude statue, carved to represent a sun-worshiper and placed there hundreds of years ago by those who fled from the Spanish reign of terror to the north.

They approached closer, and marvelled to find this image apparently of silver.

(To Be Continued.)

## INGENUITY OF THE FILIPINOS.

Natives Use a Clever Little Device for Striking Fire.

People who regard the natives of the Philippine Islands as an uncivilized and ignorant race would be surprised to see some of the very clever devices that they have invented to simplify matters of everyday life, says the St. Paul Globe.

For instance, Captain Darrah of the commissary branch of the department of the Dakotas, who recently returned from the islands, brought with him a little device for striking fire that makes the old steel and flint, that was used so long ago in this country, look clumsy and insufficient.

The natives take a caribou horn and bore a small hole in the small end of it. Into this hole they insert a plunger, wrapped so as to fit the hole so no air may get into the horn, and made to slide smoothly up and down by greasing the wrapping with tallow.

The end of this plunger is hollowed out and when a Filipino wants to strike fire he simply places a small piece of ordinary "punk" in the cavity at the end of the plunger, and strikes it a sharp blow, driving the plunger down into the horn.

The compressed air, by the force of the blow, ignites the punk and the plunger is pulled out, the punk flaming and ready for use. This is only one of the many seemingly simple devices that the uncivilized Filipino uses in everyday life.

If you make Sunday too brittle it is sure to be broken.

The saved soul is Christianity's answerable argument.

It is well to have your fuel before you buy your kettle.

## LET THE LAW ALONE

UNCOMPROMISING ATTITUDE OF ORTHODOX PROTECTIONISTS.

Tariff Revision Would Be a Deplorable Blunder, While General Reciprocity Is Characterized as a Blind Leap Certain to Land Us on Free Trade's Ground.

The attitude of the American Protective Tariff League on the subjects of tariff revision and reciprocity is plainly defined in the preamble and resolutions as reported by a special committee appointed by President Moore at the regular annual meeting of the league on Thursday, January 16, 1902. The committee consisted of Messrs. F. S. Witherbee, John A. Schleicher, George J. Scabury and T. Z. Cowles, and the resolutions are as follows:

"Whereas, At a time when the entire civilized world is fixing its attention upon the extraordinary condition of prosperity prevailing in the United States as a direct result of the economic policy for which this organization stands, and when our foreign and domestic commerce and trade have increased to a degree far beyond previous human experience in this or any other country. Be it

"Resolved, That the American Protective Tariff League earnestly protests against the insidious attacks upon the principle and policy of protection to American labor and industry that have made themselves manifest in a marked and unusual degree within the past year. If there ever was a time when the principle and policy of protection had justly earned public confidence and approval, and had demonstrated its value as an agency for the highest material welfare of the country, that time is now. As the recognized representatives of that principle and policy we protest against the covert assaults upon protection that are being made in the name of tariff revision and reciprocity, and urge that the friends of protection throughout the country should more than ever show the faith that is in them by vigorous and unceasing resistance to all efforts to unsettle or in any way discredit the policy for which we have stood and shall continue to stand.

To seriously agitate the question of tariff revision at this time is ill advised and mischievous, while to deliberately enter upon the readjustment of the schedules of the Dingley law would be a legislative blunder certain to be productive of deplorable consequences to all industries and all trade.

"Reciprocity is the handmaiden of protection" only when devised and executed in absolute harmony with the principles and equities of protection; when conceived in accordance with the Republican national platform of 1900—viz., 'in articles which we do not ourselves produce;' when carried out on the line laid down by the late President McKinley in his speech at Buffalo, Sept. 5, 1901, 'by sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production,' and whereby 'we should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.' Reciprocity in any other form or on any other basis would be a dangerous experiment, a breach of faith on the part of the government toward those who rely upon the measure of protection guaranteed by the Dingley law, a long step in the direction of unrestricted competition by foreign production, a leap in the dark which will land us squarely on free trade ground."

On the subjects of the restoration of the American merchant marine, the creation of a department of commerce and the construction of an isthmian canal the resolutions are as follows:

"Resolved, That present and future commercial interests imperatively demand, in justice to our immense volume of export and import trade, and as a means of further stimulating and increasing that trade, the creation of an American built merchant marine, not alone for the transport annually of over \$1,500,000,000 of our varied products, but to prevent the annual export in gold of \$200,000,000 in transportation charges, and to restore to our country the maritime independence and supremacy which it enjoyed prior to 1861; furthermore (see history of the war with Spain), to provide an adequate system of transports in time of war.

"Resolved, That the erection of a department of commerce as an adjunct to the executive branch of the Federal government is imperatively demanded in behalf of trade, commerce and industry.

"Resolved, That the early construction of an isthmian canal, supplemented by cable communication with our Pacific possessions and with the countries of the far east, is indispensable to our commercial supremacy."

Wanted, Profit for the Farmers.

Henry T. Oxnard is largely interested in the manufacture of beet sugar, and, like our farmers, a strong opponent of the free admission of Cuban sugar. The New York Evening Post, however, has unearthed an ancient circular signed by Mr. Oxnard in which he states that with free trade in sugar, resulting, as in 1891, in a market price of 4 cents per pound, there is still a profit to the factory of \$3 per ton on beets. Some journals which are especially friendly to Mr. Oxnard are endeavoring to explain this old deliverance away, and they do not make very good work of it. Whenever in life the pector of youthful peccadilloes rises before us the best way, in the language

of Mr. Cleveland, is to "tell the truth," and the truth is that Mr. Oxnard wrote that circular for the purpose of selling stock in sugar factories. That explains the matter quite sufficiently. Besides, Mr. Oxnard does not claim that the profit under free trade is sufficient to compensate both factory men and beet growers, but only that the factory men absorb it all. What the country demands is some profit for the farmers, which free trade prices will not give.—San Francisco Chronicle

## Fight on the Sugar Tariff.

It is pleasing to note in the dispatches from Washington that the members of the Michigan delegation in the lower house are a unit in standing by the beet sugar interests and opposing every attempt to change the tariff. The beet sugar industry has flourished under the benefit of the protective tariff, and will continue to do so as long as the tariff is undisturbed. What changes would follow a reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar are problematical, but it is certain the industry would be given a severe blow from which it might not speedily recover.

From the beet sugar states farmers and others are sending petitions to congress protesting against any change in the sugar tariff. What effect these petitions will have is for the future to decide. The question is fraught with the greatest interest for Michigan where the beet sugar interests are of enormous proportions, and also to a number of other states that are just embarking in the business. The flood of petitions should not cease until final action is taken.—Bay City Tribune.

## He Has Succeeded.

On the curious plea that if the Republicans don't do it the Democrats will, Mr. Roberts of Massachusetts advocates the opening up of the question of tariff revision at the present session of congress. Why stop at tariff revision? Why not urge the repeal of the Dingley law as a whole, on the plea that the Democrats would do it if they had the power? To do things that the enemy wants done, lest the enemy himself undertake to do it and thereby gain all the advantage, is a queer doctrine in practical politics and practical statesmanship. Political advantages have not usually been gained that way or retained that way by the party in power. Mr. Roberts evidently is a new convert to the school of tariff ripping theorists who would be more dangerous if they were more numerous. As the matter stands they are just numerous enough to attract some attention when they make foolish breaks. Mr. Roberts has succeeded in attracting some attention.

## Where Danger Lies.

There is no danger to America in the retaliatory amendment to the German tariff modeled after our own tariff law. This provision is aimed only at discriminations, and the United States tariff does not discriminate. It differs from almost all other tariffs in the world in having a uniform rate for goods from all foreign countries, save, indeed, those with which reciprocity agreements exist. Moreover, considering the high wages which it protects, our American tariff is very much less rigorous than that of most Continental nations.—Boston Journal.

Danger begins when we leave the safe anchorage of tariff laws under which all the world is treated exactly alike, and embark upon the uncharted sea of reciprocity treaties which favor one nation at the expense of another, and so provoke ill-will and retaliation.

## One Consumer.

It is shrewdly suspected that when Mr. Hamemeyer states that a removal of the duty on raw sugar would result in a saving to the consumer of \$85,000,000 a year, the trust magnate has reference to one consumer only, the American Sugar Refining company. The Sugar Trust is practically the only consumer of raw sugar imported into the United States, and there is the best of reason for believing that this one consumer would get the lion's share, if not the entire amount, of the saving of \$85,000,000. Confirmation of this belief is at least suggested by the fact that nobody has heard Hamemeyer urge the removal or the reduction of the duty on refined sugar. That's different!

## How Much?

The sugar trust literary bureau is working overtime organizing poverty and syndacating misery in Cuba in the hope of getting the duty on raw sugar removed. How much of that duty would go into the pockets of the Cuban planter or wage earner? The American people have a very accurate estimate of the philanthropy of the sugar trust.—New York Press.

## Somebody Will Get Skinned.

Academically reciprocity is a fine thing. It has two "r's" in it that can be rolled beneath the tongue with fine effect. But in practice it is a good deal like a horse trade. Usually somebody gets skinned in a horse trade. In his reciprocity propositions it is observed that the tariff tinker offers the American people as the victim.—Mt. Clemens (Mich.) Monitor.

## England's Fears.

England has been a free trade nation and the United States a protective tariff nation. And now England fears that America, which has preserved for herself her own markets, is about to control the markets of the world.—Oswego Times.

Clara—It's a thrilling story, isn't it? Maude—One of the most thrilling I ever read. I couldn't skip more than half of it.—Detroit Free Press.

## Sheep as Scavengers.

From the Farmers' Review: That sheep act as scavengers is one great argument in favor of having a flock on every farm. They assist in clearing the farm of weeds, sprouts, etc., utilizing these intruders as food to grow mutton and wool. It is true that sheep will aid very materially in eradicating noxious plants. But to have the sheep do this cleansing work, and at the same time yield a handsome profit from wool and mutton, is a difficult problem. To starve any animal in order to force it to eat that which is distasteful to it, is almost always a losing game, and it would be better economy to hire a man to cut the weeds with scythe and hoe. If the sheep can be so managed that they will eat the weeds willingly, without detriment to themselves, they will, of course, act as double wage-earners, and the practice will indicate good farming.

To do this successfully requires experience in handling sheep, and a knowledge of their peculiar habits. A lack of this experience and this knowledge has caused many a farmer's flock to dwindle away until the owner would become disgusted and dispose of the few remaining because he "could have no luck with sheep."

Sheep enjoy frequent changes from one field to another, and it is quite noticeable that when turned from good pasture into another field containing weeds, they will run through the new field, biting off the leaves and nibbling the weeds and buds with as much relish as they ate the grass. They, however, soon tire of this diet. If this roving nature of the sheep is catered to, many weeds may be destroyed. In the fall and winter, after pasture is gone, sheep, well-fed on dry feed, will run over the fields eating buck plantain, briars, and bush buds with great relish, and to their material benefit. At this time of the year the sheep may be seen biting the bulb of the buck plantain that has been raised in the ground by the freezing and thawing, and nibbling the green leaves of this hardy plant. These winter raids give the breeding ewes the needed exercise, and prepare them for lambing and for furnishing their young with nourishing milk immediately after birth.—W. B. Anderson.

## Chicago Poultry Show.

The Chicago Poultry Show was held last week and was a great success. The number of entries was very large and the fowls entered were of high quality. The show was so big that it was not contained in the Coliseum and a building on the south of it had to be utilized. It was in fact five great shows in one, comprising farm fowls, pigeons, rabbits, dogs and cats. All of these classes of animals were represented by numerous and excellent specimens. The attendance was good, and certainly those who attended got the worth of their money, if they had any interest at all in any of the lines mentioned. As a means of education, the Chicago show is most certainly a success, and the men that have brought it up to the present point of excellence deserve great praise for the hard work they have done. We hope to have more to say on the show in a future issue.

## The Cattle Feeding Problem.

From Farmers' Review: Counting corn and hay at their present value, it is a question whether cattle breeders and feeders are making any money out of beef production. The feeding among beef producers is that corn is too high to feed at a profit, unless fat cattle advance in price, and the result is that but few cattle are being fed here. Corn was a fair crop here, but is selling at 60 to 65 cents per bushel, and farmers are inclined to sell rather than feed it.—G. H. Hughes, Lee County, Illinois.

## To Start Ostrich Farms.

Arrangements have been made for the introduction of ostrich farms on the Riviera as a practical industry. A start is to be made between Nice and Monte Carlo. Forty ostriches have been imported from California for a beginning, American birds being selected after careful study, the climate of the Riviera has been found to approximate closely to that of parts of the California coast.

## Charcoal for Turkeys.

It has been ascertained by experiment that turkeys that get charcoal mixed with their food get heavier than others, and their meat is more tender and better flavored.

At the recent convention of Illinois dairymen, the question of the construction of silos was discussed. One man said that in lathing his silo he placed the lath diagonally. He had obtained his ideas of the construction of a round silo mostly from H. B. Gurlier. The question was asked whether Mr. Gurlier lathed his silo in this manner, but Mr. Gurlier not being present, it was unanswered. Later, the Farmers' Review addressed an inquiry to Mr. Gurlier on the subject, and received the following reply: "I think it best to put on the lath horizontally, as we get more resistance that way than when the lath is put on diagonally. Our idea is to have strength in the circular form to resist the lateral pressure."

The phylloxera is threatening the vineyards of California to such an extent that growers there are experimenting with resistant roots, such as those of grapes growing east of the Rocky Mountains.

An old bachelor says that matrimony and not Wisconsin is the "badger" state.